

CHARLOTTE COLLEGIAN

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C. C. Needs You!

Everyone, at one time or another, has seen an example of school spirit at work. Perhaps it was at that football game when little West Jefferson High was losing to mighty Central by a score of 100 to 0; and the West Jefferson student body continued to cheer their heads off for the players who were out there giving their all for dear old Alma Mater. This thing called school spirit is hard to define—you can't see it, nor can you touch it—but without school spirit a college ceases to be a setting for pleasant memories and becomes a sweat-house of nothing but dry studios and long assignments.

Charlotte College has been around since 1946 and it is about time that a little school spirit showed itself around here. The attitude of CC students toward extra-curricula activities is a direct insult to everyone engaged in promoting these activities.

Every student should go out of his way to attend the social events held at the college, even if it involves forsaking a dinner party at the Flamingo Club. By so doing, you will not only insure the success of the event, but you will also become better acquainted with your fellow students.

Another way in which you can help CC is by becoming vitally interested in the school. Let the people that you come into contact with know that you are a student at CC and proud of it. Talk-up the school with your friends and try to get them behind it, we will need interest of every citizen if we are to ever become a four-year school.

There is also much work to be done around here. The annual and paper needs you—it doesn't make any difference whether you can write or not. There is a lot more work to getting out a publication than just writing. You can help by selling ads, typing, distributing copies, taking pictures, helping in layout or make-up, or even running errands. The various committees of the Student Council need help. The Social Committee can use anyone who can hang crepe paper or plan dances. The Publicity Committee needs sign painters and anyone interested in public relations work. The list is endless—if you are breathing, there is a job for you.

Below you will find a list of the various school organizations along with the man in charge of each one. Look over the list and pick the one that you would like to work with. Then go see the head man and get to work. You will be helping Charlotte College, and at the same time you will be helping yourself.

- Si Si (annual)—Barbara Quinn.
Charlotte Collegian (paper)—Scotty Stallings.
Publicity Committee—Steve Mahaley.
Social Committee—Jo Mihalic.
Assembly Committee—Bill Palmer.
Election Committee—Harriet McSheehan.
Treasury Committee—George Lefler.

Why Four Years at C. C.

Just why should Charlotte College wish to join the ranks of the four-year schools? Why isn't it content to remain just as it is, a junior college? These seem to be good questions until you take a look at them . . . but very few people take the time and energy to take that look. Among these non-lookers are our honorable "city fathers." Why should they look? Their kids aren't going to CC.

O. K., the guy has a right to give his off-springs the chance to go to a big college, granted—but how about us? How about the guys and gals at CC who have got to work to get through school and support a family at the same time? CC is just what we need. We can strain the muscles in the day time and strain the brain at night—maybe this education we get at CC will mean that we can get better jobs. But what happens to us when we finish out two-year courses here? Where can we go?

We've got to work while we go to school—that's for sure! How about UNC? It's a state college and the tuition and stuff isn't too high. O. K., but there just aren't many jobs to be found around Chapel Hill. State is in Raleigh but look how many guys are going there and how few jobs there are available in any city where you aren't well known.

Getting back to the local scene we find Davidson only twenty miles away, but that twenty miles is just as good as twenty-thousand when you can't lay out two thousand skins a year to go there. Queens got on the bandwagon when they saw how adult education was paying off at CC, but, gentlemen, I ask you, what would the boys say when they saw a Queens sticker on your windshield?

Charlotte is the largest city in the state and we still can't get a four-year city college. All the state education money is tied up in twelve schools, the nearest of which is over 50 miles from Charlotte. CC has paid-off as a junior college. A lot of good

TRUMPET MAN

By SCOTTY STALLINGS

The sun was bright . . . too bright . . . The body, sprawled half dressed across the ancient cast-iron bed, slowly came to life. He opened his eyes and blinked in pain as the brightness stabbed deep into his tortured optic nerves. Body rebelled against brain and kept screaming at him to close his eyes and go back to sleep. God, he was tired!

His eyes moved slowly about the room. It was an old room, but not as bad as most of the rooms that he had stayed in. The window shade was hanging by one dirty fragment of cloth to its broken roller, and every now and then it would dance a crazy little jig to accommodate a sharp gust of wind that poured through the cracked window panes. A sink over in the corner emitted a steady noise as its leaky faucet sent drop after drop of cold water crashing onto the porcelain finish of the basin. The roof leaked and he could see a large stain spread out above him like a giant amoeba suddenly frozen into immobility. This fascinated him, so he thought about it for a while . . .

The amoeba is a one-celled animal which moves about by extending a part of itself, a pseudopodia and flowing into it. In a way, he thought, I am very much like an amoeba . . . Everything that I have gotten out of life has been by the process of literally pulling myself along after I gained a foothold just a little higher up.

I can remember the first time that I ever held a trumpet. It was a long time ago. I was just a kid then and the horn was big and heavy . . . but I loved it like some kids love their dogs. It took me a long time to talk Dad into getting me my first horn. For awhile I didn't think I'd ever get it, but one night, the night of my eleventh birthday, Dad came in and laid it on my bedside table while I was asleep. It wasn't much as horns go, just a battered hunk of brass that he had found in a trash barrel and had fixed up . . . but to me it was made of pure gold.

After years of practicing when all the other boys my age were out messing around, I finally got a job playing on week-ends in a little two-by-four rat's nest that called itself the "Paradise Club." It wasn't much, but I had stars in my eyes then and couldn't tell the difference.

Pretty soon the novelty wore off and I decided that it was time for me to go big-time. The next day I packed my bag and took off for New York and the bright lights.

New York is a big town . . . big enough for Bill Elliot, a trumpet man, to get lost in. And Mr. Elliot did a very good job of doing just that. I wound up playing in another two-by-four rat's nest in lower Manhattan.

Night after night I sat there with my horn in my mouth and sent blue notes chasing through the blue cigarette smoke of the blue customers. I guess I'd still be there if Jerry Wayne hadn't staggered in last week for a night-cap.

Jerry was a buddy of mine in high school; we both played trumpet in the school band. After he got out of school, Jerry got a lucky break and now he's strictly big-time . . . even big enough to be getting up a band of his own to take

on tour. He was looking for a third trumpet and I play trumpet . . . I nearly broke the point off his fountain pen when I signed the contract.

This is the break that I have been waiting all my life for. From now on everything is going to be milk and honey for little old me . . . the future isn't anything now but a one-way ticket to the top of the deck. Think of it—eating three meals a day for a change and sleeping in a decent bed. Happy days are here again! Again, nothing . . . they're here for the first time!

Wonder what time it is . . . only seven A. M. Man, that's way too early to be getting up when you've been out all night celebrating . . . I might as well get in some more sack time; Lord knows I need it! I don't have to be at the bus station until eight tonight when the band pulls out . . . Good o'le sleep . . . they ought to bottle it and sell it in vending machines . . . make a million . . . easy . . .

Jerry Wayne stood beside the bus that he had chartered to carry the band on tour. He picked a piece of lint from his coat and glanced up at the sign on the side of the bus that read "Jerry Wayne and His Orchestra" in big red letters. There was the usual amount of confusion as the men stowed their instruments away in the baggage compartment. His manager, Earl Hawkins, came around the back of the bus and approached him with a check-list in one hand.

"Everyone here?" Jerry asked as he came up.

"Everyone but that new third trumpet, Bill Elliott."

"What time is it now?"

"Almost eight-twenty."

"What the Devil is keeping him? Heck, I can't wait all night on him . . . He's probably soused to the gills in some dive celebrating. He always was a little crazy . . . working like mad on his trumpet and getting nowhere fast. He's a good Joe but he just doesn't have it. He never will be anything more than he is right now . . . a third-rate musician. Too bad though, he sure has worked and slaved to get somewhere . . . but that's life, I guess . . . Some have that little something that it takes to play great music and some don't."

As he was talking, the activity around the bus had quietened down as the members of the band finished putting their equipment on board and settled down in their seats for the long trip ahead. The driver had finished his reports and was sitting on the lower step of the bus smoking a cigarette.

"Heck," Jerry said suddenly, "I can't wait any longer on him or we'll be late getting to our first job. We can pick up another third trumpet on the road—there are hundreds of guys like him on the loose. It would be different if he was holding down a first chair . . . Darnit, he would have to go and louse up the only break he ever got . . . the jerk!"

As they walked toward the bus, the driver threw away his cigarette and climbed on board to start the engine. Jerry paused at the door and looked out across the lot . . . a frown crossed his face as he turned and sat down in the first seat. He stood up and gazed into the face of every man on the bus, half hoping to see Bill among

the men already inside and settled down for the trip. He didn't.

"Heck fire!" he muttered and turned to the driver. "Roll it. We've got to be there in eight hours."

On the west side of town a couple of firemen were poking around in the ruins of what used to be a cheap hotel. Their fire-stained raincoats glistening in the glare of the searchlights.

"This was one of the hottest fires I've ever seen," one grunted as he lifted a fallen beam and shined the yellow light of his flashlight beneath it.

"You said it" the other replied as his partner reached down and picked up an object from beneath the beam. "You found something?"

"Yeah. It looks like some kind of musical instrument."

"You're right, it's a trumpet. One of my kids plays one of them thing in the school band. It probably belonged to one of them over there," he said, pointing toward a row of canvas bags lining the curb. "Too bad . . . The fire burned so darned fast that nobody above the first floor got out alive."

"Yeah, it was bad all right," the other replied as he held the trumpet up in the light. "You know, my kid has been after me to get him a horn for his birthday, and seeing as how that guy over there ain't got no more use for this one, I think I'll have it fixed up and give it to my kid . . . He'll get a kick out of it. My wife says we ain't got the money to put in a new horn . . . I don't guess that guy will mind if I take it."

"Sure, Al, that's a good idea. It don't look like it's in too bad a condition . . . not half as bad as the one my kid rents from school. All it needs is cleaning up a bit and it will be good as new . . . Say, I wonder what kind of a man it belonged to."

"I dunno. Probably one of those jerks that play horns just to have something to do in the evenings when they get home from work . . . Well, we've got everything put out here and the others are getting ready to leave. Tell you what let's do . . . Just as soon as we get off duty, let's run over to that little bar across the street from the firehouse and I'll buy you a drink with the money I'm going to save by not having to get my kid a new horn."

"You know," his partner replied, "that's the best thing you've said all day."

New Courses

The first State-sponsored course in practical nursing to be offered to white students in the Charlotte area is being conducted by Charlotte College this year. This course is a refresher course for persons who have had some medical experience either as a student nurse or as a doctor's assistant and wish to receive their certificate as a registered nurse.

Classes are held every Tuesday for three hours at Memorial Hospital under the direction of Mrs. Wehnt who is a nursing instructor at Mercy Hospital. The organizational meeting was held on September fourth at Memorial Hospital at which time Miss Lucille Puette, registrar, acquainted the students with the work being done at Charlotte College. There were twenty-eight students present at this first meeting.

The State of North Carolina is sponsoring this course in an effort to standardize the medical knowledge required of a person who qualifies as a practical nurse in this state and to bring about the certification of all persons who practice as practical nurses. While these courses are now limited to those who already have some medical experience, future plans are being made to conduct courses for beginners in this field.

guys have begun and, thru lack of a nearby four-year college, ended their education here. All indications point out that if CC were a senior school it would, if given the chance, grow into one of the largest colleges in this part of the country. Our faculty is one of the best in the South for a junior college. Everyone is for us except several people who haven't even taken the time to drive a few blocks and visit CC. Yet these folks are the ones who should have the most interest in seeing Charlotte improve. Everyday we get material improvements such as the new armory and collesium, but we also need mental improvement in this city, and a four-year city college is the answer.