



William Cox Wins Valuable Erlanger Scholarship

This year the Erlanger Memorial Scholarship was won, for the first time, by a local boy, William Cox.

William, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Cox, of 205 Church Street, was among forty young people whose parents are employed at the three Erlanger plants, the Lexington plant, the North Carolina Finishing Company at Yadkin, and the Alexander Manufacturing Company at Forest City, to take the first examination. Twelve were chosen for semi-finals, and then from five, William was chosen as winner.

He will receive \$1,600 for his college course, which he plans to take at State College, beginning in the fall.

Lexington High is very proud of William for his outstanding work in school and wishes him much success in his college course.

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Teachers I Wish I Had Known Better

—Harriet Leonard

This title actually doesn't fit the subject. It really concerns my indebtedness to certain teachers, but I couldn't decide whether to call it "Teachers I Owe Something To," or "Teachers to Whom I Owe Something." However, since you've stuck with me this far, I know you will understand.

These teachers have either pushed me through school, or else have made school interesting enough for me to survive it, which is practically the same thing. If I left any of my teachers out, it is because I haven't had much trouble with them.

Miss Jones was one of my guiding lights during my ninth and tenth grades. I shall never forget those exciting Latin classes when she lined us up in front of the blackboard for the firing squad, and listened as we stumbled through stories about porpoises and the good little girl who died young. (You see, I do remember something.) We also had a lot of fun learning "The Old Gray Mare" in Latin and singing it with such vim and gusto that it might well have been the creed we lived by. And Miss Jones' dramatization of the stories we read, chapter by chapter, were really priceless. Latin wouldn't have been nearly so much fun without Miss Jones.

In the tenth grade I had Miss Manning as a teacher for the first time. I really wasn't too happy about taking algebra, but Miss Manning was so friendly I didn't mind all that homework. (Not much, I didn't.) Then when I had geometry, I realized that algebra weren't nuttin'. Then trig proved that geometry weren't nuttin'. Somewhere in those three years, I learned not to mind asking for help when I couldn't remember two plus two. I really am a little wary about taking math in college without Miss Manning accompanying it.

In the eleventh grade I discovered English all over again, with Mrs. Lewis as the helping hand this time. Maybe I'd better say I discovered what I didn't know about English. I remember how we dreaded making those oral reports at first, but each time we spoke before the class our knees were shaking less rapidly (which isn't saying much). Diagramming sentences was fun, except I never got the prepositional phrases turned around the right way. They looked right to me, but Mrs. Lewis had to stand on her head to make them look right to her. We took up American literature, including Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, "Thanatopsis," and something called The Great Carbuncle (or, as Don Yates says, The Great Barnacle). But I am particularly indebted to her for encouraging me with my writing.

That handsome Mr. Theodore Leonard is another fine eleventh grade teacher. We had history sixth period, and sometimes neither teacher nor pupils were too elated at the prospect of discussing the War of 1812, or the Panama Canal, although we saw them through to the bitter end. But interspersed with American history were exciting plans for "selling" at football games, or the Junior class play, or the Junior-Senior banquet, which was sure to be the best yet. And it was, too, with a great deal of thanks due to Mr. Leonard.

In the eleventh grade I first became aware of the merits of the Noble Language, as spoken by Miss Mary Elizabeth Pugh. Those vocabularies looked as if they would never end, but it was enjoyable to see Miss Pugh improve on the rules the textbook gave.

Miss Newsome has come this year to try to coach Miss Pugh's first year fledglings through French II. She hasn't stepped into Miss Pugh's shoes because Miss Pugh took them with her when she became Mrs. Gildersleeve. But Miss Newsome is making some footsteps of her own this year. It takes a person of strong character, much patience, and a good sense of humor to put up with our class. How about that, Miss Newsome?

I have excluded Mrs. Hedrick, because she already knows very well what I think of her. I'm really tempted to omit this last one, too, except that his feelings are hurt so easily. I'm referring to Mr. Frank Clark, of course.

I hadn't planned to take sociology; in fact, I had signed up for another course and just had it changed before school began. Then I learned who was teaching it, and I almost had it changed back again. But no matter, it's been as hard on him as it has been on me.

Sociology was a grand course, except when Mr. Clark would argue with what the textbook said, and when test-time came, we had a chance of two possible answers: Mr. Clark's or the textbook's. I started off following the book, but I soon learned better.

Economics wasn't nearly so interesting as sociology, but at least we could see in print what our "deer teacher" was talking about. But don't let anybody ever tell you it's a cut-and-dried course; Mr. Clark can think of more angles to a subject, and he doesn't hesitate to bring his pupils into his talking marathon. Do you want to know anything about labor unions? Ask me anything at all. I don't know, either.

Crip course, huh!

And to think, I have survived them all! I now can face the world, unafraid!

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