

PROGRESSIVES WIN ELECTION

The Right To A Free Latvia

If the name of Latvia is not written on the roll of the states presently belonging to the U.N., that does not mean that our homeland has ceased to exist forever. Latvia is there, and nobody can tear it away from the shores of our Amber Sea. It will remain there for all times to come.

Many historical facts prove that the inhabitants of Latvia had settled there in the bronze age, 1500 years B.C. I think that every nation has a right to live in the place its forefathers had lived and fought for freedom. But fate played a trick settling the people of Latvia on the coast of the Baltic Sea between two mighty nations, the Germans and the Russians. Since the 13th century Latvia has always been the "playground" of these two nations, yet Latvia gained its independence in 1918.

Everybody who has had occasion to get acquainted with our land will without doubt acknowledge what outstanding persistence and self-sacrifice the hard-working Latvians had to employ in order to build up their native country from the debris of the war. Everywhere there sprang up thousands of constructions: new schools, new railway stations, new highways, bridges, and monumental buildings. Much was done already, but much more remained to be done when, on September 1st, 1939, the German-Polish war started, which proved to be the beginning of a catastrophe the history of mankind has never recorded yet. And again Latvians were under the yoke of a foreign power. In 1940, the Soviet armies entered Latvia, and soon afterwards it was annexed by U.S.S.R. This dictatorship under the guidance of the Communist party not only inflicted upon the Latvians terrible material losses and degradations, but cost them many lives, for more than 36,000 Latvians—men, women, and children—were deported to U.S.S.R. For those who remained life became more and more intolerable with every coming day.

On June 21st, 1941, Germany attacked U.S.S.R. and in quite a short time, occupied Latvia. The independence of the Latvian state was not restored by the Germans. Instead of that they incorporated our land into the occupied "Ostland" territory. Streams of blood and persecutions, which were directed particularly against the Latvian citizens of Jewish origin, started again.

In 1944, the Red Army entered Latvia as "liberators." The dictatorship of the proletariat and the rule of single party was established anew in our land. As a result of those quite undeserved misfortunes two considerable parts were split from the Latvian nation. One of these parts was deported to U.S.S.R. proper, and the other one was scattered throughout Western Europe.

We Latvians can testify before the whole world that we are staying in Western Europe contrary to our wishes, and that the burden of supporting us would

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New Student Officers



1951-2 STUDENT OFFICERS

Winners in the April elections for next year's student leaders are (seated) Jack Proctor, President, Student Government and (standing, left to right) Jo Ann Conrad, Secretary, Student Government, Velma Ray, Business Manager, Charlotte Collegian; Scotty Stallings, Editor, Charlotte Collegian; Demetrios Nixon, Vice-President, Student Government, and Barbara Quinn, Editor, Annual.

Soil Cultivation Days In Foreign Lands

By Demetrios Theo Nixon

As we all know, life in Europe is quite different from the life in the United States. Not only the social life in towns and villages is different, but also the farm life is different. People in Greece live mostly, if not wholly, on soil cultivation. When one cultivates the land, he expects to live from what he will produce; if the soil isn't rich enough, he is really in bad shape.

Cultivation in the United States is conveniently and easily done in comparison with Europe. People in Europe do not have the conveniences and equipment as the people do in a rich country like America. Farmers are minus the modern cultivation implements that make the work a lot easier for them. Instead, they have a heavy wooden plow, a pair of oxen, or horses, and probably a half dozen hoes.

When soil cultivation season is at hand, everybody from child to grandpa has to do his part in order that the work be finished in certain days or weeks. The farms vary in distance from the

village. On the night before, all villagers prepare their wheat bags and all the equipment for the next day's work. Unfortunately, they either have to ride on horses or mules, or walk to get to their farms. Before going to sleep, the farmers always feed the pair of oxen well and have it ready for the hard work which lies ahead. Then before the dawn begins to break, the wife will get up, prepare the breakfast, and all eat a heavy breakfast to last until about one or two o'clock in the afternoon. About 7 o'clock the whole family begins the trip to the farm. If you were somewhere around there then, you would really be amazed, excited, and confused. Pigs, dogs, mules, donkeys, goats, and sheep give the early dawn a noisy atmosphere. Everything has to be carried to the farm because the family usually gets home late at night. Only the cats are left home and the old grandmother to take care of them. Even the mothers are compelled to carry their infants on their backs, in order to take

care of them during the day. There, as the farmer walks along the rocky streets, you will see him meet his friend and light a cigarette. Very soon he reaches his farm, where he immediately goes to work; likewise does the whole family.

Yes, a farmer has to go through many hardships to make life pleasant. As you look at his face during the day you see a face covered with sweat and a heart full of hope. The whole family works from early in the morning until the set of the sun, and sometimes later. When they come home, they are nearly exhausted. But grandmother always has something to relieve their fatigue. A little wine for grandpa and for dad and hot coffee for mama are always necessary. And for the young men, who don't feel the work too much, cold water from the well in the yard is good enough.

The day has passed, but now the farmers plan for the next one. At first they feed the oxen

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Proctor To Head Student Body

Have you been glad-handed lately? . . . or back-slapped? The chances are that both Jay Sherrill and Hugh Adams have "shook" your hand and slapped your back. For about two weeks prior to the Student Council Election, C. C. was a bloody battle field between the Adams Progressives and the Sherrill Independents and the Commercial Department Candidates.

This election, with every candidate rating as the best material C. C. had to offer (in the eyes of his manager and party), added a good deal of life to the day by day routine of our school.

While the Independents passed out baloney (the chewing kind), the Progressives stood by telling Sambo stories. While the Progressives whispered and Chamis yelled, and the Commercial Department talked, the Independents very obtrusively played "Dixie" and waved toilet tissue.

On the scheduled day, Mr. Kirkpatrick, with his little white ballot box, assumed position and the election began. And a record breaking election it was: 81% of the student body cast votes to determine who would be the next President, Vice-President, Treasurer, Secretary, Editor of the Paper, Editor of Annual, Business Manager of Paper, and Business Manager of Annual. In the primary election, Jo Ann Conrad was elected Secretary; Scotty Stallings, Editor of the Paper with Velma Ray as his Business Manager; and Larry Holland, Business Manager of Annual.

There was one more day of (Continued on page 3)

A Biography Of Ernie Pyle

To me, the writings of Ernie Pyle stand out as modern American classics. Through his daily columns in the newspapers, I followed Ernie from Tunisia to Paris. I shall never forget the human interest stories of this great war correspondent who knew war as no one except the infantryman ever knew it. That is why I was eager to read *The Story of Ernie Pyle*, by Lee Miller, a book that brings down the curtain on an almost legendary modern American.

The tragic and heartbreaking domestic problems which were never mentioned by Ernie, himself, are revealed in the biography by his friend, Lee Miller. The intimate letters of Ernie and Jerry, his wife, tell the story of their beautiful, but often pathetic, romance.

Ernie and Jerry were married in 1925 when Ernie was working for the *Washington Daily News*. They soon began the itinerant ways of life which Ernie followed until his death. However, the rigors of eccentric and irregular living broke down the mind and body of Jerry. From that time on, Jerry would periodically fall to the depths of alcoholism and depression. Under this burden Ernie labored the rest of his life.

Ernie Pyle went to London in 1940 as a correspondent for the (Continued on page 4)

FRESHMAN EDITION