

Dit's Dope

How's for a bit of the latest dirt—but in order to cause no hard feelings, I am not capable of obtaining all this hot stuff off the wires information so my snoopers are partially responsible. It's amazing how much is revealed if you sit quiet and keep your ears open. So now drop your dead bodies in the nearest chair and . . .

Has everybody heard of the many dates a certain girl in South has per day? Not one, one Sunday, not just two, but three—and you should see the big picture that came with the last (but not the least, we must add) one. The girl, yes — Betty Davenport — to be exact.

Ask Nancy Clarke who came down this last week end! Glow!! How does Jo Baucom rate having her one and only here so often? It must be grand!!!

Wonder how Betty Gore keeps all her addresses straight and then again, there's Katie Chapman with a long distance call on each phone at the same time!

That sparkling pin on Cecile Ward was the result of a Phi Kappa Alpha's visit. Guess where's she's going that first weekend? (Clue—it sho' ain't home!)

Was that Ann Griffin glowing so after a phone call Sunday night? Tell all, Ann.

Tuck, the new acquaintance of Saturday night—and then Sunday certainly sounds interesting! Tell us more!

Didn't Lee and Lee make a cute couple Saturday night — Lee Draughn and swoon!! pause — Lee Willingham, that is!!

Betty Sue and her man from Carolina were seen at the Davidson-State game. Looks serious—imagine Trulock in love.

Kat Barrier and a few other gals were seen heading for the Wake Forest-Clemson game. If I'd tell you who I pulled for you may know who slung this together.

Girls—just one at a time—I'm sure Haywood Brinegar will get around to us all. After all I hear he has a girl in every state in the Union. Can easily see why.

Someone just rushed in and they tell me Ken is mighty fond of "Sister." This is really a publicity stunt for Ken.

Nancy Gordon sure likes Maria's little "bottle of fortune" and believe it or not, it gives out with answers one likes to hear.

Scottie's Catawba man has lost a nose, so she says, but we hope it's just one of her off moments.

If anyone was wondering just what was going on in Morrison last Sunday night, may we please explain that there was great rejoicing over Chessie's big trip to Wake Forest. Do believe we had as much fun as she did!!

Katie Arrowsmith has complications in getting to the State-Davidson game with the right man—but she dood it.

Lou Ellen Thompson and Ann Crosland certainly had a big whirl last weekend. Those State boys know how to do things up brown.

Carp and Lois are hitting it off in a most exciting way. Indeed choir practice has become quite a meeting place for several people.

That weekend Peggy Ralston went home wasn't spent talking with mother and father.

Now this is authentic, having been duly copied from a huge sign which is displayed on room

No. 307 Morrison. "We-all is in love (meaning infatuated.) Each member of this suite is moonstruck. We, the said suite, are carrying torches. Boy, the suite is red hot! Kellah has it bad over C. A. and J. B.; Dee-Dee is plum gog-eyed over Brown. Mo is in bad shape—pining for Bill, you know, but Marianna—well, it's about hopeless—she is wasting away to nothing—all for the love of Choc! Any remedies will be appreciated!"

When "Daisy" McLelland turns sleuth that is news, but when Nancy McNeely locks her out on the front porch while she is snooping on "Win" Willoughby and Louise Fink and their dates, and when Nancy turns on the porch light with "Daisy" in clear view, — that's murder.

Martha Todd's John is a Carolina man—and he's all man. Just ask Martha. (But where is Ed?)

Dot Floyd and Doris Thomas are still the two grand gals who give the men a busy path to their door—well, not quite to the door.

Ashley Jones' interests are more than just singing—huh—gal? (And Margie Holt doesn't accompany only with a piano.)

Phyllis Dorward did all right with her two Carolina men this summer. Now, fellas, dont' be jealous.

Katherine Dowd swears that she was only interested in summer school at Appalachian.

Kat Haywood is up to her "man"-y tricks, can you see why?

Jean Thompson has a "Bill" at Clemson too; better watch him —or vice-versa.

Betty Pratt seems to have taken over "The Manager of the Davidson team," Bill Keith—nice going.

Tootie wasn't telling bed time stories about her brother being 6'6"—cause he came in person to prove that Tootie is really good at heart. Nice hunk of man!

Flash! Shirley Tison was deeply crushed when last issue came out and no one wrote on her beautiful pin from Mo! You see, Tison, it wasn't red hot news since we've known you've had him snowed for years! But congratulations, Cutie.

Virginia Graham's man was seen in Burwell Sunday. He's such a handsome brute.

Will someone who knows find out who Mary Jane dates so frequently.

Rosa, how come you no like your date the other night—objection? O. K., excuse please.

Betty Lou Collins' pretty brown eyes get so big when one speaks of Wake Forest—now don't ask why!!

Bet Lawing, did that dream man next door to you ever come across. He can't resist for ever.

Suzy Blackmon came by the school on her way home from Wake Forest to attend the Clemson game. Real nice to see her around again.

Girls, ask Doris MacDougall how to work dates in case one of your men fails to call until the last minute and you don't want to be left at home if he doesn't get around to dialing your number. Good work if you've got what it takes.

Nancy Gordon, hate to bother you, but it took you a long time to get across the golf course to the 19th hole. Shame!!

Gotta go now, cause when you gotta go, you gotta go. Say I've lost my mind — someone just asked if I ever had one. But no-how—sweet dreams till next time!

The Inquiring Reporter

By Ann Birmingham

Merry Christmas! Happy New Year! Ring out the old, ring in the new! Now some of you might think it's too soon to make New Year's resolutions, but remember the early worm gets the bird, or is it vice-versa? Anyway, just think how much more fun you can have breaking them three months in advance. Also, since we're all striving to keep up with the Q. C. tradition, you'll have to admit that the farther one looks into the future, the better their outlook will be.

Wearing my best holiday smile, I set out to put myself in the "know" as to what some of these resolutions are. The first people I ran into were Ann Vann and "C" Collins. "C" knew exactly what hers was going to be. "Each month I'll buy myself a whole case—of carnation milk, that is." Ann's resolve, which I personally think I'll join her in, is "to do her exercises every night or either go on a starvation diet"; so from now on just call us Mahatma Ghandi.

To get the male point of view, I casually sauntered over to one of the vetrans' bull sessions. (And I was not flirting either; I can't help it that I have eye trouble). Of course, they were all real bashful when I asked them if they didn't want to make a statement for the press; but after much thought and deliberation Jack Cannon finally dawled out "don't mind if I do." However, before he could say anything else, Richard Goodman popped out with, "The only time my name was in print it was for 'wanted.'" Since they would not be more definite as to their resolutions, I decided to go elsewhere—to the "Y" to be more specific. Who should I see but Lillian Barber, Lee Draughon, Peggy Lay and Rebecca Woodard taking "time out for a coke." With the Blues always foremost in my mind, I tried to find out what they would like to resolve. Instead of an oral resolution, Lillian just wistfully batted an eye and looked real mischievous. Now I wonder what that means? Lee Draughon said that her's would be "to fall in love with studying so much that she'd even forget week-ends"; while Peggy said she thought she'd appeal for more Saturdays in a week. Rebecca said hers was

"to wash the ring from around the tub." Pete, Mickey's suitemate, said that she'd be only too delighted to help her keep that resolution.

Seeing Jane Edmon's skirt swishing out the door, I jumped up in hot pursuit. When I finally caught up with her, she was talking to Joan Berg, Cecile Ward, and Geneva Applewhite. Jane's resolution was "not to waste time —unless I can waste it with Al or Bobby"; while Geneva, always the business-woman, said that she resolved "to get more money for the Coronet" (P. S. If any of you are planning to dies suddenly and don't know whom to leave your money to, the Blues wouldn't

mind a coupla' thousand). Cecile Ward said her resolution was "to save my love for one man." For a gal who's pinned, that might not be too bad an idea. Joan in the process of telling me that she was "going to resolve to stop begging for other people's ice cream" when Pete Thomas came rushing past. Naturally, I had to find out her resolution, but all I got from Pete was, "Oh, murder." Thus the reason for my sudden departure.

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