

# COLUMNS

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## SCRIPTURE

When I became a man, I put away childish things.—I Corinthians 13:11.

## Student Government: Symbol of Democracy

As mankind has marched forward, there have come many advances in democratic civilization. One of the outstanding advances has been in the field of education. In years gone by, education was a rare and prized achievement, which men strove to obtain.

Along with the march forward in education, has come an ever insistent voice among some faculty groups and students for greater liberality in discipline. Out of this agitation, has grown the comparatively recent idea of student government. At first many educators looked on such democracy as the beginning of the end for our educational system, but much to their surprise it was the beginning of a new era in educational history. Students became more satisfied with their schools, and their conduct improved accordingly. Since this beginning, student government has progressed; and today there are well organized student-government activities.

To the newly elected members of the Louisburg College Student Government for the year 1945-1946 we wish a year of fruitful activity, and we give to them our heartiest congratulations. May we offer them this reminder: They are holding in their hands a sacred trust, put there by men like Thomas Arnold, formerly headmaster of Rugby, and students many years past who have fought for due recognition of students' rights. May they not break this trust placed in their hands. Theirs it is for a year—to carry on and to hold high.

## A Hope of the World

Today assembled at San Francisco are representatives of forty-six nations of the world of nearly every race, color, and creed on the earth. They are there to work out a security organization that will promote and keep peace in the world for many generations to come.

These men have assembled in good faith, with the hopes and prayers of the downtrodden of the earth behind them. There are many basic controversies to be worked out before the nations can come to a clear understanding of one another. Many problems face them, the settlement of which will be the test as to the sincerity and value of the conference. By now we can see that they are being weighed with a conscientious effort on the part of the delegates to work out an organization by which war may be outlawed for time without end.

It is our duty as American college students, closely to follow this conference through the newspapers and on the radio.

Much of our own destiny will be determined by the outcome of this meeting. We should study the proposals and problems individually and not accept loosely constructed opinions as to America's position on the different issues. The best moral that we can put before us at this time is that no side is all right and the other all wrong, that two wrongs do not make a right, but that a compromise often leads to solidarity.

## Appreciation of May Day

The recent crowning of May Queen Mary Goodwin by Maid of Honor Vivian Creech was a festive occasion for all.

In recognition of the charm of the May fete COLUMNS offers congratulations—to the queen, the maid, the attendants, and all the performers in all events. Also, in equally hearty manner goes appreciation to all who contributed toward the success of the occasion: Miss Crisp, the efficient, untiring director; Dorothy Casey, successful chairman of committees and president of the sponsoring club; all committee workers and individual helpers.

On every hand there have been expressions of appreciation of the event and recognition of its rare effectiveness and beauty.

It was indeed fitting that this May Day festival be an usual success, for it was presenting and honoring Alma Mater, with her noble past and her earnest present dreams for the future.

## Study Now, Play Later

Study, tomorrow's lessons, and that coming test are furthest from our thoughts in spring-time when we had rather turn to lighter things: the beautiful out of doors beyond our window, next summer's vacation.

With a minimum of time till exams perhaps we'd better recapture these stealing thoughts and set our minds to studying these last few days. The coming grades will be final grades—for seniors, the last records they will leave at Louisburg College. Some of those mid-semester grades would hardly look good as finals. Let's make our last days really count; let's make our final records really good.

## Dear Family

Dear Mom:

Can I wait? May 28! and I will be free again! Imagine!?! No books, no rules, no allowance on which to try not to overdraw, no nothing! I can hardly wait. With my first check I want a new slack suit, a tennis racket, a boxing glove set, some red trunks, and I want to make a down payment on a convertible. By the way, did I tell you I am going to be a soda jerker at Mike's Drug Store this summer?

Do you not think I have done better this month? Anyway, I didn't ask for any more money; I merely said it would be nice to have five dollars to get an Evening in Paris set for my girl for graduation, and she would have to have a corsage to wear to the last formal dance, and could I help it if you decided at this time to send me ten dollars?

When I get home, Mom, could you have ham and pan cakes (with real butter!) maybe?—Don't bother to give me slaw or sweet potatoes) and fried chicken, and hot coffee, and—well, you know the rest.

Mom, I have to stay up until eleven or twelve every night here. That's the only way I can get my studying done.

We have elected a good student council. I've been thinking I ought to take the council more seriously next year. I think I've been a little adolescent, high-school like at times this year. I guess I had better hurry to bed and stay out of mischief brewing in the hall.

Lovingly,

Willie.

## Rolling Stone

And we complain about having to give up a few cents at the bookstore to aid these worthy Chinese students:

"This migration of colleges is something you have all heard and read about many times. So have I. Now I have seen it with my own eyes, and I see the human beings that are involved. I see the mud and bamboo shacks these kids live in. I say, 'No, thanks,' when they offer the peanuts, because I know they have paid ten dollars for a handful of rice, flavored with vegetables, that the government gives them."

Motive.

Here's a substitute for that trite "Guess I'd better close for now":

"So as the needle said to the thread. . . 'sew long!'"  
 The Twig, Meredith College.

## Fifth Column Restored

Economics Student: "Mr. Kilby, where is the Stock Exchange in Raleigh?"

Mr. Kilby: "Let me see—I think it's—it's—. Yes, that's where it is."

Sam Lehigh in answer to Watt's question of "How're you feeling this morning?"  
 "Bout half and half—half asleep and half awake."

L. Watson: "I wish I was a conscientious English student."

J. Allen: "I wish you were, too."

Question on a European history test:  
 "Give three reasons for the failure of Emperor Napoleon III."

One answer received: "The people disliked him internally but liked him externally."

Reading Survey has served really to illuminate the editorial when a student reveals having learned that one of the purposes of an editorial is "to eliminate the news."

## Student Interludes

### MOTHER'S SUNSHINE

Though the day seemed so gloomy—  
 The clouds overhead were dark—  
 Suddenly through the darkness  
 I saw a faint light spot—  
 Small at first, then spreading  
 Till soon the cloud grew light.  
 Just a little ray of sunshine  
 That had come stealing through  
 To lighten up the darkness and  
 Make my gray skies blue.

Now, as I think of my mother,  
 I see her like that little ray:  
 When there are clouds that appear  
 All gloomy and dark and gray,  
 Mother comes with a lovely smile  
 That spreads like sunshine all the  
 while.

Lighting up all dark places,  
 With cheery words of warmth re-  
 placing

Sadness in my heart.  
 Whatever the trouble, Mother can  
 solve it.

Whether a broken doll or a broken  
 heart.

Just her smile can change the darkest  
 scene  
 Make the fears and gloom and grief  
 depart.

—Charlotte Usher.

### A POET'S EYES

Thou hast a poet's eyes, for they are  
 deep

With knowledge far beyond thy tender  
 years;  
 And dreamy with a million quivering  
 dreams.

Yet sad, as if thy heart held unshed  
 tears.

I feel, wherever thy sweet glance is  
 cast.

Beauty is born, for knowing thee, I  
 know

Thou seest all with such a pure de-  
 light

That evil flees and goodness seems to  
 grow.

Were I to dare to fathom thy blue  
 depths,

O' lovely eyes,  
 Such wondrous dreams, such right  
 though there—

I'd find  
 That I would be content to dwell for-  
 ever in thy light.

Leaving the world behind.

—Carol Bessent.

### TO DO WELL IS NOT ENOUGH

We go through life, ever working,  
 ever striving forward to a goal, and  
 dreaming of the day when we shall  
 attain it and be satisfied. How evil a  
 thought! How wrong we are! for sat-  
 isfaction at the end of a struggle  
 means nothing more and nothing less  
 than an end of all success.

Two often we stop and say, "I've  
 done my best. That's all I can do, and  
 I'm satisfied." That is the consolation  
 we give ourselves, but every time  
 we know inside, "I could have done a  
 little better."

Never yet has anything been under-  
 taken that could not have been done  
 more nearly perfectly.

Don't stop! Fight on! We have too  
 much to do to live our aspirations  
 only half way through the battle.

—Barbara Howard.

### SPRING vs. STUDIES

Now that spring has really come  
 and we at Louisburg have begun to  
 believe that we are in India amidst the  
 portrayal of Bromfield's *The Rains  
 Came*, we must not let spring fever  
 seep into our blood streams and cause  
 a drop in our scholastic preparations.

Of course, it's great to play tennis or  
 baseball all afternoon in the wonderful  
 sunshine after having survived a rather  
 long winter; but it's also great to  
 have that self-assurance and pride in  
 ourselves that we didn't lag along at  
 the close of the year. When we fold  
 in that last shirtwaist, pack in those  
 few cherished books, throw in the ten-  
 nis racket and toothbrush, and put in  
 those favorite photographs that have  
 kept us company all winter—if then  
 we can have thoughts of self-satisfac-  
 tion within our own minds that we did  
 our best up to the last, we will have  
 scored one point for ourselves in 1945.

Not only do we owe this loyalty to  
 our parents who made it possible for  
 us to secure an education, but we owe  
 this loyalty to ourselves and to our col-  
 lege as well. Health, wealth, luxuries,  
 our loved ones, and other worldly  
 goods may be taken from us; but there  
 is one intangible part of us that can-  
 not be taken away: an intellectual  
 treasure once it is stored away.

—Arlene Cockrell.

### TO MOTHER ON MOTHER'S DAY

For the days gone by and the years to  
 come

All my thoughts and wishes I'd put  
 into one.

And think of you now, my mother dear,  
 Longingly wishing that you were here.

Although you are distant by many a  
 long mile,

In all beautiful things I see your smile.

Often, when I've wished to flee fears  
 and hide,

You have seemed comfortingly near  
 my side.

Tonight with lights low and stars  
 seeming near

I'm offering a prayer for you, Mother  
 dear.

—Eugene Emory.

### MY MOTHER

I can see my Mother very clear tonight  
 As she's rocking quietly in her easy  
 chair,

With hands folded still and graceful  
 on her lap

And the silver sparkling lively in her  
 hair.

I can hear her humming softly, too,  
 this night

The hymns she loves to sing and  
 those I love to hear;

There is a look of quiet and peace on  
 her loved face

As she rocks to and fro—my Mother  
 ever dear.

—Louise Oden.

### LIFE'S CHALLENGE

It's not the things we hope of doing;  
 It's the things we do!

It's not what we want to be;  
 It's what we are!

It's not the thought of receiving;  
 It's the beauty of giving!

It's not the critical tongue,  
 But the slightest praise from the  
 heart!

Not the way we knew to do the task;  
 But the way we did it!

It's not the part we hoped to play;  
 It's the part we actually live!

It's not the luxuries of the world,  
 But the simple, wholesome side!

It's not the snarl from the lips;  
 But always the kindly word!

It's not the gloomy, sour expression;  
 But the cheerful, winning smile!

It's not the commanding voice;  
 It's the tactful "Will you please!"

—That make life beautiful,  
 That make life worthwhile.

—Arlene Cockrell.

### GOD IS MY WORLD

My eyes search the heavens, the  
 earth, the sea, and my heart within  
 me soundeth forth such loud praises  
 in Thy honor that this earthly shell  
 seems too small to hold such gladness  
 and joy.

My heart longs for wings to fly  
 through the boundless blue, spreading  
 Thy word everywhere.

I long for Thee, O God—long to feel  
 Thy presence ever near me, long to  
 know that my hand, reaching forth,  
 is placed in Thine, and that forever  
 I may walk through joy and sorrow,  
 smiles and tears, war and peace  
 through life into eternity—with Thee.

—Carol Bessent.

### YOU ARE PART OF ME

Sometimes when we are far apart,  
 I find something that was a part

Of you when you were here  
 And put it with the part of me

That is you—  
 And for a few ecstatic moments  
 I am whole again.

Now that you are gone,  
 And I know you will not return—

I could lose myself in sorrow and  
 tears;

But I remember what you said

The last time I saw you:  
 You took my face between your hands

Your eyes were pools of night  
 And you said in a soft, clear voice:

"Never forget that wherever I am,  
 whatever I am doing

I am thinking of you, and I myself  
 am you."

Perhaps that is why, today, I can smile  
 and be whole—

Even tho' you will not return—  
 Because I know that you are still

a part of me.

—Barbara Thorson.