

COLLEGIATE LIFE

Published monthly throughout the school year by the students of CHARLOTTE COLLEGE, CHARLOTTE, N. C.

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APPRECIATION

The entire staff of "Collegiate Life" wishes to express its sincere appreciation to Mr. J. Murrey Atkins, chairman of the Charlotte School Board, for his oh, so nice letter of support, commendation, and good wishes for our humble efforts in presenting our first glossy edition of this paper.

We hope to improve with added experience and the extra impetus afforded us by the kind best wishes of Mr. Atkins.

It seems to us now, more than ever, that an earnest compliment at the right time can make a whale of a difference in a person's approach to his problems.

Thanks again, Mr. J. Murrey Atkins,
The Staff

THERE IS NO SHORTCUT

The integrity that has always been synonymous with the name of Wake Forest College was again evidenced by its prompt expulsion of three students convicted by their student government of cheating on exams.

These students were nationally famous for their prowess on the gridiron. It is a sad thing to contemplate the irrevocable and life-long harm and tragedy culminating through the efforts of these students to attempt a dishonest shortcut to scholastic success.

The honor system is a hallowed and highly successful procedure in many higher institutions of learning in this country. It would seem that the instituting alone of this system would bar any boy or girl of college caliber and age from attempting to violate its provisions.

If the pursuit of fame on the football field has forced these into cheating to atone for lack of preparation, I would say: Discontinue football!

However, so many of our brightest football-playing luminaries stand at the heads of their classes scholastically that one is prone to believe in the case mentioned at Wake Forest, that the fault lay in the moral weakness of the students involved.

It is nice to remember, also, that this case is a rarity and that a news item such as this one has not appeared in a local paper for years, to my knowledge.

WE SALUTE YOU

Number 22 will dazzle the beholder and daze the opponent no more. Charlie Justice has hung up this famous number forever.

That swivel-hipped, bullet-passing precisionist who used to swirl through opposition like a leaf in the vagrant wind, will no longer bring 50,000 people to their feet in a screaming cacaphonic, ear-splitting tribute to a talent never before equalled in our South.

This iron man of so many football wars retires from a game that brought fame to a gentleman whose personal life is a target of valor, gentleness, kindness, and greatness, that boys throughout our land will aim at for years to come. He brought honor in turn to his Alma Mater and to his Southland for producing such a fine specimen of all American boy.

True to the ideals which have guided him so well and so far, Charlie will not cash in on his name by playing professional football, but will enter social work upon graduation. Such a decision attests to his nobility of mind.

We regret that we shall never again thrill to your wizardry on the football field, Charlie Justice, but we wish you the best success ever—and again, we salute the First Gentleman of Southern Football.

CONTEST!

The faculty adviser of Collegiate Life, Miss Mary Denny, with Miss Bonnie Cone, our director, and the staff of your paper, take this opportunity to announce details of the big Newspaper Editing contest next month.

The rules are these:

(1) The Sophomore class will publish the February issue of "Collegiate Life," and in March the Freshman class will have its turn.

(2) A group of impartial judges will pass on the merits of each issue of the paper, and the winning issue will win the prize.

We can't tell you yet what the prize is, but we can mention that it will involve the losing class playing host to the winning class at a future blowout. So come on, you Freshmen and Sophomores—let's see which class can do the better job. Miss Denny will act as Faculty Adviser for both issues, while the present staff will watch and cheer from the sidelines.

Moliere Makes Magic

If the French students of Charlotte College aren't reading Moliere yet, they had better begin now for they really have a treat in store if the production of *The Imaginary Invalid* given January 14th by the Barter Theatre is any indication. The audience which almost filled the Piedmont Junior High Auditorium spent the evening in continual roars of laughter brought forth by the broad comedy and slapstick which was injected into the interpretations of the famous classic comedy by the Virginia troupe of players, every one of whom deserved special merit.

To those who have not heard of the Barter Theatre before, there should be some mention of its interesting background. Although the theatre is not in the habit of "bartering" food for the price of an admission ticket any longer, that is the way the company got its start. Bob Porterfield, the theatre's director and organizer, decided during the depression years that the people in his native Virginia had little opportunity to see theatrical presentations of any kind, and most actors on Broadway had little opportunity to earn eating money. Consequently, Porterfield combined the two in Abingdon, Virginia, and gave the local folks a chance to see good plays and, by accepting food at the box-office instead of money, gave the actors a chance to do the thing that kept them acting—eat. By that practice he also gave the theatre its good name and a good healthy amount of tradition which most people now only fondly look back upon since the Barter Theatre has become the State Theatre of Virginia and has reached such heights as being invited by the Danish government to produce *Hamlet* at Elsinore castle. This is not to mention the fact that it has also produced several famous Hollywood stars, Gregory Peck among them.

There was no doubt that the players in *The Imaginary Invalid* were all actors of top rank just as were the ones presented by Barter Theatre in *John Loves Mary* and *The Hasty Heart* when those two plays were presented in Charlotte. Frederic Warriner, the "invalid" is well known as one of the best character actors in the country and received acclaim last year when he played in Charlotte as the stubborn Scotch soldier in *The Hasty Heart*. The fact that he is versatile enough to play Argan, the wealthy hypochondriac who spends his time counting up his doctor bills and going over the treatments he has received, is indicative of the fine acting that the Barter Theatre has been bringing to Charlotte.

The story of *The Imaginary Invalid* is simple. It concerns the efforts of a middle-aged man

to marry his daughter off to a doctor so that he will have a physician close at hand whenever he needs one and will "be in a position of having consultations and prescriptions." The plot is somewhat complicated by the fact that the daughter is already in love with some other fellow and by the discovery that her betrothed turns out to be a trifle idiotic. After the intervention of his impertinent maid, the mental invalid is persuaded to become a doctor himself and all ends well with everyone happy except the wife of the invalid whose true colors have been shown during the action of the play at a moment when she thought her husband to be dead.

The performance at Piedmont was great proof that famous classic drama can still be given in an enjoyable style and be as entertaining as any modern plays that are being written today.

Jim Poteat

Students Remember To Drive Or Not To Drive

The North Carolina Driver's License Bureau in Charlotte is the scene of many dramas in human nature every day. I was witness to a few of these impressive scenes one day last April, and I should like to relate them now.

I had gone out to the Bureau to take the Driver's Test and renew my operator's permit. As the waiting line was quite long, I found a shady spot outside and sat down until the "rush hour" crowd was gone.

The first person to catch my attention was a young boy, probably just turned sixteen, who was waiting in line with his father. The boy appeared to be rather nervous, his hands going in and out of his pockets as if guarding the security of a precious gem hidden there. Rather than ask the young fellow what his trouble was as I should have liked to do, I turned to my imagination for a possible answer.

"Let's see now," I said to myself, "he is a high-school boy. Probably he's one of the gay social set, the kids who have such a big time in school and out." I could tell that much from his nice clothes. "But what in the world is he so nervous about?" Then, I thought, "He's worried about what his friends are 'gonna' think if he doesn't pass that test and get his driver's license." I thought about how much importance I had attached to getting my own permit just a few years back, and I sympathized with him. "Social Pressure" they call it—the prestige attached to being able to get the car on week-ends.

While still turning this over in my mind, I happened to notice

a couple of old gentlemen talking to each other while waiting in line. Bits of their conversation ran something like this:

"It's just a bunch of dad-burned foolishness, that's what it is. I was driving a model-T Ford when most of them young fellers in them fancy uniforms couldn't even walk."

"Shore it is," agreed the other old-timer, "the first time I got a license all a feller had to do was give 'em a dollar and go home."

Before their voices had died away, a car pulled up behind the building and out stepped a State Highway Patrolman and a woman in her thirties. The woman was speaking.

"But officer, I assure you I do know my right from my left. I was nervous, that's all."

"All right, lady", said the young officer, "one mistake won't fail you. We take everything into consideration and I think that, considering your fine record as a driver, we shall renew your license."

The smile of relief which came over the woman's face was but a small part of the many things which made the day an unforgettable lesson in human nature to me.

John Jamison

The 1949 Orange Bowl Parade

The 1949 Orange Bowl Parade was held in downtown Miami on the evening of December 31, 1949. The Orange Bowl Parade is an annual event, an important part of the Orange Bowl Festival, and is witnessed each year by hundreds of thousands of people.

The spectators began to gather early in the afternoon of New Year's Eve. Although the parade was not scheduled to begin until 7 o'clock, by the middle of the afternoon the curb was lined with lookers-on, and traffic came to a halt shortly thereafter.

The parade began to move on schedule and followed the customary route, which extends approximately two miles along Biscayne Boulevard and Flagler Street.

The 1949 parade was composed mostly of bands, drum and bugle corps, and floats. The floats, which were sponsored by business, civic, and fraternal organizations, were all elaborate, and the cost of many of them ran into the thousands of dollars. The chief interest of the spectators was not, however, in the floats, but in their occupants—high school, college, and society girls and professional models. While all of the entries were enthusiastically received, the greatest applause was reserved for the Orange Bowl Queen, who occupied the position of honor in the parade, and who reigned over the Orange Bowl Festival.

This year's parade was marred by several sudden showers. These seemed to annoy the participants in the parade far more than they did the observers, very few of whom risked losing their vantage points by taking cover. An occupant of one of the floats unconsciously brushed a few rain drops from her bathing suit, thereby drawing a round of applause from the half-soaked audience.

The Miami newspapers declared the 1949 parade to be the greatest ever staged. Whether this is true or not, it certainly helped to create a holiday spirit and made a memorable contribution to the celebration of the Orange Bowl Festival.

William E. Senn, Jr.