

The Charlotte Collegian

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Collegian Counts Blessings

As the Thanksgiving season approaches it seems fitting for The Collegian to pause for a moment and take into account several things for which Charlotte College students and faculty members have cause to be thankful.

On November 4 the citizens of this community voiced their approval of a bond issue to provide funds for the expansion of the Charlotte Community College System. We think this fact is significant, aside from the immediate aspect of our fulfilled hopes: we believe that this community is composed of intelligent forethinkers—people who are capable of recognizing the need for the intellectual and educational growth of this area and who are willing to do something about it.

We are grateful to be a part of such a community.

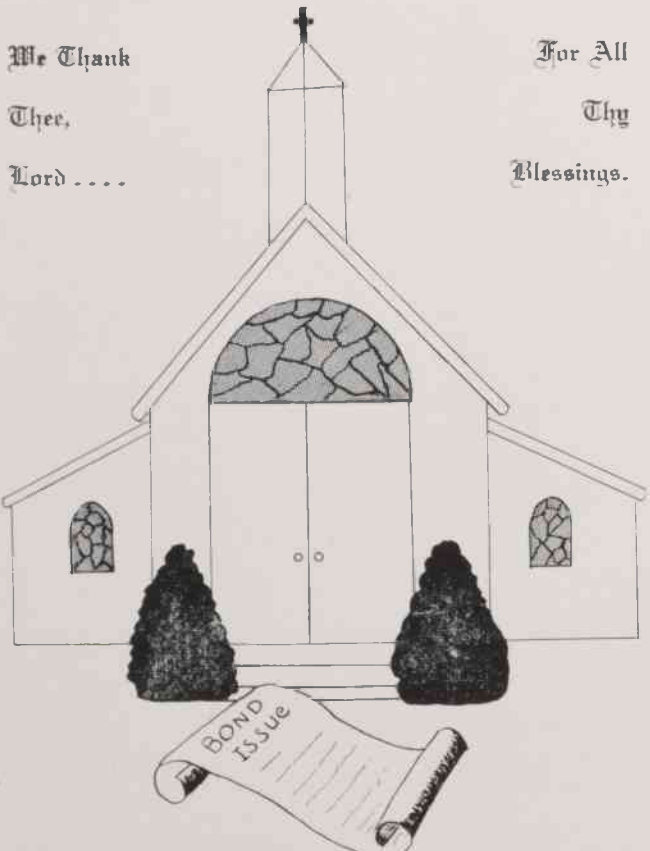
To the prominent citizens who have befriended our school and have lent their voices to the petition for its increased capacity for community service, may we say that we are deeply indebted to you. We shall never be able to adequately express our gratitude to you for your tireless efforts, both past and present, on our behalf. We are thankful that you are our friends.

To our director, Miss Bonnie Cone, whose dedication over the past decade to a cause that was

often discouraging and sometimes seemingly hopeless, may we say that without you, without your unselfish service, and without your unfaltering spark of optimism, we seriously wonder where Charlotte College would be today and what its future hopes would be. For you and for your capable and faithful staff, for your devotion to us, both individually and collectively, we are truly grateful.

The very existence of a community college system reflects something of true significance, in our opinion. It serves to emphasize that this community is blessed with intelligent and imaginative youth—youth with ambitions, far-reaching goals, and youth with the determination to do something about the future. Even in the wake of stormy headlines about world-shaking threats and counter threats, about A-bombs and H-bombs, about ICBM's and world destruction, we are able to derive considerable consolation from the knowledge that another generation is advancing to the fore—a generation that through its knowledge may govern wisely and well.

For the possible future of our college, of our community, and for our individual prospects for a happy and productive tomorrow, we are truly thankful.



We Thank
Thee,
Lord

For All
Thy
Blessings.

Doughboy Statue Changes Colors Like Chameleon As Phi Thets Scrub

In a gallant display of patriotism members of Phi Theta Kappa Scholastic Fraternity recently spent half a day in an intermittent downpour cleaning up the old doughboy statue on Cecil Street behind the school.

In a move designed to arrest the attention of the nation's largest magazine and papers, not to mention Charlotte's own dailies, brave members George Killough, Earl Gunter, Charles Cruse, Lowell Lynch, Albert Garmon, Fred Collins, and Bob Robertson fought the elements in an attempt to remove the green and brown from the doughboy. Members showed up at nine o'clock on a Saturday morning, armed with steel wool, cleanser, car polish, steel brushes, silver polish, paint remover, rags and a ladder.

Everyone was ready and rearing to go—that is for the first hour. At the end of the hour, having cleaned about four square inches, they decided that perhaps they had better send for reinforcements or a secret weapon. It was decided that muriatic acid would probably do the job. Of course the danger was in coming out with no doughboy at all, either green or bronze. However, the acid was quickly secured and a new attack made. By that time the group looked as if it had just finished swimming the English Channel relay race in full dress. Ah, but the acid: what a job it did! Color television was never like it. From the green to black, to rose, to rust, to brown and then back to green. The members naturally displayed the facility of Ringling Brothers jugglers in applying the acid to the statue. Everyone came out unscathed—including the doughboy.

But perhaps the effort was not in vain. They say that the present shade of green is much more appealing from the esthetic standpoint.

The members concluded that if Phi Theta Kappa could not do the job, nobody could, including the Pepsodent Company. Would anyone else care to give it a try?



A PRECARIOUS PERCH

CAUTIOUSLY BALANCED atop a tall stepladder Fred Collins scrubs the Doughboy's helmet. The clean-up campaign for the statue was a public service project by the members of Phi Theta Kappa Honor Fraternity.—(Collegian Photo—Killough).

Ernie Prevatte

Lack Of Height Fatal Factor In Owl Defeat

Height and depth told on the Owls in their opening game with Presbyterian Junior College—the lack of both being the cause of their eventual downfall.

The game Owls battled PJC tooth-and-nail for about three quarters of basketball. Behind by only one point with approximately 15 minutes to play, the tiring Owls found it difficult to maintain the fast pace that had kept them in the game up to that point, and from there it was PJC's game as they steadily built up their final 18 point difference.

Bob Holland and Bucky McQuay were the big contributors to the Charlotte College cause, getting 18 and 16 points respectively. Holland found the range just to the left of the foul line and popped in five field goals, adding eight more points from the free throw line. McQuay got his the hard way also, but shooting from further out. McQuay's five field goals were shot

about four or five feet from the key, and on each occasion he had to leap high to shoot over the taller PJC guard's head. He got six points via charity tosses.

A few nights ago following a practice session, Bucky was down in the dressing room jesting that he was "hot" and could not miss, even if he tried. He proved his point by tossing three pencils into a trash can which stood about 25 feet away. Friends say that out at the new Hoot Mon restaurant he proved his point even further by successfully dunking six out of six pretzels in his drink, without even trying.

Surprising to me in the Owl's loss to PJC was a scrappy performer Paul Kilgo, who turned out to be a snarling tiger on the hardwood. Paul, when seen in the halls of C.C., appears to be an unassuming, reserved and rather shy fellow—very deceitful. In the game he was the most aggressive man on the floor.

Tex Berryhill, the Charlotte Collegian who never seems to forget his coat any more, went globe-trotting last summer, and his traveling companions reported upon

Letters To The Editor

Editors and COLLEGIAN:

It is my opinion that the Collegian is very fortunate in having the opportunity to print the poetry of Robert Berryhill. I have never read a student's poetry which I feel contains the depths of beauty, simplicity of expression, and sincerity of thoughts which Mr. Berryhill's poetry does. I believe many students at Charlotte College agree with me that he has succeeded beautifully in capturing those often elusive and more often indefinable emotions experienced by most of us at one time or another.

I hope that Mr. Berryhill will continue to give to us those poetic expressions so indicative of a very sensitive spirit.

Robert G. Robertson.

Poet's Corner

BY ROBERT BERRYHILL

Speak not my heart,
for now is the time for silence.
Let her pass by ignorant
of your love.
Do not spoil her purity
by the dusty tradition
That wraps itself around
spoken love.
Speak not my heart,
for now is the time for silence.
Waste not your breath
only to heart echoes.
And if her heart passes by in
silence,
let it pass.
Do not destroy her heart's sleep
with your inadequate words.
Speak not my heart,
for now is the time for silence.

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