



NJH-

"LIBRARY CHATTER"

The library assistants met for the first time on Monday, September 18, with the librarian, Miss Jennings. Members that make up this club are: Willis Phillips, Jean Hall, Doris Mills, Peggy Summy, Glenn Smith, Norma Smith, Don Yates, Anne Meacham, Peggy Bailey, Frances Everhart, Barbara Harper, and Ruth Young.

At this meeting we organized a club with Willis Phillips, president; Frances Everhart, secretary; Don Yates, treasurer; and Jean Hall, publicity chairman. The purpose of this club is to create interest among students about the library.

Now let's skip all serious business and look on the brighter side of life. Here are some things that go on in library practically all the time:

As we approach another year of school work we start our age-old habit of talking in library. But isn't it fun? Say, did you hear "Cootie" White laughing so loud the other day? It was just some jokes he was reading from the Saturday Evening Post. He says they just "kill" him.

Those little gossips, Betty Wilkerson and Carolyn Moore, get together in a corner and you should hear some of the things they do talk about!

As usual, I was eavesdropping the other day and I heard Jean Yarbrough telling a friend about that wonderful Jimmy Poston that she now has a terrific crush on.

Why do those eighth graders check out so many books? We wonder.

Peggy Bailey, do you happen to like grasshoppers down your back?

Study hall really can be interesting—especially if a certain someone is in your period study! Most students know what I mean by this remark.

Librarians get asked all sorts of questions. Here are a few examples: Do you have a football player? Where can I find the Egyptian gods? Who wrote Grimm's Fairy Tales? What are birds? Where is a dictionary? . . . Gosh, don't you pity us?

Do you enjoy reading magazines? Just imagine for a moment that you were a magazine residing on the shelf. Would you enjoy being torn apart? Our magazines need special care. Let's give them just that.

Some have made the remark that library work is just too easy—brother, how wrong can you get! You learn the Dewey Decimal system which classifies all kinds of books, dust off all the shelves, tables, and other furniture, check books in and out, answer questions, put newspapers on the rack, and pick up magazines from the floor.

When you hear what sounds like a stampede at the beginning and ending of each period it's just people from study halls coming and going to the library.

Have you read any good books lately that you would recommend to others. And are there some books you think our library should have? Let us know 'cause we want you to be perfectly satisfied with your library—it can be the best in the state if we make it that way.

Calling All Writers!

—Janet Brown

In a school the size of L.H.S., there is bound to be some hidden talent for writing somewhere among the students, and this year, the LEXHIPEP is conducting a campaign to discover our would-be poets, journalists, and dramatists.

A school paper should be representative of the school, and it is hoped that all classes will respond to the request and will hand in a variety of articles for publication. To make it worth your while, the LEXHIPEP is offering one free show pass for each poem, short article, or "Life in L. H. S." that is published in the literary section of this paper. For those who are willing to tear themselves away from their studies long enough to create a "masterpiece," the staff will give absolutely free, no charge whatsoever, honest-Injun (really mean it!) two passes to that great institution of learning, the Carolina Theater. So come on and cooperate; and who knows, you may turn out to be a Shakespeare, Jr.!

*Editor's note: For those who are interested in this proposition, see the literary editor of The LEXHIPEP or the sponsor. Turn your contributions in, and we'll see you at the show!

DECISION

—Betsy Stoner

Sophie Jamerson, a lovely New York debutante and only daughter of P. V. Johnson, a very wealthy warehouse owner, stood at the top of the wide curved stairway outside the huge hand carved wooden door that was the entrance to the bedroom of the person whom Sophie felt to be her only friend. Before she had knocked, her grandmother asked her to come in.

"Well, child, with the exception of that long, sad expression on your face you look very lovely today. My, isn't that a new dress?"

"Thank you, Granny. It is a new dress."

"Sophie, for heaven's sake stop walking back and forth. What's the matter with you?"

"Oh, nothing, Granny. I'm just waiting for Percy Bienstock. We're going to the Club for lunch."

"Percy Bienstock! Why on earth?"

"Oh, now, Granny, he's a very nice boy. He may not be too much to look at, but he has everything in the world a girl would ever want. And anyway, Mother and Dad like him."

"I guess that's all you care about. The fact that your parents approve of him isn't all that matters. By the way, what were you and Ted Houston arguing about yesterday in the garden? You know, he's one of the nicest boys I've ever seen around here. Ted reminds me very much of a boy I knew when I was your age. You know he surely does. Now, tell me what's wrong."

"I never have been able to pull anything over on you, have I, Granny? Ted is just worrying me to death. He'll graduate from medical school this spring, and he wants me to marry him."

"Sophie, I know you love him, so why do you hesitate?"

"Oh, I do love him dearly, but there is so much that stands in the way. There's his family and the fact that he's been working his way through the University. But Granny, he's been offered a wonderful job as chief surgeon of a new hospital in Cleveland, Alabama. I know Cleveland is a small

*CLASS PROPHECY OF 1950

—Harriet V. Leonard

I dipped into the future, far as human eye could see,
And there I saw a lot of things that quite astounded me.
For the class of 1950, I was happy to discover,
Was written up in Who's Who with their picture on the cover.
I gazed, and gazed, and gazed, and gazed, and still my wonder grew
That even such a class as ours could find such things to do.
There were doctors, lawyers, nurses, secretaries, and truck drivers;
There were carpenters and journalists and even deep sea divers;
There were authors of such books as "How to Get Sunburned in One Lesson,"
Teachers of math and history, and teachers of expression.
There were artists who had painted portraits, landscapes, field and garden;
There were also artists working on a sequel to "Jane Arden,"
Seamstresses, and models, and even a boxing champ,
Who had his name on billboards and his picture on a stamp.
There were manufacturers of soap and television sets,
Of Kleenex, harnesses, and shoes, and also fishing nets.
There were missionaries, soldiers, sailors, and a Boy Scout;
There were fishermen who specialized in spearing whales and trout.
There were ministers, musicians, and some politicians, too,
Who liked to stay in Washington and tell folks what to do.
There were traveling salesmen who sold cars and traveled on a bike;
There were labor union leaders just about to call a strike.
There were millionaires and hoboes, and some right in the middle;
There were Democrats and Republicans, and folks who played the fiddle.
But everyone was happy doing what he wanted to,
Which is the very finest thing a Senior Class could do.
From Oregon to Delaware, Key West to Boston, Mass.,
You'll never find a better group than this very Senior Class.

*Editor's Note: We were just wondering, during all the rush of school starting, what those esteemed creatures who were in our place last year are doing now. We came upon this bit of forecasting by the versatile valedictorian and prophet of the Class of '50. Many of them are already on the road to attaining the above goals. However, we are surprised to say "Killer" Gore has abandoned his boxing career and is now serving time with his Uncle (Sam, that is!) and we hear he is doing well.

town, but it will be a wonderful start, and Ted has so much ambition. But Dad would simply die if I were to marry anyone without a million or two. Oh, there's no need to talk about it now. After yesterday, I would never stoop to speak to him again."

"Sophie, I have a little story to tell you, and I hope it won't be too late. I want you to have everything you want, and I know that you will need some advice before you can make up your mind about a matter as important as marriage. Money helps, but I can tell you from experience that it isn't everything.

"When I was about your age, I was torn between the choice of money or love. My parents wanted me to marry into money only so I might continue to enjoy all the luxuries that I had always had. Robert was only a struggling lawyer with very little family background. I was very much in love with him, but my mother tried to make me understand how terrible it would be not being able to call upon my father for the clothes and luxuries I wanted and how hard it would seem having to do my own housework when I couldn't even boil water.

Then, Tom Jamerson, your grandfather, came back from France. Our families had always been good friends and Mother had her heart set on my marrying Tom. Tom was all I could have hoped for. He was very nice looking, well educated, sweet, thoughtful, and very wealthy. But I knew that I would never be happy with anyone except Robert.

"I was so narrow-minded that when Robert took the side of a poor fisherman in a murder trial, I begged him to drop the case, and he refused to do it. I told him I hoped I would never see him again.

"Tom and I were married three weeks later. Everyone said we made a perfect couple, and they were sure that we would always be happy. I can't say that I was ever really unhappy, because Tom and I never spoke

a cross word to each other. He gave me everything I wanted, and I grew to love him. But I can't keep from wondering how extremely wonderful it would have been to have married Robert.

"Robert's popularity grew rapidly after he won the case for the fisherman, and before long he went to Washington as a state representative. Robert was a very important man and a friend to both the rich and the poor.

It was five years later when I saw Robert again. I had gone home alone for a short visit with my parents. It was in the spring of the year, and everything was most beautiful. There was to be a garden party at the home of Robert's sister. He, tall and very dignified, was standing in the receiving line. I wanted to turn and run. But I knew I had to go through with it. I bit my lips and started down the line. When he took my hand, I could feel myself shaking. He was so reformed and handsome as he greeted me and asked about Tom and how we liked New York. I know I should not have danced with him so long, because I knew that people were talking, but he was too much to resist. We spent a wonderful evening talking to old friends and new people.

"I came back to New York the next day, and I haven't heard from nor seen Robert since that night. As I said, my dear, I've always had everything except the one man I loved. I hope that you will not make the same mistake that I did."

"Oh, Granny, I had no idea. Thank you so much. Will you excuse me, please; I have a couple of phone calls to make."

Granny smiled as Sophie rushed out of the room. She heard Sophie ask the operator to ring Ted's number. As Granny overheard the conversation, she knew that Sophie would never be unhappy again. She also knew that she could make amends to Sophie's parents.