

THE LEXHIPEP

Published Monthly by the Students of the
Lexington High School, Lexington, North Carolina



1946 - 47 EDITORIAL STAFF

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* Ye new and ye old.

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To the Class of 1947:

Yours is the first senior class to complete twelve full years in the Lexington Schools. This is a distinct honor to your group. May you each strive to set a record of service to your school and community that will be a model for other classes to follow. I shall watch your career with a special interest and pride. We entered Lexington High School together, and I feel that you are in a limited degree "MY CHILDREN". I shall rejoice to see any measure of success and happiness come your way.

No man is big enough, strong enough, or smart enough to make a success of life without giving God a chance to direct his thoughts and activities. It is my sincere hope that each of you will give special attention to the spiritual and religious activities of your community.

"Count that day lost, whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done."

WILLIAM D. PAYNE

*Note: Young is the first male editor since 1939.

Would You?

—Mary McLendon

George Clark sighed happily as he settled back into his big, comfortable easy chair. He reached for his pipe on the table beside him; and in one quick, practiced gesture he had it lighted and into his mouth. Baby Isadore cooed softly in the next room. He could hear his wife, Sally, in the kitchen making preparations for supper. Buster, the wire-haired terrier, who had been routed, from his favorite nestling place, chewed playfully on the evening paper lying on the floor by the chair.

A sudden rapping came at the front door, which stood wide open, letting the last rays of the warm summer sun into the living room. George snuggled down into his chair, which was hidden from the view of anyone at the door, hoping to drive away the intruder of his reverie. Then, as the rapping came almost incessantly, he got up with the quick vitality of youth and sprang to the door. There stood Jenkins, covered with the black dust denoting his trade, who should just be finishing his shift at the time. "Mr. Clark," he spurted out rapidly, "part of the mine has caved in. Five of 'em are still in there."

Jenkins' face was pale a ghastly white through the coal dust. The force of his words struck George wholly unprepared, but he gained control of himself and collected the facts from the terrified miner. An accident burying alive five miners had happened at the Clark mine, which George had inherited from his father. These deaths could be prevented if one man would be willing to give up his life to save them.

Some years ago, the salt water slapped rhythmically against the side of the rubber life raft, and the sun shone brilliantly down. Here and there sharks bobbed up in the water. The two men sat arguing with slow words that came from parched lips and throats. It was a case of George Clark, American, vs. Isadore Pinklestein, Jew, also American. The consideration was a quarter of a diluting tablet for salt water, which the two figured would dilute one swallow of water before the water seeped through George's khaki shirt, the water container. The plaintiff was indistinguishable. Isadore, however, presented the stronger case, for he insisted that, since George was married and he was not, anything he could do to prolong George's life, he should and would do; so George drank the water reluctantly. For days the two had battled the Pacific waters together. God was their only hope. Isadore, a Christian Jew, had found God for George, who since his childhood had forgotten Him. Together, the two kept faith.

After the water was drunk, Isadore lasted for only five days more. It is surprising that his strength lasted that long. Death for him was slow and prolonged; but when it came, it brought relief. George uttered a short, broken prayer and rolled the light body over the side of the raft into the ocean. It was a clean death, a death in an ocean that gives no witness of life.

George lived on in his new-found strength from his new-found faith. In two days a plane flew over the raft, but George was too weak to attempt signaling. Miraculously, the crew of the plane sighted him; and the giant aircraft slowly circled and landed on the water to rescue him. His prayers had been answered. He had been saved by God, who owed him nothing.

George looked at his wife, who now stood in the doorway of the kitchen. He knew that she had heard and would understand that this was his duty as she had understood when he said that they must name the baby Isadore, even though people were always commenting that it was strange to give one's baby a Jewish name. "Yes," George reflected, "I have reaped more than I have sown." George picked up his hat, and the screen door slammed behind him.

FAREWELL TO SENIORS

It has been a profound pleasure for me to be associated with the splendid young ladies and gentlemen of the Class of 1947. To you, the first twelfth grade graduates of Lexington High, I say, "Congratulations."

You have worked hard, have denied yourselves, and have proved that you have ambition and determination to overcome obstacles. All of us rejoice with you in the honor that comes to you at this time of your graduation.

Remember, Seniors, that many factors have been involved in making it possible for you to attain the pleasure of this hour. You have done well your part. Your parents, also, have been an important factor. It has cost them much in worry, in interest, in sacrifice, and in money to see that you remained in school; and they feel a just pride in your accomplishments. The City of Lexington, Davidson County, and the State of North Carolina have all made an investment in you, and I feel sure that your future lives will prove that this investment has been a wise one.

Graduation from the twelfth grade places you in a very selected group. The majority of boys and girls of your ages have not attained this record. We are counting on each of you to push on and push upward so that the halo of your accomplishments in the future will reflect an afterglow to crown you, your parents, your city, county, and state with a radiant wreath of honor.

Your friend,
L. E. ANDREWS, Superintendent

Hero's Return

—Adele Tuttle

Editor's Note: Each year the O'Henry Book Club of this city offers a prize for the best short story, the contest open to all juniors and seniors of Lexington High School. "Hero's Return" is the winning story, written by Adele Tuttle, of the graduating class. Miss Tuttle is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. G. Tuttle, 114 West Sixth Avenue.

Looking up her main street, you would think that it was like another summer's day in Cassville. It wasn't, though, for Cassville's war hero, Tip Reed, was coming home. Tip, Alexander Parks Reed to the army, had been in the service for four years. In that time he had won himself a Congressional Medal of Honor, a Purple Heart, a Distinguished Service Cross, and an Infantryman's Badge. Yes, Tip was a hero! Hadn't he singlehandedly blown up a Jap ammunition dump? Hadn't he rescued a wounded buddy under enemy fire? Hadn't Tip risked his life many, many times so that his country could have freedom? You couldn't deny that he

was a real hero to the folks back home.

Cassville had been planning for Tip's homecoming ever since his mother got word that he would be home in three weeks. The mayor had a big Welcome Home speech ready, the high school band had practiced three hours every day, the Girl Scouts and Boy Scouts had made signs, the Ladies' Aid Society had fixed up a big banquet for him, and Men's Club had got together a program of local talent to entertain him. Everyone was getting ready for Tip Reed Day. That is, everyone except Dee Parnell, old Doctor Parnell's young daughter.

Dee had been in the Navy as a nurse for two years. She had seen lots of men like Tip, so Tip was no hero to her any more than the rest were. Ex-Navy Nurse Parnell was going to spend a nice, quiet day at home in the cool shade instead of standing under a sweltering sun gapping at a hero of the army.

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