

Ode To Louisburg

(Note: "Ode to Louisburg" is the remembrance and tribute of Dan McFarland, class of 1942, who, in armed service in 1943, wrote the lines out of the then disturbed scenes of North Africa. The author has since graduated at the University of North Carolina, received his Master's degree from the University of Pennsylvania, and completed most of his work on his doctorate from there. He is now teaching social science at Blue Mountain College, Miss.)

(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 col-

umns
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,
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 youth-

fulness,
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
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, Keats, 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 learn-
ing
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,

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!"

The 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!"

Alpha Pi Epsilon To
Admit New Members

Alpha Pi Epsilon, commercial
fraternity, has only two members,
Mary Ruth Clark and Margaret
Lee. The fraternity's faculty ad-

visor is Mrs. Genevieve Perry, who
is also a charter member of the
organization.

New members will be admitted
in January and will be drawn from
the commercial students who av-
erage a certain grade. The small
membership at present is due to
the completion of the commercial
course by numerous one-year stu-
dents.

What's In A Name?
Hilda see egg
Hilda set on egg
Hilda Hatch

Miriam stand back to stove
Miriam get hot
Miriam Turner

Sam hold ounce
Sam hold pound
Sam Holton

Margaret lift chair
Margaret lift bed
Margaret Armstrong

Pearl meets boy
Boy wants kiss
Pearl Grant

Me like Jackie, Joyce
June Tew

Peter itches
Peter scratches
Peter Combs

Spencer rides bicycle
Spencer has wreck
Spencer Wheelless

Leslie go to lake
Leslie hop in boat
Leslie Rowe

Ben went to town
Ben see watch
Ben Price

Willard go for walk
Willard see ditch
Willard Leeper

Ted see grade book
Ted look in grade book
Ted Medlin

Ed see car
Ed get on car
Ed Driver

Ann go to church
Ann get religion
Ann Monk

Who's Who

It is with great pride that we, the COLUMNS staff, pick as the personality of the month to be featured in the "Who's Who" column of this year's first issue of COLUMNS, Thelbert Whitt, of Roxboro.

Thelbert, who is known around the campus by his blond hair and hearty laugh, is very active in numerous organizations at Louisburg College. Being president of the YMCA is a big task, but it is one that Thelbert is handling well. Much of his valuable time is spent planning entertainment projects for the Thursday night Y programs.

Thelbert is make-up manager of the COLUMNS. Last year his valuable work on the newspaper gained him admittance to Beta Phi Gamma; he now holds the office of secretary in this journalism

fraternity.

For his outstanding work in dramatics during his junior year, he was awarded a bid into Delta Psi Omega.

From Thelbert's numerous activities we are amazed at the little time left for him to study and yet make such creditable grades. Though he is a student of the mid-night oil, he seems to be accustomed to hard work, for he is never complaining.

Thelbert, our hats are off to you! You seem to have the knack for traveling life's highway with ease and grace. Your talent for friendship is excelled only by your fine talent for success. Your numerous successes show the real spirit you put forth in any project you undertake. Your numerous friends will testify as to the great part you play in our life here at Louisburg.

Ask Coleman question
Coleman not know
Coleman Askew

Eli at lake
Eli at pond
Eli Atwell

Perry fill tub with water
Perry put apple in tub
Perry Bobbitt

Lucy see friend
Lucy run
Lucy Joyner

Jennette buy corn
Jennette grind corn
Jennette Miller

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