

THE C. C. U. N. C. NEWS

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BRANDON DAVIS.....Editor
BEBE SMITH.....Advertising Sports
JOE BOOKOUT.....Circulation
MARY DENNY.....Faculty Advisor

SCAPEGOAT SOUTH

Harry Truman's stand on civil rights has brought the country's politicians together in a howling chorus. As it is now being conducted, the civil-rights battle bears out the assumption that talking is often an involuntary habit, requiring no thought.

This chaos is in part due to President Truman's unwise slanting of his civil-rights program along regional lines. Although racial intolerance abounds throughout the nation, it is obvious that the South is being made the scapegoat of this crime. Unfortunately, the majority of Southern leaders have made small effort to show the United States that the South is bearing the brunt of a national problem.

Dixie orators play the President for presenting a "back-stabbling" policy. Defensively, they beat the drums of white-supremacy and flaunt the cause of States' rights. The Southern fight against non-segregation is a long-winded affair, displaying neither intelligent nor constructive guidance. Hot-headedness has created the illusion that states below the Mason-Dixon are alone guilty of racial antagonism.

Southern statesmen have absorbed the nation's criticism. They have not tried to convince the government or the people that the attacking of racial discrimination by sections is the wrong approach to settling the country's problem.

Racial conflict is prevalent in the North and West as well as in the South. Seen on the surface in Southern states, it is more apparent. However, in other regions, discrimination has dangerously permeated society and remains there like a dormant disease. In the North, there is friction between foreign groups. In the West, it manifests itself in the relationship between the yellow and white race. Here, discrimination against the American Indian is deplorable.

Persons outside of the South who magnify the South's discrimination against the Negro are hypocritically diverting attention from discrimination in their own areas. Southern leaders could eliminate some of the sectionalism from the race question by pointing this out.

While proceeding section by section or being subject to Federal control, the battle to reduce barriers between races will never be effective. Opposition to intolerance must receive the combined support of the nation's people who realize that prejudice is inimical to democracy.

SHOW DEMAND FOR COURSES

A May 22 count revealed that seven of the forty-eight courses offered for the Summer Session at CCUNC had been favored by the minimum class requirement of fifteen students. Courses requested by fifteen or more applicants are Economics 31, English 2, English 3, Social Science 1X, Math 103 (State College), and Spanish 2. Many other courses, falling only two or three short of the required number, are expected to pass the fifteen mark.

May 22 tabulation:

Subject	Number Applications
Botany 1	10
Chemistry 1	7
Chemistry 3	10
Commerce 51	8
Commerce 66	7
Economics 31	18
Economics 32	14
English 1	9
English 2	17
English 3	19
English 4	13
English 6	13
French 1	2
French 3	5
French 4	11

French 21	4
Geology 41	5
Geology 42	12
Geography 38	10
History 21	3
Social Science IX	15
Social Science 2X	18
Math A	6
Math G	2
Math R	3
Math 7X	4
Math 7	12
Math 8	7
Math 101	0
Math 102	1
Math 103	16
Math 32	7
Math 33	2
M. E. 101	0
M. E. 103	10
Physics 24	12
Physics 25	6
Political Science 41	10
Political Science 42	2
Political Science 86	0
Sociology 51	10
Sociology 52	1
Spanish 1	9
Spanish 2	15
Spanish 4	11
Spanish 21	1
Zoology 1	9

Through The Subconscious With Gun And Camera

BY BEN HAAS

The other day, while searching through some old scrapbooks for a recipe for Uranium 235, I happened to run across a sheaf of clippings upwards of a foot thick and bearing the by-line of that famous psychologist, Dr. Huusa Freud. I dimly remembered that, at one stage of my somewhat arrested development, I had made a fetish of saving the column, **Through the Subconscious with Gun and Camera**, offered by the good doctor Monday through Fridays in my daily paper. Forgetting my quest of fissionable material, I sat down cross-legged to pour through these, the fruits of my labor.

Q. Does finger-nail biting indicate the presence of a neurosis?

A. Not necessarily.

Many people, according to a survey made of ninety-eight sophomores at the East Windbroken School for Armless Armenians, bit their fingernails simply because they enjoy the taste. Others, however, stated that finger-nail biting did provide a relief from nervous tension. Among these was a steeple-jack who stated that he once fell eight hundred feet from the top of a llama-feed factory and bit his fingernails all the way down, both to the quick and to the ground. He further stated that it did seem to provide some relief, as after he landed, he was not a bit nervous, although he was not as collected as he would have like to

have been. However, if you are in the habit of biting your fingernails all the way past the first joint or farther, the chances are that you're slightly neurotic and should seek the services of a psychiatrist or else get into the habit of wearing mittens.

This essay was of great value to me, as I'm sure it was to others, as I am in the habit of nibbling constantly at my fingernails, an idiosyncrasy I sometimes find myself indulging in.

Soothed as I was, I went to the next question:

Q. Does fear of the dark indicate that a child will grow up neurotic?

A. More than likely.

It is normal for most children to be afraid of the dark, and many a father has been awakened by the terrified cry: "Daddy, there's a great big tiger in my room!" This fear may be allayed by simply going into the child's room, turning on the light, and gently explaining that the tiger was only a figment of the imagination. It might be wise, however, to carry a high-powered rifle with you, if available, just in case, as one never knows.

However, as the child grows, its fear of the darkness should vanish, and if your twenty-year-old son has to be carried, kicking and screaming, into a room in which there are no lights, it may be presumed that his fear has lingered and turned into a mild neurosis. For most children, however, the first game of post-office in a darkened room is sufficient to rid

him of this fear.

I was a little dismayed by this answer, as personally I never turn on the light in a darkened room without expecting to see at least a "Grauth Dog" sitting in the middle of the carpet and licking its chops.

I tore myself away and went on to the next question:

Q. Will being struck by lightning give one a neurosis?

A. Probably.

In a survey made of lightning victims by the staff of Good Housekeeping Institute, fifteen per cent replied: "Yes, eight per cent: No, and the other seventy-seven per cent could not be reached for comment without exhumation papers. However, it is safe to assume that being struck by lightning would give rise to a morbid fear of thunderstorms which might eventually assume the proportions of a neurosis. An example of this was a resident of East Bonhock, Mass., who, during a thunderstorm, would cuddle up to a block of ice, all the time screaming, "Save me, save me! I'm a bottle of milk, and I just know I'll curdle" This, however, is an extreme case, and although being struck by lightning might give rise to similar neurosis, the chances are that one will not curdle.

With a nervous glance at the sky, I put up the clippings, after a last look at the full-bosomed East Bonhock resident in the illustration. I had completely forgotten about my U-235 recipe, but that didn't matter. The men in the white coats had come for me.

Kampus Karacters

BY HERMAN NOBLE

THE ATHLETE—Earthquake Horsenchoke, a strong-smelling, that is—handsome ape is the idol of the campus. In addition to being a one man football team, he is captain of the chugalug squad. He modestly states that ping-pong is one sport at which he doesn't excel. Seems he doesn't go in for the sports that requires excessive mental activity. When Earthquake's roommate wakes him—on the day that he has classes—he usually groans, mumbles something about being subsidized, and goes back to sleep. Earthquake does go in for extra curricular activities, however, such as occasionally attending one or the other of his two classes, elementary woodchopping and basketweaving.

THE SCHOLAR—If you look close enough you might find one. This type of student is the sole advocator of the hotly debated theory. "Professors are human." Since he claims that he is attending college for an education, his colleagues naturally think he has been out in the sun too long. He has an intense dislike for crowds and dead fish. He may be seen early each morning hurrying to his Archeology class, firmly clutching two red apples in one hand and Esquire in the other.

THE LOVER—This student is the answer to a sorority girl's prayers. From his well-groomed appearance, it's easy to see why this gay blade is an up and coming model for the ZIPPO COMIC Magazine. He is especially proud of his pegged pants with zippers for getting his feet in and out. He is frequently seen strutting around the campus looking for admiring glances. He will cut a class at the drop of a handkerchief (co-ed's). His favorite hobby is looking in the mirror, and his choice class is female anatomy in braille. It is rumored that he has gone on many

fishing parties at the Catawba River without ever taking his fishing tackle.

THE POLITICIAN—This character will run for anything and from anything—especially the police. He is affectionately known as "The Grip" since he never passes up an opportunity to shake a hand,

even his own. His life's ambition is to become president of the International Society for Deep Sea Divers. He is a mild-natured lad, but sees Red when anyone jeers at his Wallace button. He is not altogether worthless; he has proven himself quite efficient with the Yo-Yo.

PINE HARBOR

"ON THE CATAWBA"

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