

The Charlotte Collegian



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JERRY RICH

NOTES AND QUOTES

"Women who are not interested in clothes are probably not interesting in clothes." —W. J. McAULIFFE in Kingsport, Tenn., Times.

"Short skirts have a tendency to make men polite. Have you ever seen a man get on a bus ahead of one?"—MEL FERRER, quoted in the LONDON EVENING STANDARD.

Next fall in an Area Vocational Training Center will have moved into the co-occupancy of the Central High School building. Remodeling (i.e., tearing out room partitioning and walls) will begin in the early summer. Classrooms will be converted into shop space in some instances. **And summer school classes will be evidently affected by this work.**

When regular quarters open for the 1959-1960 term, there will be a chaotic turn of events here. English will have to be digested against the background of grumbling machines; mathematics and physics shall float through a grease-coated air.

It can't really be as bad as I'm picturing the situation, but I still dread the invasion of the new training center. Let's take it on the lam to the new site as soon as possible, PLEASE!

This issue offers some excellent light reading by Grand Masters Edwards, Bell, and McManus, with a spoof on the modern music world by Charles Darwin (in reality Jerry Merritt.) And then there is some dirt and gossip spread by James Mahaffee. I'm strictly against gossip but I owe a duty as a member of the Loyal Order of Mahaffeeism (cleanshaven branch.)

The Parnassian comes out Friday. Despite the Friday the Thirteenth significance, this edition should be an omen of better things to come.

Street scene: car with divided loyalties—sporting Charlotte College, Wake Forest, and Carolina decals . . . Overheard: at the Open Kitchen—"Yeah, after those Golden Gloves guys got through with each other, they were all novice wrecks."

The Man with the Deadly Sense of Humor: A year or two ago, a Greensboro funeral home advertised—"We Give Top Value Stamps" . . . An ad in the Boise Idaho Statesman stated — "CEMETERY LOTS, Cloverdale Park, near tower. Also deep freeze for large family" . . . And there was the fictional funeral parlor which advertised its special "lay-away" plan.

Miss Baker assigned her English II classes to write themes which might be used in the Collegian (that's one way of getting material). A surprisingly large number of the papers on the expansion of C.C.'s sports (ho, ho) program and the possibility of athletic scholarships here. I'm for athletic expansion, but this type of scholarship doesn't strike me as a Charlotte College bit. I thought I'd mention it anyway.

By the Saints of Dogpatch, I say "PHOOEY" on deadlines!

Letters To The Editor

Editors and COLLEGIAN:

I have a few questions to pose to the officials who shape Charlotte College's curriculum.

First, why are we allowed only a choice between French and Spanish as a foreign language? I believe that German is a subject which is directly needed at C.C. Chemical engineering, chemistry, and pre-medical students have definite needs for this language. Also, a requirement for most graduate degrees is that the candidate possess a strong knowledge in French and German.

Second, why is mathematics a pre-requisite or co-requisite for chemistry and not for physics? It is my understanding that a greater knowledge of mathematics is required for studying physics than for chemistry. Then, I ask, why is mathematics required for one science and not the other?

Finally, why are three quarters required for credit in chemistry and only two quarters required for the other sciences?

I would appreciate some form of printed answer in the next issue of the Collegian.

Respectfully yours,
R. G.

Editors and COLLEGIAN:

Last September, I stood in an endless line of fellow sufferers to trade by hard-earned money for a chance at an education. Many a long hour had been spent in computing, down to the last penny, my tuition. When, after an eternity of waiting, I arrived at the chopping block, I tried to be brave as I stood there clutching my greenbacks in my sweaty little paws.

I could hear the executioner speaking as from afar, "—And four dollars for student activity fee." (Editor's note: Plus three-dollars and a half for the annual.)

I had been ready for death, but not for this. I felt a surging impulse to run, but reconsidered when I noticed the size of the two men guarding the door. I paid the money, reluctantly, and left.

Where did this unsuspected fee come from?

"Someone must be making a million with this little compulsory enterprise," I thought.

The more I thought about it, the more it bothered me. I did some investigating.

My memory went back to the spring of 1957. I was a member of the Navy at the time and home on

— KNOWLEDGE —

more plateaus than first dreamed of leading upward to touch the sky. Knowledge can come with the quickness and strength of a forest fire, searing the mind with its power, burning away doubt and fear. It can be an addiction more powerful than opium; for there is no end to the desire to have more of it and no relief from the fact that, no matter how great a quantity you possess, you can never be able to attain more than a small portion of the total amount available.

Knowledge is a powerful tool. It can be used to fix the drip in the kitchen sink or to derive atomic theory. It has been used to build hula-hoops and empires. The two greatest empires in history, Greece

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leave. Wandering through one of the downtown stores one afternoon, I noticed a Charlotte College display. The man in charge—I don't remember who it was—gave me a copy of the school paper.

This interested me very much. In it I read of some high school chums who were attending C.C. and doing rather well at it, too.

This paper I was given was one of the major factors in my coming to Charlotte College. I now thank my lucky stars that it was there.

This is only one instance where our activity fee is helpful. Whether it is basketball, the dances, or the newspaper, it is well used.

It may hurt when we open our purses, but it is something we won't be sorry we paid if—and only if—we carry it through. Only we, the students, can make it work for us. Let's get behind and push. I am going to try harder in the future.

J.S.B., Jr.

Editors and COLLEGIAN:

I wish to express my appreciation to the Assembly Committee for the fine work it is doing in selecting programs for our entertainment.

During the month of December, we were favored with a splendid program when Mr. Babin exhibited virtuosity in playing the piano. Miss Ellen Faulk gave a delightful program on the evening of February 3. Also during February, Sigma Tau Sigma sponsored an inspiring talk by Mr. Harry Golden.

Although most of us are willing to pay two or three dollars to attend some sporting event, we are reluctant to pay our money for entertainment in the fine arts. I feel that the Assembly Committee is providing us with an opportunity to develop an appreciation of the finer things of life.

We, as a whole, are striving toward an education; therefore, we must be aware of the fact that one should have an appreciation of the fine arts if he wishes to obtain a well-rounded education.

I am looking forward to our future programs with the anticipation that they will measure up to the standard of excellence set by the past programs.

Again, I express my "thanks" to the Assembly Committee.

Trula Booth.

— "BRAIN" —

Regular Guys. Unless the scorned one spits upon the principles of self-improvement, he will never be a Real Man."—so thinks the anti-intellectual force.

The situation as it now stands is a pitiful one, indeed. The public has shunned the Brain and, as a result, has lost all hope of regaining the benefits of its full academic strength. The people have taken their stand. However shaky and unbalanced it may be, it is the stand of the population. However ignorant and uncompromising it may be, it is the popular stand. It is up to the population to reverse its stand. Then, and only then, will the Brain receive his due appreciation and the public receive the benefits of his intellect.

—J. C. R.

"The Brain" A Lost Soul

Hidden deep beneath the crust of today's scholastic world is an obscure individual commonly known as "The Brain." This person, symbolizing the few who strive for—and achieve—constant academic success, has been forced by the cruder members of society to become a social outcast. There is no room for him in a world where the word "brain" is automatically uttered through sneering lips.

The Brain is truly a non-conformist. When others about him are bogged down in the muck of extracurriculars-minus-study, he quite readily adapts himself to extra activity without sliding in academic standing. This ability increases the towering wave of popular opinion against him. Alas, with every gain in success, the Brain receives more in public ire.

The lot of whoever dares to think should be a happy one; however, it is not. Instead of rejoicing that there are those who will lead with common sense and "brain-power," the unenlightened population rips this very idea to shreds. Ridicule and scorn destroy any illusions of praise which might worm their way into the underdog's mind.

"Unless the Brain sheds his intellectual guise, he will never become 'one of the boys.' Unless this soul locks up his thinking organism and throws away the key, there will never be a peaceful co-existence between the Brain and the

Knowledge— Key To Wisdom

Ever since man first pulled himself out of the ocean, he has been seeking to increase his knowledge. Whether it be called "noseyness", or, more nobly, the desire to better the human race, it boils down to the need to find an answer to some question or problem. Everything from the discovery of how to use fire to the launching of the latest satellites can be traced to mankind's desire to know and to apply what he already knows.

Knowledge is a curious thing. It is a flexible, pliable, and many-faceted as the mind of the person who possesses it. It can be obtained by the slow process of a steady building—somewhat like climbing out of a valley and reaching a plateau only to find that from this point there are higher peaks and

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COLLEGIAN CARTOON



BY JUDIE JOSEPHS

"Robert, why can't you be a conformist?"