

CC Receives Many Gifts

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two, juniors; two are presently at Charlotte College, Vance Johnson and Harry Watson, Jr.; and two entering freshmen will receive the new scholarships.

The Brice Baber Scholarship comes from a lady in Washington, D. C. In addition to renewing her gift annually, she also sends money each year toward an endowed scholarship. Five thousand dollars at 4%, for example, will provide a permanent scholarship of two hundred dollars each year.

The college again received gifts from faculty families. The South Piedmont Chapter of Ladies Auxiliary of Professional Engineers marked their third year of giving.

A large sum was given by the North Carolina National Bank. Donations came also from many other friends of the college, both business firms and individuals.

Charlotte College received many gifts for the first time this year. From a young attorney came two scholarships. Sealtest Foods made an undesignated donation, which will be used to build up the library's collection of books on North Carolina, preparatory to a course on North Carolina History.

With its gift, Concrete Materials and Concrete Supply Company wrote in part:

"This contribution to the Charlotte College Scholarship Fund is being made in the names of our friends and customers as an expression of our gratitude to them. We feel that this is the best Christmas gift that we can give to our customers.

"We are glad to know that Charlotte College has a Scholarship Committee which takes the time and effort to insure that scholarships are given to deserving students. We are happy to be able to participate in your fine program."

An interesting double memorial occurred when the Cliff M. Westbrook Scholarship was set up by Mr. Don J. Kelleher in memory of his friend. Mr. Kelleher's employees, in turn, donated money to purchase books for the student receiving the scholarship.

The total amount of the gifts received from late November through December is six thousand dollars. This figure is not, however, complete, for the college continues to receive other gifts.

Student Poll

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colleges. At these schools, a student who has financial difficulty is left out because he cannot afford fraternities. For this reason, I feel that it will be greatly to the advantage of Charlotte College to place emphasis on studies, rather than on society.

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Without My Glasses

By Professor Spillred

Public speaking has but two rules to be obeyed: I. Make sure they hear you. II. Make sure they hear something.

All else is subhead. Under the first rule of getting heard, you might run a list from A to Z, or until you get tired; lift up tones from a taut diaphragm (you sounded flabby), motivate your audience (bless their hearts), let organization bespeak your clear intelligence (if any, of course), take a firm authoritative grip on your audience (blast their hides), come to a pointed conclusion (the natives are getting restless), shut up and sit down (applause).

Now that your delivery is impeccable, let's try to say something worth hearing. This second rule is much more difficult, but you may disregard it entirely if you are giving the after-dinner speech or addressing a convention at any hour. When Digestion and Confusion slump into an audience, an idea need not commit suicide at the lectern. The stock joke will get an ample laugh; a sob story, its tear. Send them away with the pre-tested opinion: "I heard So-&-So, and he was terrific!"

Other occasions, however, will not be cheated of ample content, the classroom being a prime example, student notions to the contrary discounted. Here preparation becomes the critical factor-- preparation by teacher and student both -- for both control content.

"Make sure they hear something" created a problem for a friend of mine at the Metropolitan Opera House one evening.

The couple next to him were from out of town. It was their first opera, and they were not getting much out of it. They said so.

After the curtain came down, they said so again, and my friend tried to give them a brief summary of the content, hoping to see them through the second act. Suddenly this limited audience of two bolted for the lobby to have a smoke.

Thereupon a true lover of fine music exclaimed across their empty seats: "Imagine anybody coming to the opera unprepared!" As I was saying, both sides control content-- both sides of the footlights-- both sides of the lectern. Preparation we must have, and motivation may help, as suggested under Rule One.

Some professors, however, will grant no place for motivation. It is juvenile. It is undignified. If we were not motivated toward learning, we would not be in college.

I disagree. If a few bright opening remarks can make a class listen more attentively, I feel they should be used, albeit sparingly. Here are some successful examples:

"Remember these verb forms and get them out of the way."

"Today we shall study the comma. It is dull. We shall study the comma again at our next meeting. If you have not mastered it then, we shall continue with the comma until you do know it."

But the most effective motivating statement of them all: "Since we will have our final examination a week from today . . ."

Always A Lady!

By Penney Miller

Three times a year the Francis Marion National Forest opens its gates for a few days to bow hunters. Members of the primitive cut swarm from miles to hunt and camp in this South Carolina hunting paradise.

On the third day of Christmas, at four o'clock on that Friday morning, I was shaken from a warm bed, stuffed into hunting togs, and taken by my father and a friend to spend a while hunting, as they felt this was the only therapy for my recently acquired big-city listlessness.

They led me to the base of a thirty-foot oak and said simply, "Climb!" Being too sleepy to argue, I obediently started up the tree, rope over one shoulder, bow over the other. It was only upon reaching the half-way point, as I dangled by the rope, that I noticed how small my 6-foot 3-inch father looked and flatly refused to move further. Only after a great deal of persuading and Daddy's solemn word that he would get me down somehow, did I continue to climb.

When I reached the top, the view of field, tree, and dawn was so beautiful that I settled myself contentedly, though precariously, on my perch. It was with some disgust, however, that I noticed the other two hunters settled comfortably at the foot of the tree to await action.

I sat eagerly waiting for something to happen, my heart leaping with every rushing noise. Finally I felt the true old urge to kill as I recognized the sound that was mingled with bird songs-- the mighty hunters below were snoring!

The dawn broke and the sun rose without a sign of anything larger than a huge woodpecker, which was busily easing the itch of my mossy oak. So the aroused,

brave adventurers signalled me down to search for better sport. Somehow I felt little comfort in dear Dad's words: "Just let go--down is the only way to get from there."

Over breakfast in camp another hunter told us of the number of wild boars seen and killed on the last hunt. So with excitement surging, we set out on a wild hog hunt. Striding along in heavy boots toward the swamp, a pair of sneakers dangling from my belt, I was fuming at the weight and height of my boots, until with due embarrassment I sank up to my knees in mud. With manly tugging and appropriate language, Daddy and his friend pulled me out. I had the feeling that they felt, however, that I was holding them up. So I trudged dutifully ahead, sure that destiny awaited me at the next swamp.

Since we had not sighted a single boar, we decided to wait quietly in the fifth swamp and let them hunt us. There was an occasional snort, but no boar showed himself. Secretly I was glad because I was armed with a bow I couldn't pull, loaded with field arrows that couldn't kill, and surrounded by trees I couldn't climb.

When finally signaled back to camp, I complained loudly, however, and quit with a fine show of reluctance. In spite of my sinking spirits and tired feet, no one should know that my heart was not in that wild hog hunt.

The total number of kills made on the hunt confirmed what I suspected from the beginning: the only thing successfully and enthusiastically shot on bow hunts is bull -- around the campfire, late at night!



" . . . just 187 more hours to go!"

Cramming Time Again

By Joyce Pressley

If in passing through Charlotte College's hallowed halls for the next few days, you happen to get wind of a foreign aroma don't be alarmed -- it is only the midnight oil burning! You might as well break out the clothes pins if you don't like the odor, because it will be with us for sure until January 25, and the smell will probably linger in our nostrils for several weeks after that happy Friday when exams come to an end.

Exams! Exams! Everywhere-- And not a one to pass!

--such is the current trend among Charlotte College's sleepy frosh, who are fast coming to a rude awakening. There are many sophomores in similar positions who woke up just in time last year-- or the year before-- or the year before!

Why does everyone wait until the last minute to study? Different students have different reasons to offer: too many other things to do (eating, sleeping, breathing, etc.), don't like to study (might tax the poor, under-nourished brain), like to have the subject matter fresh in my mind (open book for the first time before the exam) etc . . . Then there are the honest students -- you've probably seen one or two of them -- the cross-eyed ones who drool and say "duh, duh, duh . . ." when you ask their excuse!

Whatever happened to the studious, hard-working college boy and girl who used to work his way through school and make straight A's? That type of student seems to have become obsolete. However, there are a few girls at C.C. who are obviously working hard. Several are known to be taking forty semester hours -- working day and night toward their degrees. Their courses include the following: a twenty-semester-hour course in general face-ology, a five - semester-hour course in "The Uses of the Eyebrow Pencil," ten semester hours in a type of botany--bushology (or how to tease your hair), and a five semester hour course in winking and smiling properly. All of these studies hold their labs on Friday and Saturday nights. So you can see how much these girls are giving up to get educated! With their kind of sacrificing, one cannot but hope that they will soon receive their M.R.S.'s!

You can be sure that those girls will be cramming for their exams, even if they have been working hard all year. They certainly won't be alone: all Charlotte College will be up until the wee hours, except for our beloved professors, who will doubtless be dreaming sweetly of the lovely little red marks which they'll get to make!

Circle K

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a handling charge of fifty cents. A simple method for payment to owners has been arranged. A book owner will submit his receipt on January 28 to a Circle "K" member on duty in K-316 to collect his money. If the book has not been sold, it will be returned to the owner.

The Circle "K", a service club, will use profits toward one of its many projects to improve Charlotte College campus. The club is sponsoring scholarships, a campus lake, and other projects.

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