

To Paint A Picture

A few years ago a famous French painter came to the United States to get some impressions of American life. While being entertained in one city, he was plagued with random questions: What do you think of America? What do you think of American food? What do you think of American families?

During the Christmas season the visiting painter was entertained at a round of parties. On one of these occasions he met a wealthy matron, who offered him a commission to paint a mural in her church. The painting would be a memorial to her late husband, and it was agreed that the artist should draw from his impressions of the American Christmas.

The next month he began work on the mural and continued painting for two years, allowing no one to see his work. When the picture was finished at last, the matron arranged to have it unveiled at a Christmas service.

Formal preparations for the ceremony were completed. A crowd of eager and curious citizens filled the church and waited. On a prearranged schedule, a string was pulled, and the curtain fell, unveiling the picture.

A gasp arose from the congregation!



- - Faculty News - -

By MRS. ETHEL PHIPPS

This year, all students taking courses in French, German, and Spanish are required to have a one-hour weekly drill period in the language laboratory to develop their comprehension of the language and to improve their pronunciation. It is the general opinion of all the instructors in the foreign language department that this language laboratory is proving very helpful and stimulating to all the students.

Dr. Macy reports that the foreign language department hopes to have its own projector in the near future. This projector will allow film strips dealing with the civilizations of the various countries to be shown at Charlotte College as a supplementary part of the language courses.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Walker have a new baby. Debra Ann Walker was born November 8, 1962. Mr. Walker is a member of the mathematics department.

Dr. Rieke of the history department attended meetings of the Southern Historical Association and the Southern Economics Association in Miami on November 8, 9, and 10.

Dr. Rieke has begun recruiting new faculty members in history and economics for next fall. He is currently corresponding with some prospective faculty members for his department.

Mr. Raymond Pulley of the history department has completed requirements for a Master's degree in his field. This degree will be conferred on Mr. Pulley at Emory University at the end of the winter quarter.

Three members of Charlotte College's Student NEA chapter attended the annual NEA Convention at Raleigh on November 3. Miss Antoinette Eubanks, Mr. Ralph King, and Mr. Joe Connelly report that the meeting was most instructive. Mr. Richard Carrigan was guest speaker.

The student NEA held a dinner meeting on Saturday, December 15, at the Greenland Restaurant on South Boulevard.

Dr. Herbert Hechenbleikner of the Science department suggests a small column for the Collegian in the form of what newspaper people call a "box." This space could be used to answer questions that students ask about work under way on the campus. Dr. Heck or Mr. Darholt could supply the answers to questions arising about the work.

Here are some answers from

Dr. Heck for questions he has heard:

The barn will be torn down when the new buildings are finished.

The grading which is taking place below the parking lot is for a new road, to connect the campus with Mallard Creek Road and U.S. 29.

The big ditch behind the Kennedy building contains steam lines. These steam lines extend from the new boiler plant to the new buildings.

The tall brick chimney, which excites so much curiosity, is the chimney for the new boiler plant.

Is Christmas really indigestible? Each year renews the debate on the meaning and spirit of the yuletide season.

The spirit of Christmas lies as heavily on the hearts of some college students as mince pie (too much of it) might lie on their stomachs.

"It's too commercial."

"Christmas is a feeling of giving. You enjoy saving up money to buy presents."

Thus the argument runs, and usually the last word comes from students who recall simply the things they have fun doing at Christmas. There are carols to sing, popcorn to string, trees to decorate, family dinner to eat-- and presents.

Scrooge's grandsons (and-daughters) object that vacation from school and presents are all that count. The going-to-see-grandmother bit is ridiculous . . . for relatives I couldn't care less-- so ran one complaint in a troubled soprano voice.

The jolly spirit of Christmas is far too impure for some fine palates. Santa Claus bothers them so much that one wonders why they do not go to church to get away from the coarse revelry.

All the while a young girl turns a deaf ear to the debate. Her nimble fingers bend greenery and ribbon around a coat hanger to fashion an advent wreath. Bending to the task, she smiles gently as the advent season moves happily toward the Day of Nativity.

Only Action Gets Results

ACTION! ACTION! Where is the action? The well organized and thorough Student Government? The powerful special committees derived from the student council? The special interests groups set up throughout the student body? Which one acts? Do they act?

Does the student body know that Charlotte College has a basketball team? Has the student body ever heard of a CC Cheerleader?

The efforts of the Circle K club, the social committee, and the Cheerleaders must be commended. They are trying, through action, to inform the student body.

When assemblies are needed, pep rallies are needed, or publicity is needed, these three groups cannot do the work alone. They need HELP!

When was the last meeting of any one of the student council committees? Do they meet? What have they done to show their presence as a committee and in fulfilling their tasks as committees?

Take a good look, students of CC., and repeat the question asked almost every day by some member of the student body: "ACTION? WHERE?"

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A Library Is For Learning

The purpose of a library is to provide a quiet, well-lighted area for reading and study. Many books and periodicals furnish a never-ending source of information useful to the student, but look how we abuse the privilege.

Students use the library for eating and talking and for many social activities. Not only is there unnecessary noise, but there are too many students with bad manners.

If a girl ventures alone into the back of the library, she may be subjected to innumerable embarrassments, ranging from rude noises to direct comments. This situation has been called to the attention of the student body before, but apparently the offenders ignore all requests and warnings.

The student body as a whole will not want to take this problem into the new library. The time to correct it is now!



Eight students in this car pool. Can you find them all?

Real Cool Carpooling

Pack four to six college students into an elderly car, and the results can be described quaintly as a "car pool." Over weeks of shuttling back and forth, the speedometer will turn a thousand miles or more, and the students may turn friends.

Watching the countryside seems a more pleasant occupation than watching blackboards. Sometimes the temptation to continue to Asheboro fails by a single vote, and the ancient vehicle very reluctantly turns left up college drive.

On the morning that the temperature dropped to three degrees, students who had eighty-three classes struggled in by two's and three's. Many courageous companions of the car pool cut classes in a group, for the icy grip proved too much for the tired nervous system of weak batteries.

Companions of the carpool are noticing the hitchhikers come in all sizes and ages -- many burns, endless ne'er-do-wells, and some CC students. Sometimes a pedestrian student gets a ride.

Driving provides endless inspiration for argument and debate. Male students insist that women-drivers are non-conformists. Here are some of the crazy maneuvers that have been well documented by reliable witnesses:

A tardy co-ed, rushing up Tryon Street, ran through tree red lights, four yellow lights, and almost one policeman. The surprised policeman jumped back three feet, dropped his whistle, and stared after her in helpless dismay.

A cold morning calls for a
(Continued On Page 4)