

WOULD YOU LIKE TO BUY AN ANNUAL AD

Autumn is definitely here, and all of us are enjoying the beautiful weather and the big football weekends which come with autumn. However, autumn seems to bring evil as well as good and the biggest evil of all is add-soliticating for the Coronet. Anyway, it gets my vote as biggest evil of the year, exams included. If you are among the lucky unafflicted ones who have nothing to do except twenty-five hours of parallel a week and ten themes to write, be happy, for your headaches are much to be preferred to those possessed by about twenty of your classmates.

About a month ago Jane McDowell called her staff together and handed out names of prospective patrons. Then she sent us out to work with her blessings and the knowledge that we twenty must solicit hundreds of dollars worth of advertising—or else! My list was varied and formidable. I decided to start with Montet's French Restaurant at the Mecklenburg Hotel since Mr. Montet is a friend of my Pop and therefore might be an easy touch. I was able to think up a few good reasons why a restaurant should advertise in our annual—which was more than I could do for the Pyramid Life Insurance Company or the Bank of Charlotte, also on my list.

So off to the Mecklenburg I went. Mr. Montet was back in his office, which I soon discovered was a glassed in corner of the kitchen. I barged in like an eager-beaver and the fun began. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon and all the kitchen workers were busily washing lunch dishes. The noise was comparable to that made by Davidson fans after our one lone touchdown during the Homecoming Game. Yelling at the top of my lungs I greeted Mr. Montet. Maybe it's because he is French, maybe not, but anyhow I received such a cordial welcome that I was afraid I was going to get kissed on both cheeks. (Cordial welcomes are nonexistent in this add-soliciting business, so I shouldn't complain I guess).

This, I thought to myself, is going to be easy. But before I could even say "add in our annual" my trouble began. Mr. Montet had to know "ow ze familiee was getting along."

"Your papa has ze business getting along fine? 'Ow is he getting still to mek tenks zese dezs?", he questioned. (For your info my father does not make corn liquor in stills. He makes tanks out of steel. Steel, that is.) I brought him up to date on Pop and the steel situation.

"Now Mr. Montet," I hastened on, "I've come to talk to you about . . ." Here he broke in.

"An' 'ow is your veree charming mama? She like ze new house all right by now?"

I assured him that my charming mother was crazy about the house—that we all were. I was innocently thinking that at last my chance had come—but no.

"An' 'ow are ze two sweet sisters? Are zay happy at zeln new schools?"

After telling him that they were happy I felt sure that at last I could get his attention, since there are no more members in my family. Again I was wrong—dead wrong—I forgot myself.

"An' you are at Queens, is zat not right, Jean? 'ow do you like it by now?"

There followed a detailed conversation about Queens and I finally worked around to the reason for my coming. But again I ran into trouble.

"But Jean", he said, "what is zis annual? I do not understand."

Well, how was I to know they didn't have annuals in France? Eventually he caught on and I began my sales talk. I told him about visiting parents who must eat occasionally—about girls with dinner dates who came to the restaurant—and how the annual would circulate all over North Carolina and many people would read the add and hasten to Charlotte just to eat at his restaurant. He beamed and nodded approval and thought it all very clever. Visions of a fifty dollar add filled my heart with joy. I then explained how much space could be bought for so much money. Trouble hit again like an atomic bomb. I was always under the impression that it was the Scotch who were so thrifty. Well take it from me the French are in there pitching for the title, too.

After much pleading Mr. Montet agreed to buy fifteen dollars worth of advertising and it took me another fifteen minutes to explain to him just why he couldn't get a copy of the annual included in the price. Eventually I left, beaten down by noise, the French language, and broken visions, but I did have a small, small add to show for my hour's work.

Perhaps now you can understand my vote for add-soliciting being worse than exams. As I strolled up Trade Street after my ordeal I could find only one consolation. In my future encounters with the Columbia Baking Company, the Bank of Charlotte, Lance, Inc., and the Pyramid Life Insurance Company, I won't have to strain myself over an accent—unless they've just imported a new advertising manager from Brazil. Wish me luck—wish all of us luck.

FROM A MALE VIEWPOINT

(Continued from Page 1)
backwards watching the beautiful women go by. My date put a halter on me and led me to the slaughter. I came to the first dance partner, a beautiful southern chick from Georgia. For no reason at all I happened to glance up. I let out a terrified shriek so that the poor girl began to cry because she thought that I thought she was Lena (Lil Abner's girl friend). But it wasn't that at all. Right above her was a picture of Carolina. I just couldn't take it. Being surrounded by Davidson was bad enough, but to have Carolina in the same room with me was unspeakable. I console myself in punch, women, and song and had a rip-roaring time.

All too soon came the end of the dance. Hoping to gain the good graces of my date, I grabbed a couple of balloons for her to play with. She rewarded me with an adoring look on her face and we joined hands for the grand march. When everybody began to sing the Queens' Alma Mater, I wobbly sang "Dear Ole DOOK" off key. Then my date hurriedly bundled me up, drove me home, shoved me in my front door, and walked home. It was the perfect end to a perfect evening.

An American Will Be Chosen

The All-American team selected by the American Football Coaches Association probably will become the No. 1 honor array in the country, according to Dr. L. H. Baker, noted football historian. The Coaches' All-American was picked for the first time last year.

Dr. Baker, whose football records are regarded the most complete anywhere, makes this observation in his latest book, "Do You Know Your Football?" (A. S. Barnes, New York.) In reply to the question "What All-American selection, originated in 1945, may become the No. 1 list?" Dr. Baker gives this answer: "The choices of the American Football Coaches Association published in The Saturday Evening Post."

In a chapter devoted to All-American teams, Dr. Baker points out that "no one knows" how many All-Americans are picked annually. "New lists are started almost every year," he writes, "and from time to time old selectors abandon the effort. Probably five or six are all that receive widespread acceptance." He notes that as many as 35 different "All" teams appeared in the Official Football Guide for 1909.

The Coaches' All-American is picked by the association's active membership of 475, covering the nation. Weekly balloting is conducted throughout the season and final selections, made late in November, appear in a December issue of The Saturday Evening Post.

Dr. Baker, a medical specialist and holder of three Yale degrees, is listed in the July 1946 supplement of "Who's Who in America" as an outstanding football historian. He is accorded the same distinction in "Who Knows — the Book of Authorities," associate publication of "Who's Who."

Dr. Baker has been collecting football data as a hobby since 1934 and is frequently called upon by newspapers and magazines for out-of-the-way information. It is said that he has never been stumped for an answer. Last year he published "Football: Facts and Figures," which is encyclopedic in its variety of material.

"Sir, you raise your voice when you should reinforce your arguments."—Dr. Samuel Johnson.

"You're the first girl I ever kissed," he said as he shifted gears with his knees.—(The Coal Miner)

The difference between a conviction and a prejudice is that you can explain a conviction without getting angry.—(Anon.)

I.R.C. Presents Atomic Lecture

- (Continued from Page 1)
- the Health Physics Division.
- (4) Peacetime Applications and a Summary of the Scientists' Point of View—Dr. Cuthbert Daniels, Carbide and Carbon Corporation, Statistical Engineer.
 - 4:00-5:15—Second Session
 - (5) Film: "Tale of Two Cities"
 - (6) Eyewitness Account From Bikini—Dr. Karl Z. Morgan
 - (7) Feasibility of Political Control
 - (8) The American and Russian Proposals—Sam Levering
 - (8) Feasibility of Technical Control of Atomic Energy—Dr. L. W. Nordheim
 - 8:00-10:30—Third Session
 - (9) The Atom In War and Peace—Dr. Cuthbert Daniels
 - (10) What Shall the United States Do?—Mr. Edwin L. Jones, J. A. Jones Construction Company
 - (11) The Case For World Government—Don Shoemaker
 - (12) Panel and Forum: The Necessity For World Political Organization In the Atomic Age (The Role of the Community) (Speakers and Audience)

DIT'S DOPE

Dear Dit I,

Well, here it is time to go to press again and I find that this week things are a little more difficult to latch on to. I can't seem to locate anyone for all the Q. C. gals are running here and yon. Where have I been? Afraid I can't say right now cause there are too many people trying to figure out who I am. Torry tells me that the Labor and Management is trying to solve the great problem. So sorry that they can't find out till the end of the year. The damage will be done then.

On to the Q. C. news though—Life here is just the same as usual with a few exceptions. Practically everyone went away for the weekends and came back shot. Dot Floyd, Ann Vann, and Doris Thomas went to Charleston for the Citadel dances — and speaking of Charleston, did you see the excerpt from "The News and Courier"? It went this way:

"Did you happen to see — ? Two Queens college girls spilling cosmetics all over the lobby of the Francis Marion hotel, much to the amusement of the male guests who, however, with typical Southern chivalry, helped pick them up . . ."

The ladies in distress were Dot Floyd and Louise Johnson who were trying desperately to get in touch with their dates just after their arrival in Charleston. After trying to get her date on the phone for twenty minutes, Dot finally agreed with Louise that it was next to hopeless, and that she had best get dressed for the big hop, and Louise had to fly home to get ready for the Med. ball. So the fair ladies prepared to take off, but they were suddenly grounded for a time when Dot's cosmetic case came unfastened and lip sticks, rouge, powder, and hand lotion flew in all directions. Dot stammered in her embarrassment, "Louise, I've read about things like this, but I never dreamed it could happen to me."

The Autumn Nocturne turned out to be the best dance that Queens has ever had — balloons floated down upon smiling faces and the figure was beautiful. Congrats to Lillian DeArmon for her big "Q" used in the figure . . . What happened at Patsy Desmond's house after the dance? There were many breakfasts held in Charlotte after the dance and everyone had fun. Husky wasn't too excited.

Has anyone seen the golf class at the M. P. Golf course? Seems that they cause quite a riot. Maria only took three hours for six holes and the score was only 127. Heard the report that they had to borrow miners' lamps to come home by.

Flo and Nancy seemed to have really enjoyed that weekend at Annapolis . . . the first time that Flo had been on a train since she was two . . . Riot, but perfect. Suzy went to see Nick — she must be in a rut. Wish I was in that kind of a rut though . . . Betty Johnston went to Raleigh and was quite late getting back, more fun. Has anyone noticed Kat Robinson swaying down the hall lately? A regular Salome in person. Betsy Thompson had confusing times at Duke so I heard. Say, have you seen the pictures taken at the dance? Not bad. Dougie had much fun in Raleigh . . . congrats to all the Alpha Iota pledges and some of them were so surprised. Many girls went to Chapel College and had quite a time. Should have seen Jane Carter, she was panicky the whole time . . . Grades came out and I can see that practically every girl is making Dean's List . . . good gracious . . . Miss Tillet is in the hospital and we are all missing her . . . hope she hurries and gets well . . . Did Miss Adams say she was playing hearts still? And that was some joke about the clock — glad I have a small tick-tock . . . Mrs. Godard has all the girls pleased with her teaching — she has stepped right into their schedules . . . Rossie, Marylyn, and Torry took time out to head for Gastonia not long ago . . . did the guy fix you, Rossie? And what happened to Pluto, Marylyn?

Tonnie is sporting the best looking ring from a very nice country preacher and Miss Taylor is more than glad she has it for now, Miss Taylor thinks Tonnie will get her mind back on Church History . . . but it seems that Husky has different ideas . . .

Well, Dit — I've run out of information at this point but will be back on the track of things going on for the next issue . . . A happy Thanksgiving to you . . .

As snooty as ever,

Dit II

In proportion as we love the truth we shall be anxious to know what it is that leads our opponents to think as they do. We shall begin to suspect that the pertinacity of belief exhibited by them arises from the perception of something that we have not perceived; and we shall aim to supplement that portion of the truth discovered by us with the portion discovered by them.—Herbert Spencer.

MANGEL'S

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