

COLUMNS



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"Let Brotherly Love Continue"

Today, when all the world seems to be thinking only of turmoil, young people need to direct their thoughts into the opposite channel, that of love. We are the future generation; and, if we let hate breed in our hearts and minds, we shall have minds and hearts little fitted to rid the world of its ills. We ask how we can avoid having hate in our hearts when men, women, and children are being bombed into bits?

How can I love while others hate?

One who has watched the first stars prick their silvery way through the blue dusk at evening, has noticed that at first there were few. Continuing to look, he has soon found the stars so numerous that the sky seemed magically illumined.

Times like ours test our faith in the old beliefs and virtues that have served us in less difficult times. Like the stars that multiply in a darkened sky may be the lives of those who can courageously reflect the light of love in a dark world of hate.

"Let brotherly love continue"—Yes, even in days of warfare and destruction and hate. Only as such love continues in the heart of youth can we build for the peace and brotherhood of our tomorrow.

Moral Defense

Do we need to train and drill the boys of this nation in army camps for defense? Do we need to strengthen our national resources of ships, planes, ammunition, and supplies for the defense of the freedom of America? Do we need to train workers for Red Cross service? We may succeed in all these things; but, though we have all these and have not one other thing, "ti profiteth (us) nothing." Without a strength and reality in our spiritual lives, our nation stands defenseless and destitute of anything worth defending.

Not with a well-trained army and navy, not with a full quota of ships and ammunition can a people meet their obligations, but by keeping alive, vital and fresh the spiritual vigor of the nation.

We recognize, do we not, that we need moral defense. How can we obtain moral defense?

The security in this hour is inner strength, spiritual, reality, and moral redemption. This is the staff of sane living and deep thinking. These alone can save us from a futile reliance upon the implements of physical warfare. What are we doing with our talents, our energies, and our God-given opportunities?

What is this war doing to us? Does it blind us to even the worthy gifts that our enemies have contributed to the world? Does it embitter us and lead us to say, "I hate those Japs," and "I'd like a chance at those Nazis"? Does it shrivel our human sympathies and dwarf our capacity for love? War will do to us what we let it do.

Shall we be victims of the moral destructiveness of war or shall we be "more than conquerors"?

We Want a Flag!

At the end of the brick walk on Louisburg campus is what we call a "wishing well." That "wishing well" was made so that some day a flag pole could be placed in it.

On every college campus worthy patriotism has surely a place, and there is perhaps no better symbol we could choose than Old Glory waving on our campus. Though the beauty of the flag is not so significant as the thought it symbolizes, a flag stands for liberty and justice which we are blessed in having today and would be an addition to the beauty of our grounds among our beloved oaks.

If we contribute in buying our flag, we can always say, "That is my flag; I am a part of it"; and we will have a warm feeling in our heart every time we look at it. Why not all cooperate now and soon have the "Stars and Stripes" flying proudly at the entrance of Louisburg College?

Auditorium Etiquette

An artist who once visited Louisburg College made a statement, after performing in the auditorium, which he did not wish to be published as his own. He said that, though his back was turned to a portion of his audience, he was aware of the inattention of some persons present. He could feel them and even pick them out, he said, though the audience in general was indeed appreciative.

Doubtless a person possessing the stage presence of a concert artist would hardly be seriously hampered in his performance by even this feeling of not being appreciated. But consider the plight of an amateur in the same position—a fellow student whose poise depends largely upon the response of his audience. However, even if the artist were not disconcerted by the lack of response of those two or three students, there remains the fact that the several students who gave the performer reason to feel their lack of interest were being rude. The fundamentals of respect and culture demand one's attention to whatever program he attends.

Another offense common in almost all audiences is that of rattling programs. Even the most sophisticated audiences are guilty of this offense. One great conductor habitually has his programs printed on silk paper because the sound of programs in motion is disturbing to him. A program, no matter how large, can be handled quietly or, at least, let alone. This consideration is but another point of respect to a performer—and to one's finer self.

Applause, as incongruous as its sound may be with that of the object of an instrumental program, is the accepted way of expressing appreciation in this part of the world. When to applaud, however, is a point of etiquette of which a knowledge is necessary. Two errors in particular are common. First, one must not applaud for a sacred selection of any kind. Appreciation of this type is letter shown by a hushed silence. The second is one of the greatest faults of student audiences. It is clapping between the movements of a single work. Many artists rather expect this response from student audiences, though it is truly a mark of a person untutored in auditorium etiquette and unfamiliar with the form of musical works. To prevent the interruption, some artists are careful to remain in the position of performing, with hands upon the instrument, to inform the out-of-place clapper that he is not ready for his applause.

In these points of auditorium etiquette, care must be taken. Being a good audience is an art, a means of cultured attainment, a mark of real refinement. Auditorium etiquette is important.

The Spirit of Athletes at Louisburg

There is one trait at Louisburg that is worth everything else, without which all else is of doubtful worth—a trait that the institution lacking it would give almost anything to obtain and that the institution that possesses it may justly regard as a point of pride and honor. Louisburg players have the real spirit toward the game.

In large colleges often sports cease to be a game; they become business. Athletes are paid to play; this bargaining takes from the players the real love of the sport. The games are played for the profit; and the idea of sportsmanship, clean playing, and relaxation are too often forgotten. The men play not as human beings, but as machines.

At Louisburg the players give to the crowd the real value of sports. They give their very best simply for the love of the game, not for the profit.

The athletes on this campus are indeed a clean, hard-fighting, and hard-playing bunch. We can well be proud to have them among us and to see them take the court as our representatives.

Dear Family

I'm attempting to write this letter in a state of subconsciousness due to the loss of sleep. Yes, it's all caused by the new time schedule some old sleepless owl figures out. You see, he turned the clock up an hour, but he forgot to move the sun; so here we are going to sleep at midnight and getting up before dawn.

Well, this trying ordeal has some fine points as well as a whole lot of bad ones. The best point we've seen in it is that we get to see feminine beauty in a natural state. Like faded forget-me-nots, there come the girlies to breakfast with unpainted cheek, weather beaten lip, stampeding wisps of stubborn hair, and in the crumpled garment that is nearest their beloved bed when the breakfast proctor prods them out at the last bell. Really, these little things are very interesting to me in this unusual and uncouth fashion, though; and I really like them very much.

The time problem isn't the only cause for worry at this "mad house." The blackout situation is nearly as serious, and we boys would get a big kick out of this, if the seating in the library were more socially managed.

I am becoming bored with this letter, and I know you are, too; so I'll stop being so offensive.

Love,
"Willie."

Student Interludes

GLIMPSES OF CONCERT PIANIST

(Interview—Thomas Richard)

At the age of five, Thomas Richner took his first piano lesson. On last February 3, he gave a morning concert in the auditorium at Louisburg College, while on his fourth concert tour. The years between these two incidents were filled with a great number of increasing successes in the young pianist's career.

Just before leaving the college to continue his tour, Mr. Richner and his mother, who accompanied him, graciously gave a few moments of their time for an interview. Seated in Dr. Patten's office, the pianist related some of the high spots in his career.

At the age of nine he made his first public performance; and, by the time he was twelve, he was organist in his home church at Point Marion, a "quiet little town in Pennsylvania." He continued to reveal certain events in his life.

He attended the University of West Virginia and Columbia University and the first few years of his college education were spent with the intention of becoming an electrical engineer. When asked to explain the radical change in his plans, his mother answered that he had made his own decisions on the matter of his career. She explained that she had not attempted to influence his plans at all.

"I did not even have to make him practice," she said.

He has won several contests and awards: the Pennsylvania State contest, the New York State contest and scholarship, and the MacDowell award. He made his debut, he said, in Town Hall in New York City. He stressed the fact that the concert he gave at Louisburg was of just the same nature as one he would have given in Town Hall.

In discussing his own thoughts concerning music he said, "Music has a message. It must speak with meaning to be appreciated. It is a way of forgetting, and I believe it will be used as a means of recuperation after the war."

In making the first statement he included jazz, which, he says, is an art, just as is classical music. There is good jazz and poor jazz—and there is a difference. It, too, has to be appreciated.

"I like good jazz," he said, as he continued to explain the popularity of "boogie-woogie." "Any one can get into and feed a rhythm like this—" and he hummed a boogie-woogie theme, keeping time by patting his foot and beating his hand on his knee. "Such a rhythm is elementary, and anyone can feel it. That is why popular music is popular."

As for semi-classical music, Mr. Richner said he valued it for most people as a step toward appreciation of the classical. Appreciation of music, he said, takes these three steps: jazz, semi-classical, and classical.

In speaking of Louisburg College he said, without mentioning any particulars, that it had an old but distinctive air. He would like to see one thing added here, and in other colleges as well—a course in music appreciation.

"When I sent my program here some time ago," he said, "this class could have studied the music on it and thus could have appreciated and enjoyed my playing of each number much more. I want to see the day when such courses in music appreciation will be in all colleges."

He recommended highly the Raleigh Civic Music Association concerts when he heard that Louisburg students have an opportunity to attend them.

"Here," he said, "you can hear

LOUISBURG LULLABIES

O whispering oaks,
Trees of my heart,
Give me thy beckon;
Then I will start
To dreamland.

Once I beheld thee
As summer's queen,
Robed in thy glory,
Ruling supreme
In dreamland.

But now, as a slave,
Thou dost reach high
Cold slender arms
For a lullaby
From skyland.

Bring restful song
To sooth tired hearts,
Give thus the gift
That sky imparts
To our land.

"Reverie Rhymer."

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

Times like these are not new in history. There have been continued wars which have involved the whole world since the beginning of time. Alexander the Great, was as powerful in his time as Hitler is today, and Alexander involved the known world in as great a war. Caesar and Napoleon both caused the world to be plunged into world-wide wars. Only yesterday, it seems, William II caused to be started a war which engulfed the world. History is full of "Caesars," and those of today are not very different from those of other days.

P. C. DE C. C.

WE BEGIN A NEW SEMESTER

We'll begin a new semester. Before us rises a barrier of new facts and secrets. We look forward to the destruction of this barrier, but we know that this can be accomplished only by hours of study in the classroom under patient instructors and hours of study over problems that arise. We can see that the road will be uphill and rough, but let us hope that we will not be tempted to loaf along the way and invite disaster. We begin this semester by vowing to tear down this barrier and rebuild it into a storehouse of knowledge which may be our fortification as we enter further into the life of the world.

J. E. Norris, Jr.

the greatest artists first hand."

When asked if he ever catered to the desires of the public in his choice of concert music, he answered emphatically, "No."

"But," he continued, "I do attempt to include in my program at least one number which I think everyone will enjoy. This morning I believe everyone enjoyed the 'Tacotta' by Ravel, which, as I said on the program, has more notes per square inch than any other piece I know. Most of the girls, I think, enjoyed Debussy's 'Clair de Lune'."

His first number, the Bach choral "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring," arranged by Myra Hess, he includes in each of his programs, he said, as he told of the appeal the choral holds for him.

As Mr. Richner and his mother left, both warmly shook hands with the interviewer and expressed their enjoyment of their stay in Louisburg. They left immediately for the place of Mr. Richner's next concert, in Virginia.

Truly, few of the artists who come to Louisburg College seem to take such an interest in the town, the people, and the school as did Thomas Richner. And his impression of Louisburg College he expressed in three words—"old, but distinctive."