

THE LEXHIPEP

EDITORIAL STAFF

Marguerite Thomason	Editor-in-Chief
Virginia Beck	Associate Editor-in-Chief
Mary Louise Lumsden, Chairman	Literary Editor
Frances Lohr	Poetry Editor
Clara Ann Miller	Social Editor
Betty Witherspoon, Chairman	Social Editor
Robert Thomason	Sports Editor
Ed Gaines, Chairman	Sports Editor
Margaret Hunt	Joke Editor
Charles McDade	Columnist
Frances Peeler	

BUSINESS STAFF

Ralph Morris	Business Manager
Mary Frances Hege	Associate Business Manager
Lewis Farmer	Circulation Manager

ART STAFF

J. D. Gray, Chairman	Art Editor
Bobbie Green	Art Editor
Charles Elkin	Art Editor

TYPING STAFF

Ruth Sink	Typist
Sara Dickerson	Typist
Mary Belle Forcum	Typist
Mildred Bell	Typist
Louise Kirby	Typist

REPRESENTATIVES

Odessa Snow	Council
Raymond Conrad	Senior Class
David Williams	Junior Class
Ruth Morris	Sophomore Class
Betty Ann Sharpe	Freshman Class

ADVISORS

Mrs. Ottis M. Hedrick	Literary Faculty Advisor
Miss Freta Hoffner	Business Faculty Advisor

PARAGRAPHS

Since it's so near Christmas ye paragrapher wishes to take this opportunity to wish each of you a merry Xmas.

Well, the football banquet is over and I suppose some girls are disappointed. And there are some who have already picked out a basket ball star.

Thanks to Ivey Grimes our clocks are really working again. It seems like prosperity is here to see them running.

"The best remedy for conceit is to sit down and start making a list of all the things you do not know."—Exchange.

Cleanliness is next to Godliness—John Wesley.

It looks as if Mr. Tucker believes in the above statement by the way he is cleaning up his classes. There's your chance to make 100 folks.

"He's a very small patch of the seat of the government—Exchange.

What is this I hear about certain teachers cleaning up their study periods? I hope she did not interrupt any of those dates.

You'll find life easier in school.
If you'll obey each law and rule.

If you think L. H. S. has no artists just look in Miss Hoffners room. The reward of coloring an ornament on the Xmas tree is helping some people to increase their speed.

"The time has come," the walrus said, "To talk of many things."—Alice in Wonderland.

Mainly of boosting up your grades. The year is almost half over, but there's still time.

"Loose now and then a scattered smile."—Shakespeare.

A certain fourth period English class lost Miss Johnson, pardon, Mrs. Shackford, but gain Miss Craven.

This oil that has been put on the floor has certainly caused some people to hold a sitdown strike.

Can't someone rid the halls of sneezing powder and air out the halls?

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!

Have you ever thought of listening as an art? Many of us think we listen, but do we? Many extraordinary and beautiful things are said which remain unnoticed by the it-doesn't-matter-listener. How foolish it is to read the Scripture in our chapel! No one listens, undertoned whispers float to the reader, and a seemingly bored motion is continuous. The Bible is truly the most wonderful piece of literature ever written. Surely it is well for everyone to think seriously of, and listen closely to the Scripture at least once a week. Through mere politeness we should listen to the Bible reading and in this way we can derive unending benefit.

Have you ever really prayed the prayer given to man by Jesus? Undoubtedly He gave it to us to pray instead of merely repeating it. Say it over to yourself sometime, slowly, think about its words, its phrases, then you can better appreciate it. The Lord's prayer is prayed all over the world. It holds a great promise, and will always continue to be an inspiration to all mankind. Let us listen, let us think, and let us truly "pray together the Lord's prayer."

ODESSA SNOW, President Student Council

OPEN FORUM

To the Editor:

At a recent meeting of the junior home rooms, topics were given out for a program to be held the first Wednesday.

After the Christmas holidays. This program is to be on the subject "Protecting School Property" and "Cleanliness In The School".

It is true that we do need to clean up the school and it's up to us to do it. I think most the L. H. S. students enjoy eating apples. How many of these throw the cores on top of the bureau or on the mantles in your homes. Very few, I imagine. But, how many of these throw their apple cores on top of the lockers or under them. And I wonder just how many of them throw their waste paper on top of them. In each class room there has been placed a waste basket, in which the students may dispose of all paper or other rubbish. Use them and do not throw your rubbish on the floors. As the old saying goes "Do like you do at home". After all you are in school six hours a day, for 32 weeks in a year. Clean out your lockers, inside, outside, under and over and stop using them as a disposal for paper and so forth.

LETTERS TO SANTA CLAUS

Dear Santa:

I saw the cutest little blonde down at the conference at Charleston and I wonder if I could have her in my stocking Christmas night.

Yours hopefully,
CARL PARKS.

Dear Santa:

I am a little boy fifteen years old and I have high hopes of landing a certain dark haired senior. Please see what you can do about this.

Yours,
ED GAINES.

Santa, big boy:

You ought to know me from my letter last year. I asked for a Rolls Royce but of course I didn't get it. This year I only want a model T Ford. Can I please have it?

Thanks,
J. D.

Dear Santa:

Last year I asked for a sucker to be put in my stocking and this is not a letter asking for anything. I'm only thanking you for remembering me so faithfully.

BETTY W.

Nick, ole boy:

I ain't no sissy; I don't want a gal in my sock. All I want is "a tommy gun an' gat". You better see dat I get it or I'll bump you off! See?

"Get dat, big boy,"
TOMMY S.

Dear Kris Kringle:

Couldn't you see that the school board built us an elevator in L. H. S.? It would need be only a small one, just large enough to bring the typewriters from Miss Hoffner's room to the Lexhipep room.

Thanks very much,
LEXHIPEP STAFF.

Dear, Dear Santa:

I only want a sweetheart, not a bud-die—But I want him abundantly.

Thanks!
FANNY P.

"GIMPY"

(By Clyde Bowers)

Like a great carbuncle the sun rested on the horizon, sending its ever penetrating rays, like rays from a beacon, through the already colorful forest, colorful because the enchanting spirits of nature had turned the leaves from green to golden yellow and crimson red, later to be faded into brown, just as the slowly falling dewey night was now fading out the late autumn sun. The lowing of cattle, the pitiful bleating of sheep, and that mournful coo of pigeons added assurance and a touching beauty to that oncoming mantle of peace and rest, known to man as night. Now came the truest sign of an autumn night, the loud, clear, piercing honk of wild ducks. Mallards they were, dozens of them. Group after group they settled in a cattail flecked swamp, which lay in a flat at the foot of a wooded, slowly sloping hill, forming a luxurious paradise for the swampy water lovers.

Leaning against a tree, which stood beside the swamp, Karl Matthews feasted his dreary, lonely eyes on all this picturesque scenery. He watched the graceful actions of the ducks as they glided into the swamp and settled down to roost. Many times had he watched them, and many years had he protected them against sportsmen, cold, and hunger. He loved the ducks and was proud of it.

Now Karl recognized the leader of the mallards as he swung in from the far end of the swamp. He was once a proud old drake who thought himself the most beautiful and most intelligent bird in the flock. He was now a wise ad well experienced old bird, but not half so proud, because his pride had been shattered by an unruly sportsman. Being hit by a bullet from the sportsman's gun, the duck's left leg had been broken, and now Karl could see it hanging a bit below the other.

It was Karl who had lifted the old drake from the frozen ground and had carried him gently under his arm into his little farm house where the broken leg had been attended to. And so it was in that cozy farm house that Gimpy was revived. And it was by that lover of nature that Gimpy was named.

As Karl watched the old drake wheel in and settle in his favorite roosting spot, he felt a sickening spell come upon his mind. Plainly he recalled the day that he had rescued the duck and its happenings spread like a book before his face. Well, could he remember the girl that stroked the old mallard's sleek head as he held the duck between two firm but gentle hands. Well could he remember that sweet smiling face that looked up into his as she turned her eyes from the duck. Now he wondered if that face were still as sweet and innocent as it was when he had last seen it. Had she completely forgotten him? Was there another man? Maybe a college hero, better known as a college bluff. Would Carrie never return to see Karl again?

With a heavy heart and a heavily burdened mind Karl turned his back on the swamp and slowly walked toward the little farm house.

Karl had known Carrie Barber since they were playmates. Many happy days they had spent together roaming around the swamp, and on both Karl's farm and Carrie's aunt's farm. He had met her when she was a dark wavy-haired girl of about ten. She had come to visit her aunt who lived on the big farm over the hill from Karl's father's little farm. Karl's father was helping Carrie's uncle do some work on the big farm, and he had brought Karl with him. The two had played together while the father and uncle worked.

As the two children grew older they came to love being with each other more and more, and Carrie began to visit her aunt more often. As they grew out of the playmate age they began spending their time roaming through the forest, over hills and through vallies. Together they studi-

(Continued on page three)