

COLUMNS

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SCRIPTURE THOUGHT

Consider the lilies of the field.—MATTHEW 6:28.

Support Insures Success

Louisburg College does not boast a flawless system of student government, for it is composed only of human beings with failures and frailties. It does, however, offer a system that at least has a vision of serving in a democratic system on the campus and with dedication to the good of the student life generally.

Students are to be congratulated for all of their loyalty to chosen leaders, for their every effort to select boys and girls who are willing to uphold the standards of right. These officers deserve—and may each student see that they receive—the full support of everyone.

Then, it is only fitting that, here and now, returning students dedicate themselves to the success of the coming year and pledge themselves anew to the true principles underlying student government.

A. W. O. L.

(Absent Without Our Leave)

It looked as if this issue of COLUMNS would have no editor. April had come, with cold drenching showers. Still the winds of March blew. In the class of English literature there was an absence of that seldom-ceasing wit, regularly appearing in his front-row seat promptly each Monday, Wednesday, and Friday morning for the eight-thirty class. In the French literature class, too, someone was sadly absent. Interest in the nightly social-hall dancing waned as did the spirit of "That Old Black Magic," which for weeks had prevailed there, because it had come to be Wes Gentry's current favorite. The Men's Student Government lacked a most desirable member as did Phi Theta Kappa, and The Oak staff. The presidency of Beta Phi Gamma and of the dramatic club and the editorship of COLUMNS were vacant.

Yes, Wes had gone, a favorite student of the campus, to become a favorite nephew of our own Uncle Sam. Truly, we miss Wes, but we are willing to share with the other nephews of Uncle Sam the genial fun, the democratic good nature, the courage, the ability and the real American spirit that go with Wes's most pleasing and individual personality.

There should not, in truth, be just regrets at losing him, for he made such a rare contribution to campus life that a rich portion of himself still remains.

"Lives of Great Men"

There have always existed guiding principles in the lives of young people whether they be great men of letters or the simple God-like individual living within the community and giving to its way of life something of the richness and fullness of his own.

In Dr. L. F. Kent the students of Louisburg College found those qualities of clear and straightforward understanding of youth and the subdued yet broad beliefs of a personal creed which reached heights of Christian living. His bigness of heart and goodness of nature have given to those who have known him a richness of being.

When speaking to the students in chapel hours, he never failed to mix a bit of humor with his message, no matter what the subject. His talks were made even more interesting as he drew from the vast resources of knowledge gained through a rich experience in travel and reading.

On Sundays many will miss his stately figure reading some words of God or raising his voice to the

Fifth Column

Cleanliness is godliness.

Those worthy individuals who try in vain to improve the appearance of the halls and rooms of Louisburg College should send a few of the guilty characters to the Army. There they would place every bit of paper, cigarette stub, or match in the proper receptacle. They would also make their beds as tight as drums, sweep the floor at least four or five times, and arrange everything in a consistent order. Yes, the soldier falls for a piece of paper on the floor of the barracks as if it were a gold piece; and he does it with a smile and likes it, too.

Here's some soldier slang:

Yardbird—An unstationed soldier, doing all in his power to become a buck private.

Goldbricking—that is what I'm doing now; loafing while the boys are drilling; and, listen physical education class, when I say *drilling* I mean plodding through dust for three or four hours at the time.

K. P.—the soldier's nightmare, as he has all night to think about the probability of being called for this common duty bright and early next morning. One gets dishpan hands, greasy garbs, etc., from this branch of service, which is inevitable.

Louisburg College students at Bragg Reception Center—J. Wes Gentry, Burke Petty, and Joe Chase, '43; Willis Gupton, '42; Wallace Chandler, '41. Wallace married just before entering the Army, said Stanley Patten was at his wedding and that they had a "time." One can imagine that they did, if one knows those two.

Dear Family

Dear Mom,

I'm looking out of the window now; and, as I see evening birds and the crystal green of new spring buds, I think back over the various letters I've written to you. Gee, this is a changing world, isn't it? Just the last letter was written while it was cold and damp and dreary. Now I've come out of that world of sitting-on-the-radiator and suddenly come up against spring.

As usual, Mom, spring brings on all kinds of new games; and I have scars to prove the fact. Only today I played baseball. I made out O.K., I think—or rather, I thought. I have no less than three charley-horses, two skinned elbows, and a swollen place on my leg where I went all out for the team and stopped a hot grounder with my shank. Why don't they level that field, anyway? One boy stayed in the outfield for two innings. He was playing for both teams, you know. *You* know, but he didn't.

Getting back on the serious side, Mom, I'll say this: Things have changed a lot. Some of my very best friends have left for service; it really hurts to have them yanked right out of school almost without warning. They're just boys, too, called to do a man's job. The boys still here never know how soon their next letter will be marked "free."

To close, I'll quote from our recent Shakespearean play production *Twelfth Night*: "That that is, is." Well, since "That that is, is," I can only be—
Your loving son,
WILLIE.

Rolling Stone

(Exchange Column)

Be a pleasure-giver!

"Everybody is able to give pleasure in some way.

One person may do it by coming into a room; another by going out." —Grapurchat, Radford College.

Very suitable for a time like this is—

"In the spring a senior's mind sadly turns to thoughts of graduation. Not that we won't be glad to get rid of you folks, but we won't be so glad, either." —Lexipep, Lexington High School.

"Oh dear—is it too late

To wonder—if I'll graduate?"

—Grapurchat, Radford College.

These nery young people—

"My stock of shoes

Is getting lean;

May I borrow

Coupon Seventeen?"

—Lexipep, Lexington High School.

There's a certain person who should recognize this:

"He who winks with the eye makes trouble."

—Book of Proverbs.

great Cosmic Mind in prayer for preservation and guidance for a world of misunderstanding and sorrow. On the street corners and throughout the town his sincere smile and greeting will be absent. Yet, in a sense it seems too much to say that he is gone, for he has so implanted himself in the hearts of his friends that his influence shall live on.

Because he felt that his services were needed more elsewhere, he gave up the home, the friends, and the position he had established for himself in this quiet little town, to take up a new life where others needed the contribution of his being. His very going was impressive, as the act of one led by divine guidance. Thus the ending of his days at Louisburg was characteristic of a great man—of Dr. Kent, honored and revered at Louisburg College with many kind memories.

Student Interludes

SPRING FEVER

A girl just entering training picks up a record of one of her patients and reads:

"Pulse, 70. Temperature, 98.6. Respiration 20. Lazy feeling. Wants to sleep late in the mornings. Has a dreamy feeling. Gets tired very easily."

"My goodness, what does he have? and will he live?"

Another student nurse answers: "Girl, of course he will live. He has just got spring fever!"

"What is that?"

"Haven't you ever had spring fever?"

"No, a light case of malaria fever once; but I had temperature with it. Is spring fever in any way like malaria fever?"

"Don't be silly. Spring fever is just something that comes in the spring, that takes all the energy out of you and makes you want to quit everything."

"I don't think I have ever seen anyone with spring fever before."

"Well, I came from Louisburg College; and practically everyone there has it."

—RUTH PEGRAM.

SPRING FANCY

Spring is a time of the year in which each of us likes to roam the hillsides. Perhaps a hike in the country or a swim in the lake satisfies our desires.

Different people like different things. Some may like a restful afternoon under the shade of a green tree. While others may like the red glow of a sunset with a green hillside silhouetted against it. Some may like the coolness of night with every star seeming to shine bigger and brighter than the other.

Nature does queer things with what she possesses, putting flowers of all kinds and breeds with the alluring aroma of their fragrance in the valleys with the green grasses, and putting the small animals of nature to roam among them with not a worry to disturb the peace and quietness of their little world.

Perhaps spring means so much to us because it offers the peace and quietness and stillness of the earth that we all want to have sometimes.

What is more peaceful than a good rest on top of a high cliff with the sun shining down with all of its richness and endeavor to make things spring up with the vast expansion of liveliness.

Just to see the things that nature can do with her power is something to rejoice in, truly.

—ELLEN TODD.

GOD'S MIRACLE

I sit, arranging words, trying to caress them into phrases for this time of year.

What a pitiful plight that I cannot make you feel this surge of emotion stirred in me by God's tinted handiwork!

I saw a squirrel the other morning. As he moved by my window, he so symbolized the tenderness of spring that I knew not whether to smile or cry.

A far-off enemy can bring on strife, can put hatred in our hearts against such wrong, can kill men; but no bomb, no gun, no tank can stop this flow of beauty, this yearly rendezvous that trees and flowers play at—God's miracle of every spring!

—MAURICE POWERS.

SPRING MAGIC

Spring! Did ever another word carry with it so much color and loveliness? All the little buds just bursting forth daring you to guess what they have to offer to the picture of spring! Look! there's a red bird. Was there ever such a lovely contrast of colors: that flaming dart of red against the green of the oaks?

—LOUISE MUSE.

SPRING?

*It's spring, we know, for April's here;
And yet there's something we sadly miss—
Something gone that brightened the hue
Of wondrous spring in its former bliss.*

*We feel the warmth; yet there's a chill:
There's sadness and heartbreak and dearest loss—
From beings who neither see the spring
Nor love love nor live—we bear a cross.*

—MAE JO WALKER.

SH! IT'S A
MILITARY SECRET

*When your eyes begin to sparkle,
And your heart begins to jump,
Sh! It's a military secret!
When your lips begin to sing,
And your feet just want to dance,
Sh! It's a military secret!
What do you think it is?
If you know, don't tell it,
'Cause it's a military secret!
If you don't know, then guess.
If you're right, I'll tell you,
'Cause then it's no longer
A military secret:
You're in love!*

—JILLETTE MEDLIN.

WIND

*The mighty conqueror, oh, so strong,
Puffed up, singing his conquering song:
Beating off house tops, felling trees;
Cooling the tropics, fanning the seas!
Bringing on sadness, torture, and fear;
But gentle at times, giving peace and cheer.*

—JOE BROWN.

SPRING A-COMING

*Birds a-singing,
Trees a-swaying,
Grass a-growing,
Flowers a-blooming,
Lassies a-smiling,
Lads a-wishing,
Springtime a-coming—
Boy! ain't this world grand!*

—HUGH W. PERRY.

CHILDREN OF THE
SPRING

Last winter everything seemed dead. The cold and dripping rain-drops fell day after day upon the window pane; the dreary wind whistled through the crack of the window and warned us that it was cold outside.

Now spring is here and life begins anew. April showers welcomed the buds and flowers of this beautiful May; the happy breeze is constantly calling us out to enjoy the beauties around us. Yes, we are children of the spring, too—filled with a new thought, a new hope, and a new light.

—MARY ELIZABETH MIDYETTE.

FAITH FROM THE
SPRINGTIME

It's spring at last. The very buds speak of life and freedom. I can but look out across the campus and think how thankful we should be for so much contentment and beauty. I envy those chirping little fellows just outside my window, expectantly preparing their homes for a new season. How free they seem, and joyously happy!

As I turn my face toward the west where the last light tinges of sunset are fading away to leave the fathomless sky filled with stars, I know then that I am not afraid of life, for these things give life meaning. I know that whatever obstacles our rising generation may have to face, I shall take and make my own.

—CONNIE SPIVEY.

Some people struggle in living; while others live in a struggle.—
NANNIE FRASER.

"The miner when on strike may be a peril; the underminer always is a peril."