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SCRIPTURE THOUGHT

"... seek, and ye shall find." Matthew, 7:76

"First Things First"

So long as man has existed religion has been the sole uniting force between him and his Creator. Man, being what he is, is either consciously or unconsciously seeking a Higher Power for guidance and support in his daily living.

Especially is this search true in time of turmoil and human disaster such as the world is experiencing today. Only God and the godlike stand solid when the world seems to crumble all about. Young people throughout the land have recognized the universal fact of the need for more emphasis on religious truth. No longer can religion be considered an "off-the-campus" issue in educational institutions, says a recent issue of a Florida college newspaper. Universities and colleges in the United States have definitely awakened to the needs of their students and become concerned as to their spiritual aspirations. In colleges scattered over the nation a week each year is set aside for the observance of religious emphasis.

It is with the idea of awakening the spiritual self and examining the deeper personal problems that such an event is planned for Louisburg College. As the guest pastor, The Reverend R. G. Dawson, of Trinity Methodist Church, Raleigh, comes to the campus to lead the students in this religious effort—March 7-12, it is believed that one comes who has proved his success with young people and who will offer to Louisburg students, in open sessions and in personal conference, new inspirations and guidance for truer Christian living.

Surely the plans represent an opportunity for every student on the campus to enrich his experience by supporting the effort with his presence at sessions and cooperating in every way possible, for his own sake and the sake of others.

Barbarisms Are Not Only in the English Comp. Classes

It is said that in certain remote and pagan African tribes leaders are chosen on the basis of the torture, humiliation, and mutilation they can endure. A certain club here on the campus does not employ such in choosing a leader, so far as we know; but they go the poor heathen's one better: they use such, exclusively, in initiation of new members.

Perhaps this commentary will cause quite a bit of adverse criticism, but in general it will not give issue to nearly as much as what it is written about.

Some phases of the recent initiation were effective and enjoyable by both participants and students, while others proved distasteful and a temporary menace to the ordinary campus life.

Popular suggestions for improvement in the initiation include length and quantity mostly. It has been concluded that the initiation includes too much time. For more than a day the client is distracted as well as his fellowmen. As to quantity the general view is that the client is exposed to too extensive and overloading physical indulgences and practices.

The initiation also had its fine quality. It showed the faultless sportsmanship that both old and new members display. It also showed the pledges what it was to take it on the rough.

In Retrospect

"They took the Khaki and the gun
 Instead of cap and gown."

When Letts wrote these lines, she may have thought she was writing specifically for students entering the one and only mass devastation of youth in blossom. Now we know that the expressive lines can suggest the plight of youth in a similar situation today.

Any day now a bright, beaming lad with not even one man's beard on his cheek steps from our college stonies never again to say "present" to a class roll till —? Yes, we who wait our turn to sacrifice for our great cause are with them hand in hand, mind and mind, heart and soul.

The evil that tramples the humanity of our earth must be conquered, but our boys and true Americans are not out to avenge a *Paradise Lost*. They are not burning unconsumed in a "darkness visible." They are marching forth in a light as pure as that of a May morn in sunny Dixie, illumined by their victory cry:

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

Class of '43

Ira Helms was the first senior to leave the campus this semester, called to the Air Corps Reserve. The class lost a reliable, pleasant, earnest, and industrious young student; and the Air Corps will soon be recognizing the fact as they pass out a pair of wings. Jasper Hooper was the senior who entered service during the first semester.

Class of '44

Freshmen, too, are missing from college scenes, to enter or wait the call of their country.

Class of '42

Clarence Bass, ministerial student of last year and a frequent visitor on the campus the first of this year, is now in the Coast Guards. He was one of the faithful four original student founders of COLUMNS, and for this work alone he deserves a toast from all of us. His untiring effort, dependability, and efficiency will not soon be forgotten. He did his part and went the second mile.

Ed Smith, another ministerial student of last year, is to be in the Army. Ed was known for his determination, polemic speech, his bit of egotism, and his usually cool, capable head.

Dan MacFarland, an outstanding student of last year, is in the Army. Dan's originality, keen insight, and popular pen made him one of Louisburg College's selected sons. The man of many talents is also remembered for his haranguing, his music, and his scholarship.

He, with all the rest of Louisburg College service sons, has the good wish of the Louisburg friends of last year.

Dear Family

Dear Mom,

Have you ever seen a cell group? Well, I'm in one now. I don't know yet what to do when we meet except listen and nod and say "yes," but I think I'll learn sooner or later.

Maybe I ought to tell you just what a cell group is, but I'm only learning, you know. Anyway, one cell group is a small number of people. If a cell grows beyond twelve, it is supposed to break up and become two cells. Sometimes I wonder if ours will get big enough to divide. I do like it, Mom, and would like for it to be no larger. In the group I feel relaxed, and I don't have to say anything unless I want to. There are times when all are silent; then there are times when someone talks.

Oh! By the way, Mom, we have our Religious Emphasis Week from Sunday through Friday. Maybe the teachers will be a little better to us and not give us so many lessons—huh, Ma? If it'll do that, I'm in favor of having a whole year. You know, I hear they're going to have a good speaker, too. If you and Pa were here, I know you'd like it a lot.

Well, I hear the book store bell ringing; so I'll wait 'til some other time to write more. I never miss the book store—if I have any money.

With love and I'amour,

WILLIE.

P. S.: I heard that "I'amour" from a French student. I don't know what it means, but the boy was talking to a girl when he said it.

Fifth Column

Corn from the classes—

Home Ec.: What could be better than thick meringue on deep yellow lemon pie?

Lib. Arts: A big red A on deep sour comp.

Nuggets from our mining in Milton—

A lit. student stated that Pandemonium was the place from whence Moses delivered the Ten Commandments.

One way to learn Shakespeare—

"To be or not to be"—that is the sixty-four dollar question.

Arabic ingenuity or "black magic"—

Two girls have a keen scheme of going from room to room saying:

"We lack only two cents of having enough for a show ticket."

They do this to about fifteen students. Afternoon show tickets are only thirty cents, you know.

Student Interludes

THE FIRST FREEDOM

"Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness"—these words were symbolic of our forefathers in the American Revolution, and they are symbolic of Americans today. Our pilgrim fathers fled from religious oppression, but countless numbers of those dominated people of Europe today have no haven to which they may go to start anew.

It is in the hearts of our fighting men that these nations deserve freedom of worship and that we are to help them. The true American puts his faith in the Christian way of life, which denotes toleration, equality, and understanding. So our Christian soldiers share this ideal; the effort toward liberating all countries.

Each soldier dreams of the peace that is to come and lives that will be more wholesome and rich because of men who love their brothers.

We students of today are the soldiers of tomorrow, soldiers fighting for high ideals and a better way of living for all people. We will not, we hope, be soldiers fighting with sword and gun, but soldiers fighting in the common ways of life with faith and love to serve the Prince of Peace and Master of Mankind.

—BERNICE THOMAS.

WILL OUR SPORTS STAND THE TEST?

The other day I was wandering around the campus with ears and eyes wide open when I happened to overhear a group discussing a certain student.

Someone said, "I don't like to play with him. He doesn't always play fair and 'he isn't a good sport.'"

I started thinking the situation over. We hear statements like that all too often. I wonder whether such statements are made about me? I've given the subject some real consideration lately. Maybe some other students have, too.

Sportsmanship, fair play, friendliness, the ability to lose as well as to win—these qualities and others like them mark the good sport, the student with whom people like to play.

During our religious emphasis week it might be well to subject our sports habits to a test to find out how far we ennoble our sports life by making it measure up to standards of Christian action.

—EVELYN SMITHWICK.

ACROSS THE YEARS

[Synopsis of the four previous installments: Dan and Susan's mutual love had begun from Dan's visit to Susan's home when invited for a Christmas furlough from the camp nearby. Later meetings had convinced each one as to the genuineness of love for the other, but nothing had been confessed. Then Dan was transferred. Soon after, Susan decided she must write; then she tremblingly awaited the outcome of her confession to Dan. Promptly Dan's letter arrived, not an answer to Susan's, but Dan's confession, too, admitting his effort to tell her long before and reviewing the story of the contacts with her that had made his feeling sure.]

Dan's letter continued the story of the words and happiness with Susan:

"Susan, my regiment's pulling out Monday."

"You stopped walking and stood with your face uplifted toward mine in a questioning look. You were quiet for a moment, then you spoke."

"I guess that's the reason I've had the strange, expectant feeling today. Why do things like this always happen, Dan? Two people meet, find happiness with each other, and then something comes to destroy a beautiful friendship. But I don't suppose it's fair to think only of ourselves when that's happening to so many other people. This war is going to fashion great events from what would otherwise have passed into a quiet and unnoticed oblivion. There's going to be heartbreak, happiness—lifetimes lived in but a few fleeting hours, and bloodshed by so many innocent people who do not understand

WHAT PRICE RESEARCH THEMES?

Who's that young person, wandering round,
 Carrying pencils and file cards and wearin' a frown?

That poor young creature who just didn't know

That the library could help this feeling of woe?

Where is that smile that real once did seem,

Before there was thought of a research theme?

"Remember the deadline!" his teacher had said;

And before all was over, this buzzed through his head.

"I must understand," the poor creature thought,

"That a comma goes here, and I mustn't say 'hadn't ought.'"

I wonder where I got these queer-looking sources;

Could they be from this card, or the one on 'Courses'?

I'll be glad when spring holidays finally come!

Perhaps I'll see—and we can make things 'hum'!

Why, how in the world did such notes get in?

My goodness alive, just where's my brain been!"

At last it's all finished—and that "problem chil'."

Perhaps can rest easy, for a little while.

Do you happen to know yet whom we're talkin' about?

You're right! It's an English Comp. student, no doubt.

—MARTHA GRAY KING.

A CREATURE

There is a beauty in her eye
 Serene—sweet—sincere;

There is a charm in her manner
 Delightful—delicate;

There is a light in her soul,
 Love.

But one moment in her presence
 Makes the wearied refreshed,

The sad comforted,
 The lost hopeful,

Makes one nearer to Him.

A being so concrete
 And then abstract,

For who can reach the radius of her faith?

So pure, so noble,
 So absolutely coherent

Could only be the model of God's creation.

—MARTHA ANN STROUD.

why their homes, their hopes, and their dreams, are being completely demolished by power-crazed monarchies. We must win, Dan, and make it a clean, fresh world again."

"Susan, I think I really know now why I'm fighting. Before, I was confused and perplexed; but you have made me understand."

"We had reached your porch then, and you held out your hand and said, 'Dan, knowing you has meant everything. I've looked toward the times we'd be together; now I'll look back upon those times and miss you—oh, so much, for you've been a wonderful friend.'"

"Good-by, Susan. Maybe I'll see you again before I go across."

"I wasn't able to tell you how much you had meant to me nor could I tell you three months later when I went back. I gave the excuse, 'I don't have any family so what better use could I have made of my furlough?' And never told you my true reason for going."

"It has been a long time since that furlough, Susan; but I remember everything we did, your every expression, your eyes like stars on their canopy of night. I realized, more than ever before, that I loved you. I knew that was my last furlough until we were shipped, but again I stilled the longing in my heart."

"When I left, I kissed you good-by; and in that kiss I tried to tell you how I felt, but I failed completely. And so, I left you with a wave of my hand and a smile that only hid an aching heart."

"Now you know my heart; know that without you my life is empty; know that I have loved you from
 (Concluded on page three)