

CHARLOTTE COLLEGIAN

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DON'T MISS THE BOAT

May I introduce myself? I'm Bill Palmer, acting editor of the *Charlotte Collegian*, pending the outcome of the election.

I would like to begin the editorial page with an excerpt from *The Miami Hurricane*, reprinted in *The Daily Tar Heel*. It is as follows:

I MET A MAN ONCE WHO SAID:

I missed out on my college days. You see, I didn't enter into it quite all the way. I never really got acquainted with a professor. Or even a textbook. Not seriously. I never learned the thrill of digging fossils on a mountain side. Or working till dark over a test-tube. Or getting on the trail of something in the library and searching it down feverishly for hours. I told myself that people who did that sort of thing are queer. And I said that professors were dull and I complained about the classes. I could learn more out of school, I said. I slid through some way without even letting my mind grow curious. And, it's funny, but do you know I feel kind of regretful now when I talk to a scholar. Or go to a library. Or wander through a museum. I missed out on all of that. And I find myself wishing I could go back to college and live those days over again.

I MET A MAN ONCE WHO SAID:

I missed out on my college days. You see, I didn't enter into it quite all the way. Working my way through school took all my time, or I told myself it did. The fellows my way used to go bumming around at night and sometimes they'd ask me to go along, but I had to study. It seemed to me a lot of foolishness, the way they used to hang around the college drug store, or loiter on the library steps, or go to snake dances or rallies. I even missed the football games. Froth, I called it. Wasted time; I was in school to study. And, it's funny, but you know I turned away now every time I see a group of college men gathered in a drug store or on a corner of the campus. And every time I see two old college chums slap each other on the back and say, "Remember the time that we . . ." I gulp a little because I missed out on all that, and I find myself wishing I could go back to college and live those days over again.

I MET A MAN ONCE WHO SAID:

I missed out on my college days. You see, I didn't enter into it quite all the way. I was afraid, I guess. I wanted to try for a party in the school play once, but I didn't; I intended to. I went up to the room the night they were reading the parts, but I didn't go in. There were so many there who were better than I, and I turned away and went down the hall. I wanted to try for the football team, too, but I told myself I was light and turned away from the practice field. And it's funny, but do you know that I can't go to see a football game now, because I see myself out on the field or on the stage as I might have been if I hadn't been afraid. And I find myself wishing I could go back to college to live those days over again.

—The Miami Hurricane.

There are any number of student activities, presently in the offing, in which the students are urged to take part. See Arthur Farley or any member of the student council, today—your efforts will help make the program of the Student Council a success.

THANKSGIVING

Thanksgiving is more than a time for giving thanks. It is a time for consideration, for comparison, for reconstruction, for re-dedication, then for thanksgiving.

It is a time for the consideration of our individual positions in the scheme of things; a time for the consideration of our nation in its world position; a time for the consideration of our enemies' individual positions in the scheme of things, their nations' world positions.

It is a time for a comparison—a comparison between the things we as individuals enjoy; a time for comparison between the things we as a nation enjoy and things other peoples are without; a time for a comparison between our snug comfortable lives and the freezing lives of men facing a hellish winter in Korea; a time for a comparison between greed and self-sacrifice; a time for a comparison between a contented life and a hilarious comedy, between contentment and bitterness; a time for a comparison between our ambitions and the true values of life: above all it is a time for a comparison between the results of good and evil, love and hate.

It is a time for reconstruction—reconstruction of our ideals—reconstruction of national integrity—reconstruction of our outlook on life—reconstruction of our national outlook on other nations. It is a time for the reconstruction of our ultimate individual goals.

It is a time for re-dedication, a time to rededicate ourselves to the principles on which our heritage of freedom was built; a time to rededicate our lives to each other, as the Declaration of Independence so nobody states—"we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honors."

Only by thoughtful medication upon the foregoing subjects can we properly give thanks.

Let us all, as the Thanksgiving season approaches, look back upon last year's life. Let us consider. Let us compare. Let us then reconstruct, rededicate. Then let us give thanks.

THANKSGIVING DAY

The Thanksgiving holidays have been announced as Thursday, November 27th, Friday, November 28th, and the following Saturday and Sunday. Classes will resume on Monday evening.

CAMPUS CUT-UPS

The 1953 Campus-Cut-Ups Show, which was planned for the last of November, has been postponed until the last of January, 1953. We already have a plan for the show which will prove to be interesting and amusing to all. We realize that so many people have labs and classes scheduled after eight o'clock that they may not have a chance to rehearse at a fixed time every week. For this reason, a tentative schedule has been made out, whereby different parts of the show can meet and rehearse without everyone being present. Rehearsals will start before the end of the present term, and there will be a few rehearsals during the Christmas holidays.

A sheet of paper will be passed around, in a few days, in the different classes, and you will be given a chance to sign up for different committees or volunteer your talent for the show. If, for any reason, you miss out in signing this sheet of paper, and you would like to help, please see me and tell me what you would like to do.

These shows, in past years, have been tremendous successes and we

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PREREGISTRATION

Let us all be appreciative of Miss Cone's position in the matter of preregistration. She must secure qualified instructors for courses which the students desire or need. This is not an overnight task.

If you have not already preregistered for the Winter Quarter, do so now—at that you'll be late.

Freshman Election

(Continued From Page 1)

Because everyone was anxious to know who our new officers would be, the ballots were marked early and the result was announced at eight o'clock. Ray Renegar won the office of Vice-President of the Freshman Class. The Progressive Party had won all three offices! This week there was a picture of the handsome Progressive Party in the Charlotte Observer.