

CLUBLICITY

HONOR SOCIETY MEETS

On Wednesday evening, November 2, the Honor Society met for a business session at the home of Olivia Coggins. New officers were elected as follows: Olivia Coggins, president; Jean Rollins, vice-president; Joanne Koonts, secretary; and "Tubba" Craver, treasurer.

The Honor Society made preparation for a Christmas dance to be held on December 17, but the place has not been decided upon as yet. Further information about the dance will be announced later.

QUILL AND SCROLL

The Quill and Scroll had a supper meeting in the LEXHIPEP room Thursday, November 3, and after the meal an interesting program was given with Juanita Smith, president, presiding. "Scoop" McCrary, an alumnus of L.H.S., who is now sports editor of The Dispatch, gave an informational talk on journalism. Others participating in the program were Jean Rollins, who spoke on the benefits received from a school annual; J. L. Peeler, who spoke on sports writing, telling what rules should not be followed; and Roberta Bafford, who gave an interesting talk on the benefits received from a school paper.

Although a project was discussed the club has not definitely decided just what project will be best to undertake.

F.H.A. HAS MEETINGS

On October 16 the district F.H.A. had an all day rally at Griffith School in Forsyth County. Those attending were Sarah Tussey, president of the club, Jean Temple, Norma Jean Stafford, Jean Tucker, Maxine Russell and Janice Johnson.

The F.H.A. held its regular business meeting on October 27 in the Home Economics room for the purpose of electing new officers for the year. They are as follows: Betty Hunt, songleader; Janet Wilson, parliamentarian; Dorothy Leonard and Kirksey Sink, reporters; and Evelyn Swicegood, historian.

On November 9 the club had a night meeting in the Home Economics department. Jean Temple spoke on the district F.H.A. rally held in Forsyth County. Emily Russell told about the good times six of the members had in June at the White Lake Camp. The new members were initiated in a lovely candlelight service, after which refreshments were served.

LET'S TALK TURKEY

-Harriet Leonard

I'm a turkey, fat and perky,
Nice and sweet, so good to eat.
My head up high, gleam in my eye.
I do my best to look well dressed.
For, all the while, I've been in style
With feathered skirt that sweeps the dirt,
And plumed chapeau that fits just so.
'Less I'm mistook, I've the new look.

What's the use of living? No holiday Thanksgiving.
Woe, oh, woe is me! No turkey do I see.
No pumpkin pie, no football game; I'll surely never be the same.
The Pilgrims never meant that we should stay in school in misery.

SITTING PRETTY

"Whoopee!" I thought when I heard that our pictures were to be taken. "Maybe now I'll be able to get a picture of glamorous me that is worthy of being handed down to posterity."

At last the fatal hour came. My knees shook and my breath came in short pants as I realized the vital importance of this momentous occasion. My number was called, and I stumbled to the photographer. I handed him my card and then fell heavily to the floor in a dead faint.

When I opened my eyes, I was sitting on the chair in front of the camera. The photographer wiggled his moustache at me, whistled a chorus of "Cigareets, Whusky, and Wild, Wild Women," and then came over to pose me properly.

Placing me with my back to the camera, he twisted my head to face the camera. As my face grew purple, my eyes bulged out, and my tongue protruded—then he snapped the picture. "Oh, well, three more chances," I thought confidently.

After placing me to face the camera, the man jerked me around to the left. Then he looked through the lens of the camera. "Oh, dear, no," he muttered. "Sweetie, would you please move your eyebrow just one-half inch to the right? That's it. Now wiggle your ears. You can't? Then wiggle the middle toe on your left foot. Perfect! Hold it, now. Look right at the young man over there in the red bathing suit. Now give us a big grin. Try a little harder. Now, here we go." Click from the camera. Sigh of relief from me.

"Only two more to go, dear," he mumbled through his beard. "O.K.," I growled back. Placing me sidewise to the camera, he pushed my face around to suit him and then twisted my nose in the opposite direction.

"That's a good girl," he cooed sweetly. (Chorus of "Margie" whistled by the photographer between grunts.) "Now squint your eyes. Hold it, now." Period of three minutes follows, then the camera clicks. Feeling very weary and helpless, I hold on to the chair for dear life.

"Now for the last one," he hissed in my ear. Placing me to face the camera, he twisted my head around to the right. "Limber up your tongue," he ordered. "You look as though you have a lump in your mouth. Oh, bubble gum? Spit it out! No, not at me. Just anywhere. There, that's right. Now blow your nose. Here we go." Camera clicks. I faint again and am carried out to my locker (of all places!).

* * * *

November Horrorscope: All those born under the sign of Scorpio, beware of overeating. Stay in school as much as possible, even on holidays. If a turkey bites you, do not hesitate to bite him back., or else bad luck will befall you. This is a bad month for history, so watch out! History usually repeats itself, but the Pilgrims took a holiday and we won't!

ALUMNI

The LEXHIPEP has received the following letter which this columnist thinks good enough to quote verbatim:

COLLEGE LIFE—IT'S WONDERFUL?

—Tommy Young

Yessiree, this life of the campus at Carolina is—well, it's different anyway.

They have a tradition down here at Carolina—no cement sidewalks. Now, tradition is all right in regard to ivy covered dorms of ancient vintage, but when it means walking in mud up to your knees when it rains and in dust up to your Adam's apple when it doesn't, you can take the tradition and throw it to the dogs (of which there are more than quite a few laying around on the assembly stage and in classes. This little lack of decent walks doesn't aid you in the fact that your classes are invariably 3 or 4 blocks apart, either. I also venture to say that a Carolina "gentleman" walks about five miles a day in this tradition (excluding 2 hours of standing in line).

Even after you get to class it's pretty sad—did you ever try to see a blackboard through 20 feet of cigarette smoke? It's the same effect you get walking into a pool room on Saturday night, except the clicking you hear isn't from pool balls—it's the instructor's teeth clashing as he beats his gums on some subject you know nothing and care less about.

Studying is another little point of interest at the Greater University of N. C. The movie up street changes about every other day, giving you something to do several nights a week, but lack of finances or already having seen the picture occasionally forces you to hit the book.

Now don't get me wrong; I never studied in high school—and I heartily recommend such a course of action for anybody who can get away with it, but if you go to college, The Change Will Come. I sometimes spend as much as two hours looking at the print on one page. I say, "looking," because of that two hours, perhaps fifteen minutes are concentration—the rest being taken up with thinking of various folks and things such as parents, friends, "more than friends," and "less than friends."

By the way, gotta rush to chow so's I can hit them texts early enough to get my usual college maximum of four hours sleep per night.

One final note: Honest to goodness, I didn't start out to "expose" college; this preceding stuff just oozed out. Honor council, stay away from my door!

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