

COLUMNS

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SCRIPTURE THOUGHT

Ye are the light of the world.—MATTHEW 5:14.

Tribute To Alma Mater

In the years gone by Louisburg College has sent young men and women from its portals equipped not only with a knowledge in the scholastic field but with the ability and will to rise to meet life's requirements. In this age of turmoil and strife she has not swerved in her course. Louisburg still, as always, continues to prepare students for a service to humanity.

Her stately front of beautiful sturdy columns suggests true principles for which she stands. In her friendly atmosphere of Christian teachers and students are found the knowledge and guidance befitting her lofty purposes in training young people to face squarely both the glories and disillusionments that make up life.

Today, as never before, the youth of the land finds it impelling to be able to meet with confidence and patience the many sacrifices demanded of it. It is with deep gratitude, then, that a student may look back upon Alma Mater and be grateful for the inspiration, the teachings, and the forbearance for the days before him.

To the Campus Boys

In this hour of tension, turmoil, and uncertainty there is great strength in considering the seeming calm and self-possession of the boys at Louisburg College the past year in the face of a war that has engulfed this generation and taken from it its youth, its peace of mind, and a portion of even its own life blood.

Students have already answered the call of their country; others are merely waiting for the call. These students who have carried on their scholastic work apparently with the same fervor and success as before deserve sincere appreciation and praise—the boys who have taken their places in class day by day; who have attended services on Sunday, sometimes in almost a complete body; who have kept striving toward their goal—these are the men who in a few weeks or perhaps a few days will have left the friends and homes familiar to them to take their places beside their brothers already fighting for the cause of freedom; these are the campus boys who are to be the world's men.

In such men of reason, courage, and patience is laid the hope of victory and world peace, the dream of the tomorrow. Surely those same qualities of loyalty, faith, and fortitude will finally lead to victory over those who would destroy the principles underlying democracy—America's way of life, and, may it be hoped, after the present struggle a far better way of life.

COLUMNS To Clarence

In the early days of the college year 1941-42, when COLUMNS was struggling for life and prestige, one of the most loyal and effective members of the staff was Clarence Bass. Hardly did it get too late or Clarence too tired for another hour's work if necessary; and his varied services, especially in the general planning, the advertising, and the make-up phase of the work, seemed indispensable and helped incalculably to make COLUMNS what it is today.

Now in the Coast Guard, serving as editor of the Coast Guard publication of the Southeastern District, from southern Georgia to Louisiana, having trained dogs for beach patrol and now training men to train dogs, Clarence is no doubt again showing the high degree of efficiency and devotion that he invested in his task at Louisburg and that are essential to real success.

Valedictory

By MARTHA ANN STROWD

The senior class of 1943 regrets to see this year coming to a close. Our joys, our sorrows, our hopes, and our aims have been shared as a group. . . .

May we for the time being think of our life as a book composed of many chapters. Some chapters are longer than others, some more important, and still some more exciting. . . .

But now we look to the veiled chapters. . . . The poet has said,

We live by faith; we cannot know.

. . . The future is the revelation of the true character of our life. We have had the opportunity, but whether we have availed ourselves of this opportunity can be discovered in the unfinished chapters. The teachers have given us courage and inspiration to carry on after we close our days at this college.

To the class of '44 with whom our association has been dear, we leave these parting words: Avail yourselves of every opportunity which your Alma Mater affords you. . . .

We love our Alma Mater and what she stands for, and shall forever cherish her training and her ideals. As we go forth to complete our separate histories, we leave to our President, to our faculty, and to our Alma Mater our devotion and loyalty.

Salutatory

By SUE MARGARET HARRIS

It might seem that this day would be all gladness to us: one of our goals is reached. But as we have arrived, we realize that the experience is touched with sadness. As we gaze across the deep and quiet shadows of the campus, memories of two full and happy years flit through our minds—memories of things that have made us "grow from more to more."

To our parents, to our faculty, and to our classmates we owe these lasting memories.

Our loving parents have cherished dreams that have become a part of our being and have given as a part of our heritage the will to

Follow knowledge like a sinking star

Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

Our understanding faculty have given us a foundation to serve as "stepping stones to higher things."

Our classmates have given us laughter—a laughter much needed in a world so shadowed as is ours today.

So this is in part a day that is yours too, since you have helped to make it ours, and we are happy that you are here to share this hour with us.

Dear Family

Dear Mom,

I suppose this is the last letter I'll be writing home before I see you again. I have so much to tell you that I suppose I should start by writing.

We got our annuals the other day, and my hand is cramped from writing in so many books. Everywhere I went, someone was yelling,

"Write in my book," or "Willie, you haven't put your John Henry in my annual?"

I had to study for exams on top of all that; but, you know, Mom, I didn't think exams were so hard this time. Maybe I surprised myself a little by studying more than usual.

I can hardly stand to think of leaving, and I only wish the year were just beginning. I had heard about the fast friendships made here, but I had never thought college could be just the way I've found it. I know I shall always count these experiences at Louisburg as some of the most prized of my life. I certainly am glad that you and Dad decided to let me come, even though I wasn't at all sure at first that I wanted to come.

I'll close with a part of what I've written in countless annuals:

Best wishes,
 "WILLIE."

Fifth Column

Well, after about a month in Uncle Sam's "playhouse," I'm back on the local lawns again—the prodigal son returned. I just dropped by for a glimpse at the "leftovers" and for other sentimental reasons. Just one day after graduation, too!

It's great to be back, but it would have been greater to stay in the Army. Oh, I'll admit that the Army has a few unpleasant occasions such as garbage detail and K.P., but they are "musts," and they must be done.

"Gup" and I were discharged to inactive duty, but Burke was placed on active. Yeah, it baffles me, too. Ben, Burke has lost his couldn't-be-copied fondness for sleep since the Sarg. dumped him out of bed and further honored him by placing him on Kitchen Police for the day.

Though I didn't want to leave the Army, I had a thrill in getting back here. The campus seems more beautiful than ever. If you haven't been at camp and looked for weeks on a vastness almost bare of plant life, you can't realize the wonder of these great-trunked oaks, already, it seems, in summer green.

Well, it surely seems that everybody killed the fatted calf for me when I returned. "They" are letting me graduate and everything.

Julia Gentry

Student Interludes

The Most Unforgettable Character I Know

My Mother has told me time and time again that she would like only to be like her father. She is more than just like him. Her character is strong, as his was, and Mother stands for things of the highest nature, as her Father did.

Mother once taught school. When she quit teaching school to marry my Father, her teaching did not stop—her lessons will never stop.

There is a firmness about my Mother; a firmness that only Mother could possess. Mother can look at a king and make a commoner out of him; she can talk to a pauper and make an emperor out of him. When you are in my Mother's presence, there is no evil about—even a thief could feel.

My Mother is lost in a world of her own. It is an exclusive world; one that only Mother and her kind could live in.

You should see my Mother walk down the street as I see her. Her head is held high; her gait is fast; her smile is for all, and she is exotic to busy-body looks.

Mother is my favorite news analyst; she seldom talks about other people.

Mother is the most brilliant person I know. Her scope is endless. She can talk on Greek mythology, psychology, or movie stars and song hits. You would never be bored with her; for her conversation is humorous, intelligent, and endless on any subject you might prefer. Mother once said she wished that she might go to school always.

I like to watch Mother cook, and what a cook! She hums as she works; she goes about her work with a vigorous air. I hate to see her work; I love to see her work.

I cannot tell the real greatness of Mother. You have to see it; you have to feel it. I think; I cannot write. Such things, such feelings, are not for words.

Mother! Mother! I only feel; I cannot go on—I am not good enough—I do not justify your cause. I am but me, and you are you. . . . Mother! Mother! Hail to you, The thought, the glory, you are due. Mother turn your lips to me, And kiss my lips with memory. You're now as you have always been, The queen of all; the king of men. You are my comforter throughout the night; My nurse, my guardian, my every right.

—MAURICE POWERS.

To J. Wes Gentry

"It is life; he loves it."
 So he wrote; and he meant it.
 Like steel plows cutting sod
 His words form out his thoughts—
 Throbbing thoughts of warm nights;

Of women longing for life—
 Of men past longing,
 And most of all the land—
 The thick rich land in Caroline
 With its deep furrows;
 The thin white sand
 With its gaping gullies;
 And the fields of sage.

Beating memories
 Of juke-boxes playing
 Late into the night,
 Taking money made from 'bacca.
 'Bacca—King 'Bacca!

Words about the toil behind it all—
 Long days of labor
 Beneath the red hot sun.
 Old age in youth
 And death.

A saga of seed
 And pulling muscle.
 Dreams of summer nights—
 Breath—still—
 With fireflies rising from the grass
 As farmers rest and smoke
 Before the short night's sleep.
 This is his world—
 This has he written of!

—P. L. DE C. C.

"To educate is to teach to live."
 We have no right to feel superior, intellectually, religiously, or "whiteskinishly."
 —DR. KENT.

Class Poem of 1943

Of we are told
 By men of old
 The world lies new before us.

But now we stand
 Diploma in hand
 With the same old world before us.

We look to the left
 We look to the right
 But still we see the same dear sight.

A sight that will not last for long;
 A sight so near, so dear, so strong,
 Will linger if only as a song:
 "Alma Mater, sheltering college!"

We look to those buildings standing
 sublime!
 We think of the joys
 We found in our time.

We love those big oaks,
 Those columns, long;
 We treasure the yokes
 That have made us strong.

The sight will leave us
 The coming year:
 Those oaks and columns
 Will not be near.

But the song of this college—
 Proud, strong with courage—
 Will ring on clear in every heart.

Then stronger we'll stand
 With this song on each heart;
 Braver we march though we sadly
 depart.

Now we may tell those men of old
 Who said the world lies new before
 us,

That times have changed,
 The world is old,
 For we are new and very bold.

—MARTHA ANN STROWD.

(Note: Another suggestion that some student attempt a poem on the columns at the front of Main seemed rather useless, but sometimes a supposedly useless remark escapes anyway. This time it was to Evelyn, but this time it wasn't useless.)

Evelyn was out of the English office perhaps twenty minutes immediately afterwards when she came back with twenty lines almost as they appear below—just the day after everything had happened—graduation and the good-byes.)

COLUMNS

Louisburg College— and her columns—

Both mean one and the same:
 They stand for the fine and good,
 And God is their ultimate aim.

Tall white sturdy columns
 Reaching up for the sky,
 Reaching with certain grasp
 For ideals clean and high.

Tall and stately and noble,
 Never bending to wrong,
 A symbol of strength and glory,
 A picture of all that is strong.

Tall white sturdy columns
 That live when we are gone,
 That live untouched by storm
 That keep ideals living on.

So stand, you stately columns!
 Let your glory e'er increase;
 Let all who pass read your message
 Of strength, and love, and peace.

—EVELYN SMITHWICK.

DUKE CHAPEL

Ah, Great God, what harmonious life is here!

What high pulsations beat my thought around?

This quietness (greater yet than thunder

Can combine), doth stir my very soul

And fill my throat and heart.

But that this sweet conquest might bind me,

Might lift me up and give me greater life.

—MAURICE POWERS.

Civilization is inward. It is a condition in which there is the privilege to find happiness in accord with the ways that Jesus taught.

—DR. KENT.