

PROCONIAN

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Thanks, Spectators

At the beginning of the year the newly elected cheerleaders were dubious about the problem known as School Spirit. We couldn't see any way of getting people to be more enthusiastic about their school and its activities.

We needn't have worried. CHHS students did attend the games. They came and they yelled with fervor for their team. The cheerleading squad wishes to thank the student body (with pumping of hands and pounding of backs) and say that it appreciates the tolerance with which they treated our mistakes. (yeah, "two bits, four bits—"). At any rate, whether or not Billy and Barbara were doing one thing and the rest another, you all were cheering.

From the smallest of us (Nancy) to the largest of us (we ain't saying) we want to say thanks. Mil gracias! Merci bien! And to those of you who speak American, Gee, thanks, kids!

Nice Going, Faculty

This year despite the war and the teacher shortage, CHHS has one of the best faculties it has ever had. Working under limited conditions due to the lack of working space they have built the high school up from its lowest point, right after the fire, to where it today is at least equal to that great institution of a few years ago. Some teachers have had to take on double loads because of the shortage of available teachers. Some Navy wives with teaching experience have volunteered to help and have done a great job. Student teachers from the University have helped relieve the load of the regular teaching staff. Our able superintendent has had to take over the job of principal of the high school and with his great leadership, we are well into our best school year in many years. One librarian, working under limited conditions has built us up one of the best libraries in the state.

We think that we should give a cheer for

KEYHOLE



The following letter was found in the Keyhole box. Evidently some poor misguided moron mistook it for a letter box. We quote: Deerist moma,

Cents my arrival in this big city, (can he mean Chapel Hill?) I have sean many strange and unbeleavabul things (CHHS students?) which you hav not warned me ov. (girls?) f'rinstance how shuld a body act on a hayrid? (of corpse, like a body!)

Lil cummins tole me I should do Rite but then the gurl I was with wuzn't as obligin as Niter Sanders. (down with electrife)

Any why did Ovey Teague fall asleep on the way back? I reckon it was the long walk around the lake with Bootsie Lyons. (that was no walk, that was the pursuit of happiness)

If Lil cummins was Rite, they why did Vootsy Taylor break Cornmichale's arm when he tried to put it around her? (This is all very amoosin', but getting confoosin')

I was at a party tother nite at which Myrtle Potts and frank Fearrington was at. Tell me why people leaves parties afore they air over. (ulterior motives, no doubt)

Is Wilda Andrews is or is she ain't Albert Whitfield's baby? She rides on Bus 38, what does it mean? Does you reckon she air giving Tom lane back to the Juniors?

We's wonder why Valinda Haithecock didn't knew thu score of thu Brigtown-CHHS game? Hereing that thu guy she wus with was semply exruciat'in (to quote V. H.) ve don't vonder. Or does ve?

Who is this great big hunk of (Fresh) man that Maggy Lou Barns and Pigger Durham vere fussing over in Study Hall T' othe duy ve veel for you honey chill.

Your's loving Child,
Energine.

P.S.: I vas so surprised Fridy night to see's Tom Lane gevven lessons in Love caking— Subject was "Pruxy" Merritt.

our faculty for their great work and cooperate with them in every way possible to help lighten their load and to help make CHHS a truly great high school.—R.P.

ANDREWS-HENNINGER

Shopping Center

for

All the Family

SILO—"Full of Corn"

Added Notes:

Basketball season is just beginning, but already we notice that some of the CHHS boys and girls are "hooping" it up. . . . The other day in Typing Class Miss Pilley chanced to remark, "Boy, does this class type at a snail's pace."

Replied Ward Peacock, "Why, Miss Pilley, don't tell me snails can type." Who said fellows with glasses on don't get slapped? . . . In answer to last week's column, the University finally sent us a good student. It still remains to be seen whether or not she can teach. . . . Heard in the hall: "Did your face get bruised like that playing football or are you in Mrs. Peacock's study hall." . . . Students are requested to drag one leg slightly behind themselves while walking to and from the Cone House in order to collect as many leaves as possible. Freshmen are not to be used for this purpose.

Take it from us, whoever said, "War is H---," had never been to a senior English class. . . . Our new motto: L S-M F T—Less class—more free time. . . . Added Poem:

Breathes there a man,
With soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
"Say hello to the Fadder!"

News Flash—New York—Nov. 16.—It was authoritatively announced here last night that Bill "Corn" Carmichael 3rd., and his intimate companion, Marvin P. Wilson, Jr., would be awarded the Joe Pulitzer Prize in Journalism for being the only two correspondents in the business who have not written a book.

On hearing of the award, Mr. Wilson was quoted as saying, "It's nice of old Joe to think of us."

Many persons were disappointed in the award. According to Mrs. Abie Glotsenpousch, of 23456 1/2 East Southwest Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn, New York, (knock three times and ask for Joe) "Bernie Bile should have gotten it." Mr. Bile could not be reached; for at the moment, this paper was rather shorthanded.

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Weekly Poem

Jack and Jill went up the hill
Not for a drink of water—
And that is why they both fell down—
They drank what they hadn't orter.

CAROLINA THEATRE

SUNDAY & MONDAY

"An American Romance"

with

BRIAN DONLEVY, ANN RICHARDS
WALTER ABEL