

COLUMNS

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SCRIPTURE VERSE

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace!
 ISAIAH 52:7a.

Be Thanks Giving

Even though most of the nations of the world today are at war, yet Americans pause in the midst of this turmoil to give thanks to God.

Years ago the Puritan Fathers paused in the midst of settling a new land to offer thanks to God. They were thankful for this new land in which they hoped to find peace and freedom and therefore happiness. They were searching for freedom of worship, freedom of speech, freedom of press, freedom from fear. In their desires they were not unlike generations before them, but perhaps they were more daring and persistent than any before them. Men for ages had been searching for freedom. For these precious freedoms the first Americans had to fight. And through their brave efforts a democratic nation was established with the ideal of freedom for all. Today like other generations of true Americans the nation is seeking to preserve these rights — rights that men have fought for through the ages — rights that are dearer than life. Surely there is cause for national and individual thanksgiving even in this time of war: We are part of a great democracy that has showered unique blessings upon us. Let us thank God for all of these. Yes, let us thank Him even though this Thanksgiving is a different Thanksgiving.

Nations are at war with nations. Man is fighting man. Men of America stand with, or against, other men on the battlefronts of the world. Some may hardly have time to remember that Thanksgiving is here. Yet let us be thankful for the worthy ideals for which they are fighting. Let us, then, at this special season be in a deepened sense — thanks giving.

Honesty Is More Than the Best Policy

For several years now Louisburg College has offered students a service scholarship to help them meet college expenses. Though there is a supervisor of all such work, it should never be necessary for a check to be made on the honesty of the student in his work nor his truthfulness in reporting his time at work.

It should not, however, be necessary for the work to be supervised so closely. Boys and girls old enough to enter college should possess the traits of character that would qualify them for responsibility in an honorable manner. The task to be done should be faced with understanding and with the determination to make the best of the opportunity and to do the task in as efficient a manner as possible.

Should not each student on a service scholarship ask himself whether he has yet learned this sense of honorable responsibility in his assigned tasks. Some seem willing to accept an hour's credit for work that has hardly taken an ounce of real energy.

Certainly, giving honest measure to others will pay double dividends, giving to the task an honest measure and quality of service and giving to the student himself the satisfaction of work well done. Only in this way can the system of student self-help honor any college or any student who accepts such help.

Salute to Alumni in Service

To former boys of Louisburg College now in service this issue of COLUMNS is dedicated. In former years these boys were carefree youths on the college campus; today they are men giving themselves in service to protect the rights and freedoms of all peoples. Many of them—

“... took the khaki and the gun
 Instead of cap and gown.”

By those still enjoying the college privileges that are being denied these men in service only one just tribute can be paid—a tribute of new devotion and dedication to those high and noble values of life that make a civilization worth fighting for. Behind the fighting lines battles of far greater seriousness can be lost or won than any fought on the field of battle—the battles to establish loyalty, unselfishness, truth, and honor. It is these battles for character values that students still on college campuses can dedicate themselves to fight, and it is such battles that will best honor those in service.

Growing Pains

One quarter of the college year has passed. Students, especially first-year students, have gone through a step of realization during the past few weeks—realization by some students of just how little they have been doing. No doubt ideas have changed since the beginning of the school term; that is, it is now realized by a larger number than before perhaps that there exists on the campus, not a playhouse but an educational institution.

Some students have been disappointed in the first half-semester reports for the simple reason that many grades are surprisingly different from high school grades. Since some of these stages of realization have passed, it has become an evident fact that greater effort must be exerted to obtain a grade in college than was exerted in high school to match that same grade. The point of view has enlarged greatly by this time.

About five weeks remain in this semester. Here is a challenge to all to use these weeks to creditable advantage and bring these first reports up by the process of more concentrated and more prolonged study.

Dear Family

Dear Mom,

Please forgive me for not having written sooner. As you know, our exams have been keeping us busy. Mom, I really did study, even though I made one B, 3 C's, and 2 D's. By the way, they told me, if I worked harder, I could go into Phi Theta Kappa. I don't know what it means, but I bet it means I am making one of the highest grades.

Why didn't you tell me that Sadie Hawkins' Day was the real stuff? We had one here, and I came out in 4F. I never have run so fast. I finally got pulled in—man, oh, man, those women folks really do know how to run!

Mom, you know I didn't know how thankful I should be until people started making little talks around. You know it makes me feel mighty little. It's funny how I'm thankful for college, and at the same time college makes me more thankful for home. You know I'm always thankful for you, Mom.

I'm studying trig. so hard that I'm getting equation-minded. Here are three equations that sound good; only they ain't (I mean, aren't) true, but I really wish they were:

What ought to be = what is.

What I should do = what I do.

How much I need to study = how much I do study. I could give you a few more, but that last one has me about beat.

Well, Mom, I guess I had better close and study because I want to make Phi Theta Kappa.

Your loving married son,

WILLIE.

P. S. By married I mean I got caught and hitched by Marrying Sam.

Rolling Stone

(Exchange Column)

Don't we all find it hard to be Christians in war-times? Have you stopped to think what a student could do in regard to this task?

“The Christian does his own job well. Accept your share of the disagreeable work. Maintain your own physical and mental alertness. Give yourself to your training with full devotion. That is your part in the hastening of victory.”
 —The Intercollegian.

Do you agree?

“The man who wrote ‘Home, Sweet Home’ must have been in college.”

—Creek Pebbles, Campbell College.

Here's a wise bit of advice:

“If you don't like the impression you've made on others here, now's the time to start changing it.”

—Creek Pebbles, Campbell College.

Would this not apply to Louisburg College also?

“Every new girl wants to feel that she is a part of Meredith and really belongs, and every old girl wants her to feel that way. Take part in the activities of the college and you will soon feel as if you always belonged.”

—The Twig, Meredith College.

Student Interludes

A TRIP TO ORAN

A balking donkey in a crowded street; clanging, filled street cars; fly-covered custard and dates, sold to hungry natives as our “peanuts, popcorn, and candies”; hundreds of small shoe-shine boys with their limited, dirty English: “*!?!—* it—Let's go soldier—shine!” A few modern stores; the reckless hacks and cabs and their narrow misses; flies and still more flies; a madly happy French soldier telling us in excited French that Italy had just surrendered; a cool bookshop with almost empty shelves where I bought a book; hundreds of allied posters upon the walls; the beautiful Opera building; two small girls with whom I talked in my poor French—“Please, America Soldier—chewing gum?” (one was six, one seven); lovely sophisticated aloof French girls of the higher class; lack of *l'eau potable*; wine shops; the smell from the door of a pharmacy mixed with the animal smell of the city; soldiers, natives, flies; the coolness of coming fall just before twilight—thus was Oran on the evening of September 8, 1943!—Pl de CC, North Africa.

A TRAIN APPROACHING IN THE DISTANCE

A man, a crouching, cringing figure in the dim moonlight, cautiously crept across the low stubble field somewhere in Holland. While he crept forward, as every stick, stone, and piece of tawny grass tore at his old clothing trying to hold him back, he thought of this field two years ago: dancing tulips gently bowing and curtsying as they bloomed upon this now untilled rugged field that was his land. With the coming of that horrid horde, the tulips had gone, to leave only this ugly field.

When those men of Mars came, he had joined a guerrilla band. He had been sent by this band back to the place that had been his home, before the enemy came. Tonight he must creep across this rough field, his field, and blow up the tangible security of his life—his dike. There was an airdrome near his home, the home that he must destroy to help his country.

As he neared the dike, he saw a sentry. He froze into the colorless ground, fearful that he might now be discovered when he was so near, yet possibly so far. The sentry looked around and slowly passed on.

He sprang forward and placed the charge that the next train would set off. As he slipped away, he painfully passed for the last time over the field of his youth, where he knew every nook and crannied place.

In his exhaustion, however, everything around was now growing less and less familiar. The rude ground blurred before his dimming vision. Now that water soon would flood the airdrome, he knew that some day tulips would bloom here again. Losing the will to fight the torpor threatening him, he heard a train approaching in the distance.

—MARGARET ANN HUGHES.

WARTIME BUS TRAVEL

In my opinion a war-time bus can be easily compared to a filled sardine can, with only a particle of contrast. So difficult is the situation that I am frightened at the prospect of traveling without a full suit of armor. It is quite a risk of one's life.

Arriving at the bus station scarcely ten minutes before the bus leaves, the war-time traveler finds that the end of the ticket line is just outside the front entrance. Finally crossing the multitudinous seas of trunks, travelling bags, baskets, boxes, bundles, pets, packages, and human beings, he purchases a ticket and hurriedly purchases outside where his bus is supposed to be waiting. Somehow he notices that the crowd is considerably thinner and that the track his bus formerly occupied is now vacant. He has been left behind!

Trudging back into the bus sta-

MY PRAYER

Dear God, keep us through this night;
 Show us tomorrow the way of light;
 Lead us to say, “Thy will be done”
 That worthy victories may be won.

Dear God, bless all who are at home
 While here we're striving to reach
 life's dome;
 May memories of home bless us each
 day
 And help us along the upward way.

Dear God, in lands north, south,
 east, west
 May our boys in service by Thee be
 blest;
 Keep them aware of thy presence
 and care—
 Dear God, this is my earnest prayer.
 —Amen.

—ROBERT WILLIFORD.

THE OAKS

The oaks are put here for us all to see
 How God must have wanted our own
 lives to be.

As upright and sure in our purpose
 each day
 Of the things to be done in our work
 or our play.

As their acorns disperse and fall
 down to seed,
 May our deeds be so scattered to find
 those in need.

With our arms outstretched like the
 limbs of each tree,
 We should symbolize love for hu-
 manity.

As the wind bends the boughs arch-
 ing over our hill,
 We too should respond to the Mas-
 ter's will.

We must make our lives as His word
 commands:
 Deep-rooted, steadfast—as the oak
 tree stands.

—LOLA WINDSOR.

tion, the traveller inquires about the next bus going to his desired destination, only to learn that he has six full hours to wait.

Six weary hours pass and with their passing, another bus. The traveller quickly gathers his belongings and runs wildly to a certain track. Before the bus has come to a full stop, he has planted himself directly and firmly in front—in front of the door. Like a herd of animals rush the other travellers from within the bus station—crowding, lunging, pushing—and crowd around the traveller. He has a faint notion that the bus is growing farther and farther away. The notion becomes a realization! The crowd has pushed him ten feet away from the door, and the distance is still growing. He musters up all the courage he can and shoves straight towards the door, but to his amazement he is shoved a couple of feet farther back by the elbow of a big, husky fellow with football shoulders. Being a bit timid, the traveller remains fixed.

After a period of seemingly indefinitely waiting, he steps up to the door, and seeing a space about a foot square, climbs aboard. Still clutching his articles, he leans against the rod just back of him, finding that someone else has already had the same idea. He learns, too, that his coat is caught in the door and he has to remain in one position.

The war-time traveller learns another thing; buses have one of two temperatures—too hot and too cold.

Arriving at his destination with bruised feet, an aching head, extraordinarily heavy bundles, and a depressed spirit; the traveller firmly resolves not to travel again for the duration.

—VIVIAN CREECH.

What we do today will have an influence upon others that will live on tomorrow.

—KATHLEEN WOOTEN.