

## COLUMNS

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## MEMBERS OF THE STAFF

Co-Editors..... Bill Griffin Spivey and Audrey Allen

Since COLUMNS has just been organized for the year no further officers have been selected. The following are staff participants: George Phillips, Linda Davis, Linda Lea, Richard Phillips, W. G. Alford, Frank Dickerson, Faye Mahler, Rachel Marshborne, Caroline Padgett, Bernard Ghiselin, Jr., Marion Crawley, Harvey McLemore, Roy Barnes, Bob Moody, Scarlette Morton. Faculty Advisors: E. A. Vause, Mrs. Allen deHart, and Miss Elizabeth Johnson.

## THE SELF-MADE MAN

Self-education can be, for one who tries it alone, a haphazard and disorderly path that takes diverse routes everywhere. It becomes a path guided mainly by the student's whims, and proceeds without any specific plan or goal.

When a student begins his education he should be provided with a map, so to speak, outlining the broad features of the terrain before him. Only against the background of such a general view of the topography can individual features of the landscape be properly understood. If the self-taught individual isn't very careful he will find himself, after years of reading and searching, without the fundamentals that one obtains from a liberal education. He is memorizing the history of Genghis Khan or exploring the adventures of the ancient Polynesians before he learns the square root of nine or can find a prepositional phrase in a simple sentence.

Please take it from one who tried in vain.

My trouble began one night when, in boredom, I picked up a stray pocketbook edition of a famous novel. I became so engrossed in this lusty work that I set out to read every book by this author. This was the first time I had come to feel anything about an author, to admire the writer more than his writing. In the ensuing months I remained captivated and at no time read a word of fiction by any other writer. My reading was sheerly for enjoyment. I never questioned the ideas, ethics, or aim in any of these books, but accepted blindly all before me.

Already I was becoming narrow and pedantic. Not until I had exhausted the library supply and cleaned the book stands of his works did I turn my attention elsewhere. Though I was convinced (after reading only his works) that this writer was the greatest since Shakespeare or Balzac, I condescended to read others.

As the years passed I continued in this indulgence, to read one author for a while, and then turn capriciously to another. Thus it was by normal process, by asking certain fundamental questions while I read, by not having an adequate background for some of this reading, that I fell innocently into an open pit of bewilderment. My mind ran everywhere. My interests flourished and bloomed. You could find me poring over encyclopedias on such practical subjects as bullfighting, Friedrich Nietzsche, the Russian Revolution, Napoleon, and existentialism. I now present to you a confused mind swimming in unrelated, miscellaneous information.

Before I got too far along with this madness, I made application to a small Southern college and placed myself under competent guidance. You don't know my relief. (Student's name withheld by request.)

## ALL'S QUITE

With the arrival of the end of the quarter and corresponding issuance of mid-term grades, a pronounced change of attitude may be noted among students. Many a glum face may be seen about the campus

as students suffer from mid-term grades and parental reaction to same. The dorm is marked by serenity rather than the usual frivolity. There are no water fights in the hall, no one bounces a basketball in his room, "bull-sessions" are less frequent and shorter, and lights burn at unusual hours. In addition, fewer students are sleeping in class, notes are being taken while cuts are not, and the faculty has come to occupy a position of some importance. Textbooks are being opened, some of them for the first time. The Village and both movie houses have suffered a decline in business, while the TV set in the girls' dorm is wearing out less rapidly. The "A" student is now the campus hero, and the athlete is more studious than athletic. A few students have decided that they are not college timber and have gone home. The grades have had a sobering effect on the rest, a fact that is clearly shown by the serious attitude which most of them will display for at least a week. After this, pronounced periods of quiet will become more infrequent and life will return to normal.

At any rate some will survive to continue during the spring semester, and thus, the process of elimination will continue to exact its toll among the students.

G. P.

## GIRLS' TEAM

The Louisburg College girls' basketball season gets underway Tuesday night, November 18, when they challenge Creedmoor girls at Creedmoor.

Those girls carrying the colors for the college are Connie Mabry, Agnes Asque, Rachel Breedlove, Phyllis Lee, Peggy Joyner, Cynthia Preddy, Audrey Allen, Faye Mahler, Lillian Ennis and Betty Hunter. The girls are coached by Miss Ruth Cooke.

## TEST WEEK

"Studying—see you later. O.K.?" "Government, Chemistry, and Lit test tomorrow — Please DO NOT disturb!"

Or more simply: "Go Away!!"

When you walk down the halls of Wright dorm, hoping to find a friendly smile, or a room full of happy, laughing, red-blooded American girls, and you are greeted only by signs like these, by sardonic scowls, or by abrupt four letter words not even preceded by "hi there!" — you begin to feel that all is not well at your dear old Alma Mater.

And believe me, *you're right!* These are the symptoms of a dread upheaval which takes place in our college from time to time and known as "test week," or as put by one student in American lit class, the "Day of Doom."

During this week, for some unexplained reason, almost every teacher decides to give a test in almost every class. Therefore every student, having more than one teacher, and more than one class, finds himself loaded down with tests during this week.

If he is lucky, these tests will fall one per day, but often it doesn't work that way. For instance, poor Ronald Scoggin had four on one day, from 8:00 to 12:30, and he staggered into a three-hour botany class at 2:00 more dead than alive.

## Scratch Bump Thud

From nine-thirty till ten o'clock every night, seven days a week, on first floor of Pattie Julia, in the back hall, you will always find an audience of from five to ten skinny females watching all the pleasingly plump girls from first, second, and third floors. These struggling, healthy girls will be working diligently, for they are hoping to join the group of spectators by Christmas.

Heaven help you, if you land accidentally on the first floor of Pattie Julia during this "work-out" half hour! Either one or two things will happen: You will run from fright, or you will remain and go into convulsions of laughter. Your eyes will bulge at the sight of the over-energetic girls. Some will be clad in pajamas while others will foolishly commence in clean bermudas. Neither the bermudas nor the pajamas will be clean for long, however. Even though the halls are thoroughly swept each morning, you will notice that the girls' clothes will appear to have the knack of picking up two pounds of dirt for each pound of weight the girls lose.

The sights before you will remind you of the lunatic scene in "Rain-tree County." Arms sailing through the air and legs struggling up and down to the count of a gruff "one, two, three, four," will simply fascinate you. You will see at least one girl, if not more, who appears to be swimming in space and getting nowhere. Others will be lying on their backs as if they are waiting for the spirit to move them, but they are actually trying to catch their breaths before straining to touch their toes ten more times.

Heavy crashing, bumping, thudding, and scratching will draw your attention to three girls with ropes, who are leaping wildly into the air. They are endeavoring to perfect the double jump.

Last but not least, your eyes will focus upon the founder of this colony. The instigator of all this trouble is perhaps the oddest of them all. She just sits and bounces for thirty minutes every night.

When ten o'clock arrives, you gaze upon the bruised bodies as they drag off to the showers. As you watch them struggle down the hall, you will try to figure out the purpose behind this self-inflicted torture. Could it be that the college Romeos prefer trim-figured Juliets?

LINDA LEA

## Number 137

I am a slave so take pity on me, I beg. For years I have been slammed around and beaten by my disgusted owners. My cruel owner of the past two years has mistreated me constantly. He mistreated me to such an extent that now I can hardly function. My joints are loose, and they no longer move easily. Because of this my master treats me even more harshly. Actually I am a co-operative slave, and I never cause any trouble. My master has no cause to slam me around. He mistreats me only because of his mean nature.

Here comes my master now. Observe how cruelly I am treated. Don't let his smile or his smooth talk deceive you. Underneath that guise he is a tyrant — a heartless being.

He grabs me with his big hands, and slowly he forces me to do his will. He checks me inside and out, but not finding what he wants, he becomes evil and starts his daily ritual of banging me back and forth. I have received such treatment before, and I wonder if my frail body will continue to take the stress and strain.

I wish to emphasize this beating, for I receive not one, but two beatings daily. I am forced to realize that I am only a lowly mailbox, number 137, but must I be tortured this way?

TOMMY HOUSE

## EVACUATION

What happens to Louisburg on the week-ends? When the question is asked at L. C., "Where is everybody?" the answer is always the same: "they have all gone home."

Actually this is a problem at Louisburg. Everyone does go somewhere on the week-ends, and this is not conducive to good college life. The truth is that there is nothing to do here in the way of interesting student activity. There is always some sort of religious activity available, but judging from the number of people here on the week-

## DO YOU WANT A NEWSPAPER?

When is the student body going to wake up and take an interest in our school paper? Thus far, interest and support have been shamefully scarce. So scarce, in fact, that some thought has been given to dropping publications altogether if students cannot take on the responsibility of issuing a creditable college newspaper. Surely Louisburg College does not want this to happen. Would not this be a sad commentary on one of our leading junior colleges?

What is the excuse for this "take it or leave it" attitude? There is no excuse. Louisburg College has the potentials, but the interest is lacking. There are many students on this college campus who have previously done successful journalistic work, but they have been extremely uncooperative with COLUMNS. They are missing the satisfaction that can be derived from displaying one's talent.

The quality of the paper reflects the student body's enthusiasm and participation. It is an indication of the school's intellectualism. The paper is the voice of the school. With the help of only a few students the paper is neither objective nor representative. Students, take heed and give the staff your wholehearted assistance. You will only be doing your school justice.

A. A.

ends, it is possible that even the pious individuals may crave some form of diversion.

The question now arises, "Why is there not more student activity?" The answer to this question is: a lack of initiative on the part of campus leaders and a lack of interest on the part of the majority of students. Neither group deserves all the blame, but they are both in the wrong. The result is that mass migration is hurting the students. Visitors who see Louisburg College on the week-ends must think of it as strangely resembling a mortuary.

It is high time that the campus leaders, both paternal and fraternal, take steps to start making the students feel like they are in a boarding college and not a day high school.

G. P.

## Letter from the President

I take this opportunity to congratulate the editors and staff on this first issue of COLUMNS for the 1958-59 school year.

Much work is required to produce a college newspaper. This calls for co-operation from everyone associated with the newspaper, as well as from the administration, faculty and student body.

A newspaper can be a vital force on the college campus. It, of course, offers journalistic and business experience for all who share in its production. But it is more than this. It serves as a forum of public opinion, an exchange of ideas, the best means of disseminating accurate and informative news. It can be a mirror depicting campus life, the medium for strengthening college spirit. It can lift up every activity on the campus and bring into clear focus the total college program.

May I wish for the editor and staff and the faculty advisor great satisfaction and success in every issue of COLUMNS for the 1958-59 academic year.

C. W. ROBBINS  
President

## Soda Shop Hours

The soda shop hours this year are from 8:00 a.m. to 10:00 p.m. weekly. On Saturday it is open from 8:00 a.m. to 12:00 noon. The soda shop is closed every chapel period from 10:00 a.m. to 10:30 a.m.

This year John Carpenter is in charge, and thus far he is to be commended for the fine job he is doing. Other people employed there are David Birdsong, Brooks Hamilton, Jamal Modazeah, Tommy Ralph, Wayne Gray, Gene Faulkner, W. G. Alford, and Richard Long. We plan to move into the soda shop in the new building during the Christmas holidays. We are proud of our soda shop and are looking forward to serving you this year.

## Glee Club

Governor Luther H. Hodges was present at Memorial Auditorium in Raleigh where the Louisburg College Glee Club sang on October 27 to an audience of approximately 4,000 Methodists gathered for a "kickoff" campaign to raise money to build two new colleges and to help Methodist supported schools.

The students sang very effective renditions of "Oh Sacred Head Now Wounded" and "The King of Love My Shepherd Is."

Governor Hodges, a Methodist himself, urged all present to support the campaign wholeheartedly with their time and money.