

"Lige"

Tall, gaunt, angular, awkward! A light blazes in his eyes as he stalks into the Dean's office, asking, "Is this where they take 'em?" "What do you mean?" queried the Dean. "Is this where they take 'em to git eddication?" said he. "Well," smiled the Dean, "this is where the boys and girls enroll at Lincoln Memorial. What's your name?"

"Lige." "Lige! That's no name!" Replied the mountain boy, "All the name I ever knowed was Lige. I've come to git eddication." "But," said the Dean, "we can't take you. We are crowded and there isn't even a place for you to sleep. "Lor', man," flashed Lige, "I didn't come here to sleep. I come to git larnin'. I can sleep in the barn or anywhere. But I must stop here awhile."

So Lige stayed and worked and learned. Days were long and taxing. All life was new. And his heart thrilled. Later leaving the University ^{with} diploma and degree, he is today outstanding in his native community, far-visioned as the horizons which unrolled before him at Lincoln Memorial.

Said Abraham Lincoln:-

Standing by a White House window, he looked longingly away toward Appalachia and said, "These people are loyal and true, General Howard. I know all about them. They are my people. Their tragedy is lack of opportunity. They haven't any better chance than I had. Something must be done. I want you to promise me, General, if you come out of this horror alive - and I pray God you may - that you will provide them educational opportunity." General Howard accepted this impelling commission. And Lincoln Memorial University was born to service.