

Voice of the Unknown

SAM HENSDALE, '48
Walkertown High School

In Arlington Cemetery, in Washington, D. C., there stands a tomb of stone, a monument erected in honor of the unknown soldiers who have died on the battlefields of the world; sacrificed to the monster of war. Every day hundreds of people pass this tomb, gaze upon it, and comment upon its architecture and design, and then continue upon their way, unmoved by the spirit in which the tomb was erected, untouched by the tragedy this monument represents.

Still in this time of chaos, there are those who cannot pass it without reflecting upon the cause of its being. These are the ones who, if they had the power of insight and the ability to reconstruct scenes long gone, and words long spoken, would hear, in the brooding stillness of the air, the voice that seems to emanate from the tomb.

If they could hear and understand this voice they would hear the plea of all the unknowns who have given their lives for the elusive quality of peace that the rest of the world cannot seem to retain. The voice seems to plead with those among the living to strive and fight to attain peace and hold on to it. If people could hear it the voice would say:

"People of the world, stop and hear our plea to you. Cease your hurry and bustle for a few moments and attend what we say, and reflect upon it. Surely your hurry is not so great, nor your business so urgent, that you cannot spare a moment or two in reflection. Hear us and heed our words for they are the words of great wisdom, words of time and bitter experience.

"We, those to whom this edifice has been erected, are the ones who have been sacrificed on the altar of war. We were taught to believe that the wars we fought and died in were the only means of attaining a strong and everlasting peace. We believed this and accordingly gave our lives without complaint so that those that came after us would not be forced to struggle as we did, against the forces of oppression.

"Did we succeed? Did we attain our goal in those wars? Does the world have the peace we thought it would have if we died for it? Can honest people live in freedom and pursue their own way of life? These things we

held as more precious than life, are they a reality today? No, they are not. These conditions are the same as they were when the first of us fell before the scythe of war.

"Our beginning is the beginning of time, when the first man fought to throw off the oppression of the wild beasts which surrounded his home and his environment. Since then down through the ages of time our rank have swelled as men continue to fight against those who sought to hold them down to the level of beasts and slaves. In every war, in every battle, those who fought on the side of the good thought that in the end peace would come as a reward to their struggles and always they have been disappointed.

"Now that the last war has ended and our ranks have swelled to an incredible number, there is not one among us, not one, who is satisfied that this life was given for a good cause, because the goal has never been reached. In fact, after this, the last and greatest of all wars for peace, the situation is worse than ever before. Now it seems there is no chance whatsoever for the long coveted peace.

"Certain inventions, such as the atom bomb and the secret of jet propulsion have destroyed the feeling of trust between people. Those boys who died in this last war are even more disappointed that peace has not come from their efforts.

"People of the world, can you not see the need, the urgent, imperative need for a strong peace. Can you not see that unless you do have peace your ultimate end will be destruction of all that you hold right and good? Hear our voice, people of the world, and mend your errant ways. Heed our warning, for ours is the voice of great learning and bitter experiences the voice of the unknown."

The Alice Duer Miller local chapter of Quill and Scroll, International Journalistic Society, which Mrs. Oti M. Hedrick installed in Lexington High School several years ago, is sponsoring a new chapter in Walkertown, N. C. which will be founded in January. The above article is a sample of the literary talent being developed in the school under the guidance of Miss Jennie Mecum, who will sponsor the new chapter.

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From 9:00 'til
Sponsored by the
Student Council
Only 15c and 25c
In The Gym
Be Thar!

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To you all, whether you are big or small. Make it quiet or gay or loud, but have fun like us—we're not proud!!

SUE BILL
MARY ANNE JIMMY

**Merry Christmas
and
Happy New Year**

From
Mrs. Gibson's
Home Room

**Merry Christmas
TO**

Paul, Jack, Don,
Joe, and Melvin

FROM
LIB, BETSY, EVELYN,
PATTY and DOT

**Merry Christmas
To All You "Women"**

"GOLDBRICK" WEBB
"CHUB" KOONTZ

**Merry Christmas
and
Happy New Year**

to
"All good-looking women"
"T. D." "J. L."
"NATHE"

**We "Show" Wish Yo'all a
Merry Christmas**

"Dell" and "Meg"
"Mof" and "Peg"

Best Wishes for a Christmas
thrill are sent to you from

JANE AND BILL

Big and Little
Fat and Small
Merry Christmas
one and all
RALPH AND JAKE

Here's Hoping for a Christmas with
plenty of snow,
So Merry Christmas to all
From "STINKY" and BETTY JO

IO SATURNALIA!
Merry Christmas
LATIN CLUB
to
L. H. S.

FLASH!!!
(Our girl has been disbanded)
Merry Christmas to
everybody else
BILL (Speedy) JOHNSON
JACK (Concelted) SWAIM

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the
Merriest Christmas
Ever!

Merry Christmas and
Happy New Year
To all women—especially
good-looking women
"Nathe," "Wit," "Littlun"

Wishing all of you good-
looking women
A Merry Christmas

JIMMY DILLON
JIMMY PLOTT

We of the G. I. Club of
L.H.S. wish each and every-
one a Merry Christmas and
a Happy New Year.

G. I. CLUB

MERRY CHRISTMAS
To Annetta and "Gerry"
and all other she-males

CHARLIE JACKIE
DICKIE

**First Annual
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