

# WHO'S WHO AT LOUISBURG

**Ed Driver**



**Laura Lynn Horton**



## Ed Driver

Edwin Driver doesn't need a formal introduction to the readers of this paper; he is well-known to every person on the college campus. Personality and the love of life make Ed the likeable person he is.

Ed was born July 8, 1932, in Franklin County. Mr. and Mrs. Grover Driver are his parents, and he has one younger sister. Prior to coming to Louisburg, he attended Bunn High School where he took the part of a leader in all activities. Louisburg College was next in line on his school list, and he entered LC in the fall of 1951, taking up a Liberal Arts course. Ed has been a member of the Glee Club and International Relations Club; he is President of the Men's Student Council and works down town in the afternoons. After finishing his studies here, Ed plans to transfer to State College and study Industrial Arts. To hear him talk, one gets the impression he wants to become a famous scientist. We all are rooting for you, Ed—GOOD LUCK!

## Dean of Men

(Continued from Page 1) terminated to obtain an education.

The following September, 1948, he enrolled at Louisburg College, graduating with a little better than a B average. Only a few short weeks had elapsed before he enrolled in East Carolina Teachers' College at Greenville, N. C. Two years later, our Dean was awarded a B. S. degree and immediately started graduate work leading towards a degree in Master of Arts which is to be received this summer.

He taught part of last year at Chicoal in Pitt County. Mrs. Cowart taught the third grade there the same year.

His Chemistry and Physics teacher, Mr. Pruette, influenced him to enter in the teaching field; although he doesn't know it.

Dean and Mrs. Cowart occupy the same apartment now they did when he was a student here. In case any one is interested in giving him a supper, his favorite foods are barbecue and oysters.

Although this is his first year of teaching here at Louisburg, he has been a great influence to all the students.

We have grown to like him not only as a wonderful teacher and friend, but a great inspirational leader to all here on the campus.

## JOKES

The second floor tenant called the party below and shouted, "If you don't stop playing that blasted saxophone, I'll go crazy!"

"I guess it's too late," came the reply. "I stopped an hour ago."

## TWO BIG DAYS

In our schedule here at Louisburg College, we have set Tuesday and Friday aside for our chapel programs. On Tuesdays we have a religious program, and on Fridays we have different types of programs.

On Tuesday, September 16, 1952, our religious instructor, Mr. McKee, brought us a very good message. He talked to us about daily meditation and devotional reading. This message was a most interesting one; and one which will help us a great deal, if we gather the contents.

Mr. McKee pointed out daily devotional reading was essential in any Christian life. He said that each young person should set aside time each day to read devotional material. All other activities should cease during this time. He asked us to read a Biblical passage each day, think about it for a while, then end with a short prayer. He pointed out that such a quiet time each day could easily mean the difference between the growth and stagnation of one's Christian life.

This message, as I said before was very good and was enjoyed by all. Much can be gained if we abide by this daily devotional reading and meditation.

## Harvey Has Returned

Who is Harvey? Many of the new students may ask this question. Harvey is the college handyman. He has been working for the college a long time. Harvey is friendly and also has proved himself a good worker.

Year before last, however, Harvey met with misfortune. He was cleaning the elevator in the cafeteria with gas and as he moved he fell. The result was very painful. The gas in the stoves had united with the gas Harvey was using. This gas quickly spread over him and burned him severely. He was hospitalized for many months.

This year Harvey is back again. We hope that he will be with us for many more years to come and will continue to be our friend.

## Louisburg Theatre

NOVEMBER 3-4

Ginger Rogers

## We're Not Married

## Laura Horton

Laura Lynn Horton is well known on the Louisburg College Campus for her willingness to help one in need and for her pleasant personality. Laura has many friends in Bunn North Carolina, as well as here in Louisburg.

She has such a quiet manner that one would never know that she is president of the Women's Student Government. Laura's helper on the Council is Betsy Ann Everette.

Primary Education will be Laura's major at East Carolina College. Here, she is a Liberal Arts Student. She enjoys most of her subjects and tackles her work with an open mind.

Let's give Laura a word of congratulations for her achievements this year. We are all pulling for Laura in every ask that she meets. No one deserves recognition anymore than one who can greet anyone with a friendly gesture.

## Warrenton Minister Is Chapel Speaker

We were very fortunate to have as our guest speaker in chapel Tuesday, October 7, Reverend Seymour, Baptist minister, who held revival in the Louisburg Baptist Church.

Rev. Seymour's topic was "Frontiers." He said that the frontiers of tomorrow lie in the spiritual realm. Now we cannot say the frontier is here in any definite area, but it is expanding so rapidly that one cannot find the end; therefore, we must strive to set our goals farther than we can reach.

## What's in a Name

Libby clean  
Libby sweep  
Libby Broome

Gardener sees customer  
Gardener gives haircut  
Gardener Barbour

Patricia go to church  
Patricia get religion  
Patricia Monk

John see friend  
John run  
John Joyner

Ann is slim  
Ann is tall  
Ann Long

Kenneth is smart  
Kenneth is bright  
Kenneth Keene

## Ode to Louisburg

(Continued from Page 1)

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,  
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 youthfulness,  
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 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,  
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 burning 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,

## Franklin-Wright News

Braxton and Pete are pretty popular at the post office, since they receive so many packages!

Louise B., why does the bookstore appeal to you? Are you interested in books or ———?

We hear that Frances H. and Dorothea have been having out-of-town friends call on them. I do not mean girl friends either!

Rodney, you like to make believe, don't you?

Patricia, how do you like Norlina?

Jackie, who is this interest of yours from Cr d or?

Jimmie, who is this local interest of yours? Did Hugh beat your time the night of the Scavenger Hunt?

Bob Kennedy, who is the better dancer; the day student or the boarding student?

Say Frederick R., what kind of a telephone call did you get from Greenville some nights ago?

Who did the "red Chevrolet" carry home the other night?

I bet Bill Massengill knows Wright dormitory telephone number by heart. What about it Bill?

Frederick, how does it feel to be tied to the bed?

Fern, who do you have your eye on? Could it be someone from Warren or Halifax County?

Ellen, you seem to enjoy your Typing classes!

Frederick, why does O'Neal drug store appeal to you?

Jack and Julian, which drug store do you like best?

Tillie, you had better watch out!

Betty T., come on and have a heart! Don't break his heart!

A certain Freshman in Franklin has a crush on Sue Manning.

Cleveland, you seem to enjoy dancing now. Could your partner have anything to do with it?

Bonnie, we hear that you have an interest in Franklin 301; and I don't mean Jimmie either!

R. A., let us in our your secret friendship. What about Wright 114?

Braxton, how do you like Hurdle Mills?

Bill Massengill, whose ring did you say you had?

Betty T., what about Duke?

Stand Old College,  
Stand Old College, strong and great!"

The seagull 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 mediterranean

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

## Louisburg Dry Cleaners

Billy Merritt  
Darwin Evans  
Representatives

## Quality Dry Cleaners

Riley Godly  
Representative

## ROWE CHEVROLET COMPANY

Sales  
Service



General  
Repairs

Louisburg, North Carolina