



Hewey Clodfelter, a graduate of 1948 is now enjoying a European cruise and expects to visit twenty-nine different ports along the coast of Europe. His destroyer was graded very highly on a recent inspection and was declared to be one of the best manned ever to go through the inspection.

Hewey was an honor student during his school years. He was chosen class poet and the most studious of his class in his senior year. His poem was published not only in the annual but also in the National High School Poetry Association Anthology. Although not a staff member of the school paper, he was asked to join the Quill and Scroll because of his short story and poetic contributions to the LEXHIPEP.

L. H. S. is proud of several of her alumni who have and are making "footprints on the sands of time," and Hewey Clodfelter is definitely among them. L. H. S. is also glad that he left a little sister in his place who is ably filling his shoes in making "footprints," too; and the student body extends best wishes to a swell brother and sister, Hewey and Elizabeth.

### Lexington Trounces Mooresville

On Friday night, November 4, a fighting Mooresville High School team with the determination to beat Lexington scored first on a tricky play which involved a lateral from Griffith to Lloyd who threw a pass to Millsapp in the end zone. The point after was wide, and Mooresville led 6-0.

Soon after, Lexington scored on a pass play from Carter to McCrary, which covered 45 yards. Carter went off tackle for the point, and Lexington went ahead 7-6.

In a few minutes more Carter threw a nice pass to Timberlake, who caught it on the Mooresville 16 and went all the way for a touchdown. The extra point was no good, and Lexington led at the halfway mark 13-6.

In the second half Lexington began to roll. After the kickoff Lexington marched 51 yards to score with Carter going over from the 8 yard line. Richard Smith kicked the point and Lexington was ahead, 20-6.

In the fourth period the Yellow Jackets struck for two more touchdowns.

On a perfect fake Statue of Liberty play, Carter found Timberlake on the five yard line, let him have it, and Timberlake skipped over from there, giving Lexington a 26 to 6 lead.

The final score came when reserve back, Sam McBride, passed to wing-back Glenn Smith in the end zone, and Lexington won 33 to 6.

Harold Carter, Lexington's candidate for All-State, racked up 275 yards on his offensive total to bring it to 1,685, just sixty-five yards short of a mile.

End Sonny Timberlake and reserve back, Sammy McBride, did fine work in the battle.

### Closer To Home

—Hewey Clodfelter, '48

"Lieutenant Dawson reporting, Captain."

"We can dismiss the formality, Jim. Please be seated."

"Thank you, sir."

"How was the trip to Paris?"

"Great, sir. Paris is a beautiful city."

"Yes, it is beautiful. It has been quite a number of years since I've been to Paris, but I shall never forget its beauty."

"Paris is something you can't forget, sir."

"I quite agree with you. Now, let's get down to business. I know it is late, but what I have to say is important. While you were in Paris, I talked to the men about having a Christmas dinner aboard the ship for some of the orphan children here at Neice. A lot of the men wanted leave to spend Christmas in Paris, Antwerp, and Amsterdam. I granted it to most of them and quite a few are spending Christmas with families here in Neice. About fifty men will be aboard Christmas day, and we who are staying decided that it would be more like Christmas if we had some children aboard for Christmas dinner. You have three children of your own, so we feel that you are best suited to take charge of everything. I hope that you'll accept."

"I'll be glad to, sir. We only have a few days left, though."

"I know there is a lot to do in a short time, but we were waiting for you to return. All expenses for the tree, decorations, and presents will be taken from the ship's recreation fund. Food, transportation and recreation are up to you. You know what to do, so you plan the dinner and we'll pitch in and do what we can."

"We'll start tomorrow, Captain. The men will be glad to get the tree and presents. Thank you, sir, for letting me have charge of this."

"You miss Ann and the children more at Christmas, don't you, Jim?"

"I suppose that's only natural, sir."

"I hope this will help keep you from being so homesick."

"It will, sir. It will help the other men, too."

"I'm sure it will, Jim. Well, we'd better turn in. We'll need to get an early start tomorrow."

"Good night, sir."

"Good night, Jim."

Jim worked hard, and the days passed quickly. The day before Christmas Jim was on his way to see Captain Johnson.

"Good evening, Mr. Dawson."

"Hello, Bill. How are the music and games coming along?"

"Everything is ready, sir. By the way, what time will the kids be here tomorrow?"

"Around eleven, I suppose. Bill, tell the men that each man will have charge of a boy or girl tomorrow—that is to show them around and help them with their trays and presents."

"Aye, aye, sir. I'll tell them right away."

As Bill left Captain Johnson approached.

"Good evening, Captain."

"Hello, Jim. How are things going?"

"Everything is ready, sir, except for food. The children will be here at 11 a.m."

The next day the men were gathered in the chow hall waiting for the bus that was bringing the children from the orphanage. Each man checked to be sure that the tree, decorations, and presents were ready.

"It looks great, Jim."

"Thank you, sir. The men did a great job."

"Hey, you guys, the bus is here," someone shouted.

"Bill, when you get topside, take the kids around before coming back down. Only be sure you don't keep them out in the cold too long."

"Yes, sir."

"Excuse me, Captain. I'll go up and welcome Miss Loeman."

"Surely, Jim."

Soon Jim was back.

"Captain, this is Miss Loeman. She is in charge of the children."

"Hello, Miss Loeman," said the Captain.

"How do you do, Captain? It is certainly wonderful of you to invite the children to be with you today."

"We are happy to have them, for it doesn't seem like Christmas without children around."

Bill breezed up to Jim and panted, "We've shown the kids around, Mr. Dawson. Gee, they take to this cold like ducks do to water."

Jim laughed. "That's natural with all kids, Bill."

"We've still some time before dinner, Jim. I believe now is a good time to learn some of the children's names."

As the men and children learned each other's names, the time passed quickly. Questions were asked and answered right and left.

"Dinner is ready, Captain."

"All right, Jim."

"Bill, you and the men help the children and be sure to see that they get enough."

Bill cupped his hands over his mouth and yelled, "Let's go, kids. Time to eat."

As the men took their charges through the chow line, there was laughter and joking. Soon all were seated, their trays piled high with turkey, dressing, sweet potatoes, fruit cake, and big glasses of milk. As the men and children ate and talked, Jim found the emptiness in his heart slowly ebbing away. He knew that each man there was feeling the same way, and so he said a little prayer in his heart for his wife, children, and the ones present. Soon the meal was over and all helped to put away the trays and pushed back the benches for singing and dancing.

Soon voices were raised in the songs of Christmas and the chow hall echoed as they sang song after song. The men's eyes began to fill as the children sang the carols, making them ring as only children can do. The carols over, Bill and some of the men danced, choosing partners from the happy little girls. Then Bill danced alone, and the chow hall was filled with laughter at his foolish antics.

"The time is passing too quickly, Captain. The children have to be back in time to take part in the Christmas services at the orphanage, so they should be back at six o'clock."

"It just seems too early to let them go, but I suppose we will have to."

"I know how you feel. I only wish they could stay longer, myself."

"Well, we can be thankful that we could have them for even a short while. I guess we'd better start giving out the presents."

"Yes, sir." Jim walked over to Bill and said,

"Bill, I hate to stop this, but the children have to leave soon, so we'd better start giving out the presents."

"So soon, sir? It's only five o'clock."

"I'm sorry, Bill, but they have to be back at the orphanage at six."

"Gee, sir, they haven't been here very . . . Well, if we must, we must. We'd like for you and the Captain to give out the presents."

"All right, Bill."

Jim and Captain Johnson went to the Christmas tree and began to call out the names. Each man and his child went to receive the presents. The presents went quickly and soon the rustle and tear of paper drowned all other sounds. Cries of happiness filled the chow hall as dolls, paint books, toy guns, candies, nuts and fruits were uncovered. Jim and the Captain watched happily.

"I wonder, Jim, which are the happier—the men or the children."

"I wouldn't want to say, Captain. The children have their presents, and the men have the children. Each is happy, so I guess it could be termed a very happy crowd."

"Captain."

"Yes, Miss Loeman."

"I don't know what to say, but you have made this the greatest of Christmases for the children. I think you can see their happiness in their faces, though."

"I believe we do, Miss Loeman. The children are happy, yes, but so are the men. The men are homesick for home and these children have helped to fill the ache in their hearts for the loved ones at home. I thank God for this Christmas with them, and pray that it will live in our hearts forever."

"They are so happy that I hate to take them away from the men, but I have to get them back so I will say good-bye now, Captain. Thank you again."

With reluctance, Jim spoke to the men. "I'm sorry, men, but the children have to leave now. Help them with . . ."

"Do they have to leave now, sir?"

"I'm afraid so, Bill, so bundle them up and get topside."

"Yes, sir."

The men looked at one another with heavy hearts. They began to help the children dress. Soon they were climbing the ladder topside and as they gathered around the gangway, the bus that was to take the children back to the orphanage drove up.

"Help them aboard, Bill," said Jim.

"Yes, sir."

"Good-bye, Miss Loeman, and thank you for bringing them."

"Good-bye, Captain and Jim. You have both been wonderful."

Miss Loeman went to the bus and stood looking back with tears in her eyes. The children also were reluctant to go.

"Merry Christmas," called Bill.

"Merry Christmas," echoed the men and children together.

"By, Uncle Bill," called one small voice.

"Good-bye, Janie."

The bus began moving slowly down the empty street and soon only the children's "Merry Christmas" echoed over the ship. All the men looked at one another and there were tears in every pair of eyes.

"It's been a truly wonderful Christmas, Jim."

"Indeed it has, sir. Children make the true Christmas spirit reign anywhere. The men were lonely for home and the children eased their aching hearts. We can all thank God for this Christmas of Christmases."

"Yes, Jim, it has been a wonderful Christmas. I guess nothing will ever take the place in our hearts of a Christmas at home, but there is one thing certain—this Christmas will always have a place in the hearts of every man aboard ship. Truly God was with us today. How else could we possibly have witnessed such wonderful love and companionship otherwise?"

The men stood looking out over the water. Each was thanking the Father for a perfect day—a day which had brought them closer to home than they had thought possible.



. . . and the angels did sing . . . may their blessings descend this Yuletide upon you and yours.

**COACH MAUS' HOMEROOM**