

City Song

Scotty Stallings

"Bill, get up. It's late."
I opened my eyes. The sunlight pouring through the window over my bed blinded me.
"Come on, son. You're going to be late for school again unless you hurry."
Dad looked old and tired as he stood looking down at me. That job of his was enough to kill him . . . he was too old to be working on a construction crew, but that was the only trade he

knew and he had been rigging steel since he was sixteen.

"Son," he said, "your breakfast is in the oven. I've got to be going now . . . I'll see you at supper."

"Thanks, Dad." I yawned as I pulled on my shoes and wiped the sleep out of my eyes.

The old man picked up his coat and lunch pail and shuffled out the front door. I finished dressing then went into the bathroom and splashed cold water in my face and combed my hair. He sure was a great old guy. It had been hard for him since mother died; it's not easy for a guy to raise a kid alone.

I ate breakfast and went down to the pool hall. A bunch of the guys were sitting on the floor around the stove shooting craps. I knelt down beside them and watched.

I was sure glad the old man didn't know that I hadn't been going to school. He wanted me to get an education and be a big shot some day, but I just couldn't see any sense in going to school when I didn't get anything out of it.

I hung around with the gang until about four o'clock; then I went back to the apartment to get something to eat.

When I walked in the front door I saw Dad sitting in the living room smoking his pipe. I could tell that something had happened because he never got home before six-thirty. He glanced up when I shut the door.

"Come here, son. I've got something to tell you." I pulled up a chair and sat next to him. He stared at the picture of mother on the mantle and sucked thoughtfully on his pipe.

"Bill," he said after a long pause, "I've been laid off. Mister Stokes says I'm too old to do the work. He's hired a young fellow to take my place. Things are going to be a little rough around here for a while until I can find a new job."

Things were rough alright . . . and they didn't get any better. Everywhere the old man went looking for a job they just laughed at him and told him that he was too old. I did some odd jobs around the neighborhood, but the money I made wasn't even a drop in the bucket. After five weeks our money we had saved up was just about all gone.

"Son," Dad said one night after supper, "Son, I'm going to give it to you straight." He took out his wallet and slowly fished out two bills and laid them on the table . . . a five and a one. The one had a piece of blue paper glued across the middle where it had been torn and mended.

"Bill, this is all the money we have left in the world."

I just sat there trying to think of something to say. The look on the old man's face hurt me as he carefully folded the bills and put them back in his pocket.

"I'm going out now, son," he said later after we had cleaned up the dishes. "I've just got to find some work, we can't last long on six dollars." He put on his overcoat and crossed the room to the front door. "Bill, please forgive me . . . I'm just a stupid old man."

I sat watching the fire in the arcola for a long time after he had gone. This was wrong. All wrong. Why did it have to happen to my old man? He was so good and tried to make things work out . . . He never thought of himself . . . just of me.

It was dark outside and it was beginning to snow again. I thought of Dad walking the streets alone and cold looking for a job so I could have decent food and a place to sleep . . . I had to do something . . . Then it hit me!

CC Enters Float In Christmas Parade

The most ambitious undertaking of its kind yet attempted by Charlotte College students was the float which appeared in the annual Christmas parade, held in Charlotte on November 16.

The float was designed to call attention to the various fields of education, and Charlotte College students representing the various professions appeared on the float.

The float was the idea of Martin J. Sherrill, who was the spark plug in designing, constructing, and handling all the details of entering the float in the parade.

The Collegian salutes Jay Sherrill and his helpers in the project for the idea of bringing the college to the attention of the people of Charlotte and for the successful way in which they carried out the idea.

I went into the kitchen and found the ice pick . . . it had a nice long blade. I stuffed it into my jacket pocket and went out the front door. If we couldn't earn the money, then I'd take it!

It was snowing hard by the time I got to the avenue. I turned left and headed for the underpass . . . that's where I would do the job . . . where it was lonely and dark.

When I reached the underpass I slipped behind one of the concrete pillars along the sidewalk and waited. It was freezing cold, but my shirt was glued to my back with sweat and I could feel the blood pounding in my head.

It seemed like hours before I heard footsteps approaching from the far end of the underpass. I took the icepick out of my pocket and waited . . . He was a little guy. I held my breath until he had passed; then I moved! I got him from behind and plunged the icepick into his back . . . low down in the kidney so he couldn't scream. He struggled a little then collapsed like a sack of potatoes. I found his wallet, took out the money, and got rid of the billfold. My knees felt like water as I crammed the bills into my pocket and started running.

I was shaking so badly when I got to the apartment that I almost broke off the key trying to open the door. I stumbled into my room and fell across the bed, panting and trembling.

I lay there for a long time without moving; then I got up and turned on the light. I crossed the room to the bed and took out the crumpled bills, smoothing them out on the blanket . . . There was a five and a one . . . The one had a piece of blue paper glued across the middle where it had been torn and mended.

Little Louise: "Mother dear, what does dehydrate mean?"

Mother: "It means getting all the water out of anything. Why?"

Little Louise: "Well, my puppy just dehydrated in the living room."

The transport was shoving off for the Orient. Two wistful looking teen-agers were waving goodbye from the dock.

"Gee, I think it's a shame to send all those nice soldiers to China. What will they do there?"

"What'll they do!" replied the other. "Ain't you never been out with a soldier?"

Alumna Of The Month

The term "charter member" usually carries with it an implication of age. As applied to Ann Sawyer, Charlotte College alumna of this month and member of the first class to enroll at the College, any such implication is entirely false. While a lady's age is strictly classified information we may say that if Ann so desires she may legally cast a vote but that she hasn't enjoyed this status long enough to have become accustomed to it.

Having entered CCUNC, forerunner of Charlotte College, in the fall of 1946, Ann automatically qualifies as a charter member of the organization. She was graduated from Tech High School in the spring of 1946 and began her college work the following fall. During the fall quarter of 1947, she worked as secretary to Miss Cone.

After her two years at Charlotte College, Ann went to the University of North Carolina where she graduated in June 1950 with an A. B. in Journalism.

Immediately after finishing college, Ann started to work for the *Charlotte News* and is now employed by that paper as Assistant to the City Editor. Included among her other duties is that of taking care of the 'phone at the City Desk (a job which looks to us as if it would require several people and run them all crazy). Ann hopes to become a newspaper reporter some day. That has been her ambition for a number of years, and judging from the determination she showed in talking about it, we are willing to bet that she will succeed.

Ann lives with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Sawyer. She has a brother who is a student at Georgia Tech.

Calls For Abolishing Pre-Med Training

New York, N. Y. - (I. P.) Calling for the abolishment of "pre-medical" education in the nation's colleges and universities, Dr. William C. Rappleye, Dean of Columbia University's Faculty of Medicine, declared, "there is no such thing as 'pre-medical education.' College students who plan to enter professional schools in our fields should not be regarded as pre-medical or pre-dental students."

In his annual report to president Dwight D. Eisenhower, Dr. Rappleye said that the college preparation for medical, dental, and public health fields should not be professional in character, but should be devoted to the objective of providing as broad a cultural education as the particular institution can give.

"It should be a preparation not for medicine or dentistry or public health, but for life," he declared.

Students should be selected for professional education not so much on the basis of grades or subjects as for character, personality, intelligence, ability, industry, general culture, resourcefulness, maturity, and evidence of a grasp of the principles underlying the sciences upon which medical study is dependent, Dr. Rappleye stated.

Fraternity

(Continued from page 1)

the girls at C. C., so if there are any girls who are not already members, please attend the next scheduled meeting which will be announced on the bulletin board in the main hall.

Sigma Pi Alpha, national honorary language fraternity, has selected numerous students who have maintained a "B" average in a foreign language at C. C. for initiation at the next convention, which will be held during the winter quarter either at Wake Forest or at Eastern Carolina Teachers College.

I sneezed a sneeze into the air, It fell to earth I know not where; But cold and hard were the looks of those,

In whose vicinity I snooze.

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