

COLUMNS

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We Pay Tribute

At the close of a college year of worth while experiences we welcome this opportunity to express heartfelt appreciation to those who will forever be a part of the memories that we will cherish.

From COLUMNS, representing the student body, go thanks to faculty members who through tireless efforts for our good and underlying interest in our welfare and happiness have been to us guiding lights. As teachers and as sponsors of various student activities, we think of those who have been an inspiration to us, and have helped to keep before us on the campus, visions of the ideal. Each of us, as individual students, knows who most greatly have been to each such invaluable leaders. Their words of kindness and cheery smiles have often lifted downcast hearts, and sometimes because of them, smiles have spread across saddened faces. As different ones of us have seen, these who have meant most to us going about from place to place, from activity to activity, we can't help wondering at the knowledge and wisdom that we recognize in them, the hearts of kindness, and the light of truth and goodness.

To those of our faculty who have meant these qualities and contributions to any individuals or groups of students, we pay tribute and offer heartfelt thanks for all of their—

“... little nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love.”

We Praise You

We, the staff of COLUMNS, extend congratulations to the competent, hard-working staff of *The Oak* for editing a significantly-designed annual. The stalwart *Oak*, as a mighty symbol of life, is truly an indication of long years of high standards. The dedication to the tree could not have been more appropriate. The tribute to Reverend Mr. Davis expressed the sincere appreciation that is felt on Louisburg College Campus. The unfolding memories so vividly portrayed will always be dear to us.

The Open Trail

By Editor-elect

They face an open trail—they, the seniors of today, who marched proudly by the stately columns in their caps and gowns with bright eyes searching the horizon and spirits eager to take their rightful place on the open trail of tomorrow.

Is it asking too much of them to pause and recall the events of their college years that are slowly making their way into the past? lift hearts thankful for the blessings bestowed upon them? The world holds its rarest for those who face the open trail.

Trails have been blazed by those who came before; and now, they, the seniors, have begun and completed part of their trail blazing—they know it is only part; for ever they will “strive, seek, find, but [never] yield.” Leaving familiar paths and partly blazed trails, “they throw the torch”; juniors, “be ours to lift it high!”

Valedictory

Some events and experiences never lose their deep meaning. Our last hours together are furnishing such experiences; so it is with our farewells. Yet farewell in itself is not complete; rather, we say farewell and forward. In parting we remember the gifts that have made it possible for us to reach our present attainments. We remember Alma Mater—a small college nestled in a quiet town offering something more than credits, caps, and gowns.”

We weave the thread of the future into our farewell, for [“We dip] into the future far as human eye can see— [See] the vision of the world and all the wonders that [will] be.”

—Anne Whitehead.

Salutatory

To our friends, our teachers, and our parents, I extend a heartfelt welcome. We feel a pride in coming before you today for you have made this occasion possible. You have shared our dreams and our hopes; you have encouraged us “to strive, to seek . . . and not to yield.”

When we came to college, we were given a trust—we were put on our resources. We not only had to learn books—we had to learn people, our world, and life. We feel, that in coming before you today, that we have fulfilled that trust. We have learned that “high endeavors are an inward light.”

But without proper guidance and understanding, we would have fallen far short of our goal. And today we are happy for whatever extent we have balanced the accounts of life—you have believed, and we have at least to an extent, fulfilled.

So I welcome you one and all on this day. You have given us much, and it is our dream and hope to share with our world what has come to us. Share it, though we know that sharing will sometimes be costly:

“Strive and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never
grudge the throe!”

—Barbara Thorson.

Dear Family

Dear Mom:

Please, can't you tell me how to plan next year? You know, I will be eighteen in August, and—well, Uncle Sam and I will soon be carrying on a short correspondence. I want to come back here, but I will be here for only a month or two at the most. Mom, I can't waste any time; and if I come back, if for only a month—Mom, I just can't see that that time would be wasted. Please, may I not come back? The speaker the other night said that we must look to the future and plan toward it. Coming here for that short time—Mom, it would be planning for the future.

How girls can stay at home and some not even finish high school! Mom, Sis just must go to college. She's got to finish to make up for what I miss. Make her realize that she owes that much to those of us who have to stop school and fight for her.

See you in a few days. . .

Willie.
(M. S. W.)

Fifth Column Restored

M. S. W. (looking up lit. words):
“Gee, there is such a word as ‘foible’! And all the time I thought someone was mis-pronouncing ‘fable.’”

Lee H. (speaking of a girl with flowers in her hair): “She’s a budding genius.”
Charlotte U.: “Oh, no—she’s a bloomin’ idiot.”

Lit. student: “Punch me and I’ll quote some lit.”

Rolling Stone

Ha! Ha!

Mable Douglas wants the two cents back she paid for post office box rent because she hasn't had two cents worth of mail this year.

Creek Pebbles, Campbell College.

He got left!

“Clara Logan sat by a log fire telling stories of children. ‘A lady,’ she said, ‘was reclining on a couch in her library one night with the light low, trying to sleep. Beside her on the table was a dish of fine fruit. As she lay there she saw her little daughter tiptoe into the room; in her long white nightgown. The child, thinking her mother was asleep, advanced cautiously to the table, took a bunch of grapes, and stole out again. The mother was grieved at such misconduct on the part of her good little daughter, but said nothing. Five minutes passed, then back into the room again crept the child, the grapes untouched. She replaced them on the dish; and, as she departed, her mother heard her utter, “That’s the time you got left, Mr. Devil.”’

The Young People's Friend.

Student Interludes

LITTLE WOODIE

Little Woodie is my small, eight-year-old cousin—a real boy. Actually he is rather large for his age and quite strong. Ask any of the kids in his neighborhood with whom Woodie has exchanged blows over a marble or a “turn” at the swing in his back yard. He is most endearing in appearance—a read-headed youngster with eyes that almost match the color of his hair. His warm, large brown eyes can send out more sparks of mischief than you can imagine, or twist your heart and reason with their wistfulness and pleading.

In spite of every effort of Uncle Woodson to make Little Woodie look like a junior fashion-plate, Woodie's clothes are constantly dishevelled in true little-boy fashion—shirttail out halfway; knickers below their intended place on his legs; and socks flopping over the tops of his shoes which are pretty well scuffed from kicking stones and riding his bicycle.

Woodie is exuberantly young and into mischief all the time. I remember the day when he caused his mother agonies of embarrassment by turning the water hose on one of her most distinguished friends. Little Woodie remembers the aftermath too, I'm sure.

He is mischievous, but kind-hearted too. He always has a mongrel dog upon which he lavishes love and caresses—when no one is looking. Besides the dog, Blondie now, Woodie keeps strong animals of every sort until they die or wander away. In either case, Woodie weeps bitter tears, much to his shame.

At this stage of life, Woodie has an aversion for girls. I think they scare him; therefore he calls them “sissies”—the most shaming word in his vocabulary. He not only dislikes girl-sissies, but boy-sissies as well. The boy who won't climb into a tall tree, jump from a sand dune, or go at least waist-deep in the ocean holds the same place in Woodie's esteem as a girl. Woe be to the timid one who associates with my beloved little dare-devil.

Whatever the worries anyone has concerning Little Woodie, no one need worry about his future. He'll be able to take care of that himself, thank you!

—Mollie Fearing.

TONY BONELLI, THE SHOP OWNER

May I introduce you to Tony, the Italian soda shop proprietor in my community. He is as vivacious a character as anyone would want to know, if it is possible for a man to be vivacious. In the cooler months he stands at the shop window, waving at the school children as they walk by to school. In the summer he stands out in front of the shop, speaking and offering a cheerful good morning to his nickel-and-dime patrons. He has a warm penetrating smile that wriggles his moustache, and his laugh is a vibrant gesture of his happy-contented personality. Seldom is he seen without a cigar in his mouth. He is a middle-aged man, short in stature, with a protruding waistline that is always covered by a white apron. This waistline shakes as he chuckles and jokes with the kiddies. His grayed hair is so curly that it always appears dishevelled, which accentuates his happy, carefree disposition. His thick eyebrows move up and down as his vivid facial expressions bring to real life his thoughts. All of the children are “leettle wons” to him, no matter how tall, thin, or what the scope of their waistline may be.

There is not a finer, more sincere naturalized citizen in this community than Tony. He is proud to be an American and never fails to remind those who complain about their surroundings how lucky they are to be living in America.

He is a devout adherent to the church of his faith. He is charitable and never sees harm or evil in anyone. It is not surprising to hear Tony tell one of his small ice cream patrons on Saturday afternoon that this is the second ice cream cone he has had today. “Why don't you put this second nickel in the poor box on Sunday morning?” When the young patron tells him he'll do it next time, Tony shrugs his shoulders, hums a tune, keeps smiling, and scoops up the ice cream. He leans across the counter, hands the ice cream, and repeats for the fiftieth time probably that day, “There you are, my leettle won.”

—Arlene Cockrell.

CLASS POEM OF 1945

Today we stand amid our stalwart oaks to say a last farewell;

We come with memories in our beings and the future in our eyes.

We gaze about us at our Alma Mater, for here our hearts still dwell—

And faintly, as softly as the distant wind, we hear regretful sighs:

Could it be that we too hear echoes of our college days?

Byron, Keats, Shelley; DeVigny, Lamartine; Napoleon, Washington, King James—

But now we rouse ourselves from this delightful maze—

And carry with us pictures of scenes and faces and echoes of names;

We come to take our various places in your world—

As engineers, parents, doctors, writers, musicians, teachers, and secretaries—

As those to take up your responsibilities and your toil—

As those to whom you will give your wheel of destiny.

And so—we stand amid our stalwart oaks to say a last farewell;

We come with memories in our beings and the future in our eyes.

—Barbara Thorson.

CLASS SONG

Louisburg College, Queen of the Campus,

Louisburg College, our own—

We will always love and cherish

Wherever we may roam.

Good-bye college classmates;

Farewell college fair,

It's a long, long way to Louisburg College

But my heart's right there.

—Dot Kennedy, Mildred Parks,

Barbara Thorson, Strowd Ward.

NO REAL GOOD-BYE

I say good-bye—good-bye to Alma Mater.

Good-bye to all the things I hold so dear—

And yet—'tis not good-bye, for on tomorrow,

Close to my heart I'll find a smile, a tear.

A smile for all the joy we shared together—

A tear reminding me of sad good-byes—

A host of memories, a chain to fetter. . .

The hopes and dreams we feign would realize.

—Carol Bessett.

A TOBACCO FIELD AT HARVEST TIME

It was about three o'clock on a hot sultry summer day late in July. Dark clouds overhead hung low with a menacing scowl. Out in the field of tobacco, several colored men bent their tired shirtless backs up and down, up and down through the endless rows of hot gummy tobacco. The sun broiled down hot upon them; perspiration dropped from their scant clothing; and the tired mules stamped impatiently at insects that buzzed continuously around their shining wet bodies.

Few words were spoken. The laborers seemed too tired to speak. The stripping of tobacco was a rhythmical sound, broken occasionally when a command was given to the mules. No other sound seemed necessary.

Now and then one of the Negroes stopped his perpetual bending to light a cigarette, glance up at the sun with a look that seemed to say, “How much longer before the sun will set and my day's work is ended.” Then back to his work he went, hoping that the storm-brewing clouds would scatter; but thinking, too, that a cool shower of rain would remove the hot steam that seemed to be rising from the tobacco plants.

Beneath the high stalks of tobacco in the grass, lay a few large worms. They seemed a part of the motionlessness of the tobacco, the tiredness of the Negroes, and the exhaustion of the mules.

—Rose Worthington.

I want college to help me develop a strong character and a willing mind.—A Louisburg College freshman.