

Feature Page

Miss November



(Staff Photo—Killough)

MISS OMEGA STAFFORD

Interview: Charles Couch,
Editor—The Charlotte Collegian

(Associate Editor's note: The following feature was written without Mr. Couch's consent and published, despite his protests, upon the insistence of the staff.) Charles Couch, a tall, refined-looking young man, is a ubiquitous element at Charlotte College. An intrinsic part of the school's progressive spirit, he is extremely active in many student activities, all of which are dedicated to the betterment of the college.

Perhaps his position as editor of the *Charlotte Collegian* affords him the most favorable means of channeling his energy toward this goal. He believes strongly in journalism as a constructive force for good, and he is indefatigable when he is working for the paper.

His present aim is to publish a bigger and better Collegian that will serve as a true reflection of the school spirit; he feels that a growing newspaper is a direct manifestation of a growing college.

A member of the Collegian staff last year and writer of the popular feature "From the Night Owl," Couch was made editor of the paper by student vote during the spring election. Having assumed complete responsibility for the publication, his present duties include co-ordinating staff functions, writing certain selected features, editing and approving all material submitted for inclusion, supervising layout and composition, assigning material for development into ar-

ticles and features, appointing staff members, and presiding at all staff meetings. His time is also occupied by many additional matters, which necessarily arise in conjunction with the publication of a newspaper.

Couch's private life is varied and colorful. He is a gifted horseman and devotes as much time as his busy schedules allows to riding. Deeply fond of animals, his prized possessions are a 6-year-old gelding horse, which he calls "Shamrock," an 8-year-old gelding named "Copper," and "Taffy," a cocker spaniel. He is quite at home on the links, being very enthusiastic about golf. His interest has been recently awakened in photography, a creative medium for which he seems to have a native talent.

The pursuit about which he is most sanguine, however, is creative writing. Couch has a distinctive literary style, and the ease with which polished prose flows from his pen is really amazing. His Midas Touch extends in full measure to the composing of poetry that is refined, inspired, and profound.

Couch is a graduate of McCallie School, a military institution in Chattanooga, Tennessee. Upon completion of his curriculum at Charlotte College, he plans to attend the University of North Carolina, where he hopes to study creative writing.

His ultimate ambition is to take his place among the masters of literature, to make a lasting contribution to the culture of civilization. The staff of the *Charlotte Collegian* sincerely believes that he will succeed in this.

Humor

The Traveling Salesman

A fellow down in Pumpkin Creek bet a city slicker ten dollars he could ride the flywheel in a new sawmill. His widow, paying off the bet after the funeral, observed, "Cal was a right good husband, but he sure didn't know beans about flywheels."

And there is the story about the crack shot of an Indiana community who was never over-modest in retailing legends of his prowess. On one hunting trip, the marksman took careful aim and fired, but the bird sailed on undisturbed into the blue. The marksman watched it in dazed silence for a moment, then dashed his gun into the ground, and cried out, "Fly on, you blankety-blank fool bird! Fly on with your gol-durned heart shot out!"

Three old friends, all unemployed, set out together one morning to seek jobs. That evening, the wife of the eldest said, "Well, Joe, what luck today?" "Sam struck it rich anyhow," said Joe. "On his first call, a fellow took him up to a desk marked 'Treasurer' and told him he was now treasurer of the corporation. 'What about Bill?' asked his wife. 'Bill got a break too,' answered Joe. 'A man showed him a room labeled 'Vice-president' and that's the job they gave him.' 'Wonderful,' said the wife, 'but what happened to you?' 'Congratulate me, Honey. At last, I'm a gentleman.'"

SHOWDOWN

By Johnny Craig

Don't quote me but . . .

The picture "Saddle the West," starring Robert Taylor, John Cassavetes and Julie London, is an action packed story of the last days of the lawless West, which is bound to be a hit in the Queen City.

"Merry Andrew," with an all star cast, is soon to be released. This is the musical story of a circus clown. Danny Kaye and Pier Angeli star together in the delightful movie.

The Dealer's choice

The Dealer's choice this month is "Too Big For Texas." This picture, still in the making, is destined to be as smash hit. Glen Ford and Shirley MacLaine team up with Leslie Nelson, Mickey Shaughnessy, and Edgar Buchanan to make my choice for October a fine outdoor, action packed, comedy drama.

Check your newspaper for the theaters which will be showing "Angry Hills," "Mock Trial," "Tunnel of Love," and "The Scapegoat."

Coffee Break

This month's record racks are overflowing the big names with equally great albums. "A Salute To The Fabulous Dorsey's" with Buddy Morrow on Mercury is a must for all record collectors. "This is Nat King Cole" with "the King"; "Wonderful, Wonderful" with the new star Johnny Mathis; and "The Golden Boy"—Roy Hamilton on Epic—all different but all great buys.



— Book Review —
Story of Wealth the Product of a Fine Style

By George Killough

Grace Anders, a celebrated young photo-journalist, is assigned to photograph (for publication in *Enterprise*) the legendary Gowden family, a clan whose financial maneuvers are supposed to have written many a page in the saga of American business. The family, under the vigilant eye of the austere Horace Gowden, Sr., lives in near-seclusion on a vast Connecticut estate.

The many members of the family provide the reader with many interesting shades of contrast—in type and in individual ambitions and philosophy, their parsimony, and their overwhelming drive to augment their incredible fortune. The one exception, aside from Horace, Sr.'s brother, Teller, is John Gowden, a man who seeks his niche outside of the Gowden stereotype but never finds it. His association with Grace is the thread that ties the entire plot together, and her inner struggle about whether to accept or reject him torments the reader through many a weary chapter.

The activities of the other family members are skillfully woven into the plot and contribute considerably to the effect of the novel. On the whole, it paints for the reader a picture that seems to ring true—a picture of "the folkways which result from the possession of great wealth," in the words of the author.

To summarize the story would

destroy it, for only when it is supported by the author's fine literary style does it achieve the effect which it seeks. This style is delicately and beautifully colored by a careful choice of words from an abundant vocabulary.

On the other hand, upon beginning the book, the reader finds himself confronted—challenged, as it were—by an imposing collection of characters which he will almost certainly have some difficulty keeping straight. Perhaps this situation is unavoidable in a novel of this type, but at best it is confusing.

Most of the characterizations are strong, with the exception of trivial points that do not seem genuine. Most objectionable along this line are several poorly placed physical descriptions which supersede previously formed impressions of certain characters. The reader experiences a sensation similar to seeing a movie after reading the book from which it was taken.

There is a turning point in the story towards the end of the book: Leonard Fole, the antagonist (if, indeed, it can be said that this book has any real antagonist), is killed, and Horace, Sr. is injured when the Miles Oak is blown into the house by a hurricane. This climax strikes this critic as a too-obvious symbolism, an allegorical climax that is entirely out of place in a novel that is otherwise straightforward and down to earth. It would have been well forgotten.

This critic feels certain that Mr. Gilbert has done better work before and will do better work hereafter. He is a gifted writer with an admirable potential.

Poet's Corner

Edited By Hal Kellams

(Poems This Issue)

By Charles Couch

SOME LYRICS

SHAKESPEARE NEVER WROTE



There was a young man from Chicago,	Who said, in a moment of Wrath.
Whose Shakespearian part was Iago.	"Pray, Lay on, Macduff."
But when Shakespeare was banned	And Macduff had the stuff,
All though Illinois Land,	And he stuck poor Macbeth to his death.
He stayed on the stage singing Largo.	There was an old man, quite a heelia,
There was a young man from Verona,	Who had a sweet child named Ophelia.
Whose wife was called Sweet Desdemona.	He said, "Little lamblet,
His name was Othello,	You can't marry Hamlet,
He said, Go to H----o	Cause he is in love with Cecilia."
To marry you was an errorona.	Now Julius Caesar, from Roma,
There was a young man named Macbeth,	Used to roam far from homa.
	He did, 'till one day,
	He said, "Et, tu Brute?"
	For Brutus had just cracked his doma.