

The Charlotte Collegian



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Is The College Sorority, Rho Gamma Alpha, Dead?

After repeated inquiries, the *Collegian* has been unable to determine whether the local sorority, Rho Gamma Alpha, is dead, or merely sleeping. Having been established at C. C. a few years ago, the group has been very active until this year, having numerous projects and sponsoring many functions.

At the end of the last school year officers for the next term were elected, and to all appearances, the sorority seemed ready for another full calendar.

But during the summer something happened. The group became quiet. The sisters didn't come to the *Collegian* with information about their plans for the new year.

And nobody seems to know what has happened. Answers to questions are vague, and the questioner gets the distinct impression that, in reality, none of the sisters really know what took place.

This situation is not good, not only for the girls, but for the whole school. For in order to have an active and spirited student body, there must be groups of persons who have a common interest. And in the past, the main interest of Rho Gamma Alpha has been the development of Charlotte College.

With the passing, or dormancy, of the sorority, the college has lost

a vital and highly contributive factor in its growth.

This factor, or spirit, cannot be supplied by the Fraternity alone. It must have the backing of the girls.

It isn't logical to assume that the girls at C.C. have lost interest in the school. But, on the surface, such appears to be the case.

Something is missing. Somehow the girls seem to have let the school down. Let us hope not.

College Mourns With A Faithful Friend

The *Charlotte Collegian* expresses its deep sympathy to Frances Reid in the recent loss of her mother; the *Collegian* is assured that it speaks in behalf of all the students who have known and loved Frances during her long period of faithful service to Charlotte College and who have felt cheered by her friendly smile and kind words.

Let her be assured that we of the student body feel that we share her loss. May these words and the sincere sentiments that they express serve as a small token of our sympathy, as well as our genuine appreciation of her long service and devotion to our school.

Leave Singing To The Chorus

I don't like audience singing at a musical program. When I attend a concert by a chorus of the excellence of Charlotte College, I like to relax and enjoy the music. I like to hear a well-rehearsed group of individuals singing as a single voice.

And the college chorus, under the able direction of Mr. Harvey Woodruff, is such a group. Therefore I consider it an insult to the entire program to have the audience lift their voices in unrehearsed song.

If someone stood up at the Met in the middle of an opera and be-

gan singing at the top of his voice, he would be thrown out without question. The reason would be that he had ruined the quality of the program.

The same is true at Charlotte College. Audience participation lends a homey atmosphere to the proceedings but lessens the quality of the program.

Participation by spectators has helped save many a sorry program. But the C. C. chorus is not unable. It is capable of producing a concert of music anybody would enjoy.

Let's not ruin an otherwise fine evening. Let's not sing.

EDITOR'S REPORT



By Charles Couch

It takes more work to put out a newspaper than most people realize. Granted, the *Collegian* doesn't have a weekly deadline, but without more facilities and a bigger staff the once a month deadline is enough. But between the first and second issues this year the *Collegian* underwent a major reorganization. We fell behind schedule. And to catch up, we have to put out three papers in less than six weeks.

What I am trying to say is that if the staff looks a little bleary-eyed, they haven't been out on an all-night binge. They have merely been trying to meet a deadline.

Many thanks to John Ballard and George Killough for their work on this issue. Without their help, and an assist on photography from Dave Harmer, this copy would still be in the planning stage.

I am not particularly happy about having to renew classes on Jan. 1. And I notice, from Letters to the Editor, that I am not alone. Perhaps something can be done. I don't know, but had I helped make up the schedule I would certainly have caught the mistake. And I hope it was a mistake.

There seems to be a thought that the lead editorial last issue was aimed at specific persons. That is not true. It was written with a general point of view and was not aimed specifically at any person or school.

We told you that this would be an important publication.

Religion

"The Love of Christ..."

By Ann McRorie

Get up—get dressed—eat—dash to work—rush through to make coffee break before all the doughnuts are gone—scoot back to the job before the boss misses you—sift through the day's work and find something to do to at least make you *appear* busy — hurry again or you'll be late out to lunch—swallow fast so you can run that errand or talk to Joe before punching the time clock—make a mad dash to finish up your work so that maybe . . . just *maybe* there'll be a minute to squeeze in those math problems before class begins at five—and on and on the day goes without a moment for living!

Yes, I said LIVING! This swirl of activity that we so often find ourselves captive of is not living; it is only existing. Machines have been created which can solve the math problems; some machines can even do your jobs in the office or plant, but yet is there to be invented a machine that can be still and meditate . . . that can enjoy the blessings that come from just being silent.

Some one has well said that silence is golden . . . for it has been in moments of silence that the greatest of minds have thought the greatest of thoughts . . . it has been in the moments of silence that man has been inspired to do great and noble acts for himself and for his fellow man. It is only in silence that man can look into his own life and mind and heart and know himself. In these times of pressure, these times of high speed and increased horsepower, of Sputniks and of shorter work weeks and longer hours for leisure and growth man needs to stop and find out just who he is.

Oh! You are John Doe. That's fine, but there are others who have

that same name. Which John Doe are you? What is it that distinguishes you from the others? Is it your occupation? But there are plenty who are engaged in the same type work as you. Is the distinguishing feature that of habit? Or more important, is it what you believe?

What you believe and what you do with what you believe is the measure that marks difference between you and all others, whether there are millions who look like you, or who are named the same. But how in this society of rush and haste are we to know ourselves unless we spend time getting acquainted not only with our own selves but also with the one who made us what we are.

We are taught not only by our modern day psychiatrist but also by the Word that we need to Take Time . . . Take time to know ourselves . . . take time to be holy. The hymnists writes:

"Take time to be holy; speak oft with thy Lord."

A pilot would never think of staying out on a flight without having knowledge of the course of his journey—without a guide for his trip. Even so we need to take time each day to find our course of travel for our voyage through problems and decisions which will come our way. We need to stop and collect our thoughts — to assemble ourselves so that our actions might be orderly and reasonable. "Come, let us reason together saith the Lord." (Isaiah 1:18.) Let us rest ourselves in the beauty of quiet and silent thought, and of prayer.

The story is told of the junior business executive who decided to try practicing silence . . . and to practice maybe even moments of prayer each day. He didn't leave his desk to do this . . . nor did he make a show of his action by telling anyone. Rather, just while at his desk, he covered his face with his hands as if contemplating a problem at hand. In these moments he closed out the thoughts of business, of coming activities, of anything . . . he was silent. He took time to rest his mind and soul . . . As a result, his boss, noting this practice of the executive and noting the refreshed atmosphere that seemed to surround the man, declared that hence forth all employees of the firm were to spend at least a few moments of each day in silent meditation. Not at the coffee break, nor in chatting with others on the staff, nor in thinking of office matters, but in just being still. He felt that if the successful young executive needed moments of silence, then such a habit would be beneficial to all in his employ.

That illustration may be far-fetched for your situation, but this much is true, whether you start any new habits among those with whom you work and study, the habit of silence should become a vital part of your daily life.

Be still and know yourself. Be still and know your God. Be still and enjoy the beauty of shutting out all the thousand and one things that beset our minds and hearts each day . . . Be still and in those moments become wealthy . . . for silence is golden.

"Be still and know that I am God! . . . and all these things shall be added unto you."

Letters To The Editor

Dear Editor,

While glancing over the C.C. catalog to see when final exams started, I came across two dates in the calendar of events: registration, December 31; first class of the new quarter on January 1. Surely this must be a typographical error. I am sure that the administration, faculty, and students would much rather be at home with their families and friends on this universal holiday.

Can't something be done about this?

Signed,
B.J.

Dear Editor,

Hooray for Miss November! The picture was superb. And the girl, Omega, is beautiful. Yes, indeed, I like your paper this year.

Signed,
R.L.

Dear Editor,

I wish someone would decide whether or not it is legal to smoke in the lounge. It was my understanding that it was not permitted, but every day the ashtrays are full and people smoke without the least hesitation. What is the ruling on this?

Signed,
B.A.

Dear Editor,

What are you doing this New Year's Day? Are you going to watch bowl games on TV? No, I wish I could. Are you going out of town to visit some friends? No, I wish I could. Well, are you going to stay home and rest? No, I wish I could. Well, I give up—what are you going to do? I'm going to my first class of the new quarter at C.C. on New Year's Day—ain't it revoltin'?

Signed,
L.J.