

COLLEGIATE LIFE

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Tickets, Please

K. H. B.

Charlotte College, take a bow! Faculty and fellow students, advance and be recognized! The University Express is waiting at the station, and it carries a reserved seat for everyone of you. Heed that phrase "reserved seat," as passage is permitted by reservation, only. I repeat: reservation, only.

"A university diploma should be RESERVED for ambitious, hard working men and women who are going places in life. . ." says Dr. George W. Crane, eminent educator and popular columnist. Who can lay better claim to being eligible for that degree than the alumni of Charlotte College? The correct answer is "Nobody!," spoken with a capital "N".

There are thousands and thousands of college students trodding off to class every day of the week in this far flung land of the free, and their reasons for doing so are as numerous as the students, and themselves. Some girls go to college to gain the social poise so necessary to present-day living. Some boys go to college to play football and become framed photos in America's Hall of Fame. Some students go to college because they think it will furnish them with a magic key to the shape of things to come, and some go because their parents think a college education will make their offspring more powerful than Aladdin with his famous lamp.

Charlotte College students tread up and down, round and round, in a relentless academic routine that would depress the spirits of a high-powered optimist; and still they plod wearily on because they, the students, want a college education enough to take it without all the trimmings that make a college campus inviting. They want it badly enough to be willing to work all day and answer "present" at rollcall of an evening. They want it badly enough to wrestle with two full-time careers at the same time and come up on the winning team on both counts. They work and they worry and they weaken. They drag drearily homeward to more drudgery of study far into the night. They sleep and awake with new hope in their heart and a new spring in their step. The new day looks good, as it breaks over the horizon. Off to work they dash, and, later, to class, and still later, homeward, and to the inevitable study again.

No glitter, no glamour, and very little diversion comes the way of students at CC; but they have a common claim on a thing called grit; and if you ask my opinion, ladies and gentlemen, they will use that grit to take them to the top of the heap.

"Reserved for ambitious. . .men and women?" Step right aboard, students of CC. You're on your way: last call-l-l-l for the University Express!!!

Louder Than Words

Don Sopher

Several years ago, courtesy was a habit. Today, it seems to have gone out of style. Too few people practice this simple act; yet it pays; believe me, it pays.

We are all familiar with the stories about the poor, brow-beaten clerks, bus drivers, waitresses, and others who meet John Q. Public day after day. Let me point out a few facts of life:

You and I are really at the mercy of those who aid us every day. We pay hard-earned money for this service. Treat these people with respectful courtesy, and you get better merchandise, a smoother ride, or better service. I know, because I serve the public.

Every business has stock which can be roughly divided into three general grades: the best of the crop or shipment, the run-of-the-mill, and the slow moving stock. Naturally, every good business man likes to unload the last-named category, and impresses this desire on the minds of his assistants. You can visualize the results.

Take Mrs. "Thank You." She buys regularly, thanks you for helping her, doesn't crowd you or shout at you and, in general, makes poor, menial you feel above the lowly worms. As a result, you see to it that she gets waited on as soon as

TATTLE TALE

Hey "Studes," have you heard about the new Keymen motto: "We don't drink; We don't chew;

We don't go with girls that do. We ain't got no girl friends."

Thanks to George Douglas for this magnanimous contribution.

Wilma Horne is becoming one of the most popular students at school—not bad, eh? . . .Some of the ardent followers of CC's basketball team seen at Boiling Springs were Ray Kisiah, Deanne Richardson, Bill Prim, Carole Hinson, Gene Henderson, Hugh Parker, and Wayne Hooks. . . .What's this I hear about a Girls' Sorority? . . .The prospective letterman team has four returning baseballmen—Aaron Brown, David Cash, Ray Kisiah, and Jim Kilgo. . . .Paul Putnam is ready to top any joke that you tell—clean, decent, wholesome jokes, that is. . . .Steve and Gus Economus are a couple of "Canadian cards". . . .Alice Leggett and Harry Curtis are surely making a nice two-some. . . .Earl Yandle is surely doing a fine job on the annual, but he needs everybody's help 'cause that's a big order. . . .Some of the latest "WORMS" in the fraternity were Aaron Brown, Jack Weld, Jack Nisbett, Bill Prim, Tommy Peterson, John Jamison, and Grady Miller. . . .Who has Lewis Camp snowed? . . .Jim Poteat, Glenn Baughman, Charles Hicks, Mary Camp, Carole Hinson, Veneta Bell, and John Jamison are doing a swell job in the field of entertainment. . . .Everywhere you see Camelia you see Booker—could it be love? . . .The president of the student body surely thinks Edith is cute when she is somewhat irritated. . . .Jim Layton, Creighton Rowe, and Barbara Murphy weren't really blushing—they were just forming the "Sun Lamp Club."

Speaking of red faces, have you ever seen Edith Blackwelder turn a rosy red? . . .What about this friendship between Jay Sherrill and Carolyn Reicard? They tell me that when he buys ice cream, he automatically buys two

cones—be careful Jay! . . .Have you heard the latest about the Freshman Spanish Class? They tell me L. A. Spake is the most outstanding student (in grades that is). How about that Senora Hoyle?? . . .They say that the trip to Biling Springs was a success with only a few exceptions—a slight margin of defeat as far as the scoreboard was concerned and one of those disgusting flat tires! For a more detailed account, just contact Bill Proctor—he's the man with all the answers. . . .What about Jack Nesbitt's changing his profession from a "haberdasher" to a "crooner?" For a confirmation of the preceding statement, just mention either one of the names Jolson or Nesbitt, to Deanne Richardson or Carole Hinson. . . .By the way Jack, did that near relative of yours find out about those class cuts? Must have, for now he's confined to his room every night except on week-ends. . . .They tell me that Bill Prim has to check in at the Presbyterian Hospital every hour on the hour after a certain little nurse received an anonymous tip about a certain trip—Please explain Bill? . . .What's this I hear about the Connor-Doster daily dispute? Something about a specific type of "ring" I think. For further details regarding such, consult Paul Doster. . . .Anyone desiring dates with Edith Blackwelder, Barbara Murphy, or Deanne Richardson please contact Ray Kisiah, their date-manager (so he thinks!) He says he's auctioning off dates with the girls in order to raise funds for the Baseball team! What do you think about this Cash? . . .What kind of checkers does Wayne Hooks play at the Presbyterian hospital? Does his wife across town know about this? . . .Well, folks, this is about all for this time, but if you hear any more gossip soon, just jot it down and hand it to Ray Kisiah and we'll see that the Freshmen don't get it before their rival issue of the paper gets out!!

We read of a Bronx, N. Y. boy of 17, who achieved a college diploma in 30 hours through the taking of placement tests at the U. of Chicago.

He must be the impatient type.

The boy is either a genius, or has studied under some wonderful teachers.

We are convinced, however, that although the U. of Chicago gave him a college degree (B. A.) its president, Dr. Hutchins, would be the first to deplore the fact that the boy, although scholastically eligible for a diploma, would miss the important social contacts which are also necessary for a well-rounded college graduate to have had.

On second thought, he must have been a genius!

possible, is given good service, and gets good merchandise. Since only a worm would unload "slow" stock on a lady, and she takes you out of the worm class, Mrs. "Thank You" rates good to best.

Mr. "Chronic Gripe" is quite the opposite. Mr. "Gripe" drives a big car, has a big business, and can buy men like you for a pittance. Therefore, crawl, worm, crawl! Mr. "Gripe" has entered!

Mr. "Gripe" is too important to worry about details; besides, he would soil his hands, gathering and checking merchandise. Therefore, it falls to the clerk to do the running hither, thither, and yon, at his behest.

"Two of item A? Yes, sir! I have two picked out, especially for important customers." Inside, you chuckle, as you unload two more.

"Three of item C? Oh, yes, sir! The very best." Three more gone.

"Item D? No, sir, I'm very sorry. We are out, temporarily. I'll send you a card when they come in." You could have sold "Gripe" those four. You know Mrs. "Thank You" would like them. They are at a premium.

Slowly, the day passes—but I think you have the idea. Next time some clerk hurries over to help you, remember, he's got you at his mercy. Let him know you appreciate the service. For all you know, it might be I, and I'm sure you wouldn't want me to put you in my file "G"—"G" for "Gripe", that is!

College Campus

(Continued from Page 1)

the present plant can not meet." It is their recommendation that every effort be made to provide for expansion, and it is the desire of those having CC's interests at heart to follow that recommendation.

A major objective in the expansion program is the acquisition of a lounge, or recreational hall of a size and convenience to permit informal student get-togethers for a "smoke and coke," because, as Dr. Garinger pointed out, where there is no daily communication between the student body as a whole, no chance for chit-chat of a casual nature, there is usually no school spirit and little loyalty. So important an asset to student activity is a place to meet, that temporary solutions have been considered, such as renting space in a nearby building to be used for a student lounge until such time as more permanent quarters are available. No definite decision on this point has been announced as yet.

Another possible use of additional space and facilities would be to add morning classes for those students preferring to attend school in the daytime. Regardless of this possibility, Dr. Garinger, when questioned regarding the matter, stated emphatically that there would always be evening classes at CC; as it is those students, working in the daylight hours to further their education at night, who have made our college a permanent part of the Charlotte school system; and it is primarily for them and their welfare that the college will continue to be concerned. If the plans of the City Fathers for the future of the youngest member of their Educational program can be condensed to ten words or less, they might read somewhat as follows: "CHARLOTTE COLLEGE HERE TO STAY; CC's CAMPUS ON THE WAY!"

The Humorous Slant

"How'd you puncture that tire?"

"Ran over a milk bottle."

"Didn't you see it, huh?"

"Naw, the kid had it under his coat."

A science professor brought a copy of the exam to the office so that it could be mimeographed. The secretary read it over and turned to the professor.

"Sir, this is the same exam that you gave last quarter."

"That's all right," replied the good professor. "This time I've changed the answers."

King Arthur: I hear you've been misbehaving lately.

Knight: In what manor, sire?

—Geoffrey Chaucer

Professor: Will you men in the back of the room please stop passing notes?

Man in the back of the room: They're not notes, sir, they're cards. We're playing bridge.

Professor: Oh, I beg your pardon.

Prosecuting Attorney: It's my duty to warn you that anything you say will be held against you.

Defendant: Jane Russell, Jane Russell, Jane Russell.

—Hic

Mother to small son: Just because I told you there was no Santa Claus, was it fair to tell the neighbors that I laid your Easter egg?

Philosophy Prof: One should employ the inner check on self control. Notice this fly that just lit on my nose. I do not swear, I do not lose my temper, I do not blaspheme. I merely say, go away fly. DAM! It's a BEE!