

## COLUMNS

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## SCRIPTURE

"Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."

II Timothy 4:16

## Absenteeism

The word absenteeism came into predominant use during World War II when workers frequently indulged in this practice. Absenteeism is gaining an ever increasing foothold in our college. One becomes aware of this fact by noticing the astonishing number of vacant seats during a Saturday class. Sometimes there are as many as half a class room of vacant seats. Football games seem to attract a large percentage of students on Saturday as does going home.

However, there can be no singling out of any particular day where absences are concerned, for the problem confronts us every day. In some cases, there are perfectly legitimate reasons for being absent; but in most cases there are not sufficient grounds to warrant this action.

The new ruling that our school has adapted permits one unexcused absence for each semester hour of credit. This ruling has been adapted for the convenience of the students. It is imperative for every one of us to refrain from abusing this privilege. Attending classes is certainly a good way of keeping grades on a high standard. The reason for our being at college is not to miss all the classes we can, but to attend classes regularly and learn as much as possible while we have such a splendid opportunity.

## Love

Just what is love? Webster says that it is a "tender and passionate affection for one of the opposite sex." Others may have a better description—many have different opinions or ideas. Some say that it is something that hits you hardest when you expect it least. However, it does seem to be very peculiar in that one seemingly in love seems to be very happy most of the time. COLUMNS thinks that everyone should be in love. Now, please don't take us wrong. There are many versions of love, COLUMNS' being that of love for God and fellowman.

This type of love is not the same as that of two young people sitting in a park gazing speechlessly at the big, beautiful moon. No, man's emotions go much deeper into love than that. One who is really in love with God and fellowman realizes a deep sense of devotion—deeper than one could imagine unless he has experienced the deeper sense of love. The lack of this type of love has caused much of the worldly chaos of this day.

If mankind were to gain that emotion of deep love, the great problems and misunderstandings among nations would become as water over the dam—gone and forgotten forever.

## Let's Cheer

Yes, we know this seems to be a strange time to speak on school spirit, but as the old saying goes, "A stitch in time saves nine."

Students may remember that L. C. was not too successful with its basketball team last year. Probably one of the major reasons was that the team was not encouraged enough by the student body. Cheers arose only when the home team led in points. A loyal fan cheers on his team not only when it is ahead, but also when it is behind. In that way, a team realizes that it has backing and will try hard to come out on top. A team greatly needs all the encouragement that can be given. Good players alone cannot win a ball game: they must have the support of the student. Last year's team received only a little of that much-needed backing.

## A Surprise to Remember

The day was Wednesday, November 3, 1948. The rain was quietly falling on the brown apparel of the slumbering oaks; the tall white columns of old Main faded upward into the bleakness of the overcast sky. All nature's realm was calm, unperturbed by the great news that had climaxed an all-night tension for those who listened attentively to their radios in the hope of learning the answer to a vital question—one which was on the minds of more than a billion people the world over.

Suddenly it had come. In a mere three minutes the voice in the loud-speaker made an announcement that plunged Louisburg College and the nation of which it is a part into a mixed atmosphere both of genuine rejoicing and of reluctant concessions. While most students and teachers received the tidings with great joy and satisfaction, certain members of the faculty mechanically walked the halls with a glassy look in their eyes. For, contrary to many national polls, the Democratic Party had won the 1948 elections: Harry S. Truman was to continue in office, as thirty-third President of the United States.

## Auditorium Etiquette

(Excerpts from an editorial by Sara Davis ('42) published in COLUMNS . . . March 13, 1942.)

An artist who once visited Louisburg College made a statement that, though his back was turned to a portion of his audience, he was aware of the inattention of some persons present . . .

Doubtless a person possessing the stage presence of a concert artist would hardly be seriously hampered . . . by even this feeling of not being appreciated. But consider the plight of an amateur in the same position—a fellow student whose poise depends largely upon the response of his audience. However . . . there remains the fact that the several students who gave the performer reason to feel their lack of interest were being rude . . .

Another offense common in almost all audiences is that of rattling programs. Even the most sophisticated audiences are guilty of this offense. One great conductor habitually has his programs printed on silk paper because the sound of programs in motion is disturbing to him. A program, no matter how large, can be handled quietly or, at least, let alone. This consideration is but another point of respect to a performer—and to one's finer self.

Applause . . . is the accepted way of expressing appreciation in this part of the world. When to applaud, however, is a point of etiquette of which a knowledge is necessary. Two errors in particular are common. First, one must not applaud for a sacred selection of any kind. Appreciation of this type is better shown by a hushed silence. The second is . . . clapping between the movements of a single work. Many artists rather expect this response from student audiences, though it is truly a mark of a person untaught in auditorium etiquette and unfamiliar with the form of musical works. To prevent the interruption, some artists are careful to remain in the position of performing with hands upon the instrument, to inform the out-of-place clapper that he is not ready for his applause . . .

Being a good audience is an art, a means of cultured attainment, a mark of real refinement. Auditorium etiquette is important.

## Rolling Stone

(Exchange Column)

It's always easy to support a winning cause (or a winning team), but what about the times when the breaks go bad for the boys? Can they still count on us then? The Tiger, Clemson College.

"As long as a student in our county is deprived of educational advantages that are available to a student of a more prosperous county, then no true equalization of education exists."

The Appalachian, Appalachian State Teachers College "Isms".

Socialism—You have two cows. You give one to your neighbor.

Communism—You have two cows. You give both to the government, and the government gives you part of the milk.

Capitalism—You have two cows. You sell one and buy a bull.

Nazism—You have two cows. The government shoots you, takes the cows.

The Stetson Reporter, Stetson University, Florida ". . . the dictionary gathering dust in the corner of the room . . . is the most objective piece of writing ever done." Scholastic Editor.

The time to write is immediately after getting a story, while all details are still fresh and vivid. The longer the wait the harder to write and the duller the story.—Scholastic Editor.

Good manners are to a good character what a dessert is to a good meal.—Creek Pebbles, Campbell College.

Some people get results; others get consequences. The Martinet, Martin College, Tenn.

Keep your mind alert and flexible, but form opinions when you have obtained a reasonable number of facts and are familiar with conflicting points of view.—Clay Cross, "Straight Thinking," the American Observer.

Can't is a coward who is too lazy to try.  
—Creek Pebbles, Campbell College.

Now, everyone likes to be on the winning side. COLUMNS suggests, if you are normal and want to be on the winning side that you give your team your wholehearted support. Get in there and root with all your heart. Your team will appreciate your support and try harder with good student cheering.

## 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 the following October, the degree of interest manifested in "Ode To Louisburg" has seemed to justify an annual reprinting of the poem.

(NOTE: "Ode To Louisburg" traveled perhaps five thousand miles in the summer of 1943 to reach Louisburg College—traveled from the then disturbing scene of North Africa, which stood in sharp contrast to the quiet of the campus that the poem commemorates. The lines are from a former son of the college to hearts that have been warmed at this altar built of words deep from the heart of the poet.

The war-world scenes close to him at the time of the writing have no echo in the poem.

The writer is now working on his doctorate at the University of Pennsylvania. Through the years, though, his love for his junior-college Alma Mater seems to remain. It is here inscribed by the then soldier alumnus of the class of 1942, whom in 1946 COLUMNS was for the first time privileged to name as the author of "Ode To Louisburg."—Dan MacFarland.)

(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 dream-  
ing—

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 youthful-  
ness,

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 Villon 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,

## Thoughts of a Week End

## Off Campus

When I start thinking about going home for the week end I usually go. Homesickness is a disease of the mind that overcomes one's will power and too often I am subjected to this disease.

After some deep thinking about a week end off campus, my heart leaps with wild anticipation. Often times I lie in bed thinking about the coming day, visualizing familiar scenes of gathered friends. The night soon passes on, and morning comes. When the first rays of sunlight touch my counterpane, I awaken. The contemplated trip has rejuvenated my tired body.

After I sit through one class, partially unconscious, the bell rings and so starts my journey homeward.

A dilapidated bus takes me from Louisburg to Rocky Mount. On the elongated journey many strange characteristics are observed of the people that get on and off the bus. The trip proves to be quite an amusing incident in my travel home.

A change of buses takes place in Rocky Mount. It's quite a change from the Louisburg bus to a Carolina Trailways. From here on the trip will be quite comfortable.

An hour passes; the bus draws near Hamilton, letting me off at the bus stop. A few swift steps bring me to the front gate. From the gate to the front door I just walk on air.—H. M. Peele, '50.

## College Cafeteria

Last summer I worked in our new cafeteria, and I think one part of it belongs to me. Everything that I am in the cafeteria I begin to think of those days when I was working in it. I remember how many hours I spent waxing the floor and painting the walls and the ceiling, but these are pleasant thoughts.

The cafeteria always will be a place of friendship and good relations among the students from different states of the United States and foreign countries.—Orlando Fransi, '49.

Making there a soft brown carpet  
For man to walk upon.  
The birds flew south,  
And the snow came down  
Enclosing all within—  
A little coat of loveliness—  
And then the rains came down.  
Now there was the smell of burn-  
ing 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 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.  
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 Medi-  
terranean

I sang the old refrain;  
"Stand old college, Alma Mater;  
Through the changing years  
abide!"

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