

## CHARLOTTE COLLEGIAN

Published monthly throughout the school year by the students of CHARLOTTE COLLEGE, Charlotte, N. C.

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## Who Are We?

On the front page of this issue is an item containing a few facts about Charlotte College. We do not claim any originality for this item—most of it was copied verbatim from the College catalog. Nor are we merely trying to fill the front page. We hope that the item will be read by some who may not see a copy of the catalog.

During the last school year Charlotte College received a good share of publicity. The activities of the school and of the students were given considerable space in the local newspapers. The college newspaper and the annual had a fairly wide distribution. The fact remains, however, that the average person in Charlotte and this area does not have a clear idea of just what Charlotte College is. That fact accounts for the front page item in this issue.

It may be that part of the confusion concerning the identity of Charlotte College results from the origin of the school, going back to the time that it was a part of the University of North Carolina. The location of the school, in the Central High School building, and the fact that classes are conducted in the late afternoon and evening may also contribute to lack of understanding. Whatever the reasons are, we have found that the mention of the name "Charlotte College" very frequently is the occasion for questions being asked. This may not be surprising in view of the fact that Charlotte College, as such, is only one year old. But with one successful year of operation as an independent institution behind it and excellent prospects for an even more successful year just beginning, we think that the College deserves to be recognized for what it is: a fully accredited junior college. And since the objective of the College is to serve the individual and the community, we think the people of Charlotte and the surrounding area deserve to be acquainted with the facts concerning Charlotte College.

## Student Government

We have no late word of the Athenian with the lantern, but Charlotte College has turned up with a person even more remarkable than the object of Diogenes' search—a keeper of campaign promises.

During last spring's student council campaign, Candidates Adams and Holladay ran on a platform which contained a promise to draft a constitution to present to the student body at the end of the summer holidays. Later, at the installation exercises, President Adams told the students that his platform has contained some rather rash promises, but that he had every intention of carrying them out. He made his promise good—the constitution has been drafted and is being presented to the students for approval or rejection.

It will interest many members of Charlotte College organization to know just how the proposed constitution was drafted. Beginning immediately after the close of school last spring, weekly student council meetings were called, and these meetings were continued throughout the summer. Many problems facing the council were taken up at the weekly meetings but not until after the constitution was drafted. Some ten or eleven sessions were devoted exclusively to writing the draft.

President Adams obtained from some of the country's leading colleges copies of their student government constitutions. Several of these schools also submitted comments and suggestions resulting from the experience gained in observing their constitutions in operation. With so much material at hand, it seems that it would have been a simple matter to draw up a constitution containing the better provisions of those studied. So it would have been. But such a draft would not have resulted in the kind of constitution which the council had set out to write—one designed for Charlotte College alone, to fit in with conditions as they actually exist.

The present form of the constitution does not contain a single phrase that was not carefully considered. During many of the meetings devoted to the writing of the draft, parliamentary procedure was discarded in order to permit free discussion and exchange of ideas. More than one session was spent in discussion and argument with hardly a line

## David

(Ed. Note. The assignment in Miss Denny's English II Class one day last spring was a character sketch. This one was turned in by Ray Descaro.)

Any person who persists in living in apartment houses will come in contact with the neighbors' children. I have lived most of my adult life in an apartment and have managed to remain on pretty good terms with the neighbors' children, but with one notable exception. In the summer of 1946, I was living in Las Vegas, Nevada, a thriving metropolis of 35,000 souls situated right in the middle of the Cal-Nevada desert. My abode was the end unit in a four unit, single story, ranch type apartment house built for army personnel during the war. The apartments were compact, comfortable, and inexpensive, in short, an ideal place to live except for one thing—David.

David, the offspring of my next door neighbor, was about six years old, in the vicinity of three feet tall, and weighed roughly fifty-five pounds; and although he was the apple of his parents' eye, to me he was nothing less than a pint-sized devil. Freshly bathed and combed—a rare occasion—David presented a nice appearance, but beneath this beautiful exterior lay the most feindish and twisted brain that the good Lord ever created. Although I have no proof of it, I am sure that this little boy stayed awake nights thinking up new and better atrocities with which to torment me.

"Blood, sweat, toil, and tears"

how prophetic those words of Winston Churchill. Blood, I cut my foot on a piece of broken milk bottle while watering the lawn one evening; why was there broken glass on the lawn?, because David had used milk bottles for ten pins and the sidewalk for a bowling alley. Sweat, I perspired profusely covering the holes David had dug; what had he dug the holes for?, why, he was looking for gophers. Toil, the way I worked with the boy trying to detect just one spark of goodness—no luck. Tears, the tears I shed were because of my unsuccessful attempts to befriend and possibly help this little monster—believe me David was a born juvenile delinquent.

While living out West I was working on the railroad, and being subject to twenty-four hour call it was often necessary that I get my sleep during the day. A difficult task at best because of the extreme heat, and aggravated by David, an impasse was reached. Something had to be done. I had three alternatives: put up with it, move out, or incur the wrath of his parents by administering a good whipping. I chose the latter because in my opinion he needed it anyway. One day while trying to sleep amid David's ear splitting screams right outside my window, I decided the time for action had come. I went to the window and told David to be quiet or else I was going to give him the spanking of his life; his immediate response was, "I don't have to." That did it. My overburdened nervous system could take no more. I ran outside and turned

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being added to the draft. Most of the provisions and the wording of the constitution were agreed upon unanimously by the entire council. On one or two occasions it was necessary to put the point in question to a vote. The important point, however, is that the representatives of the student body, after studying the constitution of many colleges similar to Charlotte College, have prepared an instrument which they believe will protect the best interests of the entire body of students of Charlotte College.

We believe that the student council has done a commendable job in the writing of the proposed constitution. Having had the opportunity to sit in on several of the meetings during which the draft was written, we know that it was written conscientiously and with a sense of responsibility to the students who elected the student council members. We hope to see the constitution ratified by the student body; but even more, we hope that every student will express his opinion by voting in the ratification election.

## The Charlotte Collegian

According to what we have been able to learn, the primary purposes of a school paper are, or should be, to create a school spirit, to support the best traditions of the school, to encourage worthy school activities, to promote scholarship, to encourage the ideals of sportsmanship, and to record the history of the school. It is the hope of the Collegian staff that our paper may achieve these ideals in some degree and that also that Charlotte Collegian will be a source of interest and entertainment to its readers.

It is our belief that a school paper can be really successful only if it reflects the thoughts and reports the activities of the entire school, not merely those of some segment of the student body—certainly not those of the small group of students who are responsible for assembling the material and publishing the paper.

We want the Charlotte Collegian to belong to the students of Charlotte College and not to the Collegian staff. We want the paper to contain what its readers want it to contain. We solicit the co-operation of the student body in helping us to achieve this goal. Naturally the staff will cover the main sources of information; the office, the student council, the faculty, the athletic organizations, and the student organizations. But it is not possible for us to know of everything going on about the college which should be noted in the paper. If you know of anything which interests you, let us know—it will probably interest others in the school. If you have any contributions you would like to see published in the paper, we shall be glad to receive them. Or if you have a suggestion to make, we shall be glad to hear it.

## Ward Accepts Post In Japan

Robert Paul Ward, Jr., popular member of the Sophomore Class, left Charlotte on August 14 for Japan, where he will be connected with the Army Signal Corps. On leave from the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, Ward has accepted a Civil Service position in communications work.

Ward was elected secretary-treasurer of the 1950-51 Sophomore Class. He served ably on the student council during its summer sessions, and his absence will be a real loss to that group. His many friends wish him success in his new work.

Little boy—"Daddy, what's a sweater girl?"

Daddy—"Why, er-uh, a sweater girl is a girl who works in a sweater factory." (Later) "Where did you get that question?"

Little boy—"Where did you get that answer?"

Boss—"Seems kinda sultry today, George; think it'll rain?"

George—"Suh, does yo think I'd be pushing dis broom if ah could prognosticate de precipitation?"

Traveler (phoning down from his hotel room)—"Is this the night clerk?"

Clerk—"Yes. What's eating you now?"

Traveler—"That's what I'd like to know."

An unfortunate was applying for relief, and the girl at the desk was filling out the questionnaire.

"Do you owe any back house rent?"

"Ma'am," he replied with dignity, "we've got modern plumbing."

The doctor was visiting Tom's wife to deliver her twelfth offspring.

Riding along with Tom, he saw a duck in the road. The doctor asked:

"Whose duck is that?"

"At ain't no duck, Doctor", said Tom. "At's a stork wid his laigs wo'e off."

Country girl—"Pa's the best rifle shot in this country"

City slicker—"And what does that make me?"

Country girl—"My fiancee."

Lady—"This rhubarb seems very stringy."

Waiter—"Try eating it with your veil up."

"Dad, what has six legs, a brown head, and a body with green and black spots?"

"I give up son. What?"

"I don't know either, Dad, but it's crawling down your neck."

First Doc—"What did you operate for?"

Second Ditto—"One hundred dollars."

"I mean what did the patient have?"

"One hundred dollars."

A sailor was up in court for fighting.

"Your Honor," he told the judge, "I was in a telephone booth talking to my girl and a guy wants to use the phone. So he opens the door, grabs me, and tosses me out of the booth."

"And that made you angry?" asked the judge.

"Well, yes," replied the sailor. "But what really burned me up was when he grabbed my girl and threw her out too."

Willie—"I've never seen such dreamy eyes."

Mary—"You've never stayed so late before."