

THE LEXHIPEP

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LEXINGTON, N. C., MAY 28, 1925

Work has been begun on the Senior Issue of the Lexhipep. At first hopes were entertained of being able to publish a magazine copy similar to an annual, containing pictures, etc., but lack of funds has made this impossible. However, the last issue will be published entirely by the Senior Class, and will contain the class history, prophesy, poem, statistics, and a brief account of achievements of each member, with possibly a group picture of the class. Watch for this; it will be out soon.

As the close of school approaches, we are again brought face to face with examinations. This time the final records will be made, and those who pass will go happily onward to the next class, and at length reach the goal of graduation; while those who fail will be destined to go over again the work on which they have spent a year's time, or as will be the case of many who fail, drop out and be branded a failure and a quitter. Is it not, then worth while to study? Everyone prefers success to failure, and fairness to dishonesty. Although it is better to fail honestly than to pass by cheating, the student who does his work honestly all through the year and takes his examinations hon-

estly, is not likely to fail, while the whole thing is a matter of chance with the cheater.

LEX-O-LIGHTS

Mr. Hunt says the "second period Seniors" are the chewing guminist crowd he's ever seen. Forceful language.

Seniors are expected to swallow everything teachers tell them, yet one day a teacher describes Burns as a robust country lad, and the next, another one compares him to the "Hunchback of Notre Dame". We are to be pitied.

Wood Dorsett quickly picks up a strange dialect.

If the Juniors expected real competition in the recent baseball game, they certainly had good opinions of the ability of the Seniors.

We now understand why Mr. Hunt gives us so many themes to write—he enjoys writing them himself and judges us accordingly.

'Tis too bad the editor of the B. S. columns fountain of expostulations remains dried up.

It's a good thing the "understudies" of some members of the staff are more active than the members themselves.

TIME-TU-LAF

Clifton—"How do you keep milk from getting sour 'way out there in the desert'?"

Varner—"We leave it in the cow".

Eliz. Hackney—"I wrote a song about you; it's called 'Don't say nay'".

Ham—"Where did you write it—in a livery stable"?

Weldon—"Where were you last night"?

Crawford—"It's a lie!"

Crawford—"Will you love me

when I grow old and ugly?"

Dot O.—"Dearest, you may grow older but you will never grow uglier".

Father—"Do you think silk stockings are necessary?"

Mary Lil—"Certainly, up to a certain point."

Cornelia—"Can you sing a solo?"

Joe—"No, I can't Duet".

Wood—"You look like Helen Brown"

Eliz.—Thank you; I look even worse in white".

Roscoe—"I have a new name for my girl, I call her Post Script."

Bob—"Why?"

Roscoe—"Her name is Adeline".

Contrib.—"What's the matter with the jokes I sent you?"

Editor—"Well some of them I've seen before. The rest I haven't seen yet".

Mrs. Smith.—"Did you sweep behind the door?"

Va.—"Yes, nearly everything".

Mr. Estes—"Why haven't you your lesson?"

Mary Lil—"I couldn't study; the lights were out".

Mr. Estes—"Why didn't you turn them on and send him home".

Bob—"Give me a cigarette, old man; cigarette smoking is an expensive habit, isn't it?"

Roscoe—"Yes, especially if you have friends who never buy any."

Elizabeth—"I'm going to sell kisses at the charity bazarr tonight. Do you think \$1 each is too much to charge for them?"

Bill—"No people at these affairs expect to pay more than a thing is worth."

JOKES

Charles Parks—"Miss Mann, who wrote Lincoln's Gettysburg address?"

Miss Mann—"You find out; and let me know by tomorrow".

Ardell—"Harold, did you put my book in the water"?

Harold—"Yes, you said it was to dry for you".