

A Letter To Santa Claus

—JACKIE MYERS

Dear Santa,

Christmas comes but once a year as everyone knows, especially me. I am always asking for things the whole year, and therefore I certainly have a grand time when the Christmas season rolls around. However, this year I feel that I should alter this selfish attitude, and, instead of asking for myself, I want to ask for my brothers all over the world.

I have a brother in India, Santa, who is in desperate need of food and clothing. He will probably be in combat on Christmas Eve because he is protecting his country from Communist China aggression. Please go by and see his wife and children. They could use some nuts, and fruits, and candy.

I also have a brother in East Berlin, Santa. He was a very rich man who was generous with his wealth until the tragic day when he tried to move from the Eastern sector to West Berlin. The Communist police wounded him severely and put him in prison to die. His wife and children are outcasts, starving in the streets of a cold, cold city. Help them, please.

Fidel Castro promised my Cuban brothers a bounty of food, wealth, and happiness this Christmas. He has not kept his promise, and my brother is dying from a lack of spiritual as well as material necessities. He needs your smiling, rosy-cheeked face this Christmas.

Last, but certainly not least, Santa, there are two men in this world who need your spiritual goodness in their lives. The first is John Kennedy, our president. May he ever be guided in the way of truth; and may the other man, Nikita Khrushchev, see the light.

Thank you, Santa Claus, and a Merry Christmas to you and all of my brothers in this world.

Sincerely,
Jackie Myers

SERIOUS THOUGHTS

—TALMADGE HINKLE

"For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace."—Isaiah 9:6.

"Are you willing to believe that love is the strongest thing in the world—stronger than hate, stronger than evil, stronger than death—and that the blessed life which began in Bethlehem nineteen hundred years ago is the image and brightness of the eternal love?"

"And if you can keep Christmas for a day, why not always?"

—Henry Van Dyke

The story of the Nativity brings to us three distinct types of individuals — the busy innkeeper, the humble shepherds, and the Wise Men. Each Christmas season brings with it a new lot of busy innkeepers—people who become too involved with the man-made material things surrounding Christmas to make room for the Christ child's birth. Also there are the humble workers, devoted to whatever job God has assigned to them. Likewise, there are the Wise Men who bring their gifts of love and homage.

What were you last Christmas—a busy innkeeper, a humble shepherd, or a grateful Wise man? But of even more importance, what will you be this Christmas season?

Prayer: May the Christ-Child enter our hearts this Christmas time, and find us not wanting in love and obedience. May we constantly follow His light as the Wise men of old followed the star. May we keep Christ in our hearts all year.

The Lexhipep

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The Legend Of The First Creche

—TONY WIKE

With apology to the author of the story, Arthur Gordon.

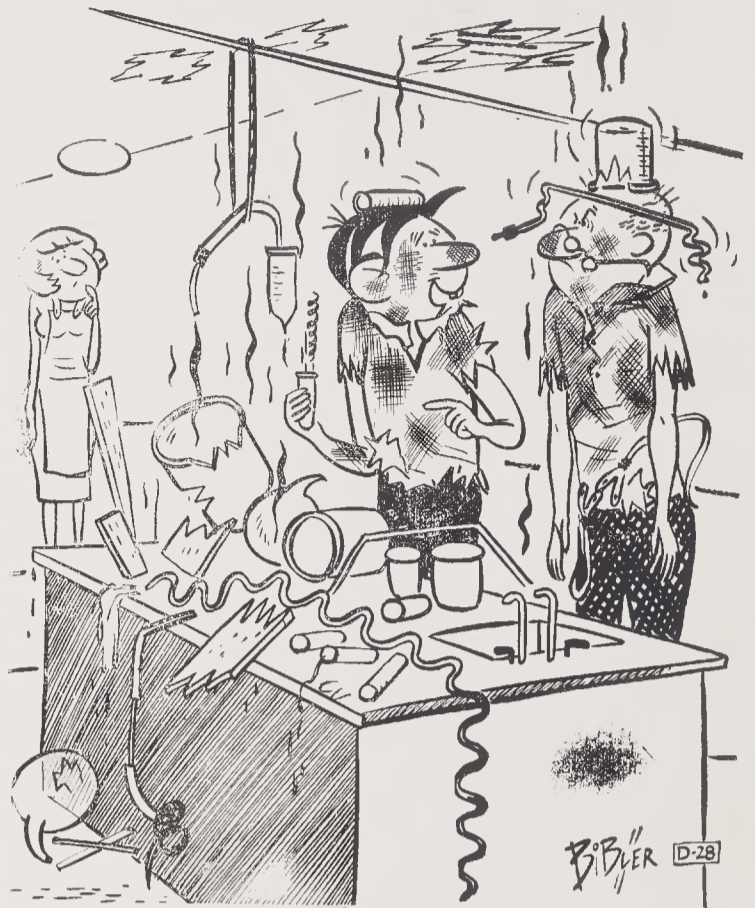
Luigi lived in Italy;
His trade was carving wood.
Devoutly in his early life
He knew his God was good.
Luigi's wife then bore a child;
God had indeed been kind,
But then Luigi lost his faith;
He saw the girl was blind.
His child was this man's only love;
He gave up ev'ry friend.
But one December all this changed;
His madness was to end.
He carved a likeness of the Babe;
A secret it must be.
He'd give it to his lovely child,
And with her hands she'd see.
The village where Luigi lived
Was all aroused and stired.
A new young face had come to preache,
Luigi's wife had heard.
She took the tiny child he'd carved;
She wished to have it blessed.
Luigi followed her in rage
Forgetting all the rest.
Before the church there was a crowd
Of young men filled with drink.
But when Friar Francis greeted them,
Luigi stopped to think.
The church contained a manger scene.
(Luigi followed them.)
His wife sat holding Christ the Babe;
Friar Francis sang a hymn.
He told them of the birth of Christ;
His voice was soft and kind.
Luigi saw the light of love;
He was no longer blind.
He gave his great work to the church
And then went home afresh.
He carved the entire manger scene—
The first and greatest creche.

We're Going To Have New Neighbors

—TONY WIKE

A few weeks ago the Lexington Board of Education completed the purchase of land for a new junior high school. This timely transaction should mean a lot to the citizens of Lexington. For one thing the construction of a new junior high school will lessen the present traffic problem on State Street. Traffic-wise, the new site is ideal, if a few mild provisions for traffic control are made. There is no question a new building is needed; a better and larger building will be an asset to the city in general. Parents of pupils in both junior high and senior high will soon appreciate the convenience of having the two schools situated closely together. Since Lexington is rapidly growing, plans are underway for a community junior college to be ready in approximately five years. Vacating the present junior high school building will provide a location for such an institution. Finally, the names "junior high" and "senior high" will be true. The new junior high school will consist of grades seven through nine, leaving grades ten, eleven, and twelve for the now overcrowded senior high school. The members of the school board are to be commended for their efforts in making this improvement a reality. Much work has been done and much is yet to be done, but the ball is rolling. In conclusion, we of Lexington Senior High School should be and are enthusiastic about our new neighbors and the advantages of this project.

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS by Dick Bibler



"She wanted perfume for Christmas!"

A Verse Is Yet To Come

Note: The following is an excerpt from the BOW AND ARROW of West Mecklenburg High School. While studying mythology, some English classes were given the assignment to write unusual poems which were shorter than their own titles. Here are a few choice poems.

1. What the Many-Footed Monster Wore.
Legions
of Wee-juns
2. What Spreads Colds Among the Gods
Hermes'
Germes
3. What Polyphemus Needed When Odysseus Finished With Him
Cyclops
Eyedrops
4. Why Persephone Was Sad
Hades'
Ladies
5. Mercury's Night of Over-Indulgence
Wing
Fling
6. Why Hermes Was Chosen Messenger of the Gods
Fleet
Feet
7. What Cyclops Said When Ulysses Drove the Red-Hot Stake into His Eye
"Bye,
Eye!"
8. Why Europa Was Troubled
Dream
Scheme
9. The Incorrect Answer Midas Gave When Asked Who Could Play The Best Musical Arrangement
Pan
Can
10. What Hermes Was Called After He Stole Apollo's Herds
Beef
Thief
11. What Causes a Lot of Boys and Girls Troubles Today
Stupid
Cupid
12. Jazz of Greek Gods
Neptune
Wrote a Hep Tune
13. Garment Worn Over Her Bouse by
Hestia
Vestia
14. What King Midas Said When He Lit a Cigarette
Old
Gold
15. What Perseus Called Medusa After He Cut Off Her Head
Dead
Head
16. Goddess of Love
Venus,
the Menace
17. Why Ocean Did Not Become God of All Waters
Too
Blue!
18. What Causes Lovers to Meet for Life
Narrow
Arrow