

THE LEXHIPEP

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



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SERIOUS THOUGHTS

"... the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul."—I Samuel XVIII:1.

"For how many things, which for our own sake we should never do, do we perform for the sake of our friends."—"De Amicitia" XVI.

LEXINGTON'S NUMBER ONE NEED

—Doug Craver

Everyone has at one time or another seen or heard the slogan "North Carolina's No. 1 Need—Good Health." But there is a need that comes a little closer home to us, and that is Lexington's No. 1 Need—A Y.M.C.A.

The lack of this valuable establishment is keeping away from our town people who would make fine citizens. I have talked to businessmen from neighboring towns, and many have expressed the desire to move to Lexington but hesitate because of lack of recreation.

Not only is the absence of a Y.M.C.A. keeping people away, but it is ruining the moral and physical health of the people who do live here. For outside of movies and a few school activities and civic meetings, there is nothing for the citizens to do; consequently, we find them on the streets, in pool rooms, and in drug stores. Our elders and city officials wonder at the increase in crime—huh!

Starting somewhere in the near future, the largest percent of the city's athletes and leading citizens will come from the Erlanger section, all products of the Erlanger "Y". For while the children of the central part of the city are playing around, these boys are being taught to play basketball and other sports in the "Y"; not only is this building strong bodies, but it is developing teamwork and cooperation—two large ingredients of citizenship.

Not only the young but the old benefit from such a place, for it affords a place for them to gather, talk, play cards, checkers, and other games, and most of all enjoy the fellowship of one another. Thus they learn to know and respect their neighbors.

I think that the coaches will back me in saying that there are hundreds of boys in gym classes and on the athletic field who have the will and determination to take part in sports, but do not have the strong, healthy bodies that are vital. They are innocent victims of circumstances, for the blame does not lie upon them but upon the shoulders of the citizens of Lexington who have failed miserably in their duty to safeguard the health of the city.

You got in the fight against polio by backing the "March of Dimes;" you got in the fight against cancer by joining the "Damon Runyon" cancer drive; you got in the fight against T. B. by backing the "Christmas Seal" drive; now let's get in the fight for Lexington and ourselves by backing the Y.M.C.A. program.

Mr. & Miss L.H.S.

By "Berta" Bafford



MARY ANN HARTZOG and HEWEY CLODFELTER

Mary Ann Hartzog and Hewey Clodfelter are Mr. and Mrs. L. H. S. this month. They are helping advertise the Y.M.C.A. project. (You readers could help, too.)

Miss Mary Ann Hartzog was voted the girl with the best disposition and the best-all-round in the senior class. She was also the football team's sponsor for the 1947 season. Mary Ann is also one of the prettiest girls in High School.

Gettin' down to facts—Mary Ann likes agreeable people, anything chocolate, being a senior, clothes, everybody, summer, Fords (Raker drives one), Lexington, and high school.

She dislikes people who argue and onions.

Mary Ann wants to go to St. Mary's. Her ambition is to learn to dance well.

Her favorite pastime is knitting. (She just finished "Horn's" argyle socks and he's wearing them??)

Mary Ann's favorite song is "Ave Maria" by Schubert.

Mary Ann is secretary of Quill and Scroll and president of the Honor Society, a member of the Beta Club and Tri-Hi-Y, and she is on the LEXHIPEP staff. (I left the best for last.)

Mr. Hewey Clodfelter is senior class poet and voted the most intellectual boy in the senior class. He is also one of the best artists in school.

Hewey likes ice cream, eating, sleeping, reading, using his imagination to write a story, fishing, and cooking.

His dislikes are WOMEN and bad medicine. (Do they go together?)

Hewey's ambition is to be rich without working hard. (Original idea, isn't it??)

His favorite pastime is camping. (Hewey would make a good Thoreau.)

Hewey's favorite song is "Now is the Hour," and his favorite teacher is Mrs. Hedrick.

Hewey was just selected for the Quill and Scroll on the basis of his good and numerous contributions to the LEXHIPEP and his work as class poet.

L. H. S. wishes Mary Ann and Hewey lots of everything good. They're two fine people.

Snow Reflections

—By Jane Gordon Shoaf

The world lies in silence. Softly from the cold night God's numerous patterns in snowflakes cover the earth. One by one they fall, coming to rest on parts of our world. Noiselessly they form a mystifying white cloak on the steep rooftops, touching the neighboring hills, the church steeples, and spreading over the wide valleys. Great blankets of dazzling white envelope the tiny communities, the big industrial centers, and the lone cloud-swept mountain tops. For once everything seems pure and peaceful.

As I walk in the crisp air of a new fallen snow, I see small children making snowmen, and a little boy trying desperately to stand up on a pair of homemade skis. All looks right with the world. In this kind of pure whiteness the people seem as one happy family—slipping, sliding and laughing. There is no higher class, neither poverty nor wealth. Everyone loves the snow, frozen toes, and bobsleds.

Of course the prettiest and perhaps most welcomed snow is at

Christmas. All of us dream of having a "White Christmas" even though for many there is little chance of such an exciting event. Nevertheless we all hope for the trees and shrubs to be heavy with the soft cotton-like masses of snow.

These humble yet incredulous flakes can be surpassed by nothing in their majestic beauty, for nothing touched by them is clumsy or plain. They completely transform everything in their path into artistic brilliance.

"Lo, what wonders the day hath brought,

Born of the soft and slumbrous snow!
Gradual, silent, slowly wrought;
Even as an artist, thought by thought,
Writes expression on lip and brow.
Hanging garlands the eaves o'erbrim,
Deep drifts smother the paths below;
The elms are shrouded, trunk and limb,
And all the air is dizzy and dim
With a whirl of dancing, dazzling snow."*

*Taken from Elizabeth Akers' Poem, "Snow".