

OWLS AND COACH BUDDY SMITH

Coach Buddy Smith is our pick for the coach of the year for the North Carolina Junior College Conference. Of course, we don't have much to say about it, but we feel that Buddy deserves the title.

Buddy, who has never coached basketball, took nine boys, only one of whom had played high school ball, and made a first class team. We hope that Buddy and his Owls will go all the way and finish in first place in the 10 team conference.

The Owls have been playing basketball in the junior college league for seven years, and they've never had a winner. Last year C. C. won one conference game and this year we have won three. Charlotte College is the only school in the N.C.J.C.C. which does not give scholarships, and the boys who play basketball, play because they love the game.

Jerry Gaudet has really made a name for himself by dropping the ball into the basket to the tune of 30 points per game. Neal Broome and Rea Hinson are really doing magic work under the boards. Last but certainly not least are Roy Warren and John Kilgo with their terrific ball handling and quick thinking.

Slade Joyner, Johnny Culp, Raeford Brown, Vic Brawley and Jim Brady do splendid jobs as reserves.

Here's wishing the Owls and Coach Smith the best of luck in the tournament February 16-19, at Campbell Junior College.

Some of my students have wished to exchange information and ideas with other students who are interested in comparative education. These notes are an expression of this idea. My students hope that students in other colleges and universities will respond to this newsletter by sending us notes about their problems, their interest, and their researches. The next issue of these Notes will include contributions which are sent us.

Ruth Byrns.

GOSSIP OF C. C.

Well, here I am again writing this column so I can lose a few more friends. Since I got little response from my request for you students to give me some good gossip, I have sent out my spies. Just one word of warning—Remember anything you say may get printed in the gossip column.

What goes on in Zoology that makes Joanne Hov's and Martha Voyles come out pale? Oh, yes, we hear little men from Virginia have been coming by Charlotte to see Martha.

Bill Sing has announced that he has big plans for July 4, 1955. How about letting us in on the big secret, Bill?

We would like to wish Joanne and Ralph Abercrombre a lot of happiness as they start their third year of marriage as of February 7.

The first meeting of the Spanish Club was a huge success with Mr. Hoyle's mints taking the limelight. But Mrs. Hoyle was giving him a hard time with her delicious cookies. Dickie Ratcliffe brought a very cute girl to the meeting. Where have you been hiding her, Dickie? We won't mention any names but we hear that a certain boy became the life of the party when he sat down in the middle of the floor and started laughing and couldn't stop.

Margie Clark and Harry Booker are now going steady.

Betsy Browne has made a big hit with two boys in English. Notice, boys, there are quite a few other boys that are interested in Betsy.

The question for the day—Who is Kanela Maydanis interested in?

The basketball teams certainly enjoys the out of town basketball games. Could it be because the co-eds of the other schools are taking special care of them? The Owls have one more home game and here's hoping that the whole student body will turn out so we can show the boys we appreciate them.

The damage done I will close for this issue. See you next month.

"HI Y'ALL"

During the three years that a student nurse must spend in training, three months of her senior year are spent in a psychiatric hospital out of state. To everyone back home in Charlotte, one of the girls writes of her trip:

"Bye Maw . . . Bye Paw"
(Gee whiz, I ain't never seen such a big wagon before. Let me see now, have I done got everything Maw packed for me? Where in the world is that poke with my lunch and that big ole box tied with rope that has all my clothes in it?)

"Hey, stop that there man with the red cap on—he's done stole my things. Stop man or I'll call a cop! Hey! (Oh Maw, what'll I do naow? Wish you were here . . . These here city folks are so funny, they don't act like us'uns.)"

(Finally, I've managed to git on this buggy without nary a further mishapness.)

I amble over to a bench and set me down, but befer I can set, I drop my little ole box (hat box) all over that there train. My foot warmer's fall into the gentleman's (at least I think he is) lap across the aisle. That there man gets up and mosies over and sets himself right down besides me. I am so flattered I blush from aer to aer. That old man starts flirting with lil ole me. I climbs right over the seat and sets right behind him so I can keep an eye on him.)

As I sit quietly there minding my own business, I sees all these

people walking up and down the aisle. It looks like they are standing in line for somethin. I don't want to miss a thing so I ups and rambles down the aisle. I stands or maybe I should say staggers for ten minutes waiting to be first in that there line. I finally gits to the end of the line and there ain't nuthin there but a door. I stands there lookin at the door expectin something to happen, then somebody open the door and pushes me in. They did! I cuts my way through a thick fog of smoke—them people is holdin sumth'n white in their mouths with fire on the end. I think that's the way they gits rid of stored up anger, they gets red hot.

I looked around and finds that I is in a room surrounded with mirrors and little white bowls. I sets myself down and waits, I do! I don't know what fer, but I wait. Nuthin happends so I gits up and pushes a handle on one of them thar long bowls and the awful noise busts out and I kin see the tracts just flying by. Then somebody pushes past me like as she's goin to a fire. I can't understand it, I didn't think it was that good.

I goes back to my seat and falls asleep. When I wakes up I sees that ole red cap taken my things again. I sure stops him, but quick. I gets off the train, takes a peculiar yellow carriage to the Big House. I climbs outa the carriage and this here man with a queer look says, "You're fine, how am I?"

Jane Robinson,
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