

THE LEXHIPEP

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PARAGRAPHS

Now that the banquet is over plans are being continued for commencement.

Seems that the student body has been furnished with plenty of good entertainment lately. The Hi-Y show went off in the boys' usual grand style. The Utica Singers were also well received.

Our Alma Mater was not represented by one but four delegates at the Beta Club Convention at Raleigh. The delegates report a fine time. It seems that they made a night of it. (Or should I say morning).

Now that fishing is out until May 10 perhaps our afternoon attendance will be improved.

Be flowered and greased coiffures, laughing eyes and enraptured faces surrounded the lovely appointed banquet tables. You must admit you had a fine time Seniors!

Hats off to Mrs. Cuthrell and her Glee Clubbers. Out of the seven numbers entered by the local club five of the numbers were won.

Also we extend our congratulations to our debaters, David, Joan, Fred and Odessa. Our debaters go to Chapel Hill on the twenty-first.

You will be hearing lots about the paper to be issued by the students of the Business Department. Give them your support folks!

The local chapter of the National Honor Society was represented at the convention in Winston-Salem by Bobbie, Louise and Buddy. They report a fine time.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast,
Man never is but always to be blest"—Edgar Allan Poe.

V. B. B.

THE LAST DAYS OF SCHOOL

It is always quite noticeable that many students begin to loaf during the last few weeks of school. This is not limited just to the freshmen and sophomores but includes the juniors and seniors as well. The seniors more than anyone else should make the most use of these last few weeks. It has been with much effort that they have been granted an extra fifteen days and it is their duty to show some appreciation for this. After June 1 they will no longer be a part of this school. Of course no one can learn everything there is to learn in eleven years. Since there is plenty left for them to learn it is useless to loaf during the last days.

Many of the seniors will be going off to school next year and thus need to further their education. Not only the seniors but the under-classmen as well need not stop studying merely because it is spring. Time which is lost can never be regained, so let us make the most of that which we have by using it to the fullest.

LITERARY

UNDER FALSE PRETENSE

(By Odessa Snow)

Theresa could not bear the thought of seeing Johnny. He was coming to lunch in exactly thirty minutes. Misery alone lurked back of this thought. Leaning her head very near the reflection in the mirror, she looked closely at her hair. Yes, beyond a doubt the real brownness of her hair contrasted very noticeably with the henna.

The little clock over the mantle pounded out and made Thea jump. Eleven-thirty! She wanted to see Johnny's tousled hair and funny grin. He had called her at least five times during the morning. He was getting the afternoon off "to celebrate her home coming." Thea had been gone a month, and all during that month she could see and hear Johnny saying to their friends, while they looked on with admiration: "I'll tell you no woman has red hair like Thea. I'm a lucky stiff to get a real red head instead of one of those henna made honnies." And then he would grin and wink at her as she blushed slightly and becomingly. Her conscience always hurt just a little when he talked about her red hair in that over-proud manner. It was evident that Johnny had cherished Thea's red hair as a sort of treasure. It was fun having him fooled at first but each thought now cut just a little deeper.

Oh, Theresa had an excellent excuse. It sounded good to her, but Thea's common sense told her that Johnny would certainly reject such an excuse. They were both from small towns, but they met in New York. As Thea stood looking out into the flower garden, covered with exquisite freshly fallen snow, she recalled their meeting. She had decided immediately that she was going to hate him. He was conceited and had freckles on his nose. Thea could stand neither conceit nor freckles. She had laughed about them both. Johnny had been crazy about Thea from the very first. No thought of ever marrying him entered her mind. She had always dreamed of a sort of prince who would sweep her off her feet into a different and happy world. This prince would have a villa in France, a yacht docked at Portland, and a mansion in Spain. Why shouldn't she fool this silly fellow about her red hair? Everybody liked it, just like everybody gets mixed up with Dan Cupid. Thea and Johnny were not exceptional. And so it was that Thea was married to Johnny under false pretenses. A few months later they moved to Johnny's home town. Along with them moved Della. Della had finally saved up enough money to equip a beauty salon of her own. After much persuasion Della had agreed to come with Johnny and Thea—Della, who knew when and how to fix Thea's all-ready lovely chestnut brown hair to a fascinating shade of deep auburn! When Thea had returned this morning she learned that Della and Bill Watkins had gone away on their honeymoon, leaving poor Thea with her brown hair slowly becoming noticeable.

Thea ran up stairs, looked out the window on the lovely scene below, and found no loveliness there. A tiny prayer mumbled in her throat. "Oh God, don't let him be too angry." Thea had a habit of uttering little prayers like that. She always meant them, and they were always answered. Someone was rushing up the steps. It was Johnny and she knew it. They met in the doorway. Johnny kissed her, and even the red hair was forgotten.

"Gosh, I've missed you," he said slowly, then louder, "and here you are still beautiful."

Thea could not speak. Her head rested firmly against the lapel of his coat.

"Thea!" His voice was changed and harsh. Thea looked at him with hurt pride; tears crept down her face.

"What have you done to your hair?"

A POET'S PARADISE

(By Walter Wilson)

A winding brook,
A shady nook,
A swaying pine,
A clinging vine,
A closeness to the earthly sod,
An earnest talk with God.

DAFFODILS

(By Thelma Hardee)

Daffodils!
So yellow and pretty on the hill—
Daffodils.
Before the ice and snow is gone
You wake up and bloom all alone;
Like soldiers on the battlefield
Ne'er to the enemy will you yield.
Daffodils!

Daffodils!
Brave as soldiers in the drill—
Daffodils,
When all nature is fast asleep
Up from the ground your heads you
peep;
Up to the earth of your own free will
Ready to give what my heart loves
still—
Daffodils!

HUNTER'S SEASON

(By Willard Brown)

The birds' lives were taken
For no acceptable reason;
The world of nature shaken,
During the hunter's season.

The guns popped and roared,
The hunters shouted with joy;
The birds no more soared,
'Twas cruelty of man and boy.

The birds in the nests died,
For no acceptable reason;
The animals howled and cried
During the hunter's season.

The farmer's heart bled,
The hunters heeded no sign;
The animals were shot dead,
To nature a real crime.

It's winter; the birds have no fear;
The ground is covered with snow,
The hunters say, "Next year!"
The farmer grimly says, "No!"

The birds' lives were taken
For no acceptable reason;
The world of nature shaken
During the hunter's season.

LIFE

(By Beatrice Daniel)

I have only just a minute,
Only sixty seconds in it,
Forced upon me—can't refuse it,
Didn't seek it, didn't choose it,
I must suffer if I lose it,
Give account if I abuse it,
Just a tiny little minute,
But eternity is in it.

Johnny was talking quickly and angrily.

"Oh, say what you like, I deserve anything." She poured out the whole pitiful story between sobs, and even admitted that she had intended to go on fooling him if Della had not gone. Johnny merely stared at her. Why didn't he say something?

"It was funny at first, but I'm so sorry now." Thea looked at him with her heart in her eyes, then ran. Like a frightened fawn she ran into the next room and slammed the door. Johnny was after her!

"Thea, Thea," he cried.
He grinned and relaxed against the closed door.

"Come out of there, you little rascal," he said laughingly. "You know darn well I'm partial to brown hair."

Which proves that Thea really got a prince of a fellow—minus the French Villa, the Portland yacht, and the Spanish Mansion.