

Senior Class History

It was in September, 1942, in the midst of the turmoil and strife of the new World War II that we, the seniors of the Class of '47, embarked upon a new and important phase of our lives—a high school career. As was customary for the new eighth grade, we were looked down upon by the upperclassmen. We soon got used to this, along with changing classes, five periods a day, and lockers. After several weeks we became familiar with many other high school activities and practices, and gave honors to Dickie Jones, Mary Sue Thomason, Peggy Jean Thomason, and Sue Hooper by electing them to lead us as president, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer, respectively. Before the summer vacation came we had thoroughly familiarized ourselves with high school and begun looking forward to our next year at Lexington High School.

Our real freshman year began when we entered the ninth grade. During this year much progress was made by all of us under the capable leadership of Ruth Jones, president, Sarah Hartley, vice-president, Peggy Jean Thomason, secretary, and Bob Peeler, treasurer. Our activities this year became a little more advanced as we began attending most of the dances and joining some of the clubs.

The summer between the ninth and tenth grades passed very rapidly, because we knew that this year held honors in store for some of us. There were initiations and induction ceremonies as we began taking hold of the reins with which we were to guide many of the school activities for the next two years. We were most fortunate in having Miss Frances Walser for a second year of English, and we were all glad. Although we were truly sophomores this year, we were considered juniors by the Senior Class, because they were eagerly awaiting the much anticipated Junior-Senior Banquet. Of course, we had to have money for this, so we took over the concessions stand at the football games, and then we presented "He Couldn't Marry Five," our Junior Class play. Things went well, and in May, 1945, we gave the Seniors one of the most elaborate and colorful banquets ever known at Lexington High School. It turned out a big success because of the unlimited cooperation given by the members of the class to our class officers, Bob Peeler, president, Dickie Jones, vice-president, and Jackie Trexler, secretary-treasurer. A very successful year for us ended with the graduation exercises in which some of the members of our class played a prominent part as marshals.

As World War II progressed, so we made progress in our school work as we began our eleventh and real junior year. We chose the following officers to see us through the year: Mary Sue Thomason, president, Enid Ayers, vice-president, Adele Tuttle, secretary, and Hubert Olive, treasurer. Several induction ceremonies and initiations brought many more of us into the many high school clubs, adding to our extra-curricular activities. The highlight of the year which replaced the annual Junior-Senior Banquet was the Etiquette Club Prom which was for all the high school students. This year came to an end without a graduating class for the first time in the history of the school. Most of us were glad that we had come into high school just in time to be the first class to graduate from the twelfth grade, so we left for the summer vacation waiting eagerly for September, 1946, when we were to become "dignified Seniors".

The war ended a short time before we began our Senior year—our last year in Lexington High School. We got things in full swing by getting Mrs. Ottis M. Hedrick for English again and for our Senior Class advisor. Things happened fast. We had many G.I. students in our class, and late in the first semester, one of these G.I.'s became the father of a young son which was immediately adopted as the 1947 Class baby. This was a rather strange occurrence for a high school Senior Class, but we were proud, so we gave the baby a shower. Many useful gifts were given by the individual class members, while the class as a whole started a college fund for the baby. Plans for our Senior Class activities were mapped out by our capable Senior Class officers, Bob Peeler, president, Paul Williams, vice-president, Peggy Jean Thomason, secretary, and Stanford Tate, treasurer.

As we prepare to leave high school, we realize that we know only partially all that there is to know, but we are aware of the fact that the "youth of today are the leaders of tomorrow." With every endeavor to make good in the fast-moving world of tomorrow,

"We fight and die, but our hopes beat high,
In spite of the toil and tears,
For we catch the gleam of our vanished dream
Down the path of the untrod years."

—"The Untrod Years," Wilma Kate McFarland
JAKE CROSS, Senior Class Historian

HERO'S RETURN

(Continued from page two)

By two o'clock in the afternoon, a crowd of almost a thousand (Cassville's entire population save Dee) had gathered at the depot. The band was poised and patiently waiting for the 5:05 due in from Omaha! The mayor was nervously mopping his wet brow, and Mrs. Reed, Tip's mother, was trying to look calm while tearing her lace handkerchief to shreds. The crowd of Cassville's citizens drew nearer as the engine of the train came into sight. Slowly the train stopped before the welcoming crowd. Jess Haggerty got off the mail car with the mail, and then the train started on its journey again with a great chug!

After the crowd realized that their hero did not get off, there was a slight pause, then murmuring. What had happened to Tip?

Tip Reed, after his mother had written him of the big celebration in store for him, decided to get off the train just outside of Cassville. Walking into town, he passed Mulberry Street. Going from Mulberry, he turned left at Oak Street and continued on his way. That was when

he saw Dee Parnell. Dee was under a big oak tree looking at a magazine. Tip went up the walk to the Doc's house to investigate why this young lady had not been at the station to welcome him home.

"Hello." That, Tip thought, was a very nice beginning.

"Hi!" came a pleasing reply from a pleasing-looking young woman.

"Why aren't you at the big celebration?" No need to beat around the bush with this girl. She had a straight, clean, forward look.

"I don't care for heroes who cash in on their great deeds. Why aren't you up there?" came the answer and question.

Tip decided to tell the truth. "Because I don't care for heroes either—I don't see why people have to make such a fuss over a guy who did his part. Do you know this Tip Reed they are going on over?"

Dee shook her red hair. "Uh-huh! I was away in boarding school and then I studied nursing. or the past two years I've been pretty busy. Too busy to come home. Just like you were, I guess. But Dad wrote me a lots about Lieutenant Reed. It seems

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Last Will and Testament

We, the Senior Class of 1947, being known as the "Flaming '40's", and of sound mind and good health, do hereby declare this to be our last will and testament to be executed in the following order:

Article I. To the Faculty.

Item I. To Miss Walser we leave another closet in hopes that she may have plenty of room to handle everything for everybody.

Item II. To Mr. Crocker we leave hopes for an eager and prosperous band and glee club.

Item III. To Coach Maus and Coach Gaddy we leave the South Piedmont Conference Championship Football Team.

Item IV. To Mrs. Hedrick we leave hopes that she will inherit a class that loves her as much as we do.

Item V. To Mr. Glistrap we leave the admiration of all his students, and regrets that we did not have him for a teacher.

Article II. To the Classes.

Item I. To the classes as a whole we leave our empty seats, examinations, studies, good times, and all our love for L.H.S.

Article III. To Individuals.

Item I. Chub Wilson leaves to Zacky Taylor his good looks, and his football spirit to Benny Walser.

Item II. "Pockets" Brown leaves his curly hair to Johnny Raker if he will keep the sideburns curled.

Item III. Gladys Story leaves her pretty red locks to anyone who can control the temper that goes with them.

Item IV. Bill Hedrick leaves to T. D. Stokes what "Trot" Allen left to him from "Mouse" Welborn that started with "Dirty" Everhart.

Item V. Jimmy Blue Sowers, Ruth Jones, Maxine and Christine Koontz, Evelyn McDade, Betty Mae York, and Eva Jarvis leave to all engaged girls the record, "I Wish I Was Single Again."

Item VI. Sue Hooper leaves Bill Eanes. (period)

Item VII. Jack Swaim leaves his "conceitedness" to anyone who can have it and not know it and still be liked.

Item VIII. Bill Johnson leaves his high-scoring in basketball to Harold Carter.

Item IX. Joe "Sinatra" Ayers leaves his voice to Robert Mims.

Item X. Woody McKay leaves his baggy pants to anyone who has a pair of suspenders to keep them up.

Item XI. Adele Tuttle leaves her dancing ability to Marlene Peeler.

Item XII. Ralph Musgrave leaves his air of importance to "Hardrock."

Item XIII. Sally Griffin bequeathes her dimples to Mozelle Perrell.

Item XIV. Mary Frances Clodfelter leaves her beautiful tresses to Jane Shoaf.

Item XV. Evelyn McDade leaves her cuteness to Joanne Koontz, and her freckles to be added to Doug Gosnell's collection.

Item XVI. Tinker "Brilliant" Williams leaves his straight A report cards to Martha Cox.

Item XVII. Jack Albert leaves his good looking clothes to Bill Cook.

Item XVIII. Peggy Jean Thomason leaves her dependability to Mary Ann Hartzog.

Item XIX. Hubert Olive leaves his vote of being best-all-around to Bill Blalock.

Item XX. Mary Eleanor Gray leaves her art ability to Agnes Wilson.

Item XXI. Mary Anne Hunt leaves her wide belts to Barbara Richie and her popularity to Martha Harbinson.

Item XXII. Mary McLendon leaves her brother John to anyone who can find him.

Item XXIII. "Tank" Simmerson leaves her title to anyone who is big enough to take the job.

In this testimony whereof, we, the testators aforesaid hereunto subscribe our names and affix our seals this the thirty-first day of January in the year of our Lord, one thousand, nine hundred and forty-seven.

BETTY JO EVERHART, Testator

Witnesses:

President, Bob Peeler

Advisor, Mrs. Ottis M. Hedrick

Principal, Mr. W. D. Payne