

THE LEXINGTON SPIRIT

The Lexington-Salisbury game may have revealed some defects in football playing, but the outstanding defect was not in the game but on the sidelines. Lexington High School boys pulled their usual stunt, that is, showed absolutely no interest in the game as far as "pep" was concerned. For several years the girls of Lexington Hi. have taken the lead in cheering. The boys seem to take the games in a matter of fact way, if we win all right, but if it is going to cost any effort on our part then let the game go.

This attitude was demonstrated at the Salisbury game. The boys went over to that city hoping our team would win, but not expecting to put out one thing toward gaining the victory. While the girls were just opposite. They were willing to do all in their power to help support the team. This attitude of the boys is not appreciated by the team or those who provide for foot-ball in Lexington Hi.

In the first quarter of the game while the ball was in the shadow of Salisbury's goal, enthusiasm ran high on the Lexington sideline but when the gridiron squad, your representatives, were hard pressed, pep vanished so far as the boys were concerned. When the game was over every one began to recite, "I told you so," "I knew they would beat us." It was a fact they had beaten us, but through no fault of those who had sacrificed time, money, and labor to make Lexington High School known in football. After all the score was not bad compared with the poor spirit shown by you lollipop, jelly-bean, asphalt sailor boys who have a yellow streak where there ought to be a backbone. Who will not even stand by those that defended your school, much less go out and try to better the team by your work.

Lack of pep is a contagious characteristic. Especially in an athletic contest, it shows itself so plainly that it disgusts the athletes who are weakening, while it acts as a stimulant to your opponents. Such was the case at Salisbury. When the team needed encouragement most Lexington boys absolutely deserted them, while Salisbury was cheering her men to victory, we were defeating ourselves.

The team put up a splendid fight.

Even in the losing moments, they struggled with all the fight that had been drilled into them during the three long months of sacrificing practice. Although only an occasional yell informed them that a few supporters remained faithful, showing all the more plainly that Lexington boys were either yellow or unorganized. The team played a marvelous game under the circumstances. Buford Miller, one of Lexington's best men was out. Salisbury team had more weight than our team and this fact proved to be of great advantage. The team did their best, the real failure was on the side line.

Every student of Lexington High School has his or her part to play in each game, as well as the men in uniform, and in part as important. Why not get out of the old idea that the team doesn't need our support? Let us back up our squad like the students of other schools back up theirs. The schedule calls for four more games before the Championship series. We battle Burlington next Friday. Let all the boys who appreciate our team be on the field in big numbers. Let's redeem ourselves with the team, and show the men who do the fighting that the boys of L. H. S. do amount to more than a crowd of disinterested spectators.

HOW I LOVE IT

Every night when I go to bed,
I put Cicero under my head.
And there let him rest,
While I dream of the golden west.

Every morning when I arise
Great Cicero meets my sleepy eyes.
When down the stairs to breakfast
I go,
Behind me follows Cicero.

Then when I start to school,
Cicero follows, he's no fool.
For 45 minutes Cicero reigns,
While zero falls beside our names.

And every day when school is done,
Cicero deprives me of my fun,
Of all my lessons I'd love to forget,
It is Cicero, you may bet.

Cloyd—"I will love you forever."
Louise—"Midnight's as late as I can sit up!"

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