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SCRIPTURE

Know ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize? So run, that ye may obtain.—1 Corinthians 9:24.

Tribute to Our Late President

The death of President Roosevelt affected us at Louisburg College as has been true of the whole nation—it has left us shocked and shaken.

Posterity can only determine his place in the history of our country and the world, but we are all sure that he will go down as a beloved man, an honored statesman, a great humanitarian, the greatest American of his time, and the foremost of our great world citizens.

May God place his guiding hand upon our nation at this most critical time and direct our new President with the divine spirit.

May our new leader with those associated with him and with all of us find the way to the lasting peace that our late President longed for and worked for—to the last.

Honesty First

To make good grades is our natural aspiration as students. A's and B's look pretty on a report, but they should be honest A's and B's. Honesty should come first in everything—our exams, our everyday assignments, all phases of our campus life.

Examinations should teach us what we do not know, so that we may know what is hard and learn it. If, beforehand, we have studied a copy of the exam, we are to take, can that exam teach us? Or can it teach us if we copy our answers from available notes? And what has such a student made of himself? One cannot be a real honor student unless he is an honest student.

We, on Louisburg College campus, cannot afford to tolerate cheating and dishonest deeds in any form. A little over four weeks remain of this college year. What record shall we write upon those weeks?

We Know Good Sportsmanship

Ever hear this: "Ready?" . . . "O.K. Wrong court. Second . . . alley." "Show them the works, girl. . . Whee! That's all right. Who said she couldn't serve?" . . . Or this: "All set for the running high jump. O.K. First."

"Tough luck; lift that second foot. Come on, girl; you can do it this time. . . Um-m! Groan! That was hard; but that foot was flying good and high, baby. Good enough!"

Sure, every sport knows those lines by heart—the players pitching, losing, then winning; the real spectator's good-natured, encouraging support. Sure, every sport knows those lines. They're cooperation, teamship, true college spirit. They're sportsmanship!

Thanks to Miss Crisp For All That She Is

A friend to all of us on Louisburg College campus and an inspiring leader to all her students is the head of our physical education department—Miss Marjorie Crisp.

With her charming smile and cheery words she goes about unconsciously spreading warmth and friendliness. It's hard to frown or cry when meeting her ever-present optimism. It makes one smile and laugh even at troubles, to which she always gladly listens and for which she offers an encouraging solution.

In Miss Crisp we feel we've a friend who's interested in us, even in our petty everyday problems. Even when we knew we couldn't possibly sock a softball, make a basketball goal, score a touchdown, or hit a tennis ball, when we met Crisp's smiling face and the sparkling challenge in her eyes, we had at least the inspiration to try—and often "try, try, again."

Admiring her true sportsmanship, we feel we too must be good sports—playing and watching—for she's really a good sport in everyday life.

We students see Miss Crisp as a personality to be admired, a person whom we respect and desire as a friend—a sterling character who has won our love for always.

Help Those In Need

All over the world today humanity is suffering as never before. People in war-torn countries are freezing to death, for there are few clothes. They are selling their most priceless possessions for articles of clothing. They are cold, hungry, tortured people. They are suffering not only from physical agony but also mental and spiritual. Students like us are starving for books—for something of the intellectual to refresh their minds. They may be prisoners of war—maybe American prisoners—or maybe they are natives of a war-wrecked country, swept on by the tragedies of a world war. Whoever they may be, to whatever race they may belong, we Americans must send aid—and we will through the many drives now being sponsored all over our nation.

In responding to the clothing drive and the WSSF drive being sponsored on our own campus, we may unite with our fellow Americans in helping suffering humanity. Let us give willingly, freely, sacrificially—today, tomorrow, and all through this month of April.

Dear Family

What a husband I will make! Mom, you should see me waiting on tables. I haven't done much of it yet, but wait until the Y. W. C. A. takes over! There is one thing I want to know—how is a guy to know when a girl has finished eating? She eats, stops to talk, eats, talks—and for five minutes she touches no food. By this time I think she must be through; so I reach for her plate. There is my first mistake. She has not finished her potatoes and she wants another carrot. When she does finish and I take her plate, I don't raise it quite high enough; the glass of water is in the way—mistake number two! Then comes the dessert! But—I see no reason why so much excitement should be aroused because eight oranges went rolling off the platter down the dining hall.

I hear the girls are planning a real May Day program. I have seen them practice their dances, and I hear that one is thinking of asking Fred Astaire if he needs a new partner.

Ah—Ahem! uh—I guessed-you-received a letter—from Mr. Kilby. That's what I gathered. Ah— it wasn't-so-good. But I am not on probation any more. I hope that's some consolation? But Mom, this is spring, and there are tennis, boxing, and baseball; and this is spring; and Mom, I just can't study. I know I promised, but—I made water boy on the baseball team, and I am learning how to play tennis. I know; that won't get me into Phi Theta. Mr. Kilby told me, too. Well, I'll try once more, just for yours and Dad's sakes.

—Willie.

Rolling Stone

"Get a well-rounded education! By this, we mean enter into the life of the school, carry on the traditions of the college, take an active part in the fraternities and organizations, learn and practice at least three types of sports, and last but not least, take a part in the religious life of the campus and realize the greatest joy and pleasure you have ever experienced."

Honesty is the brightest jewel that sparkles, diamond-like, in virtue's diadem of priceless and fadeless gems.
The Young People's Friend.

Fifth Column Restored

"Lank, where did you get that haircut?"
 "You've heard that song, 'Smoke Gets in Your Eyes,' haven't you? Well, I think smoke got in the barber's eyes, and he cut most of my hair off."

Eugene Emory (to the tune of "Don't Fence Me In"):
 "Oh, give me love, lots of love in the social hall above."

Student Interludes

"NEVER TURNED HIS BACK" TRIBUTE

In a speech when he became President, Roosevelt said that like a baseball player he could not hope to make a perfect batting record, but that he hoped to make a batting average that would be reasonable creditable. How creditable that average proved to be, millions would gratefully testify. Roosevelt entered a game, not for the immediate score; but often though knowing the odds to be against him, he was yet courageously willing to lose an immediate success in order to fight for the final goal. A man of spirit, stamina, and determination, he held firmly to his purpose and, even when meeting repeated failure, seemed confident of final victory.

His is an example of dedication to worthy purposes and of cheerful perseverance in striving to realize them—a batting average more than reasonably creditable. — Harold Carroll in Collaboration.

THE PRIVATE FIRST CLASS

He was dressed in the familiar brown khaki of the United States Army. He was of no great height, but his weight was equally distributed over his body, and he looked every inch a man! The broad shoulders were held perfectly straight, making his coat fit like a glove. His overseas cap was set at a jaunty angle on his fair hair, curly and unruly; and the golden braid that ran around the edge glistened like a string of fire. The buttons on his coat sparkled like newfallen dew in the early morning sun, and the new white stripe stood out like a new moon against a black sky. His campaign ribbon was pinned proudly to his chest, and he walked with a springing gait. He was a private first class in the United States Army.

—Fred Davis (six months or so past when he wrote these words as he imbibed a bit of Chaucer's "Merrie England" from The Canterbury Tales, he was a fellow student; now he has become in part the description that he created, for he is at Camp Robinson, Arkansas—one more of our privates in khaki).

YOUTH IN THE WORLD TODAY

The youth of today has a problem to face. This problem is facing the world of tomorrow. . . . The youth of today wants a brighter world of tomorrow, a sky, washed with rain removing all stains of smoke, the ground of blood. A free world tomorrow will be the making of youth in our world today.

Frances Hedden.

SPRING FEVER

Oh Spring! Wonderful Spring! That time of year when a young man's fancy turns from his school books to the more pleasant tasks of enjoying the birds, the green grass, and the new foliage on the trees! He begins to long to be outside in the woods, in swimming, or anywhere but in the classroom.

What does he usually do about his longing to be outside? Why, he does nothing, of course, because he has spring fever; and who ever heard of anybody's doing anything at all when he had spring fever? The spring fever victim usually decides that, if he were outside, he would probably get under a tree and sleep; so he sits in class and dreams of being asleep under a nice big oak tree. No, he is asleep in a hard classroom chair. So he goes all through the spring, just dreaming of being outside close to nature.

—Eugene Smith.

ARE WE AWARE?

Are we taking things that happen in our everyday life for granted? Yes, I think we take too many things for granted—things that should not be taken for granted, for instance the sun that lights our world during the day. During the time we have lived in this world we have seen the sun come up in the morning and go down at night; so we just take it for granted that it will keep on as long as we live.

I hope that in the years to come we, as the younger generation, will come to realize more and more what we have in our world and how we can best be grateful.

—Earline Whitehurst.

"Everyone must remember that anything in life that is worthwhile is worth working for."

—Janice Trebechon.

I stood in the hall of fame and looked around me with intensity. Sunlight shone through the windows as a holy light and all the world was hushed with awe.

I gazed at the faces of the great around me— Men who had known fame and fortune.

Joy and sorrow, success and failure. Suddenly I saw a wondrous face— A face smiling faintly with a distant look in the deep and thoughtful eyes.

There were lines about the temples, And the hair was whitening. There were lines of toil and strain. But underneath those lines I saw strength and kindness of a great world leader.

From out of nowhere I heard as if echoes of days just past:

The Atlantic Charter—the Dumbarton Oaks Proposals—

Stalin—Churchill—The Big Three A prayer on V-Day—and a greater prayer for the end of the strife— Achievements of a leader no longer ours.

From him I gathered strength, as thousands had done before— And slowly, reverently, I left the presence of a great-souman.

—Barbara Thorson.

MOONLIGHT AT LOUISBURG

A golden mass of heavenly light, The twinkling of the stars,

The croaking voices of distant frogs, That still, crisp lull of atmosphere, An occasional soft, gentle breeze astrid.

A happy whistling tune of one homeward bound,

The powerhouse pump with its thumping sound,

The humming motor of a passing plane.

An unknown night bird's echoed refrain.

The vigilant bark of a watchful dog—

All: Louisburg on a moonlight night.

—Arlene Cockrell.

THE OCEAN

Did you ever take a walk by the ocean

To see what wondrous treasures you could find?

Did you ever watch the ships sail on the water

Like sea gulls gliding smoothly through the air?

Did you ever stop to think about how proudly

The ocean casts its waves upon the shore?

Then thank our God for giving us an ocean

With gentle murmurs and a mighty roar?

—Louise Oden.

WHEN CHILDREN PLAY

I hear the ring of happy children's voices

As eagerly they rush to greet the day

From classroom studies. How my heart rejoices

To see them drop their books and run to play!

I hear the sound of happy children playing.

Above the noise of war and world-wide strife.

While principalities around are swaying

About to topple down, they play jack-knife.

The road ahead of me is far from clear.

The future way is dim; but, come what may,

The world is sweet as long as I can hear

The sound of children laughing at their play.

—Carol Bessett.

LIFE

Life is a series of events intricately woven together to form a pattern. We are the weavers; the lives we live each day are the threads of wool or material; the thoughts we have and the deeds we do are the dye which color our pattern, while our aspirations, hopes, and dreams give it texture.

It is ours to weave the most beautiful pattern we can of the material the Master has given us.

—Carol Bessett.