PROCONIAN

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AGAIN . . .

For the seventh time, the Treasury Department is floating a War Loan. The goal for this loan is \$14 billion, of which individuals must purchase a large part.

Perhaps it would be wise to take a moment to see just where individual sales come in on the final record. On these War Loans the Treasury presumes that it will be able to sell upwards of \$10 billion of government loans to banks and corporations. This sum, over two-thirds of every loan, is something we hear little about. This is not money, in the sense of currency and silver, but is a group of securities.

These securities are "artificial" money, money that is "made." In other words, every cent of this money is contributing to inflation. It is unavoidable; we can't do much about it.

Except for this: every War Bond purchased by individuals is lending actual money to the government. It is not only taking money away from inflationary prices but is keeping the government from having to "make" that same amount.

And remember: for every three dollars we put into War Bonds, we will get back four. So get behind the Seventh War Loan. We are helping both the government and ourselves.

There is every good reason for buying War Bonds. It's up to us to do it.

ANDREWS-HENNINGER

Shopping Center

for

All the Family



As we thumbed through our little black book of Keyhole dirt for the past week, we found that the following young people's fancies have turned to thoughts of love:

Bernard - my - dreamboy - Lloyd looks so cute when he gets embarrassed at the slightest mention of that "certain" letter from an ardent female admirer. How much are you going to blackmail him for, Betty Ward?

Our nomination for one of the cutest couples of the month around CHHS is Leonard Smith and Faye Jones.

Has anyone noticed those three bright red lipstick marks on Bill Sontag's handker-chief? He says that there are about ten females he wouldn't mind being put in this column with—that boy really gets around.

It seems that a good time was had by all a few nights ago after Senior play practice when Nita's car got stalled on the hill—Teague, why don't you learn how to drive?

This reporter wishes to report that Peewee Cheek is really on the loose. Seems that he is looking forward to a certain scene in the Senior play.

We noticed Robert (Freshman) Brooks standing in the hall the other day with a little elementary school girl. Come now, CHHS girls aren't that bad!!

It seems that Bob Farrell is torn between two women, Nancy Bailey and Pearl Smith. Tough!!

When Madeline Jennings gave Tommie Williams back his bracelet was it just to fix the catch or was it for good?

Who were the late-comers to the Proconian dance? None other than Harry Pendergraft and Esther Cheek—

The announcer of George Cummins' song, "Good Night, Sweetheart" should have added who it was sung to. That's right . . . Ardie! So you noticed, too—

We would like to put something in here about Jimmy Blake and W. A. (dare I mention that name again) at the Proconian dance—some fun!

Spring has sent Scott Gardner back in the swing of things, this time with Jeanne Whitfield.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

It becomes my sad duty, as editor honorary of this sheet

To inform faithful readers that there is one obligation I've quite failed to meet.

The space that is normally filled with the doings of students of CHHS

Must be used for this poem, which, penned on the spur of the moment, is one awful mess.

Misses Whitfield and Phillips prepared to record any confidences someone might blurt;

SILO-"Full of Corn"

RAILROAD TRAINS

We have just returned from a 400-mile trip through Virginia . . . The train going up wasn't so bad . . . After riding Stanbach all year, it was fun to be on a real coach for a change . . . We went to a little town called Orange . . . We're sorry to say though, the girls there weren't very juicy . . . The trip back was really something . . . The train we got on was a local local . . . It made 104 stops between Washington and Greensboro . . . The seats on this train were really terrible . . . The car we rode in was the first the company had ever bought and we're beginning to believe that they kept it on the line as an historical exhibit rather than a paying proposition . . . In our opinion they ought to rename these cars Daze Coaches because of the effect that riding in them has on you . . . We met a conductor who had been working on the line for 30 years \dots He said that after he had worked for this company for 25 years he had been given a golden watch . . . In another twenty-five years he gets the works... Wonder how he meant that? . . . After taking that trip we don't wonder why ODT has asked people not to travel unless it was necessary ... What worries us is anything that necessary?

STORY OF THE WEEK:

We were walking down the street on V-E Day when we noticed a very elderly man standing in front of Jeff's reading a paper with the headline, "WAR ENDS." The old man gazed at the headline for a long time and then remarked, "Heh, heh, heh, I knew those —— Yankees would quit sooner or later."

Well, at last the war in Europe is over. Now there are only 70,000,000 Japs and 11 faculty members to be defeated . . . The proposed plan for the High School Athletic Association is causing quite a stir. It seems the football team is demanding three members on the security council because they say that the basketball and baseball teams will vote together.

Yet appeared at the deadline with only one phrase:

"There just ain't no dirt."

They have told me that there is no dirt to be had if you'd take all the people in high school and lump 'em.

I give up; 'cause when Phillips and Whitfield discover no dirt—that's sump'n.

CAROLINA THEATRE

SUNDAY and MONDAY

Betty Grable • Dick Hymes Billy Rose's

—in—

'DIAMOND HORSESHOE'