

# Student Poll

By BILL NEWMAN

What do you think of the election results?

Norris Purser (freshman): I think that the campaign was conducted with a lot of mud slinging. Untrue statements were made about things they were going to do if and when they were elected, when many of the issues had already been passed by the Student Council. I'm glad that the majority of the students realized the tactics that were being used, and I'm glad the election turned out as it did.

Lloyd Morris (sophomore): I was surprised at the way that the candidates acted at the decision.

Manuel Kennedy (soph): I approve of the fact that the students showed their opinion.

Charles Helton (soph): I'm extremely happy.

Judy Morgan (soph): Well, I'll admit I'm not too happy with the two candidates that are up for the office of president, but I think that they won fair and square, and I do not think that there should have been a runoff between the top three, because this would be going against the constitution.

Gwynn Lamm (fresh): I'm happy about the general way the whole election turned out.

Ethelyn McMillan (fresh): I think that Beth should have won, but I am happy about it with the exception of the office of pres-

ident.

John Harmon (fresh): No comment.

Sally Hillert (fresh): I think that each of the candidates had a string tied to him, and each was controlled by a certain body. The students have boiled their soup; now they must eat it.

Frank Swearngan (fresh): I think that the students could have made a better choice than they did under the circumstances. I blame myself as much as the other students.

Rodney Stewart (fresh): Let me think. We could say that it's up to the students to select their officers. Let's face it. We have more qualified persons than we put up for the offices.

Bert Allen (soph): I'm afraid that what I have to say about the elections would take more room in this paper than I'm allotted. With the exception of Joe Williamson, who I think will slow down the proceedings in the Student Council meetings, I am very much pleased with the outcome of the elections.

Bob Alexander (soph): I believe that the candidates that have been elected so far are the most capable of their position.

Jenney Bethune (fresh): I thought that, even though the elections were held in a mud-battling way, the ultimate outcome so far is satisfactory. Also, it brought out good school spirit.

# Future Teachers Attend Convention

Five members of the Charlotte College chapter of the Students National Education Association went to Asheville for the state convention on Friday, March 23. These future teachers were Larry Lynn, Glinda Trull, Antoinette Eubanks, Patsy Helfer, and Ralph King.

At noon they attended a luncheon at the Battery Park Hotel, where the state officers of 1962-63 were introduced and the candidates for 1963-64 were presented. The new officers were elected and installed later.

Dr. Joseph Bryson, of Appalachian State Teachers College, gave the luncheon address. The theme for the convention was "Learning -- Passport to Freedom."

That evening the student members of NEA attended the General Session along with teachers, principals, and professors. As future teachers from each college were presented to the audience, Antoinette Eubanks and Ralph King represented C. C. They were chosen on the basis of their work in the local chapter.

Dr. Carl E. Byers, lecturer and consultant for General Motors Corporation, gave the address for the evening. He believes that humor should be injected into everything, including teaching. Dr. Byers believes everyone should laugh at least three times a day regardless of how bad things may be. Saturday morning, after an ad-

dress by Tim Ryles, president of Student NEA, local chapter reports filled out the business session. Patsy Helfer reported from C. C. on plans to invite high school future teachers from Mecklenburg and Cabarrus counties to attend a special program at Charlotte College.

# They Fly In The 'Wild Blue Yonder'

In the Student Lounge four full-time students can be heard chewing the rag about transitions, cross-country line checks, standardization rides, and such matters. Sam Lindeman, Ronald Pool, Ronald Small, and John Holland all earn their pin money by flying with the 156th Aero-medical Transportation Squadron of the N. C. Air National Guard.

As medical technicians, these students ride the back end of a C-121C Constellation at 10,000 feet and practice keeping forty-two little "patients" comfortable. On practice flights they may take turns being an unruly or uncomfortable patient.

Training flights range over the three-state area from North Carolina to Georgia, and two or three evening flights during the week will add up to an average eight hours of flying. This summer, however, Sam Lindeman will range further on two extended missions -- one to Tachi-

# Student Council

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Student Council.

The Constitutional Revision Committee is continuing its work of revising the constitution. Since the Constitutional Amendment which was voted on by the students did pass, the constitution will contain the amendment allowing for the election of junior class officers.

Much discussion has been carried on in the Charlotte College Student Council concerning the feasibility of several other sports for student recreation.

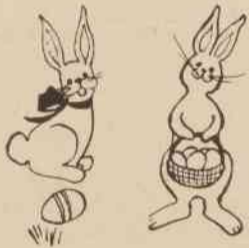
A committee has been set up to study this situation and report to the Council as soon as possible.

# Picnic Is Planned

The Student Council is sponsoring a picnic on Saturday, May 4. Activities will begin at 3:00 P.M. Softball, horseshoes, badminton, and other sports will start the fun. The afternoon also features a jaz combo for a concert. Before the sun goes down, there will be plenty of free food for everyone.

Families of the faculty and married students are also invited. Small children will be entertained by a movie, which will be open to others as well. A band will furnish music for dancing that night.

The Student Council has planned quite a full day, and they feel sure that it will be a most enjoyable one.



kawa Air Base, Japan, and another round trip to Fairbanks, Alaska.

Charlotte College claims two flight nurses also. Betty J. Scism, the chief nurse at the Guard and a Public Health nurse in civilian life, was here for a Geography course during the fall semester. Katherine Robinson, an instructor at Presbyterian Hospital, took an extension course here during the same period. From time to time the College has been represented by pilots, navigators, flight engineers, and flight traffic specialists.

The dual mission of the 156th is to transport battle casualties in time of war and in time

# Holiday Diary

By Joyce Pressley

Friday, April 12--Boy, I surely am glad we're getting a vacation. I have a list of things a mile long to get done. Let me see. Write my term paper for Botany. Write my term paper for English. Read my three-hundred page French novel and make a report on it. Read Othello and report on it for English. Memorize four poems. Read a book for history and take notes on it. Catch up on my math. Finish War and Peace. Oh, I'm sure I can't remember what. Oh, well . . . Time to go out and celebrate the opening of the holiday season!

Saturday, April 13 -- Oh, my head! I guess I celebrated a little too much. I surely don't feel like starting on my Botany term paper this morning. I think I'll just rest up today; I've been working so hard, and the weather's wonderful. Besides, I've got to wash my hair and get ready for that party at Jackie's tonight!

Sunday, April 14 -- Oh, I do wish I could sleep late. This Sunrise Service, after getting in at 3:00 A. M., is not going to be a habit of mine. I was going to read my history, but we are having company all day and all night. Oh, well, I'll do

it tomorrow.

Monday, April 15 -- Started on my poetry this morning, but gave it up as a lost cause-- the sun is shining too brightly.

Tuesday, April 16 -- I started my Botany term paper, but just as I got out my notebook, Mother decided that spring house cleaning was in order. Ugh! We washed windows, beat rugs, waxed floors, aired mattresses, and dusted until we were exhausted, but not too exhausted for me to go bowling. Bed-time: 1:30 A.M.

Wednesday, April 17 -- I just remembered that I don't have summer clothes! Therefore, the whole day has been devoted to shopping. I spent a fortune, and is Dad's roof ever going to fly off when he finds out! Poor me

Thursday, April 18 -- With all these new summer clothes, I can't possibly turn down an invitation to a beach houseparty. We leave at 3:30 A. M. tomorrow.

Friday, April 19 -- Saturday, April 20 -- Sunday, April 21-- WOW!

Monday, April 22 -- I just can't see where all the time went. We got out on Friday, April 12, and here it is April 22 already. Oh, well, guess I'll start my term papers this weekend . . .

# Always A Lady

By Penney Miller

Some strange things have happened to Daddy and me in our rather unorthodox adventures together. The particular escapade I have in mind occurred one cold, wet October afternoon.

Discouraged with our progress in water-skiing, we had vowed on Sunday to ski the next Wednesday, come what might. Daddy, not being one to go back on his word, met me after school with the boat hitched to the back of the car and my swim suit dangling from his hand.

Neither of us said much as we drove toward the river during that miserable afternoon. Daddy had to concentrate too hard on driving because of the fog. Only the dog in the back seat seemed excited at the prospect of a boat ride.

Black River never looked colder or wetter, but Daddy would not back down, and I certainly was not going to give in. Fortunately the boat refused to start, but my father kept tinkering with it, until a half hour later he had the motor chugging slowly-- not enough power, however, to pull a skier.

Quietly rejoining, Daddy, dog, and I climbed into our old twelve-foot put-put to go for a little ride. I had piloted the boat about two miles upstream when we saw two 'gators and decided it was a good time to turn around.

Gunning the boat for all she could do on the home stretch, I heard a sudden loud noise behind me and turned the switch off immediately. Proudly I turned around to brag to Father about my presence of mind--how cool in a crisis.

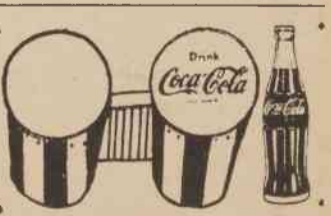
I shall never forget what I saw. Daddy, with his arms still stretched along the back of the seat, was sitting calmly up to his waist in water, while the dog, Murch, was clambering for ground than Dad's lap.

Very calmly Daddy said, "The back is off the boat."

Things happened fast then. Soon the boat was under water, and we were swimming to shore. This stretch of bank was too steep and muddy, however, and the current was too strong for us to set foot on dry land. We knew we would have to swim all the way back to our car. So we threw the bow line of our boat over an overhanging limb, in order to locate the sunken craft later, and struck out swimming back.

Meanwhile, Murch struck out on his own ans was vainly trying to climb the muddy bank, but the tide was too swift for us to get back to him. Knowing the current and the 'gators, I dared not even pray to see him again. An hour later the sun was setting on two cold swimmers, and Murch's barking had stopped-- I knew he was gone.

Late that night we returned with our kayak to search for pieces of Murch and the boat. After hours on the Black River, we



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