

PROCONIAN

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... Six Feet of Barbed Wire

Once upon a time, in October of 1943, the Chapel Hill High School moved from temporary quarters in the Baptist Church to a frame house down the street, known as the "Cone House."

This building is separated from the Elementary School by a driveway and a portion of what was, at one time, a lawn. The "campus," which every C. H. H. S. student crosses daily, becomes a bog when it rains or when the ground freezes hard.

From a corner of an old trash pile near the drive, a few inches of barbed wire made its appearance toward the end of December, 1943. Although it was in the school bus parking area and bicycles had to cross it to reach the bike racks, no one thought to remove it.

Throughout the spring of the year, the wire remained; indeed, it became more evident. It was still there this fall, full five feet of it. On the Saturday of this writing, it has finally been wrenched completely free, and lies in the driveway where its presence is undeniable.

Probably, by the time you read this, the wire will be no more, but its usefulness as an object lesson will have been fulfilled.

Any of us, in the last nine months, could have removed the wire. How many things that you found fault with when you started school this fall are still like the six feet of barbed wire?

CAROLINA THEATRE

SUNDAY and MONDAY

"THIS MAN'S NAVY"

with

WALLACE BEERY

SILO—"Full of Corn"

ESSAY ON GIRLS:

General Definition—

There are two kinds of girls: good girls and the ones that go to Chapel Hill High School. Of course, there are good girls in this school. Those are the ones that we have never been out with. This class is composed mainly of Freshman girls (those that don't swoon at the mention of "Sam Ross" and the "None But The Lonely Hearts" Senior girls. Of the other type, there are also several kinds. First, those who date cadets. Second, those who date V-12s. Third, those who date civilian college students. And last those who go out with Bud Stanbach. The ones that date cadets are all right. The ones that date V-12s are hard up. And the ones that date civilians need companionship like the rest of us. But the ones that date Stanbach just don't know any better. (We don't have any pride. We speak to Rebekah Huggins when we meet her on the street.) Then there's the girl in our typing class. She isn't our best girl, just necks best. (We're only kidding, Taylor.) What a girl! What a girl! What a girl; Oh, this indelible lipstick . . . And then there's the kind of girls that Miss Manci won't let us write about . . .

WEEKLY POEM:

Breathes there a man,
 With soul so dead,
 That never to himself hath said,
 "Holy Cow!"

Notes on the Faculty: We don't see why they don't start a soccer team . . . Notice: There will be a meeting of the Faculty Fan Club tomorrow night in the phone booth at Graham Memorial. Ping-pong will be played around the edges of the crowd.

ADDED NOTES:

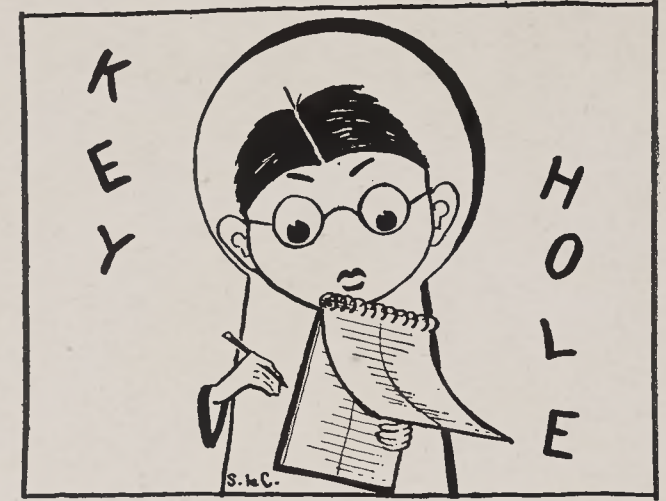
While passing through Carrboro the other night we noticed a little colored boy that looked just like Sam Ross. Of course, that was a Ross of a different color . . .

STORY OF THE WEEK:

A prisoner was brought before a judge to be sentenced for a rather serious crime.

"Have you anything to say before I pronounce sentence on you?" asked the Judge.

"Please, sir," replied the prisoner. "Hang me, shoot me, do anything to me, but for heaven's sake don't make me run any more laps around the Tin Can."



The Thursday-morning kids are on the air, And here are Ham 'n' Hug to get right in your hair,

They predict what you're going to do, They tell you who will go with who, Hinky dinky parley-vous!

Good morning, boys and girls, we bring tidings of good cheer—leaders. And speaking of cheerleaders, we notice Jeanne and Dot went with Jimmy and Scott to dance to the hypnotic rhythm of Clyde Lucas' orchestra after the game Friday night. What's the matter, kids, don't you like the "Rec"?

Do you feel left out? Undated? Try Hilda Sharkey's recipe for rejuvenated romance. Get out your pencils and paper, girls, here's Miss Sharkey herself to tell you all about it. Girls, once I too was—a Freshman, yes sad but true. I realized something had to be done and this is the recipe I used: take five boys, Jimmy Blake, Earl Bush, Harold Cannon, Houston Teague, Bud Stanbach, mix well with Mike, my favorite cadet, add a dash of sparkling personality, cook mixture until it boils, then stir until smooth. The result is . . . the most delectable cookies you've ever eaten. (Sponsor's note: heh, heh, heh.)

Thank you, Miss Sharkey, and now for the 104th chapter of the 52nd book of our thrilling story of "Mousie Faces Life" or "Life Can Be Beautiful, But Not With Mouse Face Teague." We find M. F. T. in the tenth lap of his search for the perfect sweetheart. He murmurs into her ear, "Can you take your teeth out?" Will he find the right girl? Will his present girl be the One? Or will he have to find another lap to sit on? Listen in tomorrow and find out about our hero.(?)

As you know, each week we give away absolutely free and entirely without charge, a prize to the most chased-after boy in C. H. H. S. This week the award goes to Mr. Sammy Ross of the Freshman class. However, due to injuries received after the game last Friday, he was unable to be present this morning, and so next week the prize money will be doubled. Oh, lucky next week's winner!!

Heard here and there: Wholeeeeeee Cowwwwwww!!! . . . Honestly, if we'd stayed another minute there would have been a fight . . . Toss up! . . . Well, I thought that chapel program was good.

Seen returning from Hillsboro: In one little car seven people squeezed. Could these people be Jackie and J. D. and the rest of that bunch? Could be. . . We are very disappointed in Betty Schulmerich. She has failed for once—to be in the car with Sammy Ross.

ANDREWS-HENNINGER

Shopping Center

for

All the Family