

Life

—Bob Tate

Life may easily be defined as one's existence between birth and death. During this time we are given a chance for an eternal home or for a place which is much warmer than a boiler room.

Many men struggle for life. They struggle for life of power, of riches, of tangible things. They forget about their life of happiness and cheerfulness. They never think of a life which is generous, kind and forgiving.

Men take away this intangible thing called life. Perhaps the reason is selfishness. Yet, many men cling to life and struggle to overcome their difficulties.

Men look upon life from different angles. It is usually the character of a person which determines life. If a character has been neglected, it does not mean much to a person. He cares not whether he has that life or not. On the other hand, if a character has been well trained and is kind and gentle, this character wishes to maintain life and to give it to others that they might have enjoyment.

In the beginning God gave Adam life. Not long afterward he saw that Adam needed someone to share life with him. He gave Adam Eve. These two combined as one, gave life to others. So have men and women shared and given life down through the ages.

Why are we given life? I can tell you why we are given life. God gave us life that we might do his will and his work. Whether we do this or whether we do not, we are supposed to obey Him. When death comes and we stand before the throne of God, our life will be shown to us. We must account for the things we do in this world. The good that we make out of life may be used in the future as a passport to heaven.

Open the Door, Richard!

—Becky Smith

"Open the door, Richard! Richard, why don't you open that door?"

Well, why doesn't Richard open the door? This is probably one of the most debated questions of today and probably one that has caused the most comment. It could very easily be said to apply to any phase of American life, thus causing many sermons, advertisements, and puns to be created because of its versatility. A preacher from Massachusetts, for example, had as his subject one Sunday morning, "Open the Door, Richard." His name, being Richard also, gave him the idea of applying this expression to the phase of work. It also helped him to prove to his people that God was even present in this very modernized world and that He was constantly trying to draw them nearer to Him.

A recent advertisement of Ruppert Beer and Ale showed a man carrying a tray with a bottle of Ruppert on it, saying, as he knocked on a door, "Now will you open the door, Richard?" This ad more or less coincided with the song, since the impression given in the song is that Richard is probably a drunkard himself; so naturally if he opened the door for anything, he should open it for something in a drunkard's world.

On almost any radio program one listens to nowadays, a great play is being made on this one little innocent expression. Red Skelton has frequently used it on his programs, as have Bob Hope and Jack Carson.

With the creation of this one simple sentence, John Q. Public has practically become song conscious over-night; and he has begun to realize the possibilities that could become realities if only several doors were opened. And who knows but that it might be Richard who will open the door and give teachers a great big supplement!

When Mother Has the Bridge Club

—Harold Lanier

"Well, I heard this, but I wasn't supposed to tell it. Mrs. Schnozle has been having secret meetings or dates with that new bachelor, furniture salesman. I wouldn't have thought it of her. Just think, she has twelve kids and a devoted husband!"

"You don't mean it! Why, that's the most awful thing I've heard lately."

Yes, that's the way the conversation goes when mother has the bridge club. Gossip is slung here, and gossip is slung there. All of the women are chewing gum and talking as fast as they can. No one is seriously hurt by their gossip, and the ladies surely do enjoy themselves.

If one lets his eyes fall beneath the table, he will see forty toes wiggling as fast as they can. The ladies simply cannot play bridge, chew gum, and gossip with their shoes on. I have finally come to the conclusion that the movement of the toes accentuates the speed of the lips and loosens the vocal chords.

There are several young teachers in my mother's bridge club. The principal's wife is also in it. You should see those young teachers run for a cigarette the minute the principal's wife leaves. They take a very large draw at first and then give out a sigh of contentment. One really must see this to appreciate it.

When the night's games are about halfway over, the ladies are really wound up. About this time, they get back on the subject of clothes. They go back to where they left off when they first arrived and give each other the once-over.

"Did you see that darling hat Mrs. Catty had on Sunday?"

"Yes, and did you see that last year's rag that Mrs. So Slouchy had on?"

"Wasn't it a rag!"

Yes, when mother has the bridge club, everyone is gone through and through. Can you blame me for going to the most secluded part of the house when mother has the bridge club?

P. S. One of the young teachers just came to me for a cigarette to be smoked in secret.

Spring Fever

—Geraldine Butler

Do you have trouble trying to keep your mind on your work, now that all signs are pointing to spring? Well, almost everyone is troubled by that disease called "spring fever" every year about this time. Only you do not take medicine for this disease.

I suppose that this lazy feeling you get in the spring is just a natural thing. When you see pupils sitting in class, chin in hands, looking out the window, then you know that they have spring fever.

Spring is the season of the year when a young man's fancy is supposed to turn to thoughts of love. This could apply to everyone, because people just feel so good in the spring that they just love everyone. You just cannot help loving everyone and feeling lazy when everything starts turning green.

Spring is also a great time for the ladies to show off their Easter bonnets. A man's comment on this would probably sound like this: "Oh, what hats!" These spring bonnets and spring fashions are just as much a part of spring as anything else, though.

Some day soon you will start feeling lazy and just want to sit around, looking into space. When this happens, do not run right to the doctor to see if you need some vitamin pills; just go ahead and be lazy, because after all, spring only comes once a year.

POETS' CORNER



REMEMBRANCE

—Hilda Phillips

How well do I remember
Tho' the years have past and gone,
I had a little sister
That came to dwell here in our home.

She was a darling sweet child
And well loved by all,
But one day she left us,
When she was very small.

God looked down from Heaven,
He always knows what's best,
And sent his angel for her,
To that bright home of peace and rest.

A vacant place is in our house,
A little voice is still,
We wonder why she left so young,
But we know it was His will.

So if we follow in his steps
And walk his holy way,
We too can go to live with him,
And meet her some sweet day.

RAIN

—Geraldine Butler

Rain, rain,
Pouring rain;
Running, rushing
Down my windowpane.

Rain, rain,
Soothing rain;
Forming little rivers
Like the great Seine.

Rain, rain,
Silver rain;
Like thousands of pebbles
It came.

Rain, rain,
Cheerful rain;
Giving me
A smile again.

Rain, rain,
Wonderful rain;
For giving life,
We're glad you came.

MY DOG

—Johnny McCrary

My dog—
Her name is Queen,
Black fur, brown eyes, sweet ways—
My love for her will never die.
She's mine.

Music

—Enid Ayers

Have you ever been riding on a lonely country road, alone? You are hurrying toward your destination. It is raining and everything is quiet. Click, click goes the windshield wiper. It brings to mind some piece of music. "As the tick, tick, tock of the stately clock—" that is it, Gershwin's "Night and Day." You forget your troubles and listen while the tiny windshield wiper becomes suddenly an orchestra.

There is music everywhere. If only one could stop and listen, one would hear the magical thing, music. When the wind is blowing, it brings to mind some concerto or symphony. A waterfall will remind one of "Nutcracker Suite" by Tchaikowsky.

If the music which is played in the show were suddenly taken away, the show would not be very exciting. Some people say that they never hear the music in a snow. In a murder picture, it builds up the suspense. Music in pictures will make you laugh or cry, but still some people do not even hear it. Have you ever watched people during a murder show? They sit on the edge of the seat with their mouths dropped open and their eyes

PEOPLE

—Kathryn Sink

Some people are good,
Some people are bad;
Some people are happy,
Some people are sad.
What kind of person are you?

Some people have friends,
Some people have none;
Some people do not have friends
Because of things they have done.
How many friends do you have?

Some people go to church,
They never miss a Sunday.
Instead of staying home to work,
They do their work on Monday.
Is this the kind of person you are?

PARODY ON TENNYSON'S
"CROSSING THE BAR"

—Edna Sue Shoaf

Sunrise and morning bell,
And one last call for class.
And may there be no one to fail
When we shall try to pass.

If there be one who falls asleep,
Too lazy to take the test;
May he dream of kings and castles
steep.

While we shall do our best.

Midday and dinner bell,
And we start home at last;
May it be that all is well
For everyone had passed.

MY LOVE

—Adela Tuttle

The great big moon up above
Shines down on someone I love.
His eyes are blue and his hair is
brown,
He always smiles; there's never frown,
He has a heart of gold,
And he loves me too, I'm told.
It always makes me very glad
To say to someone, "That's my Dad."

DISASTER

—Johnny McCrary

Tom and John went down the street
To buy a little red scooter.
Tom took a ride,
Went for a slide,
And John held on to the tooter.

popping; little do they know that, if the music were suddenly taken away, they would drop back into their seats and practically go to sleep.

Music does much for people when a person is sad, he can play some music by Beethoven, Tchaikowsky, Greig, or others; and the rhythmic beats of the music will do wonders. It will lift depressed feelings to a happier level. Music will make you notice the beautiful things of life.

Each country in the world has its own music. From the tom-tom drums of darkest Africa to the great symphony orchestras of America and Europe, it is still music. It is the only understandable language that the world has.

NOTE: It is with much pride that I announce that this issue of "THE LEXHIPEP" was put out entirely by the staff with no help whatsoever from the advisor. The content, make-up, proof-reading, all was done by staff members, and my congratulations to a good staff for a good edition.

Mrs. Ottilis M. Hedrick