

The Charlotte Collegian



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 Published by the Students of
 Charlotte College, Charlotte, North Carolina

COOPERATION THE KEY TO PEACE

Is the human race going to learn to adapt its thinking toward co-operation before it is too late? The way we are headed now it seems unlikely. Ever since the cave-man first tied a rock on a stick to make an ax, he has been going around hitting people who did not agree with him. This worked all right at first, for it provided a method of eliminating the weaker members of the group. Today war only drains a country of its best men. Many countries—France, in particular—are still feeling the shortage of manpower created by WW II.

When we can say "jump" to a whole continent and back it up with hydrogen bombs, individual ends cease to be as important as they once were. The ridiculous part of the whole situation is how anyone can consider wiping out millions of people to get something which won't be fit to use when they get it. We have progressed to a point where there can be no "winner" of the next war. Everyone knows this fact; still the U. S. and Russia erect iron curtains, stockpile bombs, and carry out policing actions.

People live through one crisis after another in fear wondering when it will happen. When? That's the big question—not "if," but "when." How can we sit chain smoking in a room of dynamite without expecting that sooner or later it will explode. There are many ways of being useful, but the most obvious—and least likable—is simple to put the cigarette out. Likewise, it seems most obvious that to prevent a war we must practice co-operation on a mass basis.

There are millions of things that nobody can do alone but that can be done with help and co-operation. Nobody—except possibly a professional weight lifter—can lift a modern automobile. But frequently the simplest way to separate a pair of cars with locked bumpers is to pick one up and get it out of the way. There are usually a dozen or more people standing around looking; cooperative effort and a good heave-ho—and the job is done.—Reid Wentz.

KAY COMBS:

PICNIC THOUGHTS

In the spring a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of . . . food, among other assorted things. And food is exactly what we had plenty of on Saturday, May 16, at the annual CC picnic.

Bryant Park served as an ideal location for the members attending, and Mother Nature blessed us with a beautiful spring atmosphere.

By getting a good start on the food at six o'clock, almost everyone was stuffed at eight.

Food is not all I think about really. Besides loving to eat, I have several other pastimes, one of which is laughing. I mean to tell you that your dear ole school has some really entertaining personalities. All they need is something such as a picnic in order to entertain and keep people such as yours truly laughing. I believe more of my time was spent in laughing than in eating.

Cont. Page 6, Cols. 3 and 4.

EDWARDS FRIEND OF FRESHMEN

Well, it's here—that last bit of sweat and strain that identifies the end of the school year. For the sophomores, it is a time of confusion. Many are worried about their credits or about final exams. Still others worry about which school to attend next year. Lastly, the sophs are undoubtedly concerned over the fact that their school, as it were, is being left to the freshman crew that is advancing in status and will be sophs themselves next year. What about these freshmen? Will they be strong enough to carry the responsibilities? Will they be ready to really go to work?

The answers to these and other pointed questions concerning the freshman class may be obtained by

Cont. Page 6, Col. 5

JERRY RICH

NOTES AND QUOTES

Why in blazes is the world always rushing about, screaming its silly head off about the horrors of this wild, hovering cloud of worry called "atomic fall-out?" The way I see the situation is that if this radio-activity bit is so deadly, it might be a very good thing.

Think about it this way: This "Yankee Jones—or rather Ol' Foolish Jones—down-the-block," whom you have been planning for months to kill because he talks like an integrationist, will be killed by this fall-out. Those Negroes over in Biddleville, those foreigners who run that no-good little grocery store, those people over yonder whose skin is a different color from yours, all of them will be erased from this earth. Thus, this crazy atomic fall-out could save some work for you and Kasper and the race - and - nationality prejudiced boys.

But then you might be killed; it would be most fitting for you, you bunch of trouble-making mongers. Of course, this fall-out would take care of me, too. But us peace-loving radicals have got to go some time or another.

And maybe it should be soon, while there are still a few days of light in this hate-darkened land.

Who was the wise one who said: "Hear no evil, see no evil, and speak no evil—and you'll never write a best selling novel?"

Some people irritate me—especially those who promise me articles but don't turn them in; however, it is an erroneous rumor spreading about that everyone irritates me.

I liked this year's edition of the Si Si. The cover went a long way in aiding the over-all annual. Also, the Parnassian comes out this week, and should be a very good effort.

I don't care what you think; I like me. And you can't have me. (Makes sense, doesn't it?)

Here's wishing Reid Wentz and Ed Silber loads and loads of luck in their publishing of next year's Collegian.

I really do believe that Reid and Eddie will do their best to put out a paper representative of Charlotte College.

Thanks

The management of the Owl's Roost wishes to thank you—the students of CC, our customers—for your patronage this year.

Bobby Allen
Al Palmer.

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THE MUSIC CORNER

BY REID WENTZ

BY JERRY MERRITT

First, I would like to express my appreciation to Jerry Merritt for correcting the error I made in the title of the new Mitch Miller album. However, I feel sure if he looks back at my column, he will see that I merely suggested "Even Still More Sing Along with Mitch" as a likely title.

I would also like to differ with my musical cohort on the new Porgy and Bess album. Lena Horne is not as good as she usually is on this disc. She recently filed a motion to prevent RCA from releasing the album. In the suit Miss Horne also wanted \$100,000 damage because the LP "does not present her singing voice satisfactorily." She also felt that its release would cause her career "irreparable damage." It's nice to know that she concurs with my opinion.

What would make a really good Porgy and Bess album is the combination of Belafonte and Ella Fitzgerald (who cut the Gershwin opera on Verne with Louis Armstrong, of all people).

Martin Denny on Liberty is making a big splash with a tune called "Quiet Village," recently released from his album "Exotica, Vol. I" which is now among the top albums in the country. The tune is an old one written by Les Baxter, the well-known Capitol orchestra leader who has conducted such big hits as "Blue Tango" and "April in Portugal."

One of the biggest albums now out selling "Peter Gunn," is "77 Cont. Page 6, Col. 4.

This being the last (Yea! Whoopee!) edition of the year, let's you and me, Baby take a fleeting glance at some of the best selling songs of the year, okay?

1958-59 saw a major change from knee-slapping, gorilla grunts (often termed rock 'n roll) to the more soothing, slower grunts. Take a quick look at one of the hit parade charts. (But not the Fabulous Forty, for heavens sake!) You'll find most of the top sellers are ballads.

The contributing factor was that most of the rock 'n roll songwriters were finally captured and sent back to Siberia; and to fill this gap, artists began reviving the old standards, such as "My Happiness," "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes," "My Heart Sings," and many others. Some writers proved to be quite tricky about combining an old song with new words—for instance, "May You Always," "The World Outside," and "Yellowbird." All were good sellers.

Some of the new artists and songs to pass the million mark were Conway Twitty and "It's Only Make Believe" (incidentally, have a stupendous title for his next album—"Twitty Tweets the Top Pops." How about that, Rudolph?) Connie Francis and "Stupid Cupid" and "Falling," and the Kingston Trio and "Tom Dooley." David Seville dropped a new trend in our laps with the Chipmunks (Cone, Baker, and Heck). Let us not forget Richie Valens and The Big Cont. Page 6, Col. 3.

THOSE END OF THE YEAR BLUES



"AND I THOUGHT THAT MATH 8 WOULD
BE CRIP THE THIRD TIME AROUND!"