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SCRIPTURE

Let others praise you, not yourself; not your own
lips, but some one else. —PROVERBS 27:2.

What Chance Has
Louisburg Sports?

With an extensive effort on the part of the Athletic Department and with an extensive student interest in sports next year can come athletic recognition for Louisburg College. With the same old feeble efforts and the same old lack of enthusiasm will come the kind of athletic accomplishment that so far has held sway here this year and in former years. There is no question as to whether there can be improvement made. There most definitely can and definitely must be effected a more sincere and potent desire to make Louisburg College at least a legitimate school for discussion in the North Carolina college sports field. Such achievement is mentioned from time to time, jokingly, perhaps, and then is forgotten—a very embarrassing situation for the L. C. student who, up until that time, was enjoying the conversation.

Louisburg has let slip by its most promising year so far for outstanding athletic teams. However, if it has a student body of potential players next year as it has had this year, then there is a good chance for rapid development in its athletic program. But—and this factor should be remembered above all—there must be a closeness between coach and player; a trust between team and school. One cannot function without the other. Success cannot be expected from ill feeling and prejudice and narrowmindedness.

A team cannot win a game for a school of which they are only a remote part. It cannot win for a school that has turned its back to them instead of cheering them on. The sooner this foreign relation between school and team is discarded (whether it be this year or next), the sooner Louisburg College will begin to be recognized for its athletic activities.

Orchids, Not Onions, for Conduct

Recently there appeared in a North Carolina college newspaper a letter to the editor criticizing (and strongly, too) the conduct of members of their student body during a lecture given by a visiting notable.

Maybe the present comment is sticking out the proverbial neck, but it seems that the student body of Louisburg College has earned orchids or at least a grateful nod in return for recent conduct during chapel lectures and during presentations given by visiting persons of distinction. The piano concert, for instance, given by Ralph Sheldon, not only had remarkable attention of the audience but brought appreciative applause as well. Also; the lecture on the international economic situation by Kirby Page, world traveler and lecturer, was received by an interested and somewhat awed audience of Louisburg students.

So, orchids to you, L. C. student body (the majority record tends to make the minority look conspicuous); and onions to those who have not learned how to act when the occasion arises. These last days each might do well to preserve the good record—even improve it—and certainly to guard against conduct that might bring a bouquet of onions in anyone's direction.

Our Thanks To Them

We see them every day—sometimes in the classroom, sometimes in the hall; but their great courage is shown in our sports world. Here on our campus they have shown their indefatigable loyalty to sports, even when unsurmountable odds were thrown into their faces. These didn't stop them. They had the stamina to stand up and face these odds squarely. Defeat, lack of proper equipment, inadequate places to play, criticism—many times they could have been crushed under this strain; but rather they chose to keep their chins up and pray for the best. At times some were reluctant to support our sports department.

With some of these handicaps removed, we hope that next year will be a successful year for sports on and off our campus. For this year let us place a crown on the heads of the directors of our sports department and wish them the best.

At whom are we throwing these bouquets—naturally coach V. R. "Knut" Kilby and Miss Marjorie Crisp. From the depths of our hearts we say, "You are doing a marvelous job; keep up the good work."

Thanks To Dietitians

The food situation on Louisburg campus has been a widely discussed subject. Sometimes people have been inclined to "gripe," in truth some complaints could always be expected when a crowd this size is suddenly thrown together. We should tip our hats for personal thanks to the dietitians for the food they have recently been serving us. If any are inclined to disagree, they should certainly pay a visit to some college comparable to ours. If any student doubts that our food is good, let him take the price of a meal here and see what he can buy elsewhere.

Dear Family

Dear Mom,

Oh, how I hate to write this letter. I'm so utterly sleepy that I can hardly keep my eyes open. The air is warm, and that program that comes over WPTF they call "Moonglow" is flowing through the room. From my place here on my bed I can see the moon and—well you know, Mom—it's spring, and a "young man's fancy . . . turns to thoughts of love."

We have just a few more weeks of school left, and they are going to be full enough to fly. We have tennis and baseball to think about. My nose is peeling and my shoulders hurt. They just got too much sun.

Well I suppose I won't be asking for much more money except for our beach party. I'll stop asking so that you can spare me more money when June comes.

Dear Mom, I'm going to cut this short and go to bed. That obnoxious Sam Beard, and "Moonglow" are over and I'm ready to stop anyway.

Your loving son,
WILLIE.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,

As a student of Louisburg College and a monogram-club member, I shall list a few of the needs at Louisburg in athletics as I see them.

A number one item is the need of a gymnasium, a larger and better athletic field, and more tennis courts. A larger athletic field would furnish ample space for the following seasonal sports: football, field hockey, baseball, softball, and track.

I would like also to see the sports clubs of both sexes better linked to the college. By this I mean the school, coaches, and monogram clubs working as a united body for the advancement of athletics. There should also be an accepted school letter standard both in size and color.

Another small but very important matter, I feel, is the school's awarding of a sweater with a letter to each monogram member. As everyone will agree, a good athlete in college is more than just a good pitcher, center, or tackle. A good athlete is an all-round student. Did you ever stop to think of what is required of a member of a traveling college team? During the season, movies, dances, week-end trips home, and many other privileges are forgotten. To stay on the team, a student must meet the same requirements as anyone else. To do so means wasting no time. I feel that giving these students a sweater bearing the school letter is neither asking too much of the school nor awarding the candidates too highly. The gift would long live in the hearts of our college heroes.

As an outsider I feel the job done by both coach Crisp and Kilby has been a merit to our Alma Mater this year. While times are good I hope this school will make the investment that will later pay dividends. Can we do otherwise since athletics today is a requirement of much importance to the college and to the student.—Douglas Bryant, '47.

Student Interludes

COLLEGE SPORTS
ELEVATED

Almost everyone who reads the newspaper reads the sports page at one time or another. All sporting events are carried briefly whether they are college activities or professional matches. We find that the great Georgia "Bulldogs" defeated a game "Tar Heel" eleven in the sugar bowl. We find that "Cuddles" Marshall, New York "Yankee" pitcher, resembles Tyrone Power—astonishingly. We find that Rolsville High turned back Millbrook High after trailing at half-time 19-15. All schools that are known to the newspapermen are found on the sports page of papers from neighboring communities.

Yes, we have some horn-rimmed glassed citizens that will ask, "So what? I cannot see how it helps a college to get its name in the headlines of the sports page." We find some people that will say, "I always thought college was an institution of learning, not a public arena."

Naturally there are people with those ideas, but how many of them are under twenty-five years of age? Sports activities are carried on at West Point and Annapolis. If sports are good enough for the armed forces, they should be good enough for any college, including those as small as Louisburg. Sports are a part of college life. Sports build up the morale of the students just as pin-ups did for the men overseas. Sporting events have a tendency to bring students closer together because they are all there for one purpose—rooting for the home team, trying to get an eagerly awaited victory.

When we speak of sports as building up the morale of the student body, we might also add that sports tend to prevent the tearing down of one's morals. At sports events we are typically on our honor, and in most cases we respect that privilege. We are not trying to pull a trick to see how smart we are. These things do not even enter our minds.

Here at Louisburg College sports are only a pastime. Sure, we have a basketball and baseball team, but did you ever read a write-up in a newspaper building up our possibilities of a championship? I never did. We read of Mars Hill, Campbell College, and Pembroke College. They receive a lot of recognition as major junior colleges. We never do, because we never stress sports as other junior colleges do. Football is a great drawing card, but we do not even have a football team. It is amazing how many colleges and universities are made publically known on the sports page of a newspaper. Sporting atmosphere is the atmosphere of the present-day schools, not hoop skirts and seven o'clock curfews.

We have over three hundred students enrolled at our little college. The University of North Carolina has approximately fifty-five hundred students—but how do we account for Campbell College? Read the sports page, and you will find your answer. "Campbell College wins Junior-College Football Championship." Possibly it will surprise you to know the number of boys and girls that pick their colleges from last Saturday's scores. The boys like the idea of a winning team and crave the glory bestowed on a championship title. A girl gets starry-eyed at the thought of the first string tail-back smiling at her in class or dancing with her after dinner. This is all just plain human nature. We will never be able to change it; so why not try to build our college around human nature? Mr. Webster does not say so, but in my own mind sports is in many respects as human nature.—JOHN GILLIS, '48

MY PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

I'm young; my life is before me,
I can make it whatever I choose,
It's up to me, when sailing life's sea,
Whether I'll win or I'll lose.

If all my life I think just of I,
And the things that mean most to me,
When my life is ended, and when I die,
I'll be lost in a deep dark sea.

If I make myself worthy of everyone's
love
And find all the good I can do,
Some day I'll find rest in Heaven above,
For the good you do others, comes
back to you.

—MAUDE BARNES, '47.

ON KNOWING PEOPLE

Someone has suggested that racial prejudice was born into the minds and hearts of Southerners. I, being a true daughter of the South, have been flung into the mass among which racial malice is a part. Until my mind became my own. I went gleefully on my way fighting and losing the Civil War.

A long time ago I began to question this feeling of prejudice. One of the joys of my life was the crowds of Negroes who worked for my father. Childlike, I played with the pickaninies and jabbered endlessly with the adults. I delighted in returning from school to discard my shoes and run in newly plowed earth along side the working Negroes. I found their conversation amusing and logical. I found their dialect quaint and not too different from my own.

In North Carolina, as in all the South, the percentage of foreign born is low. For this reason, my contact with others than my own whites was mostly with Negroes.

During the war I was in the midst of great interracial masses. I remember a Chinese—a friendly, well liked army officer. A Negro officer headed a score of Negro workers. A Filipino officer—very much resembling a Japanese—worked in the same establishment. Jews were innumerable—most of them from the Northern States. These men were highly educated and held responsible positions. In these races I began to see the light of human equality.

College has been the prime factor in my mind's education from racial prejudice. Four interracial conferences I have attended since entering college. All were examples of American Christianity and democracy. Some of the limelight of these conferences was held by Negroes and South Americans. One of my most treasured memories is a fellowship hour held in the basement of a church, where I sang and played games with white and black alike. Another vivid memory is one of kneeling and receiving the Holy Communion at the same altar at which Negroes, too, knelt.

Experience has dulled my sense of prejudice. Some will condemn my beliefs in these events, but I am a bigger person for having experienced them.

—PRUDENCE COBB, '47

IN PHILOSOPHIC MOOD

"The length of one's life compared with the length of time is so short that we cannot afford to derive anything other than the best in life. . . . The shortness of life should be the greatness of life."

—William Pickett, '48.

"How much finer life could be if persons would see that simple courtesies and the application of the Golden Rule are ways to improve living."

—Leonard M. Freeman, '48.

"Our lives are only marking time when we brood over some petty happening. It's only by our associating with others in the finest harmony that we are truly living."

—Charles H. Freeman, '48.

"When some people face hard problems they simply drop them. They should make an adventure of the problem. This experience would broaden their minds and give them confidence and power. There have been many occasions when adventure could have been substituted for disappointment."

—Lacy Maxwell, '48.