

# THE LEXHIPEP

# LITERARY

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## PARAGRAPHS

Hats off to Mr. Gerow for his enthusiasm and lovely singing in chapel.

"Be not simply good, be good for something."—Thoreau.

The ambition of every man should be to be a MAN!

Congratulations to the students for the good behavior in assembly.

Welcome to all new teachers and students!

"Life is made of sniffles, smiles, and tears with sniffles predominating."—O. Henry.

It isn't too late to subscribe to the Lexhipep. C'mon; boost your paper like you do the football team.

"Men are like cellophane—transparent but hard to remove once you get wrapped up in them."—John Mason Brown.

## A CLEAN SLATE

(By Jane Moore)

Another school year has rolled around, and once again we have started with a clean slate. For many of us, it is our last year and we would like more than ever to keep our records clean. Every time we neglect our lessons or fail to take our responsibilities seriously, our slate is marred. But if we do each small task daily, the slate will remain clean.

We must do more than study to keep our slates clean. Good behavior is very important, because each time we misbehave a deep mark which cannot be erased occurs on our slate. Let's resolve to keep our slates clean throughout the year.

"The moving Finger writes; and, having writ,  
Moves on: nor all your Piety nor wit  
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,  
Nor all your Tears wash out a word of it."

The above words of the old Persian tentmaker, Omar Khayyam, written in 1100 A. D., still remain true. Let us write on our slates so that we shall not wish to erase.

## A NOTE FROM THE EDITOR

In this the first issue of the 1939-40 Lexhipep, the editor wishes to extend a hearty greeting to all faculty members and students of L. H. S. It is the hope of the Lexhipep Staff that the Lexhipep will be a most vital part of the school life of every student. It invites each student to subscribe and also to contribute articles for publication. Here's hoping for the best Lexhipep and best school year in the history of Lexington High School!

JENKY MILLER.

## A FOOTBALL UPSET

(By a "Chip" of the Squad)

The coach of Morrow High looked at the man who was approaching and tried to remember who he was. Twenty-five years of coaching had left Coach Yost with many faces of boys and men to remember. But there was something familiar about this man. "Could he ever have played football?" thought the coach. "Could he ever have weighed more than a hundred and twenty when he was a boy?"

"Hello, Coach Yost," smiled the man. "You don't remember me, do you? I'm Fred Morrison. I just did get on your football squad when you coached that small up state college in 1912."

"Of course" replied the Coach, "you have put on considerable weight, but you haven't gotten any taller since those days, have you?"

"No," replied Mr. Morrison, "and that's been the sorrow of my life. What I came to see you about fits right in with that. I've a boy, Fred, Jr., that isn't bigger than I was in those days, and he wants to play football for you."

"I appreciate your boy's wanting to play for me, Morrison," answered the coach, "but the teams get bigger and tougher every year. It would be foolish to put a boy that small in with boys so much larger and heavier."

"Wait," begged Mr. Morrison, "let me explain. When I realized that Fred, Jr., was going to be small and have little chance to play football, I determined to help him all I could. I've been training him for years. Would you let me come down to the field with you this afternoon? Fred, Jr., will be there with your squad."

"O. K.," replied the coach a little puzzled. "Meet you there at three o'clock."

At three o'clock a cloud of dust hung over the field at Morrow High where thirty boys were limbering up for the first fall practice. Coach sniffed like a war horse foreseeing the days ahead with all the fun and work of building a team. Briefly his eyes spotted the old boys, and he noted with satisfaction extra weight and height the summer had given them.

"That must be young Fred," he thought, noting a small, slender boy; "not much hopes there from the looks of him," he observed sadly.

"Bring a ball with you, Clyde," called Coach to the nearest boy.

Some fifteen minutes later Coach turned to Fred Morrison wonderingly. "It's almost impossible, Fred. I never knew a high school boy that could drop kick anyways near that well. You say you have been training him?"

"Yes, I started him when he was a little fellow, and you see for yourself what he can do."

"It's an answer to prayer; dern if it's not," said the coach softly to him self. "For the last three years Culver High has beat us that one big game, you know, and now I believe with a good kicker, we can take that game. Yes sir, I believe we can."

The day of the Culver-Morrow game dawned clear and cold. All Morrow was confident; everybody agreed that the right strategy was for Morrow to hold Culver and at the right moment put Fred in for a field goal.

Fred Morrison looked at his son with pride. "We may have to depend on you today, son; you have gotten in several games this year, something I never did, my boy, and this game may depend on you."

Fred, Jr., wandered out into the sunshine. It was good to think of getting in the game, but some way he wasn't quite happy about it. He strolled aimlessly down the street. At

## STAGE FRIGHT AND RECOVERY

By Elaine Crotts

Have you ever had stage fright? Well, if you haven't just ask anyone in Senior English to describe it for you. For the last few days, each Senior has been given the life-time opportunity to speak from the auditorium stage over the public address system. "Opportunity knocks but once" so it is said, and many Seniors are very glad for that fact.

It really was quite amusing to see how scared some of them were. Here's the way some of them might describe it for you: As the speaker walked forward he was sure that his legs were going to double at the knees and let him sink to the floor, but when each found himself standing (yes, really standing) before the "mike", he drew a breath of relief—only to come to the dreadful realization that his knees were playing "Home, Sweet Home" while he would have given anything to have been at home.

As his knees knocked, he began to shake like a leaf in the wind, his ears began to burn, everything began to spin, he felt all color drain from his face then he knew that it had turned a flaming red, his lips got dry, his heart jumped to his throat and seemed to choke him when he swallowed, then as though he hadn't enough wrong with him already, his mind was suddenly and completely blank! He didn't know what he was going to say, or even what he intended to!

But something began to dawn on him; he saw a report card flapping in the wind like a flag on a flag-staff; all around it were F's in large numbers. With this in view, he squared his shoulders, lifted his chin, swallowed, took a deep breath, and began!

I only wish you could have seen the relieved smiles that covered the faces of those Seniors as they came from the platform to their seats!

the corner drug store was acar full of girls, strangers to Fred. "The one with the red hair is cute," he thought. "I'd like to meet her." But as he passed nearby he happened to hear one of the girls mention his name and immediately both ears were turned that way.

Just at that moment the red-head was saying, "Yes, if I were as yellow as Fred Morrison and all I could do was kick, I believe I would quit football." From then on, all Fred could think of was the word "yellow."

It was the last quarter with three minutes to play, and the score was nothing to nothing as the two teams had battled on even terms all the way. The ball was now resting on the Culver 22 yard line, third down and 13 to go when the coach rushed Fred into the game.

The team went into a huddle and the quarterback called, "Fred, kick it on the count of two." As the quarterback was talking, Fred remembered what the girls at the corner drug store had said about his being yellow.

The next thing Fred knew the quarterback was calling signals, and on the count of two the ball came sailing back to him. Fred was so mad by this time that he grabbed the ball and started running. First he faked the end out of position and ran wide to shake the fullback, then cut back toward the goal line. By this time he was on the fifteen yard line, then he reversed the field to lose the halfback sidestepped th safety man, and cut to the sidelines to outrun the rest of the team to score standing up.

While everyone was cheering, Fred was wondering whether the red-head still thought he was yellow. He determined to find out. "For after all," he thought, "girls do change their minds, and she was cute."