

## COLUMNS

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## SCRIPTURE THOUGHT

*Be strong and of good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest.*

JOSHUA 1:9.

## "Through the Changing Years Abide"

Alma Mater through the years abides. To Louisburg alumni the staff of COLUMNS on behalf of the entire student body extends a hearty welcome. Probably some changes will be found in Alma Mater; yet surely these dormitories, halls, and classrooms, though now filled with unfamiliar faces, still enshrine sacred memories of past experiences here. Some classmates will not be privileged to return, but in their thoughts they doubtless will be here, with appreciation of their life here and with gladness for those present this Homecoming occasion. We of the present student generation too are glad that we share a life and a love with former students symbolized in "stalwart columns pointing heavenward," toward "the way of life"—a "growing light," "our inspiration."

## Silence is Golden

There have been, of late, several complaints about unnecessary disturbance in the library. Are we willing to admit such failure in self-discipline that privileges must be denied in order to insure order and quiet in our library?

Many students find in the library a refuge from unfavorable study conditions in their rooms. If the library becomes disorderly and noisy, where then can these people study?

Strict enforcement of rules is hardly a satisfactory way to eliminate disturbances from the library. There is only one means by which this end can be honorably achieved—co-operation. We are no longer in high school. We are in college and should act accordingly. Consideration of the other fellow is our one justifiable course.

Adopting that attitude, we can hope to achieve the desired silence in our library.

## Respect for the Bulletin Board

A bulletin board as a medium of information merits respect and attention. Does our bulletin board receive what is due it? Hardly so, when we see it cluttered up, as it sometimes has been, with announcements drawing almost ancient news (one notice remained on the bulletin board from the week following orientation until the fourth week of the year, having repeatedly fallen to the floor and finally, it seems, having found its way to the waste basket.) Few, announcements hold attention and are of value for such a length of time, and surely days old package lists are of that number. Lack of proper attention to announcements may result from the way in which a notice appears; written carelessly; attached to the bulletin board on top of an old announcement, with three corners dangling, the only one left being fastened by a

## Let's Go to Church Sunday

Here at Louisburg we look upon ourselves as one big family. Traveling through the days of the year together brings us to feel proud of our college family.

To develop this family feeling, there is one important thing we must do: that is, meet on common ground. Sunday school and church are two of the places where all may meet on common ground. There is no place where the feeling of unity can be truer than there.

We are all proud of our home and folks—a fact proved by our eagerness to get back and see them. Now, can you imagine being at home and not going to church on Sunday to be just as important as work on Monday.

If any student protests that he does not enjoy going to church and Sunday school, he should get out his Emily Post. Miss Post says it is impolite for a person to tell a preacher he enjoyed his sermon. This recognized authority says we do not go to church for enjoyment, but for inspiration.

In the light of this viewpoint, shall we not go down the hill to Sunday school and church next Sunday?

## Columns Begins Fourth Year

An expression of student thought, COLUMNS begins its fourth year. We, the fourth staff, look back upon the achievements of former staff members with pride; and we look forward to a year of hoped-for achievements, with no dependence upon chance or luck but upon determination and hard work. We wish ours to be a publication to record thoughts in students' minds, ideals in students hearts; we wish ours to be a publication to find its way into students' minds and hearts. May it be a real contribution to our campus—our, everybody's, COLUMNS.

## Dear Family

Dear Mom,

You know something, Mom? College life isn't so bad after all. We are being worked and given tests though! Do you know what? One of my friends took a test the other day that he was told he couldn't fail. (Why can't all the teachers do that?) It had something to do with getting on the staff of the paper; I don't know what.

About that extra money you had to wire me. You seemed to think I am here having only a good time and studying none. I don't believe I am wasting Dad's money. You know, I heard a senior say the other day the students this year seem to be studying more than did those of last year.

There are some of the cutest girls here! The junior girls can't go to the show at night, yet I asked a senior the other night if she would go with me. She couldn't because I asked her too late. You see, the girls have to sign in the Dean's office by a certain time. Well, maybe I will learn.

I am also trying to remember not to talk to girls when they are looking out the window or when it isn't socializing hour, because I don't want to be the reason for a girl's getting into trouble.

Well, Mom, I guess I had better wash up. By the way, do you think boys should wear coats to supper? Should girls wear kerchiefs to breakfast?

Your confused son,  
WILLIE.

## Rolling Stone

(Exchange Column)

This might well apply to Louisburg:

The goal is knowledge: "Higher Education has a mission this year—and the grade is not the goal."—The *Intercollegian*.

"Shortage of labor may inconvenience us seriously but there's a pleasant way around that 'obstacle course' when 'good fellows get together' as at Campbell College.

—Creek Pebbles, Campbell College.

Knowledge is an excellent quality, but friends to share it with you lead to richer life."

—The *Twig*, Meredith College.

tack taken from some other notice left to wear and tear.

Also, what are we doing about our patriotic duty not to waste? A shortage of tacks? We know there is. Shouldn't we pick up those tacks that are dropped when announcements are changed? Besides, what serious results they could cause if they ended in an unlucky somebody's foot!

So we see our bulletin board! Could it talk, our ears would probably be burning with the reproach uttered.

Announcers, let us be careful with our announcements! They make or spoil the bulletin board.

## Student Interludes

FIRST IMPRESSION  
OF MY COLLEGE

Why were the numerous halls, winding stairways, and enormous doors the object of my glance when I first saw Louisburg College? It came to my mind that these were part of Louisburg College: namely, the doors and halls of learning that led up the stairs of knowledge to a higher step in life success.—Mildred Boney.

I had always thought college life tends to weaken a student's Christian faith, but here at Louisburg I have found just the opposite to be true.—Betty Cash.

One of the first impressions of my college was the necessity of hard studying. I could see offhand that nothing was going to be handed to me unless I worked for it.—Russell Clay.

As my father and I rode toward the monument in front of Louisburg College, many thoughts ran through my mind. . . . I looked through the big oak trees on the campus and saw two large brick buildings. In front of the largest was a large flight of steps. Seated on these were about thirty-five girls and about fifteen boys. Then all at once the thought came to me that I would like my college. . . . After my father left, I realized I was on my own, and the time had come for me to start making friends and depending on myself.—Junius Creech.

Here in college, living with thirty other boys in a dormitory [I find it] very hard to get down to studying. For example, some night when you are getting ready to write a theme or read your history lesson you will hear a knock on the door that sounds like the invasion of Europe; you know that Jimmy Flythe is at the door. . . . he just walks on in. Then . . . he asks you to go with him to the show, and you say, "I am sorry, but I have to write a theme in English for Thursday." Then he slaps you on the back and says, "Come on; you can do that some other time."—Eugene Emory.

I thought the old students would try to take advantage of the freshmen, but I have found the students just the opposite. They strive to aid one another to their best ability.—Floyd Evans. (Asked in an interview what feeling he had when he first saw the columns of Main, he remarked, "I had a feeling of reverence.")

In college life, I think one gets out of it what he puts into it. I have also learned, the more things one takes a part in, the happier he is. I have had to force myself to do many things since I came to Louisburg College, but now I am actually enjoying some of these things I thought I hated.—Cornell Honeycutt.

I can hardly remember the day I first saw Louisburg College. I can vaguely remember riding up to the front of the main building, and thinking how wonderful it must be to go to college. I was then ten years old.

Everyone seemed so friendly and generous that I was made very happy and left with the impression that Louisburg College was a small school with a big heart.—Martha Kime.

First impressions: Tall massive columns fronted the main building, producing a feeling of awe. Large oaks stood boldly in their places on the campus—trees which looked as if they would be perfect, rugged soldiers in a hurricane of life or paths of war. Happy squirrels darted from rock to rock and tree to tree.—Grace Lassiter.

I arrived at Louisburg about nine o'clock [at night]. I had ridden through rain and wind. When I saw the college. . . I felt low in spirit, and I judged the college by the way I felt.

I did not receive my baggage for three days. I was very much in favor

## AN OAK TREE

*There's something about an oak tree,  
A something I cannot explain:  
Its shadows long in sunlight,  
Or the way it looks after rain,*

*The way its arms reach upward  
For God in the heavens blue—  
Yes, there's something about an oak tree*

*That thrills me, through and through*

—CAROL BESSENT.

## THE COLUMNS

As I look at those huge columns, standing tall and straight and unscathed in all the splendor of their gothic beauty, I feel, welling within my heart, love and pride and the courage to face new worlds. Their beauty is a beauty to touch one's soul and to cleanse and strengthen that soul by the touch. To me they are as monuments—not monuments of much-sung heroes or their deeds, but monuments of shelter, love, and comfort. From these monuments I gather my hopes, and in them I find the determination and courage to accomplish my dreams.

—BARBARA THORSON.

of going to Raleigh, getting my baggage, and going home or to another college.—George Long.

During orientation I was constantly wondering what would happen next; so, when the bell would ring, I would follow the crowd. More than likely I would end up in the right place. Well, that is the way things went for three days, and on the fourth day, classes began.

I was a little scared, of course, because I just could not help thinking how tragic it would be to me if I were to fail. I wondered whether almost everybody had the same feelings as I did. I knew I had to overcome my homesickness before I would begin concentrating on my responsibilities and the jobs that I was expected to do.—Allene Phillips.

When I was nine years old, my oldest sister entered college as a student, and took me there with her several times. She introduced me to the faculty and many of her friends. I remember when I would sit on Miss Stipe's knee and beg her for nickels so that I could run down to the book room and get an ice cream cone. She would give me apples and oranges. I am glad this happened, because since then, Miss Stipe has been one of my best friends, and I consider her one of my finest.—Fenner Spivey.

My first impressions of college were a bag of surprises. Arriving late on a foggy, drizzling night, I walked through the Louisburg gates into a new life, both in environment and actuality. That night's hazy meeting with a friendly, aiding dean and its shared lodging with two seniors were my first tastes of an ever-prevalent characteristic of Louisburg College—friendliness.—Helen Thigpen.

The columns that supported the building showed strength and sturdiness, and I hoped to have these qualities after the excellent training I knew I would receive during my stay at the college. As I walked up the long flight of step-up, up, and up—they gave me a strange feeling, a thrill, something I had never experienced before in my life. I was going into a higher step of my education.—Janice Trebuchon.

I had to stand in line for about an hour to get my post office box; then I had to stand in another line for another hour to pay my tuition. By that time my feet were beginning to get cold, and my disposition was beginning to change.

When supper was over, my spirits began to soar; and I began to feel much better about staying here.—Ida Lee White.