

# EDITORIAL

Well, here we are at school again! Students are polishing up their typewriters, buying ink cartridges and CC notebooks, sharpening pencils, and memorizing schedules. New books, new classmates, and summer fun to discuss. We have again survived the perils of registration: FAC members groping for their lost badges bewildered freshmen, and ask-me-because-I-know-everything juniors. No great mental damage to the students was reported during registration, but physical damage included bruised shoulders, inky finger-tips, and mashed toes. There are several hundred students wondering if they had decided on the best class, the best teacher, and the best hour of the day. Next question — is it too late for me to change my schedule?

For the freshman all this hodge-podge is new. They are realizing that they have stepped into a more advanced world. College life is not dull and ordinary, and Charlotte College is not an ordinary college. This is a school with growing pains—all these new buildings going up. It is a growing commuters' college. The mind of the student body is changing too. We are a four-year school! We are a four-year school! No more waiting until . . . No more shouts of "High School!" We have organizations to satisfy every student — Sports (basketball), professional groups (Engineer's Club, the NEA, and the newspaper), honor societies, a liberal smattering of entertainment groups (Social Committee, the Chorus), plenty of politics, and many, many other types of organizations.

This is a wandering commentary but perhaps it will give you an idea of the varied life at CC. It will give you an idea of all the opportunities that await you. Select the kind of student and person you are going to be now! Help keep our spirit as alive and growing as it is. All you need do is sharpen your pencil and your mind. So what are you waiting for? Sharpen your pencil! Seize the opportunity!

## Requiem For An Old Barn

The barn is gone. Only the concrete foundation remains to mark its site. Oh, maybe a few dreams hover like wisps of smoke around the memory of eaves.

In July, the barn was sold to Kiser's Used Auto Parts in Concord. Mr. Kiser rased and removed the building at his own expense. The timbers and metal are being re-sold for whatever profit they are able to command.

The foundation remains, and the wisps of dreams — dreams that fashioned the old gray shell into a theater for student plays and visiting repertory companies. But Charlotte College is growing faster than a yearling — and Charlotte College must have room to grow. So many dreams have come true here. Can we not sacrifice one, just one, without bitterness and without hurt?

It was a lovely dream.

### THE CHARLOTTE COLLEGIAN October, 1963

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## New Road Links Campus To North 29

A new road bed links the north campus to Highway 29 several miles north of the intersection with 49. When finished, this road will give students commuting from Kannapolis and Concord a time-saving short cut to the campus.

The hundred-foot right of way was obtained from Alexander Tank and Equipment Company at no cost, and grading was by courtesy of the National School of Heavy Equipment.

If the budget allows, the road will be gravelled to prevent wash-outs this winter, and, of course, it will be paved eventually. It is quite that faculty houses will be built along the length of the north campus road.

As yet, the road has not been named. Perhaps suggestions from the student body are in order.

## Flight Diary of A Summer Report -

By Sam Lindeman

In what could have been a rehearsal for their part in a World War III, the flight and medical crews of the North Carolina Air National Guard took to the air this summer. They flew assigned routes of the Military Air Transport Service (MATS) in the tropics and in Central and Northern Europe. There were no patients on these trips. Nevertheless, the medical crews got their time in by familiarizing themselves with the facilities of the various stops. In the event of a war or national emergency, these planes and crews will make the same stops for real.

All the flights had the same itineraries, but some flew them in reverse order so as not to throw too much of a strain on transient support facilities. Flight WCR 1462/228 took the trip "backwards." We went down into the Caribbean area, making calls at Ramey in Puerto Rico and Albrook in the Canal Zone. We were unable to

## Student Bells Will Ring . . .

By Joe Josey

Miss Hattie Alexander brought a gift to Charlotte College . . . a gift from the faculty and students of the Charlotte - Mecklenburg school system.

The gift was one that had been dear to Miss Hattie during the years she taught and was principal at Elizabeth Elementary School in the old City School System. The gift was the bell that Miss Hattie had rung every morning for many years to summon the neighborhood children to classes.

The entire summer session turned out for the dedication ceremonies June 28th. Speakers for the dedication included the best of Charlotte College, many people who had attended school at Elizabeth and remembered the bell ringing in the wee morning, and, of course, Miss Hattie.

Miss Hattie Alexander didn't have much to say, except she was glad the bell was out of storage in the Elizabeth School basement and back in use again.

She was utterly silent as she walked along the way as yet uncompleted sidewalk to the temporary bell stand . . . a long way from any of the college at that time. Then her small hand once again grasped the bell's ringer, and gave a hard tug.

Not quite enough, Miss Hattie. But on the second pull the bell sounded. Crystal clear in spite of its age, the bell rang but three times that morning, but the memories must have flooded Miss Hattie's mind. Tears slowly rolled into her eyes.

The bell was placed near the center of our future campus, to be rung only on special school and state occasions. I pass the bell every day, and every day I wonder if another day could be as important to Miss Hattie.

## Classroom Space Will Double Again

By Lewis Barber

This fall Charlotte College is entering another two stage building project. By the spring of 1964, one building will be completed and two more will be under construction. The square footage of the college will be doubled by these expansions.

A new liberal arts building should be the first completed. It will lie to the southeast of the present one. The building will include two two-hundred seat classrooms and four one-hundred seaters for lecture classes. This building will be in a hook shape.

A science building is to be one of those under construction next spring. It will be located behind the Kennedy building. Also additions to the College Union are to begin in the near future. This will give the students more dining area and meeting space. President Cone further expressed hope that new land will be donated to the college to increase its area to over one thousand acres.

**BLOODMOBILE HERE  
AT COLLEGE UNION  
SUITE 206-209  
OCTOBER 29  
10 A.M. TO 3 P.M.**

stop at Kindley in Bermuda because of Hurricane Arlene. We were back in Charlotte four days after we left, where we broke our trip with a day's layover before starting for Europe.

First port of call on the European run was Lajes in the Azores. Lajes is located on the island of Terceira, one of the smaller islands of the chain. This locality was a midpoint during the days of wooden ships and iron men, as it still is in the days of jet travel and luxury liners.

Leaving the island, eight hours of flying brought us to Torrejon, Spain. The rainfall of the Torrejon area is next to nothing; the whole Madrid area has a desert-like climate. The temperature was 110 degrees in the shade, but the humidity was only forty percent. It was more comfortable outdoors than inside. After the sun set, the temperature plunged sharply. Madrid seems to have been a disappointment to those in the crew who visited it. Torrejon was the site of our longest layover, thirty hours, and again, the facilities of the base were excellent.

France came up and disappeared under our kings quickly. Chateauroux Air Base, within three hours

dear boss

i used to think  
while on the brink  
of philosophical thought  
that insect beings  
not human beings  
had found what god hath wrought

that while you worry work and fret  
we insects have no ulcers yet  
unless i possibly missed my bet  
we in the long run will be better set

but a week i spent in raleigh  
now will sadly make we say  
i may have been wrong  
for ever to have found the way

everything is simpler now  
human beings should take a bow  
constitutionality  
or common sense morality  
what do they matter anyhow

the least we can do short of wishing him dead  
if he took the fifth is to paint him red  
for if he used it he surely lied  
this amendment for which our fathers died  
pragmatically everything now will be tied  
from evil our young people now we can hide  
red be their brand and blue for our side  
everything now is simplified  
no more scrambled only fried

i have but one card left to play  
the adults of tomorrow the kids of today  
how will they know i would have you say  
if a he is a we or a he is a they

yours in vers

not so libre

vw the bettle

by  
Martin D. Richek

Dear Reader,

The turtle-slow time has slipped through the hour-of-glass, and the year is upon us. Donald Robert Perry Marquis' journalistic cockroach, Archy, has decided that it is his duty to spread the sarcastic word — and, so, he is gone.

All is not lost, however, as he has left behind a student of his style — a young beetle who signs himself "VW." This bettle seems to have the making of a good journalist — what with his tender heart inside a tough, hard shell.

VW is every bit as prolific as Archy: Every week he painfully hammers out his deathless (and sometimes rhymeless) poetry by climbing to the top of my typewriter carriage and diving, head first, onto each key. Furthermore, VW is every bit as unwilling as Archy to take the extra dives necessary for punctuation and capitalization.

Thus, it was not too surprising that I should find in my typewriter the following commentary on the North Carolina "speaker-ban" law:

roux Air Base, within three hours drive of Paris, was the site of a three-hour stop for food and fuel. The base itself was scattered across the countryside. As a consequence, we had an excellent impression of the scenery. This was enough to make us wish that we might have stayed longer.

Frankfurt-am-Main, Germany, was next. Fifteen hours is hardly enough time to get a proper look at an area, but Germany appeared as beautiful as France. The countryside has an almost magnetic attraction.

Frankfurt is the depot for all Air Evacuation runs in Europe. The 2nd Aeromedical Transportation Squadron there flies in MATS C-135's nonstop from Frankfurt, Germany, to McGuire, New Jersey, in nine or ten hours. A patient originating out of England would be picked up by this trip at Mildenhall, England, the site of our next three-hour refuelling stop.

Mildenhall, like Chateauroux is the major entry point for the United Kingdom. Although we were given the same consideration as the regulars. In less than our allotted time, we were on our way to the next overnight stop.

Keflavik, Iceland. Mild summer weather. Thirty degrees above zero, with a forty-mile-per-hour zephyr trying to blow us into the brine as we stepped out onto the ramp. Keflavik is the port of entry of the entire nation. According to information received in conversation with some of the local people,

it seems that most of the interior is arable, but not uninhabited. If the Icelandic travel bureau's posters are to be believed, the scenery is magnificent.

Harmon, Newfoundland, was soupy and miserable — typical northern weather. Only an overnight stop there, and we were on our way back into the United States, after a ten-day absence. Charleston, S. C., was the port of entry for all our flights.

When we left Charleston, we all set our watches to Greenwich, or Universal time. Regardless of where we were, that was the time we used. This meant that we were sometimes altered for take-off at what was an atrocious hour locally. Our alert time out of Charleston, for instance, was 8:00 A.M. Greenwich time, which is 3:00 locally. After two or three days of this schedule, however, your biological clock sets itself to Greenwich time, and you think nothing of going to bed with the sun shining brightly outside the windows. Nevertheless, it seemed odd to look at your watch and read 10 A.M. with early dawn barely showing outside. It was disconcerting after our return to be all ready for bed at 10 P.M. Greenwich time only to observe that it wasn't even sunset locally. Too much of this sort of thing can be bad for a man, which is why MATS rotates its crews. We became very grateful for the signs that read: "QUIET! Air-crew rest barracks."

### LITERARY CLUB HOLDS MEETING

Interested writers are invited to the first meeting of the Literary Club on October 17 from 1 to 2 P.M. in the College Union, Room 206. After an organizational meeting, coffee will be served. Faculty advisor to the club is Prof. Seth Ellis, L-212.