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SCRIPTURE: *And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.*

—LUKE 2:13, 14.

Hope Still Shines

Today in a world of chaos—a world trembling as never before under the heavy blows of war—Christmas should bring deepened meaning and broadened realization. The central meaning that Christmas signifies “Peace on earth, good will toward men” seems strangely denied in a world at war. There is no peace in the more widespread sense, for there exists war in almost all of the nations of the world; and, with war, there cannot be a strong good will toward men.

But there is hope for the world—a greater hope probably than ever before. As the Christmas season approaches, the very minds and beings of all mankind seem to fill with the Christmas spirit. Even Seroogee-like souls seem to expand to the joyous inspiration that was given to the world nearly two thousand years ago, when in a lowly manger in Bethlehem, the Christ Child was born. As that star shone from the East that night, the Shepherds knew that a wonder of heaven had come to earth—just as the world today knows that wonder that was given to live on and on in the ages to come.

Christmas this year will be different in many ways. The American soldiers on the battlefield will still be at work fighting for the freedoms that are so dear. Elaborate and expensive gifts will not be so numerous as in years of peace; the jollity of the occasion will be lessened, for thoughts will travel far away to camps and battlefield where loved ones are.

Yes, true realization of the Christmas spirit will perhaps be experienced more keenly and widely than ever before. Hope for grace and good will are not dead; they are perhaps far more alive than ever before, in hearts that more earnestly watch and pray.

Mizpah

Oscar Fuller and Billy Lewis have recently joined that gradually increasing group of Louisburg boys in service. Their going represents a loss to campus life. Since the war started, students of the campus have had to meet such losses many times and have seemed to realize that they must be met with courage and with determination to carry on in campus life while the boys carry on in camp life.

“Heart must be keener, courage the hardier, Bolder our mood so our band diminisheth.”

Eaton Holden and Steve Cresswell also had left for service. Eaton is at Alabama Polytechnic, and Steve Cresswell is in the naval hospital at Bainbridge having been scheduled for extended treatment.

Along with an assurance to Oscar, Billy, Eaton and Steve—now all four in the Navy—of kind thoughts goes also a special wish for them in words familiar to many a youth of today:

“The Lord bless thee and keep thee.”

A Christmas story by Mariam Shearin was to have appeared in this issue of COLUMNS, but space did not permit. If Christmas should last all the year, as surely it should, the next issue will not be too late.

Did You Go?

“Do not read this: I will go to Sunday school December 5.

“Now I must go or—?”

Did you read Mr. Kilby's announcement? Did you go? If you didn't why don't you try going—at least once? Surely those who have been attending Sunday school have really gained something both from the worship services and the lessons.

The percentage of boys' attendance has been considerably better than girls! The question of why more girls do not go has been the subject of much discussion. Some say they need sleep. Well, perhaps they do; but sleep at some other time would do them just as much good, perhaps more, for late rising sometimes makes for a sluggish day.

During a Sunday school hour in the auditorium it is disturbing to hear footsteps overhead; the noise interferes with concentration on the lesson, and that same noise betrays the absence of persons that are wanted at Sunday school. As long as these footsteps are heard, there will be proof that, even though the ninety and nine are there, there is yet the hundredth.

Whoever knows a really good reason for not going to Sunday school should make that reason known. The information gathered on the campus so far is surely in support of its being worthwhile to go.

Yet some still say,

“To go or not to go; that is the question.”

Dear Family

Dear Mom,

Just think! It's only days now before I'll be at home with you for the holidays. Christmas is here at last. You know, Mom, I used to think college folks would be grown-up about Christmas, but I'm afraid I'm not. I'm trying to make myself think I'm willing to give up getting presents this year, when so many people in the world don't have enough food or clothes; then I get really ashamed of myself when I start thinking how I'd just love to have a new suit, though my old one would be luxury to thousands in war zones. What makes me like that, Mom? I begin to feel myself no good sport at all.

I'd better talk about something else though. We boys divided into two teams, an Army and a Navy team. We played basketball, and what a game! It ended 16 to 16; so we played until it finally ended 19 to 18 in favor of the Navy. I don't think I have ever played in such a thriller before.

In chapel the other day a program was given to show us how to eat correctly. Miss Stipe certainly knew how to put the idea over. After I saw that program, I began to wonder how I looked to other people while I was eating. Since I don't want anyone to think you taught me to do the wrong way, Mom, I've decided to be more careful. Miss Stipe had some students do a skit that surely showed us what poor manners looked like. For example, leaning on elbows, coming to the table half dressed, talking across to those at other tables, complaining about food, and, to top it all, asking the waitress to do this or that instead of letting the host or hostess ask.

Dizzy with do's and don'ts at the table, I believe I'd better close.

Your now perfect gentleman,
WILLIE.

Rolling Stone
(Exchange Column)

Something for us to bear in mind as young Christian students:

“We believe that Methodist students in common with other Christian students are debtors of the ages and trustees of the future.”

—Christian Education Magazine.

Let us try to show our awareness of this fact from day to day:

“Of all the people in the world today, we in college are a small minority; and because of that simple fact we should be full of gratitude to those who are making it possible for us to attend a Christian school.”

—The Twig, Meredith College.

Perhaps this has also been your thought at times!

“Oh Time in your flight
Please make the bell ring
Before I recite.”

—The Torch, Pfeiffer Junior College.

A wise bit of advice! live up to it.

“Live for something! having a purpose, a goal, and strive to achieve that goal.”

—The Torch, Pfeiffer Junior College.

Friendship! What would we do without it?

“Cultivate friendships. You will find here many students can definitely make your life richer through your associations with them, if you will only become their friend. There are many benefits from a college education, but one of the greatest is the enrichment of your life through knowing others.”

—Campus Comments, Mitchell College.

“Often it's wise to swallow your pride and conserve your capital.”

—Campus Comments, Mitchell College.

Student Interludes

WHAT DOES CHRISTMAS MEAN TO YOU?

Do you always think of gifts, parties, and the fun you are planning to have? Christmas has a deeper meaning.

The first Christmas God gave to man his greatest gift. Now at Christmas time, remembering that first Christmas, we should offer something of our best in being truly thoughtful,

especially of the poor and the needy, and in trying to help them to be happy at Christmas-time.

How are we going to spend Christmas this year? Might we not try to see what a real Christmas we can have by trying to live it in the spirit of that first Christmas!

—JOSEPHINE LASSITER.

CHRIST IS REIGNING

Once again His star is shining;
Its light doth all the earth enshrine.

We see the Wise Men from afar;
We hear the Angels' songs of peace;
We meet to honor the Saviour of men;

We sing His praise, proclaim His love,

For it is Christmas tide,
And Christ, the Lord, is reigning
O'er the peoples of the earth.

“O Holy Star of Bethlehem,
Thy fair enshrining light
Is giving hope to all the world
And peace to all mankind.
And Christ, the Lord, is reigning
O'er the peoples of the earth.”

—MARY OAKLEY.

SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

The Spirit of Christmas has come my way;
The night is still and the clouds are gray;

Carols sing from the village choir,
Telling the peace that souls desire;
The chill winds heavenly music bring.

The carols the angels once did sing.

They sing of the night when Christ was born,
When a radiant sky gave earth its morn.

In “Silent Night” their voices blend
With the message that only God can send!

That men were to learn the way of love
From the great gift sent from the Father above.

And now starry nights and beautiful snow
On the scenes of nature seem to show

That God is supreme and his spirit tonight
Will watch over us until morning light.

We bow in reverence and thanks again
For God's gift of peace and good will to men.

—EDNA MOYE.

SNOWY CHRISTMAS

As I peered out the window, I saw fluffy little snowflakes feathering their way to the ground. They were not choice about where they fell; they were just making a Christmas blanket for Mother Nature. They first lodged on the tree tops, high buildings, and large fields, but after that they began to fall more thickly in other places. They wove their way between boughs and under roofs of the barn yard. These cushiony flakes gave me the real spirit of Christmas. God was making the outdoor world beautiful for the occasion. Green furs were trimmed in white snow, and black birds were flying everywhere. The setting sun gave the snow a brilliant tint of pink—a wonder of color that only God can paint or express.

I remembered, too, that only God could give so bounteously; our Christmas snow does not go around and decorate just the ground of the wealthy, but it beautifies the ground of the poor as well. The little child of poverty may not have his stocking filled so full as that of the little child of riches, but the poorest child's little cedar God trims with the same love and care that he expends upon upon the forest tree seen by the eyes of the most wealthy.

These are just a few thoughts that rushed through my mind as I watched God's work go on in a world becoming more beautiful beneath my gaze.

—MARY LLOYD SUTTON.

CHRISTMAS MORN

The cumulous clouds were bended low,

Circling the hill as mantles of snow.
Darkness and silence were resting there;

The shadows of night were deep, profound,

Casting a sable curtain around,
Hushing the world with its pain and care.

Then, piercing the depths of gloom afar,

There flashed the light of a brilliant star,

Gilding the mountains and valleys with light.

There in the Eastern sky 'twas burning!

The shepherds saw without discerning
The deeper meaning of the wondrous sight.

Their hearts were filled with unknown dread

Till the Angel drew near and softly said:

“Fear not, good tidings of joy I bring.”

Then o'er Judea's plains were ringing

Heavenly songs that the hosts were singing

“Glory to God, praise the new-born King.”

Glad tidings blest! yea, the Christ was born

Unto his world that Christmas morn.

As a little child he came to earth,
Clothed as we, but a God concealing,
Drawing so near, His love revealing—

Oh, glad the day of the Saviour's birth!

He came to guide our feet in a way
That shineth unto the perfect day—
Immaculate one, all holy and good,
Leaving his home in yon bright Heaven,

To lead us there with sins forgiven.
Can ever such love be understood?

Hail the blest day, let His praise abound;

Roll over this earth a joyful sound,
For unto us a Saviour is born.

Oh, may His love with peace descending,

Softly, as angels' songs are blending,
Abide with us this glorious morn.

—ALICE BULLOCK.

THE STAR STILL SHINES

Sirens still dread alarms impart;
Fright doth prevail in each human heart.

Then fearful eyes look toward the sky,

And there hangs the star like a watchful eye.

It gives then its signal by twinkling its light

Through this cloudy, ghostly, and darkened night.

'Tis the star that led Wise Men on their way

To the Christ child lying upon the hay.

It is God's signal for us to see
That nations and people will yet be free.

The star shines on o'er every land
Showing there will always be light for man.

It shines not only on Christmas night,
But it will always shed its light.

—ROBERT WILLIFORD.