

PROCONIAN

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"I Gave My Dime"

This is the embarrassing story of how C. H. H. S. has given its dimes to four fundraising campaigns conducted in the school since September.

Student Activity Union tickets netted the Student Council Fund, which pays the bills around here, approximately \$175. Considering what is offered with SAU tickets, the total is low, although a vigorous campaign was conducted to sell the tickets to more of the 240 high school students.

Figures on the War Loan drives present an interesting study in the ambiguity of statistics. We have received a certificate stating that sales of stamps and bonds total \$11,700—an impressive sum. But investigation reveals that sales from C. H. H. S. alone total \$1,100—a very different figure.

Under the current plan, whereby each student is pledged to purchase at least one 10c War Stamp each week, the high school's quota will be \$380. This makes \$1.60 per high school student; the Elementary School has, in the last four months, bought approximately \$2.80 per student. The moral of this paragraph is: we've got to *voluntarily* buy more War Stamps and Bonds. Sure, Uncle Sam wants our dimes, but he wants our dollars, too.

The Infantile Paralysis drive, concluded a short time ago, was the most disappointing showing the school has made this year. Our total contribution to the fund that fights polio, which has come so near Chapel Hill in the past summer, was \$11.05. We offer no comment, just the figure: \$11.05.

All these drives are over now; it's too late to change the figures. But we can still do two things to make our record look better. First, we can buy twice or three times our War Bond quota—which certainly is a modest sum as it stands now; second, we can start thinking about the Red Cross drive in March, and others that will take place between now and the end of school.

In short, C. H. H. S. students have plenty of money to spend. Remember: your chicken-feed helps, but your dollars make the difference between failure and success.

SILO—"Full of Corn"

ADDED NOTES:

Your correspondent has just returned from Hillsboro (spelled with an "E") . . . And we used to think that Whiteville was bad. . . . After the game one of the fellows happened to remark in the locker room, "Boy, that referee is a —!" Replied another, "Who called the — a referee?" . . . After seeing the way Coach Bud handled the Hillsboro officials we see where he got his name. You should of heard the folks yelling, "Stand back and give him room." . . . We thought for a while that Bud was going to make "Mincey Meat" out of the referee . . . Mr. Honeycutt said that he was glad the game was stopped as it might have turned into a riot . . . Turned into one? . . . One of the Hillsboro players accused us of tripping him. . . . Teague and his big nose! . . . Heard at the game: "If George were only here now!" . . . All is fair in love and Hillsboro . . . The frantic pleas of Sam Ross' admirer . . . Oh, Sam . . . Seen after the game: The Hillsboro referees leaving the gym with their seeing-eye dogs . . .

Are you feeling tired? Out of sorts? Do you have that dogged feeling? We warned you about dating Hilda Sharkey. (Paid advertisement) . . . According to David (I'm pretty) Sharpe, they got some special taxicabs in New York used exclusively by people looking for cigarettes. They're called smokers' hacks . . . Our new creed: We find these truths to be self-evident: All men are created equal. They are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, among these, life, liberty, and the pursuit of Bootsie Taylor . . . Now that the race tracks have been closed, Mrs. Peacock is very happy. She's thinking of trying to get some of the bookies to work in the library . . . The Junior Drinking Club, better known as Seagram's Seven Clowns, have come up with a brand new plan for the school. It's called the Short Snort Schedule . . . They also propose renaming the American History class, "Macon's Madhouse" . . . According to faculty critics the chapel program last Friday was rated "Thigh High" on the entertainment scale . . . Joke:

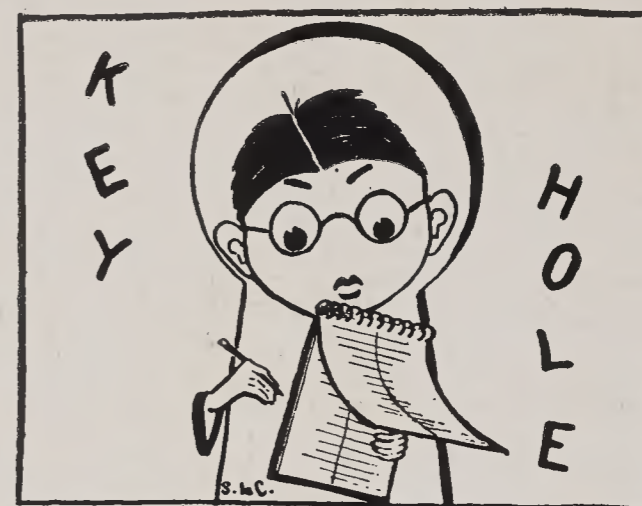
Carmichael: "I wish I had a gag for the column."

Faculty Member: "I wish I had a gag for the columnist."

And then there's the fellow that said he wished he wore glasses so he could referee basketball games.

STORY OF THE WEEK:

It happened the other day in the Tin Can. Coach Bud (The Champ) Stanbach had just called for a short scrimmage and the boys that were not to take part were looking for a place to sit down. Finally one of them spied what looked like a pile of rubbish lying on the floor and all at once the mob made a rush for this molty looking resting place. "Hey," yelled the Champ, "don't sit down there. That's Rebekah Huggins."



Just now cooling off after the Hillsboro brawl, we manage to uncover a few untainted happenings.

Seen in Hillsboro: Our own Sammy Ross actually carrying on a conversation with a Hillsboro girl! Let us hasten to add—this was before the games. . . . This Teague were-wolf coming in late after "just see-sawing" with Sharkey. And coming back, per usual, he was the only male occupant in the Hamilton's (Yum Yum) car! . . . Tommy Williams speeding through town (Hillsboro) with those two freshmen girls—M. D. W. and D. S. . . . Bootsie Taylor waking up to Carmichael—tough.

Seen in classrooms: The Lloyd boys, Bernard and Robert, enjoying themselves with Mary Helen and Jane Sparrow—respectively. . . . Freda Lee and Johnny Williams sharing the same ideas on how to get along with people. . . . Bill Brown and Phyllis getting over one of those little lovers' quarrels. . . . Billy Sorrel giving Bill Holleman some advice on the technique with women during Physics class. . . . Rodney Waters, after seeing one of those preference tests, saying, "I'm not interested in anything but women." . . . Just discovered that Bob Cornwell is no longer women-hater—he loves 'em.

ANDREWS-HENNINGER

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"SINCE YOU WENT AWAY"

with

**MONTY WOOLLEY
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