

The Charlotte Collegian

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Go Get 'Em Spirit Stuck With CC's Team Of Eight

Where did it go? We mean the gusty go get 'em spirit that seemed to be shaping up the basketball team at the beginning of the year. When we stop to answer this question, we see that the go get 'em spirit bored mighty deep within about eight fellows who gave CC a basketball team this season. We recall that about 20 men came out for several of the first practices.

But before the picture is completely distorted, let each one of us who is a student at Charlotte College step back and look at himself. In self-examination (and you can't really lie to yourself), CC students find individual parts which compose another big segment of our answer. To evaluate your amount of interest in your college's team, we offer these questions as pointers:

1. How many players can you name?
2. How many times have you congratulated any player for a good performance?
3. Did you ever check the game schedules given in the Collegian or posted on the lounge walls?
4. How many games could you have attended?
5. How many games did you attend?

We realize that many CC students have either full-time day jobs and attend classes at night or night jobs and attend classes in daytime. We also realize that players Bubba Rion, Marshall Greene, Ronnie Greene, and Ken Bailey had jobs throughout the season as well as students and practices. Rion also has a wife and two children.

We do have reasons, therefore, for believing that the go get 'em spirit stuck rather deeply with some fellows.

And we also have good reasons for congratulating eight men.

CC did get beat by about 40 points by the Furman frosh when they played January 21 in the Piedmont School gym. But they gave the Furman boys a close fight when they played in February at Furman and reduced the marginal difference by three-fourths.

We wonder whether playing a game at Furman instead of in a nearly empty gym at home produced a better effect on the morale of CC's men.

We know that in answering the question of "where team spirit?" we find certain unfavorable conditions that were necessary to accept.

The nature of Charlotte College has been such that we cannot lend stress to athletics. A young college struggling to establish academic prestige has no resources for what is termed an athletic program. Science and language buildings must be built before gymnasiums.

But buildings are not criteria for school spirit. And what we may lack now we can never gain by giving up (or is it never getting in the first place?) that go get 'em spirit. That's the spirit that will win games and conference titles for schools of all ages and sizes. That's the spirit that has kept eight men and their coaches from taking a defeatist attitude even though they won only two basketball games and with those two wins did not come home amid cheers and salutes.

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'Blessed Are The Peacemakers'

Someone remarked the other day that the students at Charlotte College have another reason to be proud of college president Dr. Bonnie Cone.

The remark was made because Dr. Cone had received the annual brotherhood award from the local chapter of the National Conference of Christians and Jews for her outstanding contributions to brotherhood.

We of the Collegian staff extend our congratulations to Dr. Cone, and with her we extend our gratitude to the local NCCJ. But we cannot share with our president her feeling that she did not deserve the honor.

But we could expect no other feeling on the part of Dr. Cone. She does not work for medals; her reward is bringing about better human relations.

For that reason we can feel no prouder of our Dr. Cone than we have always felt. And we know nothing to say except "Thank you, Miss Cone!"

'Assembly' Meeting Was Lively

By GEORGE THOMAS

Ten Charlotte College students represented the CC chapter of Collegiate Council United Nations at the Model General Assembly at State College in February.

The Charlotte College students represented Jordan and Cuba. They were among 200 student delegates and faculty advisors who attended.

The Assembly gave to the politically-minded students opportunity to submit resolutions, fight bitterly about them, and pass them or reject them.

The Cuban delegation, led by Bob Andrews, sophomore, provided color to the proceedings by their numerous walk-outs and angry anti-Yankee outbursts.

The Cuban delegation appeared in khaki battle dress and combat boots instead of the usual coats and ties.

Despite the diversions that were present, the hard reality of the world was not lost upon the students attending. U. N. moderator Frank P. Graham reminded the Assembly that the world organization is "a moral imperative in the atomic age."

CC Traffic Committee Issues 77 Citations For Parking Offenses

Seventy-seven students and faculty members have been ticketed for parking violations on campus since a crackdown began four months ago.

Of those 77, only 17 persons have paid their \$1 fines. Fourteen others appealed the tickets as unwarranted, and the remaining 46 have yet to pay their fines or appeal.

William H. Yarbrough, Charlotte College business administrator, said the Student Council Traffic Committee has turned in the 77 tickets since the committee was organized in November.

All appeals must be heard by the Board of Appeals, appointed by the Student Council in December to review tickets which auto owners consider unwarranted.

The board has met only once — Feb. 27 — since it was formed. At that time it accepted all 14 appeals.

Why didn't the board meet earlier? It was to have met before the end of the first semester to act on appeals before the ticket holders could receive first-semester grades.

"It was just a general mix-up," replied Clinton Canaday,

chairman of the Traffic Committee. "Nobody knew who was supposed to call a meeting. And everybody was tied up with exams and registration."

Canaday was asked whether the restrictions have improved the parking problem.

"The students have responded very well," he said. "People have stopped parking along the drive, and the faculty areas have remained clear for the faculty — in most cases."

Fines are collected by Mr. Yarbrough, who has taken a personal interest in the committee's work.

"The forty-six persons who have not paid their fines or appealed should be reminded that they will have to pay them eventually," Yarbrough said. "It isn't fair to the ones who have paid their fines for some to get by without paying."

"But the real teeth of the committee will bite down when those persons do not receive their second-semester grades," said Board of Appeals member Carl Sox.

BY GENE HORNE

'H. T.' Calls CC His Home

JOHN BOLING reports that Brenda and Skody Rat gained their freedom, but H. T. Cloud has found a permanent home . . . and is happy. They are his pet mice.

Yes, his mice. On January 20, John, Curtis Cloud, Larry Reynolds, et al., found baby H. T. in one corner of the chemistry lab.

They bathed him and weighed him in and gently placed him in his temporary home, a glass beaker.

They recorded his weight on a progress sheet: H. T. Cloud, January 20, 1962, 7.65 grams.

The boys gave H. T. the rat-royalty treatment, and he responded very well.

John was certain that H. T. had brothers and sisters.

He made a trap of a glass beaker and a piece of cardboard, using a piece of bread for bait, and—surely enough—they caught more of H.T.'s family.

Skody Rat and Brenda moved in. Brenda was the one with the broken tail.

But Brenda and Skody didn't like confinement, so they broke the bounds of domestication and went their way.

H. T. escaped once . . . Chemistry professor "Pop" Norman went in to feed him after the four-day semester break.

H. T. had been ignored too long. He was hungry. He felt unloved. He zipped past Pop's hand and skittered across the floor.

In spite of Pop's efforts to catch him, H. T. disappeared.

H. T.'s official guardian, Curtis Cloud, said, "Darn kids! Don't appreciate a good thing when they have it."

But H. T. came back. The next day the boys found him calmly nibbling on some crumbs near their trap.

He was bathed, weighed in, and put in his new mouse-house, which resembles very much a waste basket.

His progress report was begun anew. We asked John what H. T. eats:

"He's particularly fond of date-filled oatmeal cookies," said John. "He also eats graham crackers, potato chips, ham sand-

wiches—as a matter of fact—he'll eat anything."

"Except cheese," interjected Larry Reynolds.

"That's right," said John. "He hates cheese. Won't touch it."

John reported that H. T. was weighed in on February 27 at 16.16 grams, more than double his weight on January 20.

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TIMOTHY was almost a new member of H. T.'s family.

As soon as he was captured, one of the boys, John Duckworth, took little Timothy over to the lounge during the crowded lunch break "to show him off." He showed little Timothy to Barbara Blythe, who had a Coke in her hand.

That was a warm gesture, we'll admit. But the gesture Barbara made with the Coke was a bit more cold (and wet) than warm.

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REGGIE YORK was there, and he got the picture at a recent Shoney's gathering of the SiSi staff after a meeting.

"I'm starvin'," Rodney Love had said, and calmly ordered four double-decker Big Boy sandwiches and an over-sized chocolate shake.

"Well, I'm a growin' boy," he explained.

Mary Fisher thought he was out of his mind. He'd always ordered strawberry shakes.

Editor York, by the way, announces that the annual has "gone to press."

And then he takes a deep breath of finality.

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WE WERE sitting in the student lounge recently, just listening.

We saw a young Casanova trying to impress one of our pretty coeds with his adventures at UNC last semester.

When he had finished his narrative of the wild night life at Chapel Hill, the sophisticated co-ed coolly said, "So you're from Chapel College," and sashayed out.

Casanova almost swallowed his teeth. And we grit ours, and close . . .