

The Charlotte Collegian



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Modern America A Chaotic Civilization

There once was a time when life was taken for its worth, when Khrushchev was just another foreign name, when happiness knew no bounds. These were the "good old days." But, alas, no longer do the times of security and innocence exist.

The dark figure of Destiny has spread its shadow over this roaring nation we live in. Man has moved himself from the living room sofa to the psychiatrist's couch. Ulcers and neuroses have attacked the lives of the peculiar set of people known as Americans. The buzz of industry and the roar of the Bull of Wall Street are but mere squeaks compared to the howl of worry-ridden America.

Clad in Bermudas and Ivy-League shirts, the leaders of today take to the golf courses and the resorts to escape their so-called "worries." While the indignant people cry out against the chaotic leadership, our leaders drown their "worries" in scotch-and-sodas. And the mocking face of Nikita Khrushchev—Mr. Source of Worry, himself—shakes with uncontrollable laughter.

Peace is supposedly prevailing over our land today; confidence is said to be well-founded. And still inner conflict and turmoil shake this nation at its very roots.

The American has taken it upon himself to cast the nation into a dog race. His inborn idea of white supremacy has split this mighty country in half. The independence and equality of each individual soul is at stake as sectional opinions crash against each other. Radicals and fanatics have lit a match to the foundation of equality. A battle of words and threats smacks of bitterness. Yet, yon lies Mr. Leader, smoking a dollar cigar beside the piano-shaped swimming pool.

Then there is the Foreign Enemy, a monster called Russia, trained and led by a bald gremlin, who takes it easy as we scurry from one panic to another. A false alarm of any sort involving Russia sends the United States into a frenzy. Because we know no better, we ask our leaders to help us keep up with the Enemy. Mr. Leader puffs on his cigar and says, "Vote for me in November, and I'll see what I can do." Catastrophe!

Man in the United States spends more time in political arguments than in striving for satisfaction of the soul. Robert Republican shouts to the nation: "Love your mother, hate Communists, and vote Republican!"; Dennis Democrat roars: "Hurrah for motherhood, white supremacy, and Democrats!" Party pride is justified, but party fanaticism will get us nowhere. Mr. Leader leans across his desk and says, "I don't care whom you vote for, just as long as it's me!" Personal fanaticism is wrongly dominant, also.

Is there a solution to our problem? Everyone has his own solutions, none of which are plausible or sensible. Yet, it is up to the individual to solve the problem of prejudice, governmental laxity, and Russian imminence. Can he do it?

Guest Editorial — Jimmy Kilgo

It's a pretty hard position to be in, isn't it? I mean that seat in various classrooms. There's always what appears to be an attractive job opportunity coming up, or maybe deciding that now is the time for your military service, or you are just tired of the same old monotonous rut. And, a dozen other things—always something. Again, college education.

Well, take it from one who sat facing. I know the problems that in your very seat, and asked him—are confronting you. Frequently, self the same question dozens of these problems seem to outweigh times, it is worth ten times any the "added burden" of essays, hardship which you may now be exams, and oral reports. But, be-

JERRY RICH NOTES AND QUOTES

"April is a good month. It is youth. It is hope. It is promise . . ." —"Topics of the Times" in New York TIMES.

"No man but a blockhead ever wrote except for money."—SAM-EUL JOHNSON (My philosophy, too—Ye Olde Editor).

I don't know why I think of the incident now. It may be because the occurrence, though of no on-the-spot value, gave me a deeper insight into the unpredictable realm of human nature.

The time was almost midnight on a windy night in early March. I had wandered away from the dozen or so high school students with whom I was taking a late stroll of Times Square and had taken a subway train from 42nd Street to the 102nd Street station and back. On the return trip, the train acquired two passengers at the 76th Street station. One was a fairly attractive blonde of perhaps thirty, the other a fiftyish woman who was completely engulfed by a huge trench coat.

Half-way back to the 42nd Street stop, the attractive one began powdering her nose and pulling at her tight sweater. A wrinkling of her nose and an audible "Hmph!" indicated the other woman's opinion of the actions. Miss Tight Sweater returned Miss Trench Coat's reaction with a catty smile peculiar only to women.

Everyone got off at the 42nd Street station. During the rush, I lost sight of Miss Tight Sweater. But I spotted Miss Trench Coat in front of me, going up the stairs to the street. We reached the street at the same time, but for some reason I slowed down.

She stopped beside two bundles of newspapers, picked them up, and carried them to a stool at 42nd and Broadway. There, she shed her trench coat to reveal a sweated figure in baggy blue jeans. Lighting a cigarette and donning a "baseball" cap, she began hawking the papers.

I stood dumbfounded before her. When she piped out, "Paper, sonny?" I automatically thrust out a dime. A "thank ya, bud" and a puff of smoke accompanied the paper.

With a peculiar feeling dancing in my head, I walked away. This was really something to mystify me. Thoughts of the see-saw balance of human nature whirled about in my mind. I was asking myself one big, awkward question: "Why would this ill-mannered paper peddler of a female be one to wrinkle her nose at a slight bit of femininity?"

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lieve me, I think that it is a case of "not being able to see the forest for the trees." Perhaps, some of you try to deceive yourself, after a particularly hard day by asking the question: "How will a college education help me when I don't know what I want to be?" In answer to that, I could say that it would help you become a person who would understand and enjoy life more fully.

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Letters To The Editor

Editors and Collegian,

Having read the fine profile of John G. Wheelock in your paper of 11 March 59, I feel compelled to draw your attention to a comparison between, rather than a parallel to, our wartime service which my father apparently failed to remember.

Ask him what rank he held at the end of WW I and what rank I attained in WW II.

Sincerely,
JOHN G. WHEELOCK III
Colonel, USA.

Editors and Collegian,

In your last issue you had a picture of a girl—captioned "WHO IS SHE?" For your information, and the information of your lesser-informed readers, the attractive girl was Judith Mauldin Crockett, a former student of Charlotte College.

I should think that the editors of a student newspaper would know enough to recognize alumnae of their school.

B. J. S.
(EDITOR'S NOTE: BARF!)

Editors and Collegian,

The Assembly Committee will present another program on April 20. Though not connected with this committee, I, as a school-spirited

student, wish to quote the following passage from What's What, the student handbook:

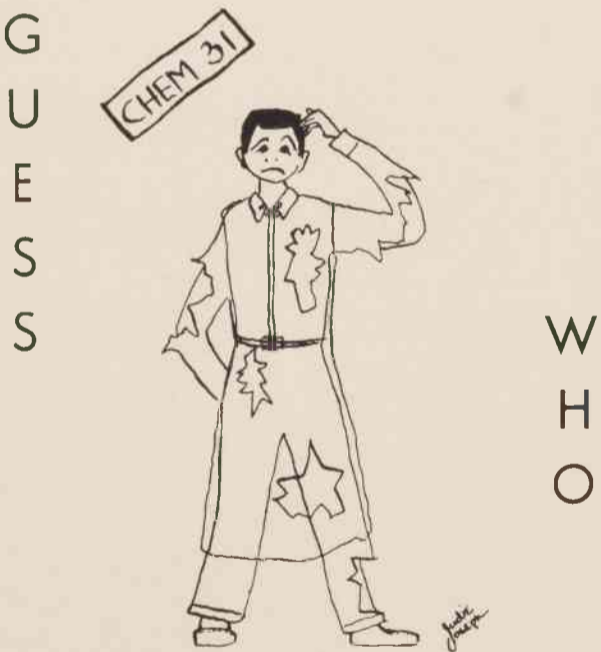
"Inasmuch as our special programs and other assembly convocations will be scheduled during a class period, canceled for that purpose, students will be expected to attend each one of them. They will report promptly to the auditorium and take seats in the sections set aside for their respective classes.

"It is a matter of common courtesy not to leave one's seat, nor to talk during a concert or lecture. Students who must leave before the end of a program should notify their teachers in advance of that effect. They should preferably be seated on the edge of a row close to an exit door. They should chose an appropriate moment—during the applause, or between numbers—to leave as inconspicuously and noiselessly as possible.

"The full cooperation of every student is expected and will be most appreciated."

Yours truly,
H. F.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: This is a good idea, but the statement should be amended to read: ". . . students will be expected to attend each one of them—or get the ol' axe!")



FORGOT TO READ "HEAT GENTLY"

DEATH COMES TO A TREND

Let us have a brief moment of silence for the almost certain passing of that great American concept—individuality. For, although there may be a slight flutter or twitch or a moan of protest, death resulting from an acute case of mass tolerance of mediocrity seems at hand.

Today the average American goes through high school and college with as little effort as possible, gets a job making the most money for the last work, gets married, raises a family, and lives frantically ever after—spending twice as much money as he makes in trying to keep up with the Joneses. This is the dream of the 99.44% pure-blooded American as he floats blissfully in his world of bank loans, bridge games, and monthly payments. This is the safe, painless way to practically insure a life of middle-class mediocrity.

Almost no one is willing to risk the stigma of being different. Nowadays it's practically un-American to think for oneself. The think-

for extoling the virtues of certain extoling the virtues of certain cigarettes.
This intellectual lack is strikingly illustrated by what passes for entertainment. Instead of debates, simple conversation, or even a good book, there is that adult pacifier, the television set with its never-ending westerns and detective stories. Music is no longer with us per se; in its place has come a combination of chipmunks, Charlie Brown, and the cha cha cha. And as far as books are concerned, the characters are about as real as Little Orphan Annie (who must be at least 35 years old) and just about as believable.

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