

Peekin' With Pidge

Howdy, People! It's that time again, and I have news. While in the Owl's Roost last week, I was shocked half out of my pin feathers by an unearthly noise. It also scared three girls who hopped under the table and covered their heads. Contrary to our suspicions, it was not an air raid but just a student's auto horn. It sounded surprisingly similar to a civil defense gadget. Anyway, Anne got to take her Miltown . . .

Whoever said we left fads behind when we left high school hasn't noticed the enormous number of brief cases bein' toted 'round by our male population . . . Paul Shinn's and Stanley Wilkinson's are particularly intriguing—they never leave them open long enough for us to peep! Classified information, fellas? We want no more cracks from you "brief case boys" about the size of girls' purses.

If one let his eyeballs amble, he might see Katy passing a note . . . Miss Cone on TV . . . Dale C. and Someone Special . . . Morris Spearmen running to class . . . Pat and Jack holding hands . . . Susan Hollifield wearing another pretty sweater . . . or Jim Cornell snapping his fingers to music that no one but him can hear . . . Never met a friendlier fellow than Jim Sexton.

How did Jerry ever compile such a huge collection of Columbia L.P.Rs. . . .

Attention, botany students! What do an apple and an orange have in common? As any first grader can tell you, -- they're both red except for the orange . . . Did I hear someone say I should stand on my head and gargle peanut butter? I reckon some people just don't appreciate wit . . . Imagine Miss Markham was somewhat surprised when Mr. Yarbrough came hurriedly in for Robert Brock. Bob's car had been damaged by a man trying to elude a police trap.

Hope everyone enjoyed his Thanksgiving turkey, even though we pigeons think that custom is absolutely cannibalistic . . . those extra mornings to sleep late were appreciated by all who still had "election night circles" . . . 5 AM, Kay? . . .

A thief has again broken into the CC offices and got away with a small amount of change from a vending machine. The thief forced the rear door, crawled through

a transom into the college offices and ransacked desks. Perhaps the poor thing was searching for knowledge.

I hear that "the old master" edited next issue's crossword puzzle. Thanks, Jere.

Caught your Chevy at South 21, Bill. Also noted its other occupant —sharp! . . . The next night, and at the other end of another boulevard, I found John at Babe Maloy's. Did my eyes deceive me, John, or did you really eat her chicken as well as your own? What some people won't do to get both ends of the wishbone!

That's all for now. Pigeons must sleep, too, you know.

Christmas will be here soon, so don't forget to wash behind your ears.

Love, Pidge

Communism Is Speaker's Subject

By Martha Moore

"Communism is a dictatorship" of thought. It is a criminal conspiracy to overthrow our government."

Ralph Clontz, former undercover agent for the FBI, gave this definition to a group of students at Charlotte College on November 17.

"Communism is freedom"

This opinion was expressed by a woman party leader at another time and place. Addressing a group of women party members she said, "In Russia you are free to do anything men do. You can drive tractors. You can dig ditches."

Mr. Clontz suggested that it might be wise to teach the communist philosophy in our schools so that Americans would know whether they are for or against it and why.

Before communism went underground, it was much easier to contact party officials. Mr. Clontz had only to mail a postcard stating his desire to know about communism. In return, he said, "I got a cardboard box loaded with propaganda."

"You don't become a communist accidentally," he said. After he had been thoroughly investigated by the party, he was interrogated for five hours before being given membership.

After graduating from law school, Mr. Clontz attended the Jefferson School of Social Science in New York. He called the school "a training school for spies."

They were using the Siberian method of teaching. When asked if he were familiar with the method, Mr. Clontz asked, "Does it mean that if you don't learn you get sent to Siberia?" His question wasn't appreciated. He had to spend some time apologizing and assuring the class that of course he knew that no one is sent to Siberia—only the most fortunate are permitted to visit that vacation wonderland.

In New York he was assigned to infiltrate the Nassau County NAACP. He said that the NAACP is not communist-dominated. It is dedicated to doing away with segregation, whereas communism is opposed to it.

Collegian Coeds, Class of '61 and '75



Photo By J. A. Simpson

Mrs. Margaret Springer Poplin and daughter, Julie Annetta, have been named Collegian Coeds of the month by unanimous acclaim of all persons contacted.

Margaret is a freshman at CC. She is majoring in Liberal Arts. Julie has not yet decided upon a curriculum. The proud husband and father of these coeds is Jerry M. Poplin, Electrical Engineering student of our Sophomore class.

Alumni Review

By Jeannie Glasgow

Last year's officers of the student council and sophomore class have stepped gracefully into the role of alumni. These outstanding students have gone their several ways—some into business, some to universities, and still others back to CC.

Ed Phillips, past president of the student council, is attending George Washington University. He is majoring in business administration. Jim LaRoach, vice-president, received his AA degree in business administration and accounting at CC. He is employed at Southern Bell. Deanna Merrell, secretary to the student council and top student of her graduating class, is majoring in education at Queens College. Last year's treasurer, Jerry Williams, is back at C.C. to complete his major in business administration. Jerry is working part-time at the A&P.

The president of last year's Sophomore class, Jerry Owens, married during the summer. He is back at C.C. to complete work in his civil engineering major. Ed Silber, vice-president was a Morehead scholarship winner. He has moved on to the University of North Carolina, and is majoring in math. Rose Erwin, who was Sophomore Class secretary-treasurer, has returned to Charlotte College to complete her major in liberal arts. Rose is working part-time.

He said communist propaganda is aimed at two groups in America—the working people and the Negro.

Most communist leaders are not really sold on communism. They are opportunists who are taking a calculated risk that communists will dominate the world.

Christmas Activities

By Kay Combs

On December 7, 1960, the Charlotte College Choir presented its first program of this year. This was a Christmas Program, including selections "The Twelve Days of Christmas," "Praise God the Lord Ye Sons of Men," and others.

A Christmas program was presented on December 9 at six o'clock.

The Choir gave this program to a "full house" in the school auditorium. The general public and friends of the school were invited.

On Being A Little Sick

By CARRIE ROSS

I am sick. They just don't know how sick I really am. This thermometer is old and evidently does not register the correct temperature. I am certain that the fever is 100°, perhaps as high as 104°.

The doctor diagnosed "A simple case of sniffles." I wonder what medical school he was thrown out of; anyone can see that I am very sick. My eyes have turned on a sprinkler system to cool the burning red objects in the pockets of my face.

It has been three days and four boxes of Kleenex since this near-fatal illness made its attack. My family doesn't know how sick I am; if they did, they would be very much upset.

These pains in my head are getting more severe. The shooting ones are getting more spirited. I believe that last one shot down my back a few minutes ago. I must not let my family know of this—must not let them worry about me.

That bright red bulb in the middle of my face is acting as if Niagara Falls had been channeled through it. This could lead to serious complications. If only the doctor would make a more thorough examination. He comes in and rams a depressor about twelve inches down my throat; then he places an ice-cold stethoscope on my chest (I wonder what they do to keep them so cold), thumps around a little, and makes a brilliant announcement that I will be right in a few days. No pills—no shots—no nothing. Why can't he see how critically ill I am?

Basking in the sun on some tropical island for three months would have excellent therapeutic values, but the doctor will not prescribe it—and I cannot afford to go unless it would be deductible.

I suppose my only recourse is to make a complete recovery here.

Same Car Same Thief --6 Times

Reprinted from the Charlotte Observer

A Charlotte College student had a well-used car last week, but he didn't know how well used.

Miss Bonnie Cone, college director, reported the story to the board of trustees.

The student's car was stolen from the college parking lot Wednesday night and returned, slightly wrecked.

The same car was stolen again Friday night, and this time the brakes were damaged.

When the culprit was caught and asked about the two thefts, he admitted he had stolen the car—not twice but six times. He had taken and returned it four times without detection.

Fads, Fun And Folly

One man has said that "people are funny" Another said "there's a sucker born every minute."

It's quite possible they are both right.

Many people agree with the two statements; however, there are as many interpretations as there are believers. Each person is sure that the first statement (when uncomplimentary) or the second (in every instance) does not apply to him (or her).

Look around you and put people in their proper category.

Let me categorize you.

You are't funny; you are pleasant; and, as far the other, you aren't afraid to be individualistic when the action or thinking of the crowd is wrong. (I should be in politics)

I'm sure we all agree that fads and popular thinking of the moment must be given careful scrutiny before acceptance. Even though these sometimes get people in bad trouble, a new craze or movement of mass hysteria comes along periodically and people are "hep" if they conform or "square" if they don't.

Be-bop, pinko, beatnik, scratching off, rock-n-roll—and the list goes on. Some are fun and some are folly. We'd best choose wisely.

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