

CHARLOTTE COLLEGIAN

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SMOKE RINGS

Some people may try to call this column an Editorial, but it would require a lot of imagination. The truth is, that after observing the impacts and effects of the Collegian Editorials of at least two departed editors, I just can't see any sense in wasting space in a fruitless crusade for a four-year school, longer breaks, less cheating on exams, or other such traditional material from which good editorials are made—so this little gem of wandering observations and quaint sayings is my solution to the problem of how to fill up space when there isn't enough news material to complete an issue of the Collegian.

I had the time of my life a few weeks ago when Lionel Hampton brought his band to the Armory. If any of you haven't seen this man, you are really missing a great exhibition of perpetual motion. He never lets up! He bounces around from the vibes to the drums and to the piano like a rubber ball and it is even more amazing when you consider that he does a four-hour job every single night for two and three months when he is on tour.

Speaking of action . . . I'll bet that none of you who saw the CC Owls in action against Abbey will ever get over that last three minutes of see-sawing scoring. The boys put on a fine show.

The Economics class got into one of those famous "Harwood Discussions" this month and came up with a sure cure for wars: Every country will produce only the products that it can manufacture better than any one else, and will have to trade with other countries in order to get along. Of course the plan would have to be set up so that no country could produce all the essentials for carrying out modern warfare and there would have to be an international police force to go around and see that Ivan isn't making machineguns in his pipe foundry. For example—the US would make automotive equipment and other durable goods; Japan would manufacture cotton textiles, cameras and Christmas tree bulbs; Italy would make wine; Germany would produce chemicals, cameras and other optical goods; USSR would provide food, and raw materials such as oil, metal ores, etc.; France would keep changing the hem-line from Iran to Iceland; and Brooklyn would just play baseball . . . anyway you get the idea. If a war did come about it would be fought with bows and arrows, clubs, and empty beer bottles—which would be a good deal for the taxpayers.

I guess you have seen Miss Cone's new curtains in her office . . . Santa Claus was there.

Mr. Harwood has announced that he will retire from the CC faculty list at the end of this quarter—he's made his million from teaching school. We're going to miss him around here . . . maybe he'll give his Eco class all A's as a going away present.

By the way, did you get your little yellow card that tells you how to watch television?

For a really weird thrill drop into your favorite record shop and listen to the "Danger" album played by the same guitarist that does the music for the TV program of the same name.

If things keep going on the way they are, Davidson will have to organize a special alumni chapter here at CC to take care of us ex-wildcats.

A FATHER'S BLESSING

By Bill Scholl

Suddenly I was awakened by a noise that I recognized as the unmistakable clang of my door-knocker. I relapsed into a state of complete frenzy and mental terror as my mind catapulted back through the day.

I had had a rather severe attack of rheumatism that morning and had called the office to inform my associates that I would not be able to come to work. I reminded myself that I was getting rather old for such strenuous hours and work.

It was rather pleasant to lie in bed with nothing to do. I called the maid and the chauffeur and dismissed them for the day. Then a strange thing happened. I went to my desk with the intention of studying the plans for the super-hydraulic atomic aircraft with the revisions recently proposed at the 1965 meeting of the Assembly. I snapped open the lock and found—no papers! I had left explicit orders for no one to touch my desk, but—oh well! James must have moved them while dusting the desk.

At the noon hour I poured myself a drink and downed it with a gulp. I remember that even my choice of brandy, the imported French liquor, had tasted peculiar. Soon I became very sleepy and dozed off in a nap until, all of a sudden, a thunderbolt descended from the heavens and pierced my eardrums; the telephone rang.

Perhaps to you, the casual reader, no significance is attached to the ringing of a telephone. No, not to an ordinary phone; but, as I was always very busy at home, I had left orders with all my acquaintances not to sum-

mon me at home unless the news they brought could not grow old.

I lifted the receiver, dropped into my casual greeting, and waited for a reply. At precisely the moment after my last enunciation of syllables, the line went dead.

I replaced the instrument and concentrated on the event that had just occurred. Could someone have wanted to know my whereabouts? Or could it possibly have been my son, who was on a special mission for my airplane concern, and whom I had not seen for three years? I dismissed the call as a wrong number.

Nothing else happened; I retired at my usual early hour, and was sleeping rather nervously, when I was awakened by a knock at the main entrance of my house. Icieles gripped my heart, contracted it, squeezed it out of proportion, and tried to force it through my skin. Rumors had spread through the office that the underworld was preparing for a final attack against humanity and might strike at our aircraft plant first. Of course our aircraft plant was under government control—everything was. The destruction of our planes would be a severe blow to the defense agency.

Oh horror! The disturbance at the door again! I must not be caught and tortured, secrets concerning defense aircraft seized from me! I must not!

I leapt to my armory in the adjoining room. An atomic breech-loading .75-caliber rifle was within my reach. Upon inspection the weapon proved to be ready for use. I grabbed it, went into the

(Continued on page 4)

News Item: Since the Canadian Government lifted the lid on its dollar value, the Canadian dollar has risen so that it is now worth the same as the US dollar—They must have been using them in penny gum machines before.

Bill Senn keeps drifting in and out of the office now that he isn't up at "preacher's preflight" any more. Last year he gave me some good advice, but I didn't take it—I wish that I had, now. He told me not to run for editor of the Collegian . . . anybody want a job?

Definition of a literary lover—Bob Schoner.

You know, an editor has a hard time picking articles to put in the CC paper—what we print, you don't like and what you like, we can't print.

How about bringing your camera to school with you some day and taking just **one** picture of your buddies, then when you have the roll processed, give that picture to Bill Scholl so he can put it in the snapshot section of the Annual.

Well, that just about wraps it up for this issue. If any of you, Alumni included, have anything you want to get off your chest, just remember that we'll publish anything you want to write, as long as it will pass the censors. See you next issue.

Scotty Stallings