

COLUMNS

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SCRIPTURE: I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.—JOHN 10: 10 b

Is This what America Needs?

It is hard to say in this troubled world of ours what one country or another needs to help it along the road to recovery. With the recent turn of events in Washington, the public is left with a troubled mind. Our leaders have not shown us the leadership that was expected of them, and the lack of leadership has only made the public more doubtful as to the outcome of world peace and safety.

It is only with the hope that everyone take to heart the humble words of COLUMNS and that he who can and will, do something to aid our nation—it is only with this hope that this item appears here.

Do we need more power? Do we need more military training? Do we need more laws? Do we need more money? COLUMNS thinks not. What COLUMNS believes is that now is the time to build more CULTURE, UNDERSTANDING, CHARACTER and RELIGION.

COLUMNS Goes to Basketball Game

COLUMNS was on hand several weeks ago to see what gives with this year's basketball team. COLUMNS was not disappointed. Though we saw our favorite team go down in defeat, it was the improved team play that caused us to leave the game with a feeling of satisfaction.

Playing the strong Jayvees of U. N. C., the Louisburg team looked good in the first half before blowing up and cold at the same time before the game ended. No credit can be taken from the Carolina team. It is a well-coached team with good players and will go far toward landing a few of the championships before the year is over.

Had Louisburg been playing some other team the same night, the team may have had an easy victory instead of a defeat. The play at the start of the contest was close enough for anyone. Louisburg was playing a slow game to start with and for sometime held the Jayvees to a close score. With the score 7 to 6 in Carolina favor, the house soon fell in and Carolina was never behind from that point on.

Louisburg showed promise of becoming a good team later on in the season and who knows but that they yet may prove to be a giant killer to one of the more important teams before the year is over. Don't get the wrong idea: that COLUMNS expects Louisburg to defeat the Carolina Jayvees this year. That victory may come sometime but not this year, Jackson. COLUMNS was thinking of—You guessed it! Our old friends from the teachers' training camp—E. C. T. C. Oh, well, it's a nice dream anyway.

Try Harder This Semester

Well, did you pass those exams? Good! Passing examinations and courses means finishing another cycle of education. For the juniors, it means one period of eighteen weeks' hard work finished—in other words, their first semester. For the seniors, it means the last semester in sight.

Much hard work lies ahead for every student. Don't fall down! Some of you made good grades; some made poor ones. If you did not make what you expected last semester, don't be discouraged. Try again. For success there is only one formula—hard work. We students have come to college with some goal in mind. It may be that the purpose is to be a business man, an engineer, a secretary, a minister, or a lawyer. Whatever the goal is, we came here to prepare ourselves in order to reach that goal. To do so, we must use the only formula for success. The formula of hard work.

Come on students! Let's use that formula and make our scholastic averages rise to an all-time high!

Expression of Sympathy

COLUMNS wishes to express its thought for Mr. Dan Bowers on the recent loss of his father. Mr. Bowers has been with us only a short time, but in this time he has made a host of friends. To suffer is not always to suffer alone, and sincere sympathy is here offered.

New Course For Students

During the past several weeks many strange things have taken place on the campus here at Louisburg as students have enjoyed ol' man weather in all his glory. The strangest yet seems to be the new course open for all students interested in becoming future cooks for America.

This course in cooking was started several Sundays ago when the regular kitchen help was snowbound and unable to report for duty. The emergency was met, however: a group of former Army personnel invaded the Louisburg kitchen and proceeded to prepare a very fine and enjoyable dinner. A former Navy cook was at the stove, and the Army-and-Navy crew coordinated efforts effectively. In the matter of only a few hours, the students of the college were well fed; and the course in cooking was completed.

All who helped in this emergency were awarded the honorary degree of C.C.A.N.D. B.W. This is probably the quickest anyone has ever earned a degree at Louisburg.

The dieticians expressed thanks, and for them and for all thanks are expressed to those students who gave their time and effort for this cause (course) and a job well done.

Get That New Look Today

There are a few students here in Louisburg that never know what is going on or where it is going on. Located about the buildings in several easy-to-see places are what are commonly known as bulletin boards. COLUMNS realizes that the Louisburg Theater has far better programs than the college bulletin board; however, COLUMNS doubts whether the theater will mean as much to your college career as that seemingly insignificant bulletin board.

Decide today to get that NEW LOOK and be informed as to what is taking place here in Louisburg. Decide today to look at least once every two months at the bulletin board so that you will know whether it should be moved, or so that you may tell the family what occurred here several weeks ago. It may be too much to ask of a KNOW-ALL Louisburg student to drop by daily and glance at the bulletins; but these few words are only to remind you that, if your poor, tired brains at one time or another should go blank—you may refresh yourself by getting that NEW LOOK.

In passing, COLUMNS would like to express its appreciation of all the fine art work that at one time or another makes its way to one of the bulletins—the art class has certainly missed the boat—the better talent of Louisburg does not attend art classes.

Rolling Stone

EXCHANGE COLUMN

The danger isn't in doubting your belief; it is in believing your doubt.—CREEK PEBBLES, Campbell College.

It is often more profitable to miss a train than to miss an opportunity.—THE YOUNG PEOPLES' FRIEND.

Student Interludes

The Invisible Wall

Wherever you turn, there is an invisible wall embracing you, reverently and passionately begging you to accept Him—as your companion and counselor for the remainder of your life. The beauty of God is prevalent in every thing that exists on earth—the majestic mountains, the roaring and violent sea—the sea that can yet be calm: life is that way with us. It can be pleasant or violent—the answer is within our own souls—Either we face it with courage and determination and dignity, or we turn our backs on it and slink away like a dog that has been scolded by its master—If we choose the latter, we have no hopes—if we choose the first, an abundant supply of happiness and eternal enjoyment awaits us. We merely have to avail ourselves of its tender asking.

The Invisible Wall that envelopes us like a cloak is nothing more than God's cloak wrapped around us to protect us from the forces of evil. Yet day by day, minute by minute—yes, even second by second—the forces of evil are at work in some disguise or another.

Now comes the small voice, asking "What are you doing about it? What efforts have you made to prevent another crime? Are you even trying to prevent someone else from leaving the protection of the wall to walk the pathways where are the shadows of evil, constantly on the alert for the unwary and unsuspecting? God only asks us to keep trying in the right direction. Whether we succeed is not the question.) Trying is the answer.

Are we willing to give Him who created us, a chance?

—H. L. Vester, '48.

The Race to Register

It was a beautiful morning in Warrenton, Virginia. The sun was melting the snow away, and the highways were cleared enough to permit a normal amount of traffic. Being in my usual dire financial strait, I was going to hitch-hike from Warrenton to Louisburg and cheat the bus company out of a fare.

I soon caught a ride with a state cop headed for the state patrol headquarters in Richmond. Since I was hitch-hiking, he seemed to think that I must surely be some kind of dangerous criminal; so I was forced to answer what seemed to me like a few thousand questions of variety types.

Finally we arrived in Richmond amidst five or six inches of snow and ice. Amidst the still falling snow, I hastened to the railway bus terminal. Here the ticket agent informed me that all bus connections to Raleigh had been canceled. I phoned the train station. The next train was out at 12:01 p. m. and it was then 11:59 a. m. Two minutes to go! However a cab came to my rescue in my moment of distress, and with the train ten minutes late I managed to get on. After many jerks, jolts, sidetracks, stops, and various other inconveniences, the train finally crept into Henderson.

All that remained was twenty miles of solid ice between me and dear old Louisburg. This minor obstacle was soon overcome, when a traveling magazine salesman from Georgia gave me a ride. By the time I had convinced him that I didn't want to be a magazine salesman on his crew, we were in Louisburg.

Rushing to the college I barely made the registration deadline. My two dollars is still safe.

—Fenner Spivey, '49.

In my opinion the greatest reward for being honest is the personal satisfaction one gets from having others trust him.

—Erwin Johnson, '49.

The price of intellectual honesty is often a low grade, but the intellectually honest student is the one who benefits from his studies. . . . The dishonest student does not always realize the price he will pay for his dishonest acts.

—Anne Jones, '49.

The best instigator for intellectual dishonesty is laziness.

—Dan Campbell, '49.

Holiday Miseries

Never before have I been so much disappointed as I was last week end when I rushed from my last exam and discovered that Friday night's snowfall had stopped all buses out of Louisburg. All week I had looked forward to going home, feeling sure nothing would stop me. Promptly I proceeded to ask people for a ride, but none of them wanted to attempt the drive. When I thought my last hope was gone, I saw a bus pass the college. That was the prettiest thing I had seen since my roommate left me alone. Rushing to the telephone, I called the bus station, and asked whether there was still a bus leaving for Norfolk at 1:40. The answer was "Yes." The bus had left Raleigh, and that was all that mattered at that moment.

About noon several of my friends and I went down to the bus station. Finally 1:40 p. m. came. Yes, 1:40 p. m. had come, but the bus had not. Also 2:00 p. m. came but still no bus. The telephone rang—yes, you guessed it; there would not be a 1:40 p. m. bus.

Anyone can imagine how I felt. My fallen spirits rose again, though, when some one suggested that I might get a ride to Roanoke Rapids. My worries seemed suddenly gone. If I could only get there, I thought I could get home. Soon I was off, with three or four more students just as eager to get home as I was. Reaching Roanoke Rapids I felt better and still better when I was offered a ride to Weldon, four miles closer my longed-for goal. Arriving at the railway station there in Weldon I called home. "Now," I thought, "it will be only about an hour before someone will come"; but I was so wrong: three hours passed and still no one came.

Even having company in my misery didn't relieve the situation for the person waiting with me was just as bored as I. We wore the song "Civilization" out, and we repeated so many sentences that we were both about crazy. We felt that if we ever got out of Weldon we would scream if we ever saw each other again. I knew every crack and corner of that train station. After six long-drawn-out hours, someone came—in a taxi. (We had seen about twelve dozen taxis.) At last I reached home, the most welcome place I had ever seen.

By the way, on my way back to Louisburg, guess where I had to wait about an hour—Roanoke Rapids, just four short miles from Weldon.

—Jane Evans, '49.

Change of Scenery

If I had looked out my window a few weeks ago and then pulled down the shade and left it thus until now, upon raising the shade I'd have thought I were looking out on an entirely different town. The trees which only a few short weeks ago were a mass of green foliage are now giant skeletons. The leaves in groups of only a handful to hundreds at the time have slowly detached themselves from their perch on the twigs and fallen to the ground in thick layers.

Houses which in summer I did not know were in existence are suddenly springing into view—a church spire once hidden from view now is plainly seen through the naked limbs—and several farms three or four miles away now seem so near that one can almost distinguish one from another in the once green, now brown fields of corn and tobacco.

Our campus mascots, the squirrels, who played about the trees so free of care all summer are now enjoying the nuts they stored last fall in preparation for the winter. They weren't caught napping; they'll have plenty of food gathered from the campus pecan and oak trees.

So as season follows season, as green and beautiful summer turned into multi-colored autumn, autumn slipped into winter—but almost before we realize the possibility, Spring will come again!

—James Bailey, '48.

I often wonder whether we thank God for peace on earth though that is what every service man was praying for.—Edwin E. Utley, '48.