

PROCONIAN

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An Open Letter To All C. H. H. S. Students

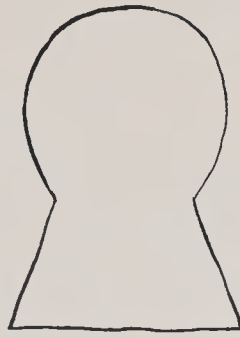
Last Friday night the Chapel Hill High School basketball teams played their first games of the season against out-of-town teams. Both games were exciting and rough. In each game both sides were fighting hard to win and at times, especially in the boys' game, the play became so fast and furious that the referees were unable to keep up with the game and made several decisions which were obviously incorrect. Their rulings were met by a host of boos and hisses from the crowd which was made up principally of C. H. H. S. students. On the whole, it was a poor display of sportsmanship.

We of the Proconian aren't claiming to be innocent babes in the woods or good-goodies. The majority of the staff members were there and took part in this display. The question which we are raising, though, is are we going to let this happen again? The answer, we hope, is "NO." Booing and hissing is a low method by which to show disgust or disapproval. It only lowers the one doing the booing to the level of the one he or she is booing. Next time we start to boo or hiss at a basketball game or any other event, let's ask ourselves, "What good is it going to do?" If we don't know, let's ask Coach Stanback or Coach Lloyd. They'll tell us that we are just hurting our team's chances to win, because we not only make the referee mad, but also the players on the other team. These referees are like elephants. They don't forget those things and are likely to take it out on our own team later.

The main reason, though, for not booing is that it creates such a poor impression of our high school, not only for the townspeople who come to the games, but also for the visitors from out-of-town. We're proud of our school and there's not one of us who would consciously disgrace it.

We're not saying to stop cheering. There are members of the staff who play on the

KEYHOLE



Definition of Keyhole: a small opening in a door used for various purposes.

Dot (Helen of Troy) Hogan and Bill (Paris) Basnight are both like love birds, _____?

Prine (Bill Prichard and his lovely harem, Alice Ross and Pat Hole must have enjoyed the show "Lost in a Harem."

John Egbert complains of his troubles: Barbara Cashion and Nita Sanders. (Wish I had his troubles.)

David Anthony Sharpe was overheard singing to Preston Cleopatra Westcott "Will You Tell Me When, We Will Meet Again, Sunday, Monday or Never?"

I wonder what happened when Sammy Ross took Mary Lou Barnes home the other night? What Sammy???

Have you heard of the indiscreet love affair between Lady Hamilton and Corn Cob Nelson?

We have two people we can always use in this column, Casanova Browne and Ph Ph Ph Phillys Ferguson.

Warning to all girls: Lock your balcony doors because Romeo Teague is on the loose —(again).

Rodney Waters, who was born in Davey Jones' Locker and Helen Phillips (the girl with the orange hair), have lots of things in common—(maybe love?)

Question of the week: Will Robert Brooks build up enough nerve to ask Ruth Young to go to the show with him Monday afternoon—?

"Romance, that's the thing which begins with sentiment and ends with settlement."

"Love, the delusion that one woman differs from another."

Foresight—Jean: "Tell me that you love me." Bill: "Sure, but don't ask me to write it."

basketball team and they'll be glad to tell us how much our cheering means to them when they're on the court. Cheer all you want, but the next time our team gets a bad break, let's show them that we can take it. If there's any arguing to be done, remember our coach is our spokesman and is doing his best to protect the interests of the team. Don't forget that the referee can call a foul on the home team for excessive bursts of booing and hissing and that one point could mean the difference between victory and defeat.

If we win, let's be good winners and if we lose, let's be good losers. In either case, try not to give the Proconian cause to write another editorial on sportsmanship. After all, we don't like to write them any more than you like to read them.

—THE STAFF.

SILO—"Full of Corn"

WEEKLY JOKE:

1st: Which do you prefer? Beethoven's 5th or Chopin's 1st?

2nd: Patton's 3rd.

POETRY:

Breathes there a man,
 With soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 "Where in h— is my Retonga?"

A PSALM OF LIFE:

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
 "Life is but an empty dream!"
 For how can one eat raw cucumbers
 Without using good rich cream.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
 And the grave is not its goal,
 Even if you do your darndest,
 You always end up in a hole.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end or way;
 But just to study all tomorrow,
 And on each succeeding day.

Art is long and time is fleeting,
 And our hearts, though stout and brave,
 Can not stand the constant beating,
 That we get when teachers rave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
 In the bivouac of life,
 There's only one much greater rattle
 That which cometh from a wife.

Trust no future, however pleasant!
 Let the dead past bury its dead!
 It's even best to avoid the present,
 And to just remain in bed.

Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime,
 And departing, leave behind us
 A poem like this amazing rhyme.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
 With a heart for any fate;
 Still attempting, still pursuing,
 Won't we ever get a date?

CAROLINA THEATRE

SUNDAY and MONDAY

"CAN'T HELP SINGING"

—with—

Deanna Durbin • Robert Paige
 Akim Tamiroff

ANDREWS-HENNINGER

Shopping Center

for

All the Family