

COLUMNS

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Scripture Thought

“... and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God.”—MICAH 6:8.

“My Heart Leaps Up”

Have you ever found a poem? No, not verses composed by some famous poet but a real poem in your own heart? Have you ever felt the joy of the poet who wrote:

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky.

and really meant the words?

So many of us miss the poetry that is about us every day! If we only look for it, there is poetry everywhere: in October winds blowing brilliantly colored leaves about in the crisp autumn air; poetry in winter snows and in howling winds and in startling sound of a bird's song in the early morning of a cool, white world.

But especially can we find poetry now in the spring-time of the year, when all the world is coming back to life and bursting into glorious bloom. Our own campus looks new and different every day. There is a flower that was not there yesterday or a tree that has burst into bloom and bees singing of a new-found happiness. We wake to the sound of the birds caroling the news of a brighter day ahead.

Especially now, when there is so much need for a few rays of joy in a mad, war-torn world, we should find moments of joy and carry from our hearts from every-day things of beauty, a gladness that will make work the lighter and our world the brighter.

Lest Spring Beguile

In spring, when Nature is in her most beautiful attire, there comes to everyone a general feeling of discontent at the usual routine. Despite this being the most delightful season, there is this one disadvantage.

When the bare countryside grows beautiful with various shades of green sprayed with colorful gay flowers, we forget the dullness of winter days just past and feel the impulse to wander endlessly, admiring the magnificence of earth and sky. We are inclined to neglect our studies because of the care-free, vagabond spirit that accompanies the loveliness of the season.

Yet, whatever satisfaction we have achieved in our studies thus far, we must keep striving, in spite of her lure, not to heed too often the call of Spring.

Even to the last days we shall need to apply ourselves to our study and to our work. It will take effort; but that effort will be forth the reward of realizing tasks well done, and of more nearly deserving a summertime vacation.

Let us watch our opportunities to prove that we resolve not to neglect duty, even during the lovely season that tempts us toward vagrancy.

Auditorium Etiquette Continued

In a sense, an artist is to his audience no more and no less than the audience expects him to be. Perhaps it is because a number of students have come to realize this fact, that the concert last Wednesday morning was such a success.

Students followed the clear, rich tenor notes of Mr. Gage through his agitations, through his largos, and through his crescendos as if these were a part of the students themselves. They lived the music; therefore the concert was a success.

COLUMNS was proud to see the students' auditorium etiquette on this occasion. Program sheets were handled quietly or not at all, and there was varied evidence of appreciative attention.

We Make or Mar

Do you recall an unhappy incident or discovery during the first days of your freshman year: on someone's part some ill-becoming word or tone or deed that showed a selfish, a resentful, or a lawless spirit?

Hospitality Week-End is coming soon. Louisburg College wants to give to the high school students who will come, the best possible of its campus life in every way. We do not want to blight worthy hopes and dreams of those whose college experience still lies ahead. Rather, we should like to give, if possible, even an added inspiration and a thought of the noblest that our college represents.

Our conduct during those four days will probably influence the students who come, far more than we realize. In preparing the material things for their pleasure, let us do even more, by allowing no marring moment of thoughtless word or deed—any impression that could make a lasting blot.

All Good Things Must . . .

We are a fortunate student body, aren't we? Take, for instance, our tennis courts, our archery sets, our track field—what would we do without them?

Each piece of physical ed equipment offers stored up pleasure for us. All we have to do is to have an interest in sports—and there we are, right in the midst of an elegant time.

“All good things must come to an end,” says the old proverb, but let us Louisburg students change those words. We want to make sure that our good times outdoors won't stop just on account of our carelessness. It's so easy to lose arrows and break bows, and it's so easy to play tennis in heels, and golf balls just have a peculiar way of “disappearing into nowhere,” and—

“It didn't look like rain when we left the archery equipment on the grounds.”

And that's the way it goes: It's so easy to bring good things to an end.

Let's try something new; it won't be so hard either. Let's be “Phiz Ed” conscious and keep our equipment in good shape, remembering that our present equipment is probably our last for a time of stored up pleasure (government priorities might take a hand).

There are many good things that do not have to come to an end. Let us see to it that some of these things we keep at Louisburg.

Dear Family

Dear Family:

Our old campus is sprouting life again. All winter long our sheltering old oaks stood bare, high up on this hill, in the biting winter winds. Doesn't it seem funny that trees are covered in their heaviest clothing in the sultry summer, and that in the winter they are totally bare. This is quite a contrast to people, isn't it? They have a tendency of putting on all they have in winter; then in summer putting off all possible, if I have to give you the bare facts.

Well, how was Easter? I bet the boys robbed the setting hens of their treasures when the annual Sunday school egg hunt came around. Is there any connection anyway, between Easter and eggs.

I went to several religious services emphasizing the death and resurrection of our Lord. In these services I learned a lot and saw a plenty, 'specially the women's hats. You know, people get the wrong idea of the beauty of Easter and spoil it all by wearing their “coats of many colors” or their “zoot suits.”

Oh, I know you were surprised at my typing grade, but it was all caused by that typing artist here the other week. You see, he could beat me a little, just about three times as bad as Duke Frosh beat us; so I was so humiliated I had momentarily mental depression when I strove to stroke my typewriter. The teacher is another factor in my grading. I know you are supposed to keep your eyes on the book, but you “ain't” seen our typing teacher. (My English teacher says that she won't let that last verb pass unless I used it conscious of the error) but really I don't know any better.

Lots of Love,
“Willie.”

P.S. Please don't forget to send me five bucks.

In Time of War

In time of war prepare for peace.

Such a task is inescapably ours today. Though we may see enemies of the allies tragically destructive of efforts toward an ordered world, yet back of this mad present lies their past with strength and art and other gifts that have been veritable blessings to mankind. In opposing present wrongs, let us be clear-eyed and true-hearted enough not to discard the good with the evil.

It was a hopeful sign when Louisburg students recently listened with appreciation to the artist in their auditorium who sang among various other numbers Schubert's “Ave Maria” and sang it in the native German version.

Student Interludes

The Kind of World I Should Like to Live In After the War

There has been much discussion on the subject “What Kind of World I Should Like to Live in After the War.” Many people think that all countries should agree to adopt a democratic form of government. It is uncertain, however, if such a system could ever be developed.

I would like to see a world where each race respected all others, where equality of man was prevalent, prejudices forgotten, and Nazism completely extinct. The domineering war lords would be suppressed. Grief-stricken humanity would be set free to live together in harmony, having known the misery of bondage and appreciating as never before the privilege of being free to live as human beings should.

All mankind would worship the Higher Power, having found that He only had proved their refuge during plague, flood, and the terrors of bombardment.

Living conditions of the poorer classes would be improved by governmental control, thereby decreasing the output of criminals, as delinquency is often the result of miserable homes. Death chambers for the convicted would be changed into places of opportunity for developing their potentialities.

Though the world may be proclaimed as hopeless in post-war days, if all nations will endeavor to uphold friendly relations, a world may be effected where man can have security and lasting peace. He will no longer be deceived by “isms” or drift aimlessly as a refugee without a country.

We must insure the future generation against the turbulence of war that has befallen our generation. They must have the privilege of being born in a world freed of the fanaticism that has wrecked the world of today.

Brooksie Meekins.

Students in the Library

It is easy in the library to distinguish the real student from the nominal student. The real student enters quietly, finds a seat, and sits down without disturbing others. He does not speak unnecessarily; and, needing to say anything, he speaks in a low whisper. He begins his work promptly and avoids wasting time by aimless sitting and looking around. Upon finishing his task, he rises quietly, slips his chair back under the table, and leaves without unnecessary noise.

On the other hand, the nominal student, upon entering the library, makes unnecessary noises; such as, scraping his feet or walking heavily. When he has decided upon a place, he sets his books on the table, with an unusually loud thump, and starts roaming around to other tables and talking to busy students. If he decides to sit down, he drags—not lifts—his chair from under the table. He flops into it and begins a pretense of studying, looking at his book for a few minutes and then gazing around to see what the other students are doing. Frequently he finds ways to disturb others, by carrying on a conversation, laughing, or being otherwise a poor citizen. When he leaves, he makes much the same kinds of noises as he did upon entering. The serious students are glad and relieved to see him leave.

Yes, it is easy to tell a real student from a nominal one in the library. Try it sometime.

—Student Symposium.

I get more pleasure from boating than from anything else I know. The salt water stinging my face, the cold wind sweeping across me, and the feel of a sturdy boat beating the waves solidly gives me a great thrill, as it gives any youth born by the side of the sea.

PHILLIP MEEKINS.

'TIS SPRING

The gurgle of the stream again
Is heard upon the breeze;
The chirp of robin, jay, and wren
Echoes across the leas.

December's snowy wind is past;
April and May are here.
The long warm days have come at last;
The sky is blue and clear.

The sultry sun shines on the earth;
The world is almost still.
The bees buzz out and in with mirth
From squill to daffodill.

'Tis birth-time, green and fresh and new;
The flowers break the ground;
They spread their colors to the view
For mile and mile around.

The farmers go about their work;
The birds all joyful sing.
The cry is heard from field to kirk:
“'Tis Spring, 'tis Spring, 'tis Spring.”

P. L. de C. C.

... This is the lure of spring.
It lures me on until I am caught
in its clutches, but I don't mind; I
am happy to be caught by spring.
—Laura Swindell.

A KISS

A kiss!
I hold you;
Time flies away.
I feel you near me,
Your face before me.
I dare not wake,
Lest I find
I dream!

P. L. de C. C.

“JUST A PROJECT?”

In memory of a pigeon “who died for the advancement of science.”

They tied it up upon the ground
And wound its leg around.
“It's just a project,” so they said;
But now the poor thing's dead.

Wide eyes were filled with piteous fear;
Death came—life had been dear.
I hate all projects such as these;
They surely God displease.

Can killing pigeons science teach?
Then science I impeach.
If killing pigeons helps me learn,
Then learning would I spurn.

What good is knowledge such as this?
The purpose seems amiss.
God made that pigeon just to fly
And yet man makes it die.
P. L. de C. C.

A LETTER HOME

Dear Pop,
After these months in college I've decided a few things.

College is fine, but you do have to work. They just make you work. I hadn't expected that, but there are things that make up for it.

I wrote some more on another piece of paper, but I won't send it, for you couldn't read it. A typewriter is the only way I've thought of to improve my handwriting.

How are the finances? Mine are so low that I have to look at the bottom. Could you squeeze the family exchequer enough to make a ten-spot float up here?

I'd like to see you, but I can't. This is a long way from home.

Love to all,

J. C.

Question in English Comp. Class
“What caused the error in this sentence, ‘Tom and me will go?’”
Scott Gardner: “Me caused the error.”

If you are looking for a proof that you can't spell, just take an English comp. spelling test.