

HISTORY

A history? Yes, each class needs to have its history; and yet, time soon makes all history but a memory. Our sojourn in Lexington High School is drawing nearer and nearer to an end. So come, dear classmates! let us turn back the pages for a few moments and review in our minds those short years which stretch behind us, and which someday will be our tenderest, sweetest memories.

In September, 1921, the doors of the Robbins School were flung wide open, and several dozen green and insignificant objects walked in, and took their seats in the Freshmen class. This was started the famous class of 1925. It was indeed a hard journey that year, but these brave few, with tireless spirit, wrestled with their new enemies, Latin, Algebra, and Civics. To these let us attribute the brave determination which later inspired us to our present prosperity and triumph. To the upper classmen, we looked with awe and inspiration, and firmly resolved in our hearts that we would try to be like them. The class was divided into two sections; one led by Frances Thompson, and the other by Herbert Waters.

As Sophomores, we found ourselves sadly lacking in wisdom (sophomores are usually termed thus). Nevertheless, we sustained our wise look, and pushed forward with a continued vigor. It was this year that the historic exodus from the Robbins School was made. We came to a new beautiful High School with such surroundings, exerting our efforts to the utmost, we expanded our minds with knowledge. Dick Walser was president of this class.

The fall of 1923 brought confident and jolly Juniors to L. H. S. Our world was full those days: football games, fierce eraser fights, field day, and the Junior-Senior banquet, the mention of which is sufficient. We were ambitious, however, particularly waiting for a chance to be Seniors.

And that chance came—soon; almost too soon for some of us. Our goal has been reached, and so we stand before you today, a class of fifty. This past year has held much for each of us. Receptions, parties,

LAST WILL

State of North Carolina,
Davidson County,
City of Lexington—Lexington High School:

We, the class of '25, having full possession of all our mental facilities realizing that the close of our sojourn in this our High School is drawing near, and being in possession of certain properties and effects which we desire to dispose of, have drawn up this article.

We, the class of 25, do hereby approve and publish this, the final disposition of the said properties and effects:

ITEM I

To Mr. Cowles:

Our love and devotion and eternal gratitude for his conducting our class safely through many long years.

ITEM II

To Miss Walker:

A deep appreciation and lasting affection to her, who has been our guide and companion during our four High School years.

ITEM III

To Mr. Hunt:

A perfect English class, where silence reigns and knowledge is his right hand man.

ITEM IV

To the Class of '26:

1. Our great dignity and those keen intellectual powers which have been ours so long.

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trips, shows, and these last few remaining days—all have left their mark upon us. Much we owe to our capable officers: Cloyd Philpott, president; Dwight Johnson, vice-president; Frances Thompson, secretary--treasurer; and to our teachers, Miss Lula Walker and Mr. E. C. Huat

Today we are Seniors; tomorrow we stand alone, our school days over, and our Aimer Mater but a tender memory. But away with such thoughts, let us be up and doing.

"The moving finger writes: and having writ moves on: nor all your piety nor wit shall lure it back to cancel half a line, nor all your tears wash out a word of it".

PROPHECY

Lexington, N. C.

June 5, 1935

Dear Miss Lula:

You see I haven't forgotten my promise to write to you ten years from the date of our graduation. I'm going to tell you all about the members of our class. In some you will be disappointed, in others you will be proud.

Mabel and Lucile Cecil are great successes as vaudeville dancers. Their company, known as "Cecil Cuties" was here only a week ago.

We have gotten only two teachers from our class, Madge McCarn, who is now teaching math in Central High School, Charlotte, and Lillian Peacock, who, as you know, is the best Latin teacher North Carolina has ever produced.

Charlotte Shoaf was married about five years ago to Mr. Ima Nutt, and she is now a great society leader in Chicago. Her private secretary is—can you imagine it?—Willie Koonts.

Of course, you remember the Junior Order Orphanage which was built outside of Lexington? Elizabeth Knight is matron of the orphanage and Ellard Zimmerman is superintendent.

Only two have tried to make a name for themselves on the stage, these are Jessie Leonard and Lester Sheets.

I think before many years Gene Young will be known as "Billy Sunday, the second". He is an evangelist and Clifton Conrad goes around with him as his singer.

Did you read in the papers a few years ago about Crawford Beck's disappearance? No one has heard a word from him for five years.

Now comes the greatest shock of all! Florence Swaim is in Korea as a Missionary.

As we had always planned, Beck Walser, Frances Thompson, Mary Lil Walser, Virginia Smith, Stephanie Bragaw and myself are living together in a little six room bungalow, known as "Paradise Lost". All of us are old maids. I suppose that doesn't even surprise you.

I had a nice little talk with Clara