

Deanna Merrill's

Freshman Gab . . .

INSPIRING PEOPLE

You meet them everywhere at Charlotte College—in the halls, in the classrooms—everywhere. You speak to people who, after many years, have decided to continue their schooling; people who know what it means to have to work to go to college; people who, lacking a good education, have found the going rough in business. Such people as Russell Chappel, a retired Air Force major; Trula Booth, the mother of two children; and many, many more C. C. students will impress you with their sincerity and their desire to learn. because they know just how important an education is. They serve as inspirations to those of us who are just beginning our lives and our careers. I am happy to be at Charlotte College and to know people who, encouraging me and others to continue working and learning, convince me that an education IS worth the trouble.

Okay, I'm shutting up; but I AM loyal.

Someone who is always smiling—Kanela Maydanis.

Can you Count?. I get lost when I run out of fingers and toes, so I am not sure about how many pairs of shoes Violet Gilbert has. Let me know, will you? (Mr. Editor,



won't that make interesting news?)

Have to get this in: Congratulations to the almost new Freshman officers, 'specially Johnny Mc.

Something I expected to see, but never did: students carrying hammers in to Miss Lafferty's History I class to "nail down" a few facts.

A round of applause for Bobby Allen and Al Palmer for keeping the Owl's Roost going for all of us starving no-supper students. Bobby is also responsible for the coke and cracker machines in the student lounge. (Okay, Bobby, there is the plug. Now where are my donuts?) (Memo from Editor to Business Manager: remember to bill the Roost for advertising.)

A prediction, after seeing the new teacher: There will be three times as many accounting students next quarter. Take a look at Mr. Higgins' replacement in room 106 and see what I mean.

Who will be the first to sign a petition to tear out the English classrooms to make more room for parking? (I don't really mean that Miss Baker, ah, Miss Denny, Miss Fore, and, ah, any other English teacher who might be listening.)

See you next issue. Happy Valentine's!

LOAN FUND IS NOW AVAILABLE

Charlotte College's Student Council has appropriated \$250.00 for use in the Student Loan Fund. This brings the amount in the fund to nearly \$400.00.

The loan fund was originated last year with a gift from a supporter of the college. Several small donations had been received prior to the council's gift, which represented its share of the Owls' Roost income.

Any student of Charlotte College is eligible to apply for a loan from the fund. Definite regulations for distribution have not been set up yet. Tentative plans have the maximum loan to be twenty-five dollars—to be used for books or part tuition—on a short term (thirty days) basis. Instead of interest, a twenty-five cents service fee has been suggested.

The loan fund committee, composed of Miss English, Miss Rainey, Miss Denny, Wiley, Martin, and Jim La Roach, met last Wednesday to discuss plans for the fund's final set-up. Results of this meeting have not been announced.

— Conference —

During Friday's noon hour, the conference toured the proposed Charlotte College sites, after which the members returned to the library for discussion of the areas.

Friday night, Drs. Colvert, Cornell, and Wattenbarger spoke on special facilities such as libraries, laboratories, television, and lecture rooms. Also discussed were student

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Hal Edwards

From The Sidelines

What happened to the Charlotte College basketball team? Word via the grapevine has it that the problems of the men on the hardwood were chiefly scholastic.

This academic pit-fall, as it was, came about because of the difficulty the working boys found in snatching time to study. The nightly practices in the Piedmont Junior High gym consumed a considerable part of their normal study time. Having to miss classes for several road trips also proved costly.

This situation had no rewards, for the season was a winless one. Lack of height and of support offset the Owls' spirited play. Good-luck for a successful attempt next year, fellows!

all too apparent. The seventh round was over before Jack could set his sights for even one more good one.

In the eighth, Gene, once more his cautious self, had his one-two punches going beautifully, jarring Dempsey down to his spent legs. A right hand sent Jack to a knee for one count. In the tenth and final round, he had Dempsey groggy from repeated stabs at the head.

There could not have been the slightest possibility of doubt as to Tunney's winning the decision; and there was not one whisper of complaint from Dempsey's corner.

But bitter controversy did break loose over the seventh round and what has become prodigiously famous as "the long count."

Collegian Coed



Miss Sandra Payseur (Collegian Photo—Ramsey)

SOPHOMORE SANDHOUSE

BY JIM MAHAFFEE

Have you ever tried to study in the student lounge? Studying in the office on registration day would be more sensible. But, who said the lounge was a study hall anyway?

Cuban Cutie C. C. Coed

(This article is third in a series introducing our foreign students to the student body.)

Nora Leza needs little or no introduction to the C.C. scholars, since she has been trudging up and down the halls with the rest of us for quite some time. She came to us from Havana, Cuba, when she was a blushing fifteen. From nine 'till five, she works for Morris Speizman Export Company, while managing her own Charlotte Translating Bureau on the side. Nora has a good command of several languages, but when speaking English she carries over the Latin habit of "speaking with the hands" at a mile a minute. Her well-spread fluency prompts her ambition to be an interpreter with the State Department.

Our Cuban cutie is well-versed on foreign affairs—political and economical—and has her finger in almost every C.C.U.N. pie. After the recent trip to New York with this group, Nora returned bubbling over with tales of the United Nations in session, the Russian Consulate, and Greenwich Village, in that order.

Being Cuban, Nora has a flair for Latin dances and has given some very enjoyable performances.

"Facilities" Cont.

asked about her supreme desire for Charlotte College, she replied: "Of course we are very happy over what we have already—the site and appropriations—although they are not quite as large as desired. My supreme desire for the college is to have enough space and adequate facilities to serve the needs of our students. Our facilities should be second to none in the county."

Among the "men" of the sophomore class, I have noticed a few with a premature middle age spread. Could this be due to that foamy liquid that I see them drinking at some of the favorite spots? If you see any of these "paunchy" "Anderson's," "Hitching Post," "Circle," "Hoot Mon," or the "Tap Room" ring any bells. If you have trouble finding these fellows, look for guys with initials such as W.R.B., H.W., T.W., G.P.L., J.S.M., and F.S.

"Wanna" do something just for kicks? Try four subjects at C.C. and a forty-hour week all at the same time. It's good medicine for those who get bored easily! (P. S. Also a good way to die young.)

DEAN'S LIST IS ANNOUNCED

Charlotte College has released its Dean's List for the fall quarter.

The following students maintained an "A" average during the quarter:

Fred D. Collins, Gail Deanna Merrell, Robert G. Robertson and Edward J. Silber.

These students maintained an average of "B" during the quarter:

Francisco Arumi, John S. Bell, Joel E. Chastain, Charles L. Cruse, Margot Jan Dodge, Thomas Guy Eason, Archie H. Edwards, Evelyn Faires, Margaret Pearl Fisher, Richard V. Fuller, Olin S. Giles, Ronald W. Lamkin, George Peter Leonard, Lowell A. Lynch, James S. Mahaffee, Jack D. Messina, John Million, John J. Nivens, Roger E. Palmer, William E. Phillips, Richard E. Sanders, Beverly D. Schenck, Charles D. Simpson, William A. Smith, Larry B. Teffelteller, Charles K. Warren and Amzie R. Wentz.

In order to be listed on the Dean's List, a student must take a full load of three subjects or 14 quarter hours of work.

If You're Interested...

BY BILLY CARDEN

Dempsey sat in his corner tapping the canvas restlessly with the toes of his boxing shoes and curling the tip of his tongue over his dry lips.

"Take it easy," cautioned Bill Duffy, florid-faced second, "one good shot, the right shot, can do it. You'll find the spot."

"But when?" wondered Dempsey. The shaggy-browed former heavyweight champion brooded briefly over their fight in Philadelphia . . . even when Tunney was the challenger, the guy had taken the play right after the opening bell with a right hand chop on the jaw, and then in the rain that disconcerting routine—left jab, another jab, move, stop, jab again, move, jab, jab.

Now the bell for round seven snapped Dempsey's reverie. He jumped up and walked towards the tall, steely-eyed figure moving toward him from across the ring.

Again Tunney's cautious left hand was kept pumping like a piston to maintain a safe distance between them. It had been successful ring generalship but it was making the fight monotonous. And the disappointment was all the keener because these were magnetic circumstances, the dramatic Dempsey seeking revenge on the only man to have beaten him since he'd wrecked Jess Willard at Toledo. All America was absorbed in the event.

The ever-cautious Tunney permitted Dempsey to back him into

the ropes.

Here was the situation Jack had despaired of ever seeing, and its appearance was not lost on the pent-up ex-champion. He brought up a full-armed left hook to the chin . . .

Tunney's clear blue eyes turned cloudy, his mouth assumed a grimace of distress. He lurched backwards, his guard melting as his sense reeled.

All of a sudden, years slipped from Dempsey; his youthful talisman, the capacity to strike once an enemy betrayed weakness, returned and he closed in with a savage two-handed barrage.

Tunney's legs turned stiffly un-dependable. He sagged to the floor near the ropes, bewilderment on his face as he clutched for the middle rope with his left glove.

Dempsey, who was fighting by the former set of rules stating that a fighter who has scored a knockdown does not have to proceed to a neutral corner, stood over his victim waiting for him to rise. The referee refused to begin counting until Dempsey went to a neutral corner. About five seconds had lapsed during this time which gave Tunney's head time to clear.

Upon rising, Tunney immediately began to retreat, pumping his left hand into Dempsey's face continuously. Again that precious distance was between them and the helplessness of Jack's task became