

PROCONIAN

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Don't Gripe, Kick!

The title of this editorial has more meaning than you may think. Griping and kicking, though seeming alike at first glance, are really two different expressions of dissatisfaction.

Gripping is an individual art that accomplishes little more than relieving the griper's mind. Those who kick may have been grippers at first, who got together to get something done. Gripping is a waste of time; kicking, if done properly, can be surprisingly effective.

A prodigious amount of griping is done in this school. Though a number of students may be annoyed by a situation, nothing is done about it, because an individual's opinion carries little weight.

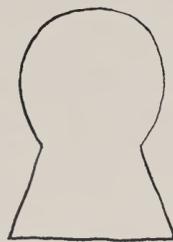
However, there is in the school an organization for the express purpose of kicking—for getting action on problems concerning the school and student body. Each class elects its quota of representatives when school opens, and then forgets about them. This organization, known as the Student Council, has been in existence in this high school long enough to make its presence known.

Last week in assembly your Student Council presented an unrehearsed "model meeting." This was, for the Council, a lively discussion. Yet the general concensus of opinion was that the program was unbearably dull. Why? Simply because the members had nothing to talk about.

And here is where you, the Student Body, come in: if you think something is wrong, tell your Student Council representative about it, and have him bring it us for discussion. There is plenty of room for improvements in this school, and enough imagination to make them.

Briefly, your Student Council says this: don't gripe to the world at large and then blame the Council for inaction, but tell your representative about your pet peeve and let the Council work on it; either put up or shut up.

KEYHOLE



It seems that we are just recovering from numerous holiday hangovers, shaking the stardust out of our eyes, eliminating the bags, and —!! To you uninformed kids we have a few changes that were made during the season and since.

New Discoveries:

We noticed that Billy Smith has discovered Dot Hogan recently and vice versa. You can observe those two on the basketball court any afternoon.

Bob Snow and Billy Basnight have discovered our senior belle, Jeanne Whitfield. *Billy* and Jeanne are just friends!

So Kenneth Council is "cute and home on leave!" Faye Jones thinks she's lucky.

Seen in the Halls:

You just can't miss bumping into Mary Dean and "Blackbird" around any ole corner. Nuff said!

We're chewed down to our cuticles wondering how the Taylor, Carmichael, Cheek affair will turn out. Bootsie is still laden down with those Milky Ways!

Speeding to class before the tardy bell we couldn't help noticing Esther Ruth and Curtis Whitfield "chawing the fat." No comments.

And everywhere we turned there was Wimp Carroll and a flock of giggling girls.

Still Carrying the Torch:

(You're good if you can guess 4 out of 5.)

- Ward Peacock
- Frances E.
- Bootsie Lyons
- Pat Hole
- Jeweldine Merritt

Playing the Field:

- Rodney Waters
- Bill Basnight
- Harold Cannon
- Frank Pittman
- Sammy Ross

Since those Annual pictures are due soon—we've decided we need a little "beauty sleep." Sweet dreams, kiddies!

SILO—"Full of Corn"

In answer to the many letters received by this column in the past few weeks inquiring as to exactly what happened to all the good jokes this corner used to present each week, we give you the following Silo copy just returned from the censor: (May someone have mercy on her!)

Silo — Nth 27, 1945 — We happened to be walking down the street the other day when we met a (censored) who student teaches at the High School. Our thoughts were immediately turned to (three lines censored) . . . And then there's the latest joke about the Farmer's Daughter. It happened that (seven lines censored) (Censor's comment: Mr. Hogan wouldn't like that.) . . . Two little rabbits were running around one day when they chanced to catch each other's eye. (Three lines censored.) (Editor's note: I see absolutely no reason for censoring this joke as it is of high value in teaching the practical uses of the multiplication tables.) . . . (Censor's comment: The next four lines are not fitting as janitor service is very hard to get at this time.) . . . (Five lines censored.) (Censor's comment: Huggins says there's not a word of truth in it.) (Editor's note: With that face I would too) . . . Our favorite song: Bang, Bang, Lulu—(All fifty verses censored) (Censor's comment: The lyrics are all right, but the music is suggestive.) Joke about an old maid. (Joke censored.) (Censor's comment: This joke might offend the Senior girls.) . . . And in closing, we'd like to tell you a joke our girl told us the other night about the (five lines censored.) (Censor's comment: Shame on Bootsie.)

Censor's overall comment: On the whole, the material contained in this Silo is all right. However, there are a few objectionable places in the material and you may or may not be able to notice the few places where I have been forced to make slight changes. Hoping and striving for cleaner and purer Silos, I beg to remain, your friend and adviser, (name censored). And then you ask why we don't print any more *good* jokes. It must be the effect *Li'l Abner* has over us. Our Parting Song, a plea to our adviser, "DON'T CENSOR ME IN."

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