

CHARLOTTE COLLEGIAN

Published monthly throughout the school year by the students of CHARLOTTE COLLEGE, Charlotte, North Carolina.

Staff

Editor	John Kilgo
Assistant Editor	Jan Shetler
Business Manager	Kanela Maydanis
Faculty Advisor	Miss Mary Denny

SOMETHING NEW HAS BEEN ADDED

Hey all you sophomores! Notice anything different around C. C. this year? No, not the floors, or the walls or new teachers—it's the students. Man, we got 'em!

For several years now the enrollment here at school has dropped steadily; each passing quarter has seen the student body dwindle to a new low in numbers. Last year was our darkest hour. The halls took on a tomb-like atmosphere; the newly constructed Owl's Roost cried for business; and assembly attendance dragged. In the midst of this lean period came the announcement from Miss Cone that the college had nearly exhausted its grant-in-aid from the city allocated for operation. Additional aid was to be supplied only if the citizens of Charlotte approved the step in a special trip to the polls.

In ensuing weeks the students and faculty of C. C. undertook a program by which they hoped to advertise the school and its facilities. Our efforts brought results. Money was voted for continued support of C. C., and once again the school found itself on an even keel financially.

With the close of the fall registration period, the results of last year's campaign seem to be twofold. Not only has the school treasury been swelled and badly needed curricula organized, but the enrollment has jumped a staggering 38% as a result of the advertising given the school. There are probably additional factors which are partly responsible for the rise in registration but last year's efforts have certainly played an important part.

This quarter there are nearly 200 students taking part in the combined technical and general college programs and an additional 90 are enrolled in the adult education classes; Woodworking, reading, shorthand, Labor law, conversational Spanish, etc.

This year the halls of C. C. are resounding more than ever with the hum of activity so long absent. Something new has been added and we are once again a school with overflowing life and spirit.

RHO GAMMA ALPHA

The Rho Gamma Alpha Sorority has already begun what we hope will be one of the biggest years in its history. Its projects for this year are getting the club nationalized, increasing membership, and building school spirit.

Kanela Maydanis has been working on putting the sorority on a national scale all summer and this we hope will soon be realized.

On Friday night, October 8, an open house was held in the Library Annex for the purpose of increasing our membership. Five girls voiced their intention of becoming members this year: Betsy Wilson, Joanne Hovis, June Sherrill, Patsy

Hartsell, and Martha Voyles.

Our third project is of great importance. This year we will work on spirit especially in relation to our basketball team. Those boys who participate in this sport and who give of their time at least deserve to see the non-participating members of C. C. sitting on the sidelines and cheering them on. The sorority hopes to work toward a greater number of spectators.

Recently the sorority held elections. The following girls were chosen to direct the activities of Rho Gamma Alpha for the year 1954-1955: President, Jan Shetler; vice-president, Margaret Faulkenberg; secretary, Kanela Maydanis; treasurer, Margie Clark.

WHITE WATER FALLS

On October 23 five pioneers started blazing a trail to an unheard-of falls in the mountains of North Carolina to measure them for a Geology project. These daring youths were Wayne Shumaker, John Eaves, Donnie Whitfield, "Doodles" Falkenberg and me, Jan Shetler.

The expedition began at 4:00 A.M. as all the participants looked at each other through sleepy eyes wondering if they were still in favor of the jaunt. No one had had an over excessive amount of sleep, you know how Friday nights are. At first, Wayne Shumaker was a mite under the weather, but he pulled through—eh Wayne?

On the way out of town we stopped at the airport to get some helium put in our weather balloons. All this completed we were on our way.

The only thing that happened in our adventure up there was that we got off on a wrong road—Eaves, why didn't you watch where you were going?

Back on the right road we passed Faxaway falls and found the roads that turned off to White Water Falls. This road was a gravel road just wide enough for one car—two cars if one car pulled in the ditch. After we were about three miles on this road, winding and turning, I was sitting in the back seat relating all the tragic things that could happen to us. I happened to mention running out of gas. That drove attention to the gas gauge.—Guess what it said? EMPTY! Were we worried. We would have been more worried if we had known how far the falls were. Finally we saw some men standing beside a car. One man was real smart and repulsive acting—looked like a bootlegger to me. We then turned to this old mountaineer to help us. He sold us some gas. We continued on our road.

At last we came to the falls. It was one of the most beautiful falls that I've ever seen. It was higher than Faxaway Falls and a lot more water came over the falls.

We drove over to a place where we could get a look at the whole falls. We ate a sandwich and went back to the top of the falls. Here there were two paths—one went to the top of the falls, the other went to the bottom of the falls. I, with my camera, was going to the bottom of the falls to get some pictures. I left by myself but pretty soon here came John Eaves to be sure I didn't break my leg. It was steep climbing—very steep climbing. It took a while to find our way to the bottom because the path wasn't very well beaten—so far away from civilization. The path came out under the falls. We

had to walk down some dry rocks in order to get in front of the falls. John Eaves left me then with orders not to get hurt and went back to the others that it was possible to get down to the bottom.

In the meantime I was having a ball jumping around on the rocks in the middle of the falls taking pictures—that is until the camera jammed. That ended my picture taking. By this time I could see "Doodles" and Wayne on a rock right on top of the falls with the surveyor's level. Gad, I hoped they wouldn't step too close to the edge.

Where was John and Donnie with the balloon? The object was to get the balloon filled with helium down to the bottom of the falls and let the balloon up by a string. The surveyor's level was to sight the balloon. The string was to be measured and the height of the falls would be known.

All at once I heard someone shouting. I looked over to one side of the mountain and here came someone down the side of the mountain that had had a rock slide with the balloon. I decided that my help might be needed so I picked my way up the rock slide to help.

Here I found Donnie barefooted coming down with the balloon. Between unmentionable words about the balloon when it got caught in a tree we finally got balloon, string and ourselves back down the rock slide, with rocks tumbling down after us.

It had taken almost two hours to get that balloon down to the falls bottom. Now to let the balloon up and get our height, was what we were after.

Our balloon didn't have enough helium to carry the string up to the height of the falls. It got caught in a tree and burst. Mr. Whitfield and I had a joint chorus in unbecoming language at the balloon. All that struggle down the rock slide and have it burst. That was the end!

It was cold down at the falls and I just knew I'd have pneumonia so the next thing to do was to get back to the top of the falls.

I was so tired from crawling around the bottom of the falls, scrambling up and down the rock slide, getting caught in briars that I could hardly get back up the steep trail. At the top Donnie and I were completely exhausted.

After our daring attempt our level was taken back to the car and we left, headed for home.

Donnie and I slept the majority of the trip coming back. Everyone was so tired the only thing that could be heard was "Doodles'" continuous jabbering in the front seat. She was tired, too, but she can always talk.