

The Football Society of Louisburg College entertained the Gridiron Club of Chowan College in a delightful game of Button, Button, Who'se got the Button last Friday afternoon in the Stadium at Louisburg College.

The arena was charmingly decorated in the fall colours of red and brown. The lofty oaks towering in the distance offered a lovely setting for the contest.

The representatives of Louisburg paraded daintily upon the greenward attired in gorgeous creations of maroon and brown. The Chowan athletes were dressed charmingly in gowns of pastel shades with yellow predominating in the colour schemes.

This lovely contest was featured with several delightful touch-me-downs by Messrs. Tutor and Pratt. Mr. Clyde E. Upchurch, II of the Raeford Upchurches, also contributed to the enjoyment of the affair by kicking several exquisite goals after touch-me-downs. The entire contest was characterized with a spirit of daintiness and refinement.

After this part of the program was completed, a delightful social hour was enjoyed and tea was served. Mr. Bing Miller poured.

We are prone to wonder just what action was taken by the Student Body to determine who will fill the positions of Editor, Business Mgr., etc. on the staff of THE OAK. Apparently Mr. Crowell has undertook to fill the position of Editor, while Mr. Chandler has carried on the duties of Business Mgr. So far as we can remember the only meeting of the Student Body to discuss this matter was held some time ago, and the only official action taken by that group was to select Mr. Chandler as chairman of a committee to secure various publishing companies. This action could in no way be construed to elected any individual as Business Mgr. of the Annual. We are still at a loss as to how Mr. Crowell became Editor.

We do not in any way mean to detract from the ability of these two gentlemen in holding these positions on the Annual staff as it is our humble opinion that they are both well qualified to do so. However, we would like to see that positions which are supposed to be filled by elected representatives of the Student Body are filled in that manner.

Then there was the time that Aunt Minnie was out in the Yellowstone Park. It was early spring. One night the hot springs froze over and Aunt Minnie decided to go skating. All went well until the ice broke and Aunt Min-

This is the story of great, great, great, etc. Uncle Charlie. Great, etc. Uncle Charlie's parents were simple mountain folks who lived way back up in the hill. His mother was a very pretty blonde of the large, robust type, and his father was accounted one of the strongest men in that section. They always drunk very strong and black coffee, brewed so strong it would float an iron wedge. They followed this custom instead of the regual milk diet to which most babies are subjected. But Uncle Charlie (the great one) thrrove and grew on his diet of coffee until he was about three years old and then he became very sick. His parents were at their wits end. They brewed their strongest coffee, but to no avail. Uncle Charlie was undoubtedly very ill. The old doctor was called in and he told Charlie's parents that there was only one hope for him. That hope was to get some of the extremely strong coffee berries which grew on the other side of the mountain. From these berries they must brew the strongest coffee that could be brewed. It must be strong enough to float an iron wedge upright. Next morning, great, great, Uncle Charlie's father started out across the mountain until he came to the berries which he gathered and took home with him. From these he and his wife, Amanda, brewed the now famous black-coffee-that-will float-an-iron-wedge-upright. However, Uncle Charlie was so weak that he could not raise up in bed in order to drink this concoction. His father pulled one of the strong blond hairs from his wifes head, punched the pith from its center, placed it in Charlies mouth and then poured the coffee down his throat. Uncle Charlie died.

 You can have it this way;
 Hickory, dickory, dock!
 Two mice ran up the clock,
 The clock struck eight-
 And the other seven got away.
 Or if you like it,
 Hickory, dickory, dock.
 A mouse ran up the clock.
 The clock struck one-
 And went out to lunch.
 Or if you really prefer it.
 Hickory, dickory, dock.
 A mouse ran up the clock,
 The clock struck six and said
 "How's tricks?"
 You've had a hard day today, Big Ben.

 Thirty days hath September
 October and November,
 All the rest have thirty one
 Except April, which lost three
 between showers.

 All fan mail please be directed
 to all points west.