

C. C. Ministers

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in WGNC in Gastonia. You see, Harvey turned to WGNC in 1951. He signs the station in at this yawful hour.

Harvey has a couple of sidelines too—announcing baseball games and acting as master of ceremonies for Hillbilly shows.

Don't try to tune him in on Sunday, though. He is certain not to be there. He thinks the ministry far more important than radio announcing. He is minister at Amity Baptist Church near Lincolnton, having received his license in 1950.

Bill Scholl, another graduate of Central High School, is regarded as one of Charlotte College's most outstanding students. Honors flock to Bill like trophies flocking to a two-fisted Golden Glover.

At Central Bill was one of the five top students in a huge graduating class of 400. In addition to maintaining a spectacular scholastic average, he was also an outstanding student leader.

As would be expected, Bill continued his good work after entering CC. He is editor of our 1952 annual; and except for his and a few other's efforts, there would have been no annual this year. He is also the very efficient chairman of the Publicity Committee. Additional duties include his working on the staff of the newspaper, the *Charlotte Collegian*.

Bill was elected by his classmates as the "best student" at CC this year and topped it off by earning the right to be chief marshal at commencement exercises.

Bill is employed by the Union National Bank, where he works in the bookkeeping department. When Bill leaves to pursue his education at Davidson, Charlotte College will lose one of its favorite sons.

The Duo

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I informed my kind visitor that this interest was appreciated, but I would not allow any fraudulent dealings to occur, not even for the proposed sum of money. His answer to this left me speechless. If I refused to grant his wishes, he would insert in the college newspaper, *The Hog Call*, news of my deepest secret on the campus! He would tell the public how I had faultily gained admission to the institution by bribing my family physician not to report the six toes on my right foot. Oh horror!

I showed the gentleman the door and assured him of my deliberation in regard to his matter. I immediately dismissed the thought from my mind, however, because of a test the following morning in Vineyard Longevity 101, The Art

of Selecting Choice Grapes for Wine. Thus I did not even remember about my caller until the last moment.

Thirty seconds remained in the game. We were on the smaller end of a score of 12-7. On I. M. A.'s 20-yard line I decided, as I have related, to throw a pass. If this play was successful, a touchdown was certain and the game would be ours. I faded back to pass. My mind was made up; the game must be won. A ferocious-looking tackle closed in on me. I stiff-armed him and he sank down but grabbed my right foot. Ironically, he caught the very toe of my shoe and twisted. I felt the sixth growth snap!

I was elated. I spun away from the would-be tackler and headed downfield. It was too late to pass. I went through the line of assaulters like a bulldozer going through a forest. I danced a dance of complete joy by the goal post before being carried to the locker room by my fellow players.

I was even more surprised to see my visitor after the game and learn that he, a medical student, was the player who had tackled me so viciously that my toe was disconnected. He threatened to release the alleged scandal to the papers and then almost collapsed when I showed him my right foot. The foot was a little bloody, but that was perfectly natural after a hard game. I held the loose toe up, out of the boot, for him to see. The last I saw of him was when he was in I. M. A.'s psychiatric ward under observation. It seems that he kept trying to tear off one of his six toes.

A Bit

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What was J. Vaughn Klutts doing at Duffy's Tavern the other night?

We wonder just how long the new Student Council secretary can resist the new Vice-President? Hmmm?

One of these days Frank Carter is going to find a class that will leave him speechless.

Eva Wheeler asks, "Where do you get your gossip?" Our answer: "Wouldn't you like to know?"

Well, stoo-dents, dat's all!

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at the
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• • •

"Try our famous
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Chicken"

A View Of West Virginia

Steve Mahaley

As the familiar plains of our state were passing rapidly behind us, the mountains of North Carolina rose like gray ghosts from the horizon ahead of us; and the timid sun was casting sparkling rays of light forming pale blue ripples across the clouds of the new day. Under the rays of the rising sun the trees along the mountain side glistened green with the new life of spring. However, as the hills of North Carolina joined those of Virginia, the green mountains were slowly replaced by the barren remains of last year's growth. The cycle of seasons seemed to have reversed itself as we traveled northward.

By the time we had reached West Virginia, the sparse greenery atop the mountains and in the valleys consisted only of pines and cedars. On the summit of these peaks vultures and hawks could be seen soaring with their mighty wings tilted upward against the winds high over hill and valley. At the foot of the mountains—in the valleys of fields and hillsides—meadowlarks and sparrows filled the cool air with their melodious trills and chirps. The pastures of rolling hills were dotted with sheep and cows, and aged gray stone settled back into the grassy heights. Down from the mountains came streams tumbling over the mossy rocks to meander lazily through the valleys.

We arrived at our destination, Elkins, West Virginia, after crossing the Tygart River and entering the fertile Tygart River Valley. The long ten hour drive was climaxed by nightfall and sleep. The next morning we again viewed West Virginia on one of those rare occasions when the sun pushes aside snow clouds and forces its warmth upon the cool terrain. Driving along the scenic highways in that vicinity, we gazed in wonder at the countryside, well cultivated and terraced. In this section of our country soil conservation is not only desirable but also necessary because of the rugged landscape. Rows of green crops and rows of gray earth, one after another, wound around the sides of the mountains. The houses nestled here and there were beautified by flowering daffodils and other bright-colored plants that decorated the landscape. Split-rail fences zigzagged their way up one side of a mountain and lost themselves amid the evergreens covering the top. Giant boulders of black rock protruded from deep within the heart of the mountains; and riverlets of water, as they seeped over one rock onto another,

grew into fast-flowing brooks, rushing down a rocky hillside, gliding into space over a high cliff of solid stone, and descending into the streams that were formed at the foot of the mountain near the highway.

Being accustomed to level plains, we became drowsy while riding in the high altitudes of West Virginia. We left the car and hiked up the side of one mountain toward a vast opening in its side near the top. When we reached the mouth of this wide crevice, we found that it led into a cave extending far back into the depths of the mountain. The stone roof of this cave was dripping water profusely, forming a large stream on the floor of the cave. Resting on a moist rock above the surface of the water lay a cave salamander, numb and motionless in the cold of the freezing water that moistened the rock. Its beautiful orange color made a contrast against the blue-green of the moss that covered the rock. We placed the salamander on moist ground where it might dig into the earth, to remain dormant until the warmth of the sun again called him from hibernation.

From the cave to the car and continued our sight-seeing from the highway. That evening a loud thunderstorm and a mighty wind echoed menacing threats throughout the valley, and rain pounded upon the roofs of the houses. Fog hid the tops of the mountains from our view the next morning as we prepared to leave this wonderland of cloud-capped hills and fertile valleys. As we traveled homeward, I recalled an expression that describes well this garden of hills: "You can hardly see West Virginia for the mountains, but the inspiration they carry paints the truest picture in your memory."

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