

## Senior Class History

In the fall of 1933 a new group of eager, ambitious freshmen entered Lexington High School. This was our senior class of today. With the thrills of six different classes, men teachers, and lockers all our own, we began our career as high school students. The pride of our "stronger sex" was wounded deeply when we were forced to take six weeks of home economics. In the end it turned out to be most enjoyable with all the biscuits, cocoa, et cetera, that we made and devoured. Some of the boys began their careers by playing junior varsity football and basketball. This valuable experience was the beginning of four long, eventful, thrill-packed years for these young athletes. Our "fairer sex" began to learn how to gossip and giggle like their favorite seniors. We got our first taste of sorrow as our fine football team lost the Conference Championship in a heart-breaking game to Children's Home by a close 25-21 score. In dismay we learned that our hard-earned six units were not to count on the final total for graduation, as the twelfth grade was installed beginning with the class above us. Since no class officers were elected, the homeroom presidents, Bob Hoffman, Bill Blalock, Benny Walser, Bobby Nell Burleson, Peggy Wood, and Buddy Bender, served as class leaders. The strong hand of "freshman" principal W. D. Payne proved invaluable in starting us off on the right path. With one year behind us we adjourned in the spring eager for the next year when we would "officially" be freshmen.

The summer whisked by and we entered upon our second year confident that we could quickly rub off any traces of "green" that might be left. Our boys were first to display their abilities by outshining some of the upper-classmen in making the varsity football and basketball teams. This proved to be one of our roots of greatness. All who struggled through Latin were uncertain about the future of Julius Caesar. We felt very lucky to be able to enjoy the privileges of the Youth Center, the first in the history of the school. Many delightful hours were spent there by members of the class. Happiness mingled with pain came out of our first venture into one of the famed "Put's" gym classes". The year as a whole proved a big success under the very able leadership of Tommy Westmoreland, president; Jim Barger, vice president; Mary Ann Hartzog, secretary; and Paul McCrary, treasurer. We felt more at home as we ended our second year.

After a pleasant summer we returned to our third year and again made history as a part of a student body that was the first in Lexington High School not to turn out a graduating class. Again our boys shone brightly on the various varsity squads, with some of the girls finding honors as majorettes and cheerleaders. Other girls gained many benefits and much pleasure in inaugurating our first Future Homemakers of America Club. Officers for the year were wisely chosen with Hugo Phelps, president; Zacky Taylor, vice president; Bill Blalock, secretary; and Benny Walser, treasurer; and many praises go to Hugo for leading us through a grand year. The Etiquette Club Prom took the place of the Junior-Senior Banquet, and all classes joined in a brilliant school-wide social affair at the Municipal Club.

We passed the summer of 1946 very pleasantly, with many of us having various experiences at the beach. Our class entered into this our fourth and probably our most thrilling year feeling rather important as "second to but one" Juniors. The class as a whole felt proud as different members were elected into the Honor Society, Beta Club, Hi-Y Club, and Quill and Scroll. Those elected found their high school ambitions realized. We made probably the wisest decision of our career as a class by choosing Mr. Theodore Leonard as our adviser. Mr. Leonard proved to be "just wonderful" in helping us with our most important projects—the Junior-Senior Banquet and the Junior Class play. Bob Hendricks, Mozelle Perrell, Martha Cox and Pete Clark were elected as president, vice president, secretary, and treasurer, respectively. These also proved to be wise choices. All worked along with Mr. Leonard to make the Junior-Senior Banquet the most successful and most delightful ever given. Special praises go to Bob Hendricks, who showed his worth as a leader. With everybody helping the Junior Class play, "Life Begins at Sixteen," proved to be just as successful. Thus, all missions completed, we ended our best year thus far with thoughts of being—yes, that's right—"dignified seniors".

The summer was again enjoyable with some few gaining valuable knowledge by attending Girls' and Boys' State. We entered into this our final year conscious of the responsibilities that were soon to befall us. Competent officers were elected with Zacky Taylor, president; Mozelle Perrell, vice president; Audrey Blackburn, secretary; and Bill Palmer, treasurer. With the resignation of our former principal, who had entered school with us, we were given a new principal, Mr. C. E. Wike, to guide us through our most important year. With "Great Expectations" we entered Mrs. Otis Hedrick's English class and were quickly floored by her *Macbeth* contract. Enjoying "senior privileges" and being feted by the Junior class at the Junior-Senior Banquet, we now really felt like the "respected seniors" we were supposed to be. We again made history by taking part in some way or other in our first victorious football "Bowl Game". In this grand finale many seniors played their last football game for L.H.S. Bob Hendricks again proved himself our outstanding leader by heading the most active Student Council of our high school career. Mr. J. L. Gathings' sociology class was something new and very beneficial, and another life-long friend was gained by the class in Mr. Gathings.

Sad, but with everlasting memories, we end our high school days with the comforting thought from Shakespeare that "All's well that ends well," and this great venture had truly ended well.

We now feel sure that we are prepared to enter into this peace-hungry world and do our part to help solve the differences and smooth out the troubles so that the children of succeeding generations may enjoy as wonderful a high school career as we have.

BILL BLALOCK, Class Historian

## Senior Class Prophecy

As I hopped off the rods of a cattle car of the C.O.D.P.D. & Q.R.R., which I later learned belonged to that railroad magot, er—magnet, er—somethin'—anyway, Bob Hendricks, owned the train, and he would have been very happy to have me bum a ride off'n him, if he had known I was traveling (I was on the way north to my summer home in Hoboken), I saw none other than Douglas Craver, the eminent lawyer (he says).

Doug was hunched over a small fire of coal, swiped from Alex Beck's coal fields, and eating a can of tomatoes grown by Amos Fritts, the nationally known truck farmer and canned by the Tommy Westmoreland Canning Company. Westmoreland foods, I knew, could be bought at any A & P (Eunice Auman and Bill Palmer) store.

I asked Doug what he was doing, and he told me that he was at present representing the firm of Penland, Poston, and Price (Wallace, Jim, and Charles), Inc., the financiers, in a fight against the female firm (alliteration) of Wall, Witherspoon, and Weese (Betty Anne, Nancy, and Betty), Inc., likewise financiers, in a fight over the patent for a better mousetrap, invented by Charles Bruce Rothrock, Jr., the industrial genius. I asked Doug how he could practice law by a hobo's campfire.

Without a word he whisked me into a taxi, owned by Don Sink and driven by one of his famous lady drivers, and took me to Tussey Building, built by Bruce Tussey and designed by Hewey Clodfelter, the architect, where he evidently had his offices. We went up to his plush offices, furnished with the latest modern furniture built by the B. & F. Furniture Company, owned by M. T. Brown and Charles Fleming. The walls were decorated by originals, painted by Jane Shoaf, Nancy Waitman, and Barbara Jones, all famous artists by now.

I saw only a few of Doug's many secretaries—Isabel Essick, Theola Jordan, and Joyce Purdee. His chief assistant, Jim Webb, was also in the office.

Jim Russell and Pete Clark, men about town, both nattily dressed in new suits tailor-made by James Everhart and Don Koontz's uptown tailor shop, walked in. Also in the office were the lovely Shirley Richardson and Audrey Blackburn, who are rumored to be about ready to go into a new play, to be produced by James Tate.

I noticed several magazines. On top was a new joke book, jointly written by Buddy Bender and Betsy Sink, with technical advice from Edgar Swing, the humorist. Under it lay a copy of "M'Lady," the monthly fashion mag published by the Mary Allison Martin Publishing Company and edited jointly by Martha Harbinson and Geraldine Yarborough. In glancing through it I saw clothes created by Verona Thomason, Mary Jo Sharpe, Kathryn Roberson, and Sarah Everhart, and modeled by Barbara Shambley, Ramona Taylor, Betty Sue Weaver, and Patsy Leonard—all lovely ladies.

In conversation with Doug, I learned that the eminent medic, Dr. John Foust, shared offices in this very building with Dr. Jimmy Grayson—these men being assisted by the trained nurses, Carolyn Bailey and Dottie Russell. Also in the building was the law firm of Stokes & Stokes. T.D. has become nationally known for his defense of men's rights.

In another building down the street Bill Blalock, the financial genius, holds brokerage offices with Charles Koontz as partner.

Doug and I decided to go to a pro-football game between the Yankees and the Giants. Johnny Newell owns and coaches the Yankees, and Paul McCrary likewise owns and coaches the Giants. On the way to the game, I learned that Benny Walser was head coach at U.N.C. Bob Holmes is head line coach there now, also. Down at dear ole L. H. S. Clayton Gibson and Sam Everhart had played football for so many years that they were made head backfield and line coaches, respectively, of the Jacket powerhouse.

Lyniel Beck and Betty Small have been instrumental in founding a woman's pro-football league, and it is rumored that Martha Cox, Sarah Everhart, and Lillie Byrd are big owners in the million dollar enterprise.

Doug tells me that for some time Joyce Welch and Nancy Sink have been co-deans of women at Vassar. Joan Horton and Ella Rae Hardister are also famous educators by now.

Mozel Perrell, Margie Coggins, Nancy Helmstetler, and Ruth Jenkins are by now famous for both their dramatic art on the stage and their great beauty. Nancy and Nell Haynes are singing in the movies, having succeeded the Andrews Sisters. Grace Hendricks is now a technical expert on the South at S. O. S. Movie Studios (Don Snyder, Foy Owen and John Swicegood).

Jim Barger is now president of Duke University while Ruth Everhart holds a similar post at Converse. Pauline Copley has just invented, in her laboratory, a cure for hiccups.

My eyes grew larger as Doug went on. Ronald Smith is now teaching at West Point. Johnny Bivings owns the largest funeral parlor in the nation, catering only to mass murders and wars, while Jack Burkhart has stopped playing professional basketball and is now coaching.

Doug Gosnell and I. M. Leonard have gone into a cafeteria style used car lot. Hugh Mathis and Johnny Raker are still handsome leading men in Hollywood. Mary Anne Hartzog played opposite Johnny recently in "Long Hair and Drapes"; while Faye Robbins, the toast of Hollywood, starred with Hugh in "Monkey Man Returns". Mary Ella Hathcock and Frances Hall are also character actresses of great renown.

Doug talked on. I learned that Anna Hedrick was the first woman senator from North Carolina. Zack Taylor is now chief justice of the Supreme Court. Lewis Tesh had, through his wide reading, become librarian of Congress. Billie Conrad is now the U. S. ambassador to Brazil.

Roland Swing, the "motor master," now turns out almost all the motor-cycles used the world over. He is well known for his "Roland Roleon". Charles Harbinson is president of the Trans-World airlines, having worked himself up from assistant prop spinner. Wayne Everhart is his chief engineer.

After the game was over and Doug's tale was told, we went back to the freight yards, I to hop the next freight, Doug to his fire and can of tomatoes. Maybe he'll be there when I go back south for the winter next year. I hope so. Maybe 'til then, the other members of the class will be as successful as I am now. Here comes my freight.

TOMMY YOUNG, Prophet