

COLUMNS

VOLUME IV



NUMBER 4

Published by LOUISBURG COLLEGE STUDENTS eight times during the collegiate year

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Subscription rate for non-residents:
 for collegiate year, \$1.00; single copy, 15c

SCRIPTURE THOUGHT

"... wisdom is above rubies."—Job 28:18b.

Congratulations, Chosen Ones

To the new members of the honorary fraternities on Louisburg College campus, "Columns" gives heartiest congratulations: to those in the commercial department who have earned membership in Alpha Pi Epsilon, to those in the liberal arts department who have earned membership in Phi Theta Kappa, to the diligent workers in the field of journalism who have been tapped

for membership in Beta Phi Gamma. May happiness in each fraternity be theirs. May they keep before them the vision of the ideal.

Save It, Please!

Perhaps a botany student could tell you more about the manufacture of paper, but, whether we know how it is manufactured or not, we all see its usefulness to civilized man—it seems like one of his necessities. Today in a major crisis when so much more paper is needed and when much needed labor is scarce we, the masses, find quite a shortage of paper. We see in publications a cheaper grade of paper, smaller type, and scrimped margins. Some newspapers are giving no added subscriptions; some are cutting the number of pages. The Raleigh News and Observer has asked persons getting two copies—perhaps, one for office and another for home—to get only one copy, allowing some non-subscriber the extra copy. The grocers are asking customers to take their bags when shopping. Paper drives have been widely announced. In our dining hall we all have certainly been aware of the shortage of paper napkins. The college has already been notified that the 1945 quota of dictionaries (Webster's Fifth Edition, the English Department's beloved) is only 54, just 70 per cent of the 1942 purchase.

With such a shortage and such a need for conservation of paper, are we at Louisburg aiding sufficiently? Are we not daily wasting paper? How many of us have filled countless sheets of paper aimlessly scribbling nothings—maybe in classes? Or how many have hastily wadded up sheet after sheet with only a bit of error made? Perhaps, if we are more alert to a need, we will be more helpful: using the back sides—writing neatly—using a scrap piece when possible. Maybe the large waste baskets in the typing room could be somewhat less nearly filled—not quite spilling over, at least. In practice work could the other side sometimes be used? Have you seen the Publication's Room file? Perhaps we could all make such a file an advantage—to ourselves—to the war effort.

The Charlotte Observer, offering a solution, suggested that old love letters be turned in as scrap paper; but such sweetness might gum up the presses. Perhaps it is best to keep our expressions of sentiment anyway, but there are ways in which all as college students can help in this shortage. Let's be alert to a national program. Let's start a conservation program on our campus—conservation of paper.

Students Pay Only 65% Of Their Expenses

To some of us this may be an astonishing statement, but it is true: If this were a private institution where the students had to pay the full expenses of the college, they would have to pay approximately \$485, whereas they pay only \$320. In other words, for every student in college someone is paying \$165. Those students who get a service scholarship, pay in money a still smaller percentage of their expenses.

During the past ten years, the college has awarded \$159,343 in service scholarships.

The college gives free scholarships amounting to approximately \$1080 each year. In addition to this donation there is available \$3,600 in loan funds for students.

One of the major contributions to the college was that of Benjamin N. Duke in 1907. His father, Washington Duke, had through loans to the college become by 1891 virtual owner. Upon the death of the father in 1907 the son presented the property to the North Carolina Methodist Church free of all financial obligations. Another outstanding contributor to the college was Mr. R. N. Wright, who gave the Pattie Juia Wright Dormitory and valuable property in Durham. Other benefactors of the college that have caused a reduction in our expenses have been appropriations from the North Carolina Methodist Conference, dividends from the endowment funds of the college, the National Youth Administration, and numerous small gifts from private individuals. Also the property on which Louisburg College is located goes free of taxes.

Does it not make some of us feel little in our shoes to know that we have not taken better advantage of our opportunities? Does it not make us want to take full advantage of every opportunity we have to secure what education we can, knowing that someone else is taking a considerable part of the burden of expenses from our shoulders? Do we not owe it to the college to study hard and make the best use of our opportunities and hear less grudgingly our privations? May we not ask ourselves what we are doing day by day to pay back the \$165 that benefactors of our school have paid for each of us.

Dear Family

Dear Mom:

Well, I guess you got some mail the other day—from the college. So did I. (Gulp!) It—wasn't-so-good—was it? I suppose I have to take English Comp. over. That Chemistry didn't look so good—and Phys. Ed.— Mom, I just can't play basketball! My feet always get in somebody's way. Someone said skipping class counted off. I haven't missed many times though. The other day I went to the show, and one day I went to Raleigh. I missed class those days—and the last weekend I went home. But, Mom, a fellow can't be pinned down to the same old routine all the time. Are you really expecting a lot of me? It makes me feel a little sick to recall your telling me Dad is trying to give me the opportunities he missed as a boy.

Well, about the grades: Mr. Kilby wrote some of us boys little notes the other day. Oh—they—he—Oh! I am on probation for six weeks. Yes—grades! But Mom, if you cut down on my allowance anymore, I won't be able to go to the show, basketball games, Cicero's, or anywhere. Yes, Mom, I know I said I would do better this time. Maybe I can yet. I do hope to; so please don't cut my allowance.

Your promising son, Willie.

Fifth Column Restored

(Edited by managing editor)

To every question, statement, or problem there are two sides—the serious and the ridiculous. I present some of the ridiculous.

Miss Merritt: "Two words will describe it; one begins with a 'p', and the other begins with an 'f'."

Fred Davis: "Personification."

Question on a geography exam: "In which continent had you rather live? Why?"
 Dot E: "Neither."

Experienced basketball player: "What position do you play? Guard or forward?"
 New player: "I don't know."
 Experienced player: "Backward, huh?"

Rolling Stone

"Some students are letting their college education interfere with their studies."
The Tiger, Clemson College.

"Nothing is so bad because it's forbidden; It's forbidden because it's bad."
Creek Pebbles, Campbell College.

"We are now on our proving ground. Today we must follow, for tomorrow we shall lead."
The Lexihipep, Lexington, H. S.

Student Interludes

THE NEW YEAR HAS COME

It was early New Year's morning. I gazed at the glorious sunrise and came to the realization that another year had gone, leaving a new one in its place. Already this year seemed different. It would, I prayed, hold an abundance of joy and happiness for everyone all over the world.

As I continued to look, my eyes filled with tears; and out of the mist seemed to appear the Statue of Liberty, so proud and stately and yet so real. "Liberty for all mankind," I thought; and numerous resolutions began to form in my mind—the greatest of these to keep faith in God and help restore that faith in others.

Then I dried my tears and began the day with this little prayer:

"Dear God, help us to be strong and brave that, when peace comes to all the world, we may be waiting to do our part toward a new world; and help us to keep faith in Thee through joy or sorrow or pain. May victory come soon! Guide and direct us, dear Father, toward a lasting peace. Amen."

—Grace Turnage.

We must try during these days, weeks, and months of the new year . . . to become the persons we want to be; to mold our minds in the way of wisdom, knowledge, and temperance; our hearts in the way of faith, hope, and love; our souls in the way of God.—Carol Bessett.

NOT ONCE BUT COUNTLESS TIMES

Who said that opportunity knocks but once? Reality proves this to be but a fantastic idea for, if we would only stop and look, we should see that each day opportunity stands with an open door waiting for us, begging us to cross the threshold. But no, we're in too big a hurry; there's something else to do.

Life itself is opportunity; so, if man lives rightly, whatever is needful shall be found. Poverty, suffering, even death teach us life's value; their dark shadows bid us win while there is yet time to work with the power that they alone can offer, to lay the stress of all our hoping and doing in the things that cannot pass away. Opportunity is not a hidden element presenting itself to only a chosen few. There is no need to seek endlessly and fruitlessly. A spoken word, a mere action, a class, a new acquaintance—any one of these everyday occurrences offers an opportunity to make one more step along the way.

Defeated is the person who uses that so often repeated expression, "I can't"; lost is he who says "I won't," or "I shan't." If we would but cast these phrases permanently from our vocabulary and say "I will," each day would offer a snow-white page to start anew—wings with which to flee from lonely, darkened places to the success, happiness, and fullness of life that was meant for everyone.

—Barbara Howard.

ANIMALS ON OUR CAMPUS

I have lived in Louisburg my entire life, but never before this year have I seen so many animals on Louisburg College campus.

The animal I have seen most is the squirrel. He makes his home among the oaks of our campus and always seems to be busily at work gathering nuts for the coming winter.

Another animal on our campus is the dogs. Two dogs, Mike and Queenie, may be found at almost any place at any time. Mike, Jimmy Ragland's dog, spent most of his time at Mills High School last year; but, when Jimmy graduated, Mike graduated with him; now both are attending Louisburg College. Queenie is at most times sitting under the nut tree beside Wright Building gazing up into it, waiting for a squirrel to appear in order that she may have something to bark at.

I think that, by observing the animals, we, the human beings, might learn something. If we would store up knowledge as the squirrel stores up food, we might think how much better off we would be. If we made our attendance to class as regular as the dogs come on the campus, we would have far more quality points at the end of the year.

—Cheathan Alston.

Of the two dogs on our campus, one has a quiet dignity and a manner that indicate that he must have

TO LOUISBURG COLLEGE

O sturdy oaks, O columns straight and tall,
 O corridors that speak of knowledge and God,
 Give us thy challenge, help us to be strong
 As with our faltering steps thy paths are trod.

O sturdy oaks, O columns straight and tall,
 Hold straight thy paths, for youth is treading here;
 Give us thy challenge; help us to be strong
 For youth, though daring, yet may often fear.

—Mary Frances Oakley.

"Columns" to me is a part of Louisburg College. My feeling toward this paper is that it is just as important as the chapel, the clubs, even the daily classes. Through the publication of this paper I can visualize the accomplishments of my classmates and fellow students, and my sincere gratitude is extended to those who have so diligently labored to present to every student the heart of Louisburg College.

—Clifford Cutrell.

To me "Columns" is a chest of memories: at my will I may delve into that chest and relive many pleasant happenings of college life. Through "Columns" one may express one's feelings. "Columns" is a monument—a monument of memories, of high ideals, a monument of inspiration to young journalists who warm at the fires of writing.

—Barbara Thorson.

education, too. He almost always comes to some class during each day. Because he is always promptly dismissed, I fear he will begin to believe he is not wanted. Although he may have sensed that he is not wanted, he is persistent in his effort to gain an education. Perhaps he wishes someone would teach him, too.

The second and only other dog I know of here is rather different. He rarely frequents a classroom, but he is always ready to go to the dining hall.

—Elsie L. Willis.

On our campus I have seen quite a few different animals, both wild and domestic. The squirrels that play in the oaks on the campus are the most graceful animals that I have ever seen. When I see a squirrel up in the top of one of those tall oaks, and he jumps out into what seems to be thin air and then catches on a small limb, I have seen one of nature's most skillful acrobats. Like all performers these little acrobats sometimes fall; unlike people, when the squirrels fall from a great height, they do not seem to be hurt, for, if they hit the ground, they climb back up the tree and begin to play again. Their performance is a wonderful sight to see.

—Roscoe Arnold.

The squirrels on our campus never trouble anyone. They have a big time among themselves out in the big oaks, cracking and eating their acorns. They are fun to watch as they scamper after one another.

—Cecil Stroud.

GOD'S MESSENGERS

God's messengers are not the tools of war.

His messages do not engrave the sky.

God's messengers are little children, And Christ was once a little child.

God's messengers are not the power seekers.

His messages do not engender fear. God's messengers are humble Christians,

As humble as are little children. God's messages are love and peace; And Christ, the Holy Child, was God's first message.

—Mary Frances Oakley.

Because of the training which come through struggle, I would [were I in high school again] take the subjects most disagreeable to me and force myself to learn to give these my best attention whether I like them or not.

—Marion Smith.