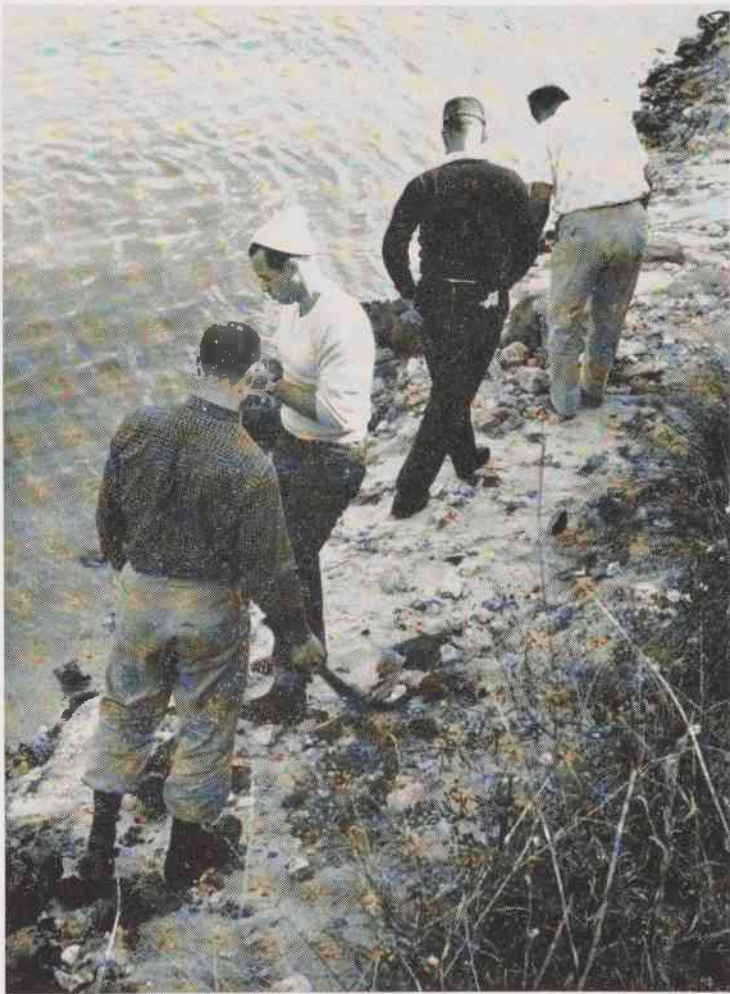


Dr. Heckenbleikner And Field - Trippers Observe S.C. Geological Phenomena



FOSSIL HUNT

MEMBERS of Dr. Heckenbleikner's geology class walk along the bank of an inland canal searching for fossil-bearing rocks. During the two-day trip the party, consisting of eleven members, visited many points of geological interest in southeastern South Carolina. (Left to right: Lamkin, Schrader, Hailey, and Dr. Heckenbleikner.—(Collegian Photo—Killough).

ORANGEBURG, S. C., Nov. 8—Eight members of the Charlotte College geology class set out early this morning on an educational expedition into South Carolina for the purpose of observing local geological phenomena. Under the leadership of Dr. Herbert Heckenbleikner, professor of geology at Charlotte College, the group charted its course through Kershaw, Camden, and Columbia and set Orangeburg as its destination.

The three-automobile caravan paused outside Kershaw to explore an abandoned quarry in the hope of finding interesting specimens of rock formations. It then proceeded south, stopping again at Forty-Acre Rock, a huge exposure of conglomerate formation. Dr. Heckenbleikner explained the process of weathering that the mass of rock had undergone and pointed out an example of vegetation-supporting topsoil formed by the rock's decomposition.

The expedition rested and shared its lunch with a swarm of yellow-jackets between Camden and Columbia; it then resumed its itinerary and proceeded into Orangeburg with only one or two minor detours.

Members of the party have secured lodging here in Orangeburg for tonight. In the morning they expect to roam this locale for further geological observations, including the colorful clay pit in Orangeburg County. They will terminate their expedition at the beautiful Poinsett State Park, the entrance of which lies approximately thirteen miles south of Sumter, and return home to Charlotte.

THE BEST KIND

I love a Finished speaker
Believe me, Sirs, I do
I don't mean one who's gifted
I mean one—who's through.

Collegian Coed



MISS JUDIE JOSEPH poses for a pretty picture on a bright autumn day. A freshman at Charlotte College, Judie plans to major in physics.—(Collegian Photo—Killough).

Kirby Gives Progress Report On Yearbook

John Kirby, editor of the Si Si said this week that preparations for the 1958-59 version are off to a good start. He said that members for the Editorial and Business Staffs have already been named. Serving on the editorial staff with Mr. Kirby are Geraldine Loveless, Gary Idol, and Reid Stikeleather. The business staff, headed by Business Manager Al Palmer, is composed of Bobby Allen, Richard Elmore, Anita Long and Howard Hailey. Miss Mary Fore and Mr. Harper Higgins are advisors.

The business staff has requested bids from our local printers. When the bids are received, the contract will then be let, said Kirby.

The book itself is of course still in the planning stage, but picture

layouts are in progress.

Mr. Kirby said that he hopes to initiate some new features into the annual this year in an effort to publish the finest yearbook ever published for C. C. students.

If You're Interest

BY BILLY CARDEN

Henry Armstrong always had been an available champion. To this wavy-haired, soft-spoken little man with mammoth shoulders and a bull neck, the tough tempo of give and take was second nature. From the very begging Hank Armstrong was always ready.

His capacity to keep up the pressure voodoo-drum rhythm seemed endless. With awe, the public had watched him barrel his way to three championships, one after another—featherweight, welterweight and lightweight. His feat wrought such havoc that rules were put in to make impossible its duplication.

By 1940 Henry had given up his featherweight title and lost his lightweight title to Fritizie Zivic. But with his remaining title (welterweight) he was as much of a warrior as ever. From east to west and back again, down to Havana, up and over to London, they were allowed to take their best shot at Armstrong's welterweight title—and they all failed.

In Henry's lexicon as 147-pound champion, there was no such phrase as non-title. He was too little a man to pile on poundage for over-the-weight fighting. And besides, he had never lost as a welter.

Just another night's work, or so it seemed, as he trod through the still half-empty corridors towards the dressing room at 8:00 o'clock for his fifteen-round fight with Fritizie Zivic, flat-nosed ring gypsy from Pittsburgh.

With a detached calm he walked into his dressing room and stretched out on the long table.

Over in the other room Fritizie Zivic was grinning, cackling, over-

joyed at being in the Garden and fighting for the title. Six months ago he had never expected to be there. Lucky thing Mike Jacobs had come out to Pittsburgh to see Zivic fight Sammy Angott. He had gone around Angott like a cooper around a barrel, and Mike had liked it. Mike had come into his dressing room and said, "Do you want to fight Armstrong?" And here they were.

The bout got started, and Zivic was going inside aggressively. "Wait awhile," a ringsider said. Then in the third, fourth, and fifth rounds, Henry's attack began to move—bomb, bomb, bomb.

In the third round the champion had been nicked over the eye, and the flesh in his eye ripped open. Eventually the other eyebrow started to split as Fritizie brought in accurate uppercuts.

Armstrong was now missing more punches than he landed. And for each miss by Henry, there was a cutting counter by Zivic. Even Armstrong's energy had a limit, and in the closing seconds of the fifteenth round, he pitched onto his. Without a count, he got shakily to his feet as the bell clanged.

There was no suspense awaiting the decision. It was evident that Fritizie Zivic, the fill-in challenger, had won the title.

-- Owl Defeat --

(Continued From Page Two) their return that they were deep in the heart of Mexico when one of the group remarked: "This sure is

a quaint old place." Tex shook his head in agreement and added, "Yeah, it sure is, and look at all the foreigners!"

Which reminds me of the summer right after high school graduation when Tex and I decided to go north and work. One day we had spent about half an hour in silence while perched atop our beds after about a week's work in the large northern city. Tex finally peered over at me over the top of his glasses and said, "Let's go home." "Why?" I questioned.

"Too many yamndankees up here." He retorted.

A new book is due for publication soon, one which I have been looking forward to reading since childhood. It is entitled "Choo-Choo—The Charlie Justice Story." Since my childhood I have been wanting to read a book or see a movie about the man whom I thought was the greatest in the sports world. Well, finally someone wrote it and I can, at last, read it. Couple of local fellows, Bob Quincy and Julian Scheer, co-authored the book.



LACK OF HEIGHT of Charlotte College players seemed to be a deciding factor in the C.C.-P.J.C. game. At a crucial point a tossup is taken by the Presbyterians (above) as they advance into the final point pile-up.—(Photo by Glenn Moody).