

## Debating Teams Officers Elected

The first elected officers of the newly organized CCFS—Charlotte College Forensic Society—are President: Dave Nanney, Vice-President: Worth Merritt, and Secretary-Treasurer: Judy Freeland. The election was held Wednesday, March 11, 1964, and the new officers have already undertaken official duties. Advisor for the new club is Dr. Donald Freeman of the Political Science Department.

Optimism among the members of the new club is overflowing and the spirit is catching on among the student body at large.

"I've always been petrified at the thought of speaking before a large group of people," states newly elected Secretary-Treasurer Judy Freeland, "but I expect to overcome my fears while at the same time learning to be more confident and persuasive in my relationships with people. I also expect to gain much knowledge on the various controversial topics we will debate on."

Says Vice-President Worth Merritt: "Debating can bolster

self-confidence and is basically connected with my major field of study which is Political Science. I may attend law school also."

The new Club President, Dave Nanney had these comments: "I expect the experience of doing research and engaging in ordered debate to be worth more to me than any three courses I'm now taking at Charlotte College. Many books have been written on the various benefits to be reaped through practice in public speaking, but it's like most other things we undertake—the dividends come only after much effort."

Other members of the Club are: Bill Queen, Danny Faulk, Martin Richet, Joanne Burrows, Bill Kinsey, and Ken Spencer.

States student Bill Queen: "I look for the debating club to give me experience in public speaking and experience in thinking on my feet. I can think of no other college organization that will help me more in preparation for the future. I plan to

## WUS SPEAKER

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could get an old building now and later build a new one."

"For every franc or dollar," Mr. Gustafson added, "that goes into a WUS project, whether it be in Korea or Calcutta, the local area has to match it."

"WUS helps students to help themselves, it brings forth the concept of self-help. WUS is non-sectarian. Students helping students. University community helping university community. WUS does not work with governments but it functions as a democratic unit. Students, faculty, and administration work together to set up WUS projects. And WUS, whenever it goes into an area, has complete control of its own funds. The People's Republic of China would not go along with this—so WUS moved out.

"The student leaders," Mr. Gustafson pointed out, "that WUS is helping today, will be the government leaders of tomorrow."

enter law school. Debating experience gives one a certain something that others search years for—the ability to communicate with people."

The constitution and by-laws of the new organization have been approved by the Student Council and the club charter has been granted.

What are the immediate plans for the CCFS? President Dave Nanney replied, "We are already gathering material on this year's national debate topic which is: 'Resolved: That the Federal Government Should Guarantee a Higher Education to Every Qualified High School Graduate.' Our first inter-collegiate debate will be probably presented here on campus with Davidson College sometime in late April."

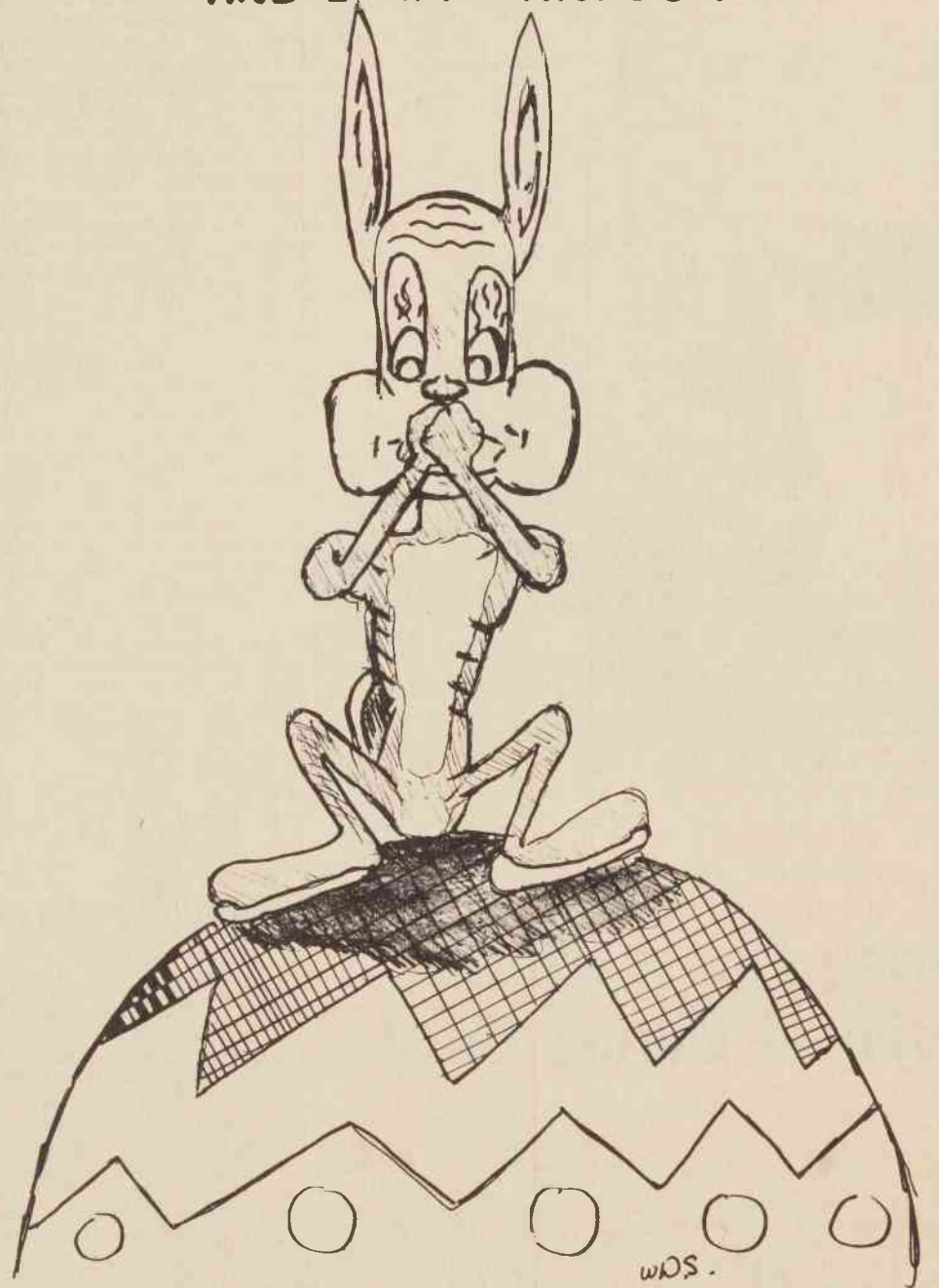
By Susan Proctor

I had been working day and night since January dying colored eggs; molding chocolate into the shapes of bunnies, chicks, and eggs; painting jelly beans with candy coating; packing Easter baskets, writing names on chocolate eggs with sticky white icing, and in general hustling and bustling to prepare the Easter goodies to be distributed to millions of children on Easter Eve night. Year after year I scamper around madly fearing that I won't meet the deadline of the Easter Bunny Union. And year after year I somehow manage to squeeze in under the deadline. One can easily imagine what an exhausting business it is being an Easter Bunny. So this year I am leaving the delivery to my helpers; and I'm taking off to Ft. Lauderdale, Florida for a much needed vacation!

Ah, here at last. Boy! Am I looking forward to enjoying that sun and sand and just relaxing. Woh! What's that coming? It's a stampede . . . it's . . . Whew! That was a close call. One must really hop fast and high to keep from getting trampled. Now if I can just find Bunny Headquarters and get settled. . .

Later. There, that wasn't so

## ONE MORE COLORED EGG AND I AM THROUGH !!



## Memoirs of An Easter Bunny

bad. I learned that the wild stampede in which I nearly lost my fluffy little powder-puff tail was a calvacade of vacationing college students. It seems that Ft. Lauderdale is invaded by this weird race every year at this time. The infection lasts for approximately one week and it takes the rest of the year for the city to recover.

Well, after I unpacked, and fully realizing the peril that awaited me, I bravely ventured outside. All went well until I tripped on what I later found to be a beer can and rolled down a hill right into the midst of a beach ball game. Well, after being tossed around for a while one solid smack sent me sailing across the beach.

I landed under a very big umbrella. Thankful for the shield, I decided to hide there till I

caught my breath and gathered my senses. Looking around, I discovered I wasn't alone, and I decided I'd better get out of there as quickly as my tired little legs would carry me! I hopped down the beach avoiding bottles of sun lotion, tennis shoes, radios, frightening looking beach hats and other obstacles as well as I could, till luckily I found a small empty patch of sand just right for me. I stretched out leisurely with hopes of catching a nap. I was shortly awakened from my dozing by a loud commotion. I raised up just in time to see a large bare foot come crushing down on the tip of my long, fragile, pink ear. Ooooooh!! That did it. I decided I had had just about enough sand and surf for one day. I was hopping mad as I headed back to the Rabbit Motel.

Before I could get away from the crowded beach, I was snatched up by a kind looking little red-headed girl who kept cooing at me and insisting to her friends that they take me

to their party. Now this gave me quite a turn. I had been molested by these odd creatures all day. It was hopeless. The girl was determined to hang on to me. By this time everyone had noticed me. The girls patted me, held me, and the boys made funny faces and tugged at my ears. After a while, one of the boys made a fire. I was glad of that because it was getting pretty chilly on the beach. Then someone turned a knob on a very small box and music came blaring out and they all started to dance. Well, I've never seen people move around so much in my life. I was having a pretty good time watching them when the little red-headed girl brought me a saucer of their purple punch. I drank it right down and pretty soon I was hopping around with all the other twisters. I must have been doing all right because the kids seemed quite pleased. I guess I was just about the happiest bunny in the world.

The only trouble with vacations is that they end too soon. But I have certainly found the place to spend my Easter vacation every year!

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR

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of our campus" without a thought of the mass of students who paid the fees upon which the Student Council operates.

Another point which should be considered—and that is the workings of the Executive Committee. They were elected by us for position of leadership which as far as I have seen have been completely ignored. This fault is ours for electing weak leaders.

Fellow students, elections are coming very shortly. If we as students want things like "the half-educated trying to lead the quarter-educated," we must vote in the same caliber students into these positions. If we want fees without representation, we must remain as apathetic and as idiotic as we have been. It is pure stupidity for us to throw away that one right which is given to us—the right to vote. We must take it upon ourselves to find the best qualified leaders and representatives who will represent us and not a small clique. If some of the members we have now are the best Charlotte has to offer, I personally feel pity for the student body of Charlotte College.

W. Denny Swing  
Jr. Class Rep.

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