

COLLEGIATE LIFE

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Mercy Slayings

The recent trial of Dr. Sander for the mercy slaying of a patient brought to the front a question which has been discussed a great deal. If Dr. Sander had been convicted, there would doubtlessly have been much more argument of the question whether any man has the moral right to assume the power of life and death over a person who has not been convicted of a capital offense.

There can be little doubt that doctors are able to tell with almost certainty whether a person suffering from certain physical afflictions will live or die. There is also little doubt that some afflicted persons would, in some ways, be better off dead than alive. That, however, is not the point involved. The main point to be settled is whether any man has the right to decide if a person is to live or to die. If it is assumed that man does have this right of decision, other points immediately arise which will have to be settled.

One such point is the question of who will make these decisions. A doctor may be able to make an accurate prediction of a person's chances of survival, but a doctor is not necessarily better qualified to decide questions of life or death than is any other person. No man is actually qualified to make such decisions; any man who tries to assume this power is stepping far outside of man's province.

Another point which would have to be settled is the limits to which this power of life and death should be confined. If it applies to individuals with certain physical disabilities, should it also be applied to those with mental disabilities? If it applies to persons who would presumably be better off dead, a very short step could make the power applicable to persons without whom the world would be considered a better place. If this authority is applied to individuals, it would be a simple matter to apply it to groups. We have seen it happen in our time, and we have seen what its consequences were.

Human nature is such that it can tolerate power only to a certain degree. If this degree is exceeded, the individual loses all sense of proportion, and no curb can be placed on his lust for more power. Any man or any group endowed with the authority of deciding whether human beings are to live or die would almost certainly abuse the power. And there appears to be but one way to insure that such power is not abused: No such authority should ever be granted by society.

Co-operation In School Activities

A person working alone can organize his thoughts and his efforts in any way which he feels is best suited to what he is doing. He alone is responsible. But the moment he is joined by another person, the necessity for co-operation with that person begins. If the two work at cross-purposes, they will accomplish nothing. If they work singly toward the same goal without co-ordination, the results will be unpredictable. But if the two co-operate their efforts toward a given objective, they will accomplish results not possible in any other way.

Half a dozen persons, each highly skilled, contribute their knowledge and their skill to a unit and form a surgical team which is capable of performing what would be impossible for a single person. Nine men work together with precision and with a single interest and form a smoothly working ball team. A dozen or a hundred persons join their skill and talent together and form a dance band or a symphony orchestra. But without perfect co-ordination by each member, these groups would be worse than useless. Without a high degree of co-operation, none of the groups which make society what it is could exist.

A school, no less than any other combination of individuals, requires co-operation among its members. And if the school is to have the fullest significance for its students,

TATTLE TALE

Say JIM KILGO, why the glum look? Miss WILMA? Must be wonderful to work in a place with fifteen handsome men. . . . How about it Jo Mihalic? . . . Who does JAY SHERRILL chauffeur home so often? Is her name CAROLYN? . . . PUTNAM surely was dressed up the other night. You better explain PAUL. . . . What is that we hear Carole Hinson and Deane Richardson mumbling these days? Sounds like "RULY" to me! . . . And while we're on the subject of Statesville, it seems that all the Sigma Pi Alpha frats had a big time. . . . Grady Miller never did show up. Wonder why? Who does MARY date these days? Brice or Skat? . . . Be sure to look in all directions before crossing the street at C. C.! We hear that Fleet Kirkpatrick's car is still running (and so are pedestrians)! . . . Be quiet BENNY LILES! You talk too much. You too L. A. SPAKE (AND YOU REALLY DO!) . . . What say, L. A., how was your rich girl the other night? . . . FLASH! Oh, pardon us, that was just IKE'S camera. Isaacs and ADAMS must have found something awfully interesting on that botany field trip.

Couldn't have been "Algae." (We've never heard of a girl with that name.) . . . It is rumored that Camille and Booker are improving their Spanish by practicing in the "corners." HMM! . . . What are those boys staring at? Oh, it's just PEGGY FOX. . . . Ben Long, what big eyes you have! . . . Lee Burke did you enjoy your errand in Davidson? . . . Latest question on Barbara Murphy's mind—"Did Alex go to that dance at the hospital the other night?" . . . Pardon us for saying so, but it seems to us as if a few couples around here are getting a little mixed up. Too bad we aren't having a dance real soon; it might be interesting to see who turns up with whom. . . . Someone wanted to know why there are so many girls around C. C. named "Regina." To clear up the mystery, those are the sorority hats, "Regina" being the name of the sorority. . . . Some of the C. C. girls think Dr. Heck has "cute" eyes. . . . O. K. you nosy people, be sure to drop your latest gossip in the Gossip box located on the bulletin board. . . . Adios Amigo, Bon Soir, Valette, and Bye Now.

Timely Tunes

Barbara Murphy—"Who?"
Ralph Turner—"Wandering"
Bill Prim—"Chocolate Whiskey and Vanilla Gin"
Alex Haughton—"You'll Never Know"
Lee Burke—"Why?" (From Sigmund Romberg's "Dancing Girl")
Jimie Merritt—"Birmingham Jail"
David Cash—"Take Me Out To The Ball Game"
Grady Miller—"Sentimental Me"
Wayne Hooks—"Nursie, Nursie, Hold My Hand" (And all you other fans)
Gene Henderson—"My Foolish Heart" or "Drinking Song"
Preston King, Jr.—"Yes Sir That's My Baby"

Pomes

There was a faith healer of Deal Who said, "Although pain is not real,
When I sit on a pin
And it punctures my skin,
I dislike what I fancy I feel."

God's plan made a hopeful beginning,
But man spoiled his chances by sinning.
We trust that the story
Will end in God's glory,
But, at present, the other side's winning.

In Memoriam

JESSE WALLACE DRAKE, JR.

this co-operation will be evident among smaller groups within the school as well as within the school as a unit. These smaller groups have definite objectives of their own, each one aimed at benefiting the entire school. These groups may include athletic teams, dramatic and musical groups, student government councils, school newspapers, annuals, entertainment committees, and various other groups for special purposes. Each of these organizations requires time and effort on the part of its members. But no matter how hard these members may work, they cannot succeed completely without the co-operation of the entire school. The objectives of these groups are to make the school's activities more complete and more effective. With the proper co-operation, these objectives can be realized, and the results will be reflected in all the phases of school life.

Patter

A Scotsman leaned against a midtown bar holding his stomach and moaning piteously. "Sick?" asked a sympathetic stranger.

"Verra, verro sick," said the Scotsman. "I am afraid I've got yooors."

"What's yooors?" asked the stranger.

The Scotsman brightened immediately. "Make it a scotch and soda," he said.

The prize of all radio announcements I heard in California. A plummy-voiced gentleman was pleading for his sponsor, who built mausoleums: "Ladies and gentlemen," said he, in organ tones, "is seepage disturbing your loved ones?"

Mal de mer: French for "You can't take it with you."

Throw rug: A small rug that usually throws anyone who steps on it.

Etiquette: Learning to yawn with your mouth closed.

Television: Radio with eye-strain.

Poise: The art of raising the eyebrows instead of the roof.

Platonic friendship: The interval between the introduction and the first kiss.

Conscience: The still small voice that makes you feel still smaller.

Charlotte College weather report: Chilly.

Two girls met in the hall wearing identical hats.

Several days after his father died little Johnny was stopped on the street by a neighbor.

"And what were your father's last words?" asked the neighbor.

"He didn't have any," Johnny replied. "Mamma was with him to the end."

First Hobo: "I hate holidays."

Second Same: "Why?"

First Hobo: "It makes me feel so common when nobody's working."

While in the big city on a vacation trip, a man and his wife hailed a taxi and told the driver where they wanted to go. The driver raced off wildly and went careening down the street, swaying, bumping, and giving the couple several anxious moments. Noticing their concern, he shouted over his shoulder, "Don't worry folks; I ain't going to land you in no hospital: I just got out of one."

"How dreadful," answered the wife, sympathetically. "Was it an operation?"

"Naw," replied the driver. "I was a mental case."

"Dad," asked the small boy, "Why is a man not allowed to have more than one wife?"

"My son," replied the father, "When you're older you will realize that the law protects those who are incapable of protecting themselves."

Rastus was bemoaning his wife's laziness to his friend. "She's so lazy dat she done put popcorn in de pancakes so they'll flop over by demselves."

Little Carole, aged 6, was looking at photos of her parents wedding. Her father described the ceremony and tried to give the meaning. Suddenly the light dawned:

"Oh!" Carole exclaimed. "Is that when you got mother to come and work for us?"