

THE LEXHIPEP

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief	Virginia Beck
Associate Editor-in-Chief	Mary Gordon
Literary Editor	Joan Sink
Associate Literary Editor	Ishmael Tate
Poetry Editor	Virginia Smith
Society Editor	Jenky Miller
Associate Society Editor	Edna Earle Cameron
Joke Editor	Dick Rabb
Sports Editor	E. H. Easter
Columnists	Betty Witherspoon and Charles McDade

BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager	Bill DeLapp
Associate Business Manager	Jimmie Myers
Bookkeeper	Essie Everhart
Associate Bookkeeper	Colleen Myers
Circulation Manager	Lewis Hartzog

CLASS REPRESENTATIVES

Senior Class	David Williams
Junior Class	Jane Moore
Sophomore Class	Betty Ann Sharpe
Freshmen Class	Peggy Miller

TYPISTS

Douglas Lopp	Kenneth Crouse
Margaret Ward	Ruth Crawford
	Hilda Weaver

SPONSORS

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

PARAGRAPHS

This being our alumni edition, ye paragrapher wishes to take this opportunity to thank all our fellow students of last year for the cooperation we received from them, and for their contributions to THE LEXHIPEP.

We really have a fighting football team this year, and it deserves all the support we can give them. So let's all turn out for the last few games of the year and cheer our team on to victory.

The clubs are off to a good start and, if they are given our cooperation, can be made into something of which L. H. S. might justly be proud.

Now that the Dramatic Club has really started I'd like to see a good play. The ones produced last year were exceptionally good, and surely we can do as well again.

Any teachers with matrimonial hopes should apply at L. H. S.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."—Shakespeare.

WORLD FRIENDSHIP

By Juanita Tussey

The only way to have world friendship is to have peace. War has been from the beginning of time and probably it will be. Even today the general conversation is war. In many countries of Europe it is not just a conversation but a war is existing.

A very important step taken for world peace was the organization of the League of Nations. To President Wilson belongs the chief credit for making the formation of a League of Nations a reality. Although there have been wars since its organization, its purposes are to prevent wars by insisting upon arbitration and judicial decision of disputes, to secure a reduction of national armaments, and to prevent international traffic in arms. By this plan we should realize the dream of the poet Tennyson, of a time when—

"The war drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furled
In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World".

Our last great war, the World War, was supposed to be the war to end all wars, the war for democracy. It was the greatest conflict in all history. The size of the armies and navies raised on each side would have astonished the conquerors of old. There were only sixteen neutral countries in the world; therefore the title "World War" is a fitting one. The direct cost of the war, if coined into silver dollars and piled up along the western battlefield, would make a wall four hundred and seventy-five miles long, two feet thick, and six feet and eight inches high. What did either side gain? Nothing. The United States alone spent as much money as it did on all expenses of the government from 1791 to 1914. It is difficult to think such a war started over the murder of Francis Ferdinand, the heir to the throne of Austria-Hungary.

Before the World War the most promising movements for world peace were the two peace conferences which met at the Hague. But very soon after these meetings, the greatest war ever started began.

November eleven, nineteen hundred and thirty-nine, is Armistice Day. On that day, twenty-one years ago, soldiers laid down their guns. The fighting in the biggest war that the world had ever known was stopped.

Every year since nineteen-eighteen, the world remembers the 8,535,000 young men who gave up their lives in the World War. Everyone thinks of the horror of war and the joy of peace.

Each year, more and more work is done for World Peace. It is hoped that there will never be another war. We can do much to help make the countries of the world more friendly. A good motto for us to have is, "Let the world have more Friendships instead of more Warships".

I'm Telling You

By Com-In-Tater

Through the past progressive years I have tried to observe and store away a good viewpoint of my companions. In some ways my effort was successful, and in other ways it was effortless—but buried. I grew to make a practice of studying the high school teachers and their methods, and my one goal was to overlook their faults as I hoped they had overlooked mine. I only used myself as an example because I was best acquainted with myself, yet I'm sure that many other students share my attitude.

In grammar years we were more or less in the fog. We had to accept what was "dished out" without a chance to "return favors." But this complex of ours helped us to hold our tongues, and it showed the graduates that we were prepared to receive the same hardships they thought they had once encountered. Yet when we moved to high school, our whole plan for "running the building, teachers, students and janitor" was completely demolished by the great dazzlement before our eyes. We felt that we were at last breathing real oxygen—the kind that makes one have brain storms and thoughts for kind deeds. And during our four years only a few have dropped from the path. These few lost the meaning of living in a bigger way, meeting new friends, respect for elders, and a good general attitude—but the others—ah, we have lots to be thankful for! The remaining group progressed to its blossoming year. In this year we have learned that teachers are human beings, that they can live at any time on the same plane, level, or standards as we live on, and that they also learning the meaning of "preparation through discipline" And so I am inclined to think that the world we live in is a pretty good old globe after all.

For some time I have observed a very good friend of mine whom I thought had at one time lost his old "fighting spirit." But now I can see that one boy who deserves recognition in high school is the friend of all—Carl Parks. Carl possesses one trait above all that is enviable, and that is "a happy-go-lucky human nature." It is one trait that has been sought after by many boys passing through the portals of the alma mater. Carl is very friendly to the person who deserves friendliness, and I have many times seen him show hostility to the one who deserved it. His weight has proved a great asset to him on the gridiron, and he has filled his position on the team as faithfully as any boy could ever expect to. Carly Parks is certainly one who can "take it when he has to" and "dish out when he wants to." And so I say to him, "Success to you!!"

With my task completed and with hearty advice to my readers to see the motion picture "Four Daughters" when shown at the local theater, I would like to pass on to you my thought for the week. Of course, this is not original, but I hope you like it—
—DO MORE THAN EXIST—LIVE. Do more than touch—FEEL. Do more than look—OBSERVE. Do more than hear—LISTEN. Do more than think—PONDER. Do more than talk—SAY SOMETHING!!"

FROM OUR EXCHANGES

Father fell upon the ice
Because he could not stand;
Father saw the Stars and Stripes,
We saw our Father land.

—The Full Moon, Albemarle.

"Big boy, Ah wonders was George Washington as honest as de people say dat he was?"

"Ah tell you, black boy, he was the honestest man in the world."

"Den how come do dey close de

OPEN FORUM

MANNERS, PLEASE

Boys, wouldn't you like to know what the girls think about you? Well, we have been going around dear old L. H. S. and several seem to have a certain dislike for certain boys. Not that they don't like you—; they do. But boys, you just do some things the girls don't like. So, we asked them what they don't like for you to do. Here are some of the things that were mentioned. Read them carefully:

The most important thing is, be just as neat and clean as you possibly can. Your clothes may not be as expensive as the other boys' but they can at least be clean.

When you're with a girl don't tell her your former love affairs. She isn't jealous. She just likes to think her name is the only name in your little red book.

Please don't be continually combing your hair. We're not trying to discourage you, but no matter how much you comb, the girl will never think you look like Robert Taylor.

Several of the girls mentioned boys who were stingy. Now, we know you are not John D. Rockefeller, Jr., but try to treat the girls to a movie and ice cream, sometimes.

Don't go to church with a girl on Sunday night and stay outside until the service is over.

Try to talk about something that will interest the girl. One boy we know of spent half of the time he was with girls trying to explain to her what amplifiers are. So far as we know she doesn't know a bit more than she did when he started explaining.

Don't make a date with a girl and later decide you rather play pool. You not only break the date; you cramp that girl's pride.

Now, we're not saying you have to do these things. We're just telling you how you can be more popular with the girls.

PEARLIE M. CARTER.

Dear Editor,

We, the students of Lexington High School, cannot maintain the high standards of sanitation in our school unless we get rid of students who have bad habits or they get rid of their bad habits. Just such students with their so-called bad habits ruin the reputation of the entire student body.

Drinking fountains are placed in our halls for the convenience of all students. They become clogged because of certain careless students who insist upon using them as waste baskets. Is it not disgusting when you lean over, all set to quench your thirst, to see a collection of balls of tin-foil, bits of apple skins, and wads of chewing gum cluttering around the base of the fountain?

Habits are formed by doing the same things over and over again, but habits can be broken!

COLLEEN MYERS

banks on his buffday?"

—Echo Jr., Salisbury.

Schubert had a horse named Sarah,
Rode her in the big parade
When the music started playing,
Schubert's Sarah neighed.

—Pine Whispers

When I'm dead and laid to rest,
Tell my teacher I did my best.
And on my tombstone I want wrote,
"Gregg Shorthand got my goat."

—The Ronoke.

Dumbest crack of the month is awarded to—Bill Myers: "Yeah, Burgin is running for governor, isn't he?"