

## COLUMNS

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## SCRIPTURE

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise.—Psalm 100:4a.

## Thanksgiving Everyday

Thanksgiving Day, 1944, has passed! Did we here at Louisburg College find anything for which to be thankful?

Officially Thanksgiving Day comes but once a year, but shouldn't we experience thankfulness every day? We live under a government of the people. We find refuge in a horror-free haven. We are acquiring an education that will be of use to us later in climbing the ladder of success. We are collecting innumerable memories that we may reflect smilingly upon as we grow older. We are learning to live and associate with fellow citizens. Should we not be thankful for these things?

Why cannot we who are now college students acquire a realization of the fact that we are enjoying privileges now almost obsolete in most of the world. Why cannot we make everyday a Thanksgiving Day and offer our thanks to Him who grants us countless privileges?

## About Us—Opportunities

"Some things are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested."—FRANCIS BACON.

Our college, like our columns, points the way of life. Students behind these columns are searching—searching for ways of life, creating capacities for happiness, building personalities. Some in their search have found paths that led to various interests—to the Glee Club and the Raleigh Civic Music Concerts the music lovers, to the Dramatics Club, the drama enthusiasts, though none may be a Helen Hayes or a John Barrymore; to the I.R.C. the searchers for current events; to the staff of the two publications the journalistically inclined; sport lovers play on and cheer for their team. Common enjoyment of our interests helps to knit our student body together as one family.

In our desire for a better way of life we reach out for a deeper sense of the Christian way. To the Y.M.C.A. and the Y.W.C.A. we find ourselves going for Christian leadership and fellowship. Some have found on a yet closer fellowship in a Cell Group.

If in our college activities we can find interests, outlets for welling spirits, wholesome contacts, we may make better, happier students, build better personalities, be the better citizen in the making. If in reaching out we find ourselves broadening in thinking—enriching our lives in enriching our hearts and minds, college will not have been in vain, for we shall have stored within ourselves lasting wealth and happiness—

"Sweet . . . thoughts that savor of content."

"Smiles and tears of all (our grades)."

## Dear Family

Dear Mom:

Have my hands and back been sore! We boys have been digging potatoes and shocking corn. Those girls had better appreciate the fact. I thought shocking corn was bad enough, but digging potatoes—never before in all my life have I known potatoes to grow so deep in the ground. I expected to reach China any minute, if I could defend my back from spinal meningitis a little longer! One boy said he came here to get off the farm, but how does he spend his time now? Shocking corn and digging potatoes. Do you know what happened? A picture was made of us to put on the front page of COLUMNS. Maybe, though, the work wasn't so bad after all; we did have fun, and maybe we'll be pin-up boys now.

One evening last week a harpist was at the college. Gee, she really played; and I liked her even if most of the numbers did seem rather classical and highbrow. Anyway, maybe college ought to give some things of that type. I haven't forgotten your telling me you wanted college to give me some added polishing. I do believe I have made some improvement.

Well, Mom, now that grades are out, I may see you sooner than I once expected—or had I better not come home?

So long for now.

Lovingly,

Little Willie.

P.S. What do you want for Christmas?

## Rolling Stone

(Exchange Column)

Few freshmen will realize that they are being graded on character, native ability, energy, earnestness, personal appearance, manner, and disposition, unless told. We believe that a word to the wise is effective; so we warn you that such ratings are demanded of the faculty.

The Clemson Tiger, Clemson, S. C.

These Things I cherish:

"My Negro friends with their sad, dark eyes, and voices full of gay laughter.

The flashing smile and soft voice of a young Mexican girl who sings as she dances.

The pathos in the voice of Kimi, my Japanese-American friend, as he poured forth his story without bitterness or complaint.

The gracious dignity of Te Fan Isou as she told of her home and school destroyed by bombs.

The dancing eyes of the Italian man who mends my shoes, understands my faltering Spanish, and says—*Treinta y cinco cantavos, senoita.*

The tears in the eyes of a soldier lad as the train pulled away from the station platform.

This I have learned:

All men are brothers."

The Woman's Press.

"Lsitien, student, when you criticize your Alma Mater you are criticizing yourself. Having found fault, the next step is to correct it. The year is ahead of us—let's make the Coker spirit live as never before. Let it play a dominating role—having high ideals, worthy ambitions, and the essence of that which is fine and beautiful. Let it mean Christianity, character, and culture.

You, the individual make it a living intangible that you may truly be a part of it and it a part of you."

The Periscope, Coker College.

"Happiness is like sunshine. Some refuse to get in it for fear of getting too much! Goes into the darkest places provided there is no obstruction."

Smiles like culture are worn with ease by those who are accustomed to them.

Gripping, like ignorance, is shared by those who don't know.

Days are like buses and trains. A few people or things try to fill them up, but there's always room for one more.

Gloom, like fog, will settle on everything. Gossip, like mud, when splashed, makes a bigger mess."

Creek Pebbles, Campbell College.

"You have probably heard that "A dog is man's best friend," but a book is everybody's best friend."

School Daze, Louisburg, N. C.

## Student Interludes

## ODE TO LOUISBURG

Since the reading of "Ode To Louisburg" by Elizabeth Harris at the alumni banquet of the 1944 commencement and the reading by Sara Davis at the 1944 homecoming banquet together with a chapel reading by Sara Davis this past November 2, the degree of interest manifested in "Ode To Louisburg" has seemed to justify a reprinting of the poem, this time from the original manuscript of the writer. It follows with the headnote published in the October issue of COLUMNS, 1943.

(In loving honor of those who were the companions with me at Louisburg, 1941-1942)

\* \* \*

Seated high upon a rock  
Above the greatest of all seas,  
Resting quietly—almost dreaming—  
I thought I saw a dream.  
A score of men and maybe more  
With brick and mortar built  
A perfect-fashioned, graceful wall  
And covered it with roof—  
Built a perfect wall  
And finished all within.  
Upon the front four lovely columns  
Pointing straight into the sky.  
Pointing up and to perfection—  
A perfect symbol for the bold.  
I saw a hundred acorns  
Split open, and from out  
Came a hundred mighty oak trees.  
Tall, majestic, and straight—  
Mighty oaks with faultless arms  
Arching high as if in prayer.  
Or bending gently to the ground  
In submissive humility,  
For even they must know  
They were on holy ground.

Then came six generations—  
Grandparents, mothers, fathers—  
And after them the long, long lines  
Of all their countless children,  
Each with purpose on his face.  
Young maidens, gay with youthfulness,  
And vigorous boys with ardor  
For the tasks that lay ahead.  
From all their throats  
Came forth a mighty song.  
A mighty song, which roused my soul  
And brought back memories:  
"Alma Mater, sheltering college  
Thou hast been our guiding friend."

And within that group I seemed to see  
My mother, young and gayer  
Than all the rest that day.  
Her cheek was an apple blossom,  
And I heard her sing with joy:  
"Stand old college—Alma Mater  
Through the changing years abide."

Then the multitude of people  
Went up upon a seat  
Of heavy granite, massive steps,  
And into an open door;  
But after them the open door  
Was ever opened wide  
For future generations  
To come and there abide.  
Next came a mumbled sound from in,  
Of French and Latin verbs—  
Of Shelly, Yeats, and Milton;  
Of Villian and Hugo;  
Of Lowell, Poe and Whitman;  
Of Moses, Paul and John—  
Read by classes filled with fervent zeal  
For knowledge of the best.  
There was the sound of formula  
And elements combined.  
These were the sounds of learning  
Coming through an open door.

And then it seemed I clearly saw  
Time come down, and leaves  
Upon the trees floated gently to the  
ground.

Making there a soft brown carpet  
For man to walk upon.  
The birds flew south.  
And snow came down  
Enclosing all within—  
A little coat of loveliness.  
And then the rains came down.  
Now there was the smell of burning  
leaves  
And freshness of cool green;  
The birds came back again  
And filled the air with song.  
Thus came the seasons,  
And thus they went again.  
They came and went:  
They came and went  
Until the bricks grew mellow,  
And the trees grew big with age.  
Ever was the sound of hammer,  
The swish of brush and saw;  
And the columns stood,  
Straight, clean and tall,  
A symbol for the brave.  
Ever came the sound of laughter  
And the buzz of a busy man.  
During war it was most silent.  
But, when came joy and peace,  
It reached a mighty tempo—  
The crescendo of a symphony,  
The tones of sacred music.

## THANKSGIVING PRAYER

Dear Lord, we bow our heads and pray  
To Thee on this Thanksgiving Day;  
We lift our hearts and voices free  
In grateful praise and thanks to thee.

Be with us in the future years  
Through joy and sorrows, smiles and  
tears;  
As thou hast been in years before,  
Be thou today and evermore.

Grant us from sin and war, release;  
Guide us to free and lasting peace;  
Hold thou Thy hand above our head;  
Teach us thy will, thy way to tread.

Accept, oh Lord, this humble prayer,  
From thankful hearts to thee made  
bare.

Amen—  
Carol BesSENT.WHAT DOES  
THANKSGIVING MEAN?

What does Thanksgiving mean to you? Search your hearts and lives today. Think of the many blessings given you by God's great mercy; then answer this question, "What does Thanksgiving mean to me?"

—Carol BesSENT.

## OUR COLUMNS

Columns, stately, stalwart, sterling,  
Pointing heavenward toward the  
blue,

Flood the earth with rays of knowl-  
edge,  
Courage, faith, and love so true.

Be to those seeking truth and honor,  
"A glowing light to cheer and  
guide."

Stand you columns, straight and  
strong;

"Through the changing years  
abide."

Columns, stately, stalwart, sterling,  
Let your light a beacon be;

Ever inspire and guide us onward,  
To a blest eternity.

—Mattie Snead.

A WEEK END AWAY  
FROM COLLEGE

As I passed through the city of Alexandria, Virginia, passed the towers of the Masonic Temple, passed on by the new Jefferson Memorial, passed that sacred shrine, the Lincoln Memorial, with the Washington Monument in view, I awoke to the realization that I was entering our beautiful capital city, Washington, D. C.—my home.

For a few minutes I was seized with a feeling of butterflies in my stomach and a saddened sensation. There is something about this city that always thrills me deeply when I return. While these thoughts were fleeting through my mind, the train was lumbering on into the tunnel; I then caught one glimpse of the capitol dome.

On into the Union Station I rode, brakes squeaking, people rushing. I walked up the steps, hailed a cab and arrived home.

The familiar words, "There is no place like home" had come home to me. —Arlene Cockrell.

The wind came from the Atlas—  
I stirred and woke from sleep,  
And far below the sea beat hard  
And lashed upon the beach.  
It seemed it sang an old refrain,  
That song I love so well:

"Stand Old College,  
Stand Old College,  
Stand Old College, strong and great!"

A sea gull floated high above,  
Above in the blue, blue sky;  
And called its shrieking mating call  
To its mate somewhere beyond;  
But I heard it indistinctly—  
My thoughts were far away:  
There was a tear of pride upon my  
cheek  
And with the waves of the Mediter-  
ranean

I sang the old refrain:  
"Stand old college—Alma Mater  
Through the changing years abide!"

PL/de CC, class of '42  
Algeria, 1943.