

Results Suited Us

The recent election for executive officers of the student body proved to be one of the most exciting and colorful races for student political position in the history of the school.

The jobs of student body officers will be of tremendous responsibility next year and will require utmost dedication and a lot of elbow grease.

We're satisfied with the election returns. But we won't be satisfied with the victorious candidates until they prove they WERE worth our support.

Another good sign coming from recent executive officer elections is that of a genuine two-party system. University Party really outdid itself breaking into the Student Party's former near monopoly. The existence of a well balanced two-party system will keep both parties on their toes and make for good choices.

We think it can safely be said now that UNC-C has a two-party system. At least we have two very active parties.

The elections Thursday and Friday will be another manifestation of the two-party system. There are probably more candidates running for class offices Thursday and Friday than in any previous class officer election.

The importance of these elections is probably more important than even those for executive officers. The student legislature next year is planning on controlling student activity fees entirely. Keep this in mind as you vote Thursday and Friday. Good men are running just as they ran in the previous election. Good men won the executive spots. See that they win in the legislature races.

18 Is Old Enough

As strange as it may seem, one member of the Congress of the United States has put aside the Vietnam war issue and started to work on a piece of legislation which, if effected, would radically change some of our American values.

Just as strange, this member of the House of Representatives, Charles Weltner, comes from Georgia, a state which has long been noted for resistance to change.

Mr. Weltner has introduced a Constitutional amendment "which would set eighteen as the legal voting age in all of the fifty states".

Weltner's bill reads "No citizen of the United States who is 18 years of age or older shall be denied the right to vote by reason of age."

Why should a congressman be worried about this matter? Mr. Weltner comes from a state which has had over twenty years' experience with the practice of allowing 18-year-olds to vote. It works well in Georgia.

Weltner also points out that "Soon, over one-half of our population will be less than 25 years old. Today, 8,000,000 young men and women are between the ages of 18 and 20." This by itself is a very powerful argument in favor of his bill.

In his remarks to the House, the Georgia congressman rightly stated that: "Young Americans represent the United States across the globe as Peace Corps Volunteers. They labor in slums, hospitals, and schools in the struggle against poverty. They represent the nation before the world in Olympic competition and international conferences. They man the lines of defense around the world. And, most important of all, they are fighting — and dying — in Southeast Asia."

"These young people, ages 18 to 20, have proven themselves worthy of the awesome tasks we place upon them. They are a generation of dedication and ability."

"They can do many things, Mr. Speaker, but there is one area where they are excluded. For except in Georgia and three other states, they cannot vote."

"They can fight and die . . . but they cannot vote."

"They can represent this great nation in some remote outpost of civilization . . . but they cannot vote."

"They can sacrifice their time and energy in ministering to others . . . but they cannot vote."

"We have placed upon these Americans the duties of citizenship. Let us now extend to them the most basic right of citizenship."

We cannot help but agree with the basic premises of Mr. Weltner. If American youth must die in Vietnam, they should have a right to help make that decision. If the youth are going to be called upon to finance the various governmental humanitarians, they should have the right to help decide how their money will be spent.

Some people have expressed concern about whether 18-year-olds would be responsible enough to effectively handle the responsibilities of voting. We think so. After all we doubt very seriously if 18-year-olds would pass a speaker ban.

Bag Is Traded For Basket

By BARBARA JAMES

At the helm of my Hertz hurstmobile, a burst of uncontrollable power slowly seeped out of my bones, into my muscle, into my skin, back into my sweat glands, in through my duodenum, tearing relentlessly at my brain cells, and finally emptying into my iron-poor blood. Suddenly I no longer felt anemic. My most challenging assignment as society reporter loomed ahead of me. What was this monolithic assignment that I'd pondered weak and weary over? Only to interview Frankensense, the most odious monster to have climbed the walls of St. Quingen prison.

At the forbidding entrance to Frankensense's five-story neo-Gothic edifice, I rang the buzzer. It peeled out "Mary Had a Little Lamb." Looking upward I noticed a moss-covered gargoyle leaning on his haunches directly above me. It was discolored with age and exposure, but its cruel expression stood out sharply in spite of its corrosion. Suddenly it spouted tobacco juice and yelled, "Ben waitin on ya Rosebud. Enter my pad and check ya brown bag. We're having a happy fizzies party."

After recovering from my surprise, I sang out, "Transporting brown bags is frowned upon by the law unless one takes said parcel directly to his residence.

Personally, I prefer to carry a wicker basket."

Finally, he descended by way of the morning glory vine and wrenched open the door. Fearlessly I entered. My spirit was dampened when a spiked grill banged down two inches ahead. Jovially the monster jovialed, "My contribution to the world of pop art. Inside you will similarly find a hen coop fashioned from a brillo box, a sandbox fashioned from a tractor tire, and a bathtub fashioned from a dinosaur's tooth. It had a large cavity, but it has its virtues. No bathtub ring with Polydent."

"Now, what do you claim your business here is," he chimed as we flopped on his Canadian dog sled fashioned into a love settee.

"Why, to sell Dr. Pepper bottles to artistic people like you. Appealing gifts can be made from melted bottles such as ashtrays, bird baths, soap dishes, tea canisters. I'm raising money for college tuition. It was raised \$21 you know."

"Let us correct the minutes, Rosie. First off, you don't look like no traveling college bottle seller. You look more like one a them benign tumors, what with your cranberry costume. Second of all, I saw you slinkin around my pad for six months, the first day bein' November 20, 1965.

"Curses! Foiled with my own scheme! Well, either we join forces and work on the assign-

ment together, or you hold me prisoner in this grisly glen of gloom. (That was an alliteration.)"

"There's freedom of the press, and I ain't holdin no grudges. How 'bout I show ya round the place, Rosie."

"Oh, Mr. Frankensense, truly this is a noble gesture on your part. Thank you, thank you for sparing my life."

"Eh . . . you may call me Frankie-baby! And how 'bout slidin' your nose off my boots on account of your post nasal drip. Just to show ya what ya narrowly escaped, let me show ya the home entertainment center."

Shuddering with ill concealed apprehension, I ventured forth into the dank cellar, which smelled suspiciously like fermented squid spray. The cobwebs tore furiously at my toupee and set it askew. I continually tripped over moulting snake skins which scarred my spit-shined Hush-puppies beyond recognition. High, melancholy screeches vibrated through the close air, cutting it like a meat cleaver would slice a ravioli noodle. Expecting to see some innocent maiden on the rack in this "home entertainment center", I was hardly prepared for the sight that finally did meet my eyes.

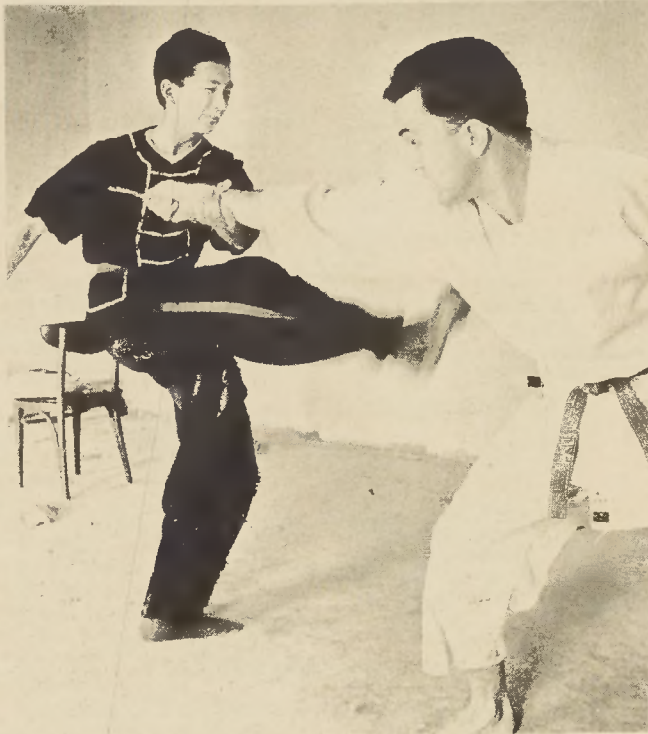
Spread before us was a magnificent array of delectable and exotic foods. They were set up amid the snowy splendor of crocheted table cloth which allowed the hog trough, cleverly converted to a buffet table, to peep through. Occupying the center of the table was a large aluminum pizza pie pan flanked by three huge birthday candles. In the center of the pan was a jug as large as an oil barrel.

Frankensense slid over to the jug, slung it over his shoulder, and took a swig.

"What is that horrible brew?" I questioned, wrinkling my pug nose.

"Tonic, man. It is a medical aid I couldn't do without. I made it up in the sink and call it "Mammy Bon-A-mie, goose-greased, therapeutic, hyper-healty, germaceptic, lanoline-blessed, disease-defying, codeine corrolated, GL 70-heavy, de-putrified remedy." Man, it's rich. Here, have a splash."

I sipped a bit to cure my sore throat while he guzzled another jug. At this point, I took the opportunity to get away from the terrible Frankensense. I ran like the very wind, leaving my rented Hertz in the driveway. None would ever believe me if I wrote this strange story, so I guess I'll just keep it to myself . . .



Bless The Boy's Little Heart, He Still Believes In Superman

By RHETT ASHLEY

The corny days are not over. . . you can still buy strength giving, youth restoring, Sampsonic elixir . . . you can still get free—almost free—lessons on body building — how to save your girl (does she want to be saved?) from Mr. Muscles on the beach — how to break bricks with your bare knuckles — how to kill a man-eating tiger with your bare hands — all in 8 easy lessons at just two dollars, yes, dear hearts, ladies and gentlemen, just two thin bills, a mere fraction of a fiver!

Dr. Kung-fu (in a Captain Kangaroo suit) and his pitch-man, Tim Britton (bless his heart, he believes in superman) began their spiel on Wednesday last with a talk on humility — then after nominating each other for president and vice president, proceeded to tell the Batman-fearing, red blooded youth of today that in just one hour from 3 to 4 every other Wednesday, twice a month, 30 minutes a week, yes, dear friends, future karate men and girls (please bring your two dollars forward, that's right, thank you) in less than 5 minutes a day you too can know the death-dealing secrets of the Orient. Very soon I hope to see roomfuls of you club members here (please bring your two dollars this way, Miss). Yes, we certainly do not exclude the ladies, bring the family, too—watch close-

ly fo'ks, voting students of America, Dr. Kung-fu is about to show you how to kill a tiger bare-handed.

I begin to feel like a nasty old man stealing candy from the kiddies, bursting balloons of bottle feeding babies, BUT . . . someone should tell the students that karate is a time-consuming, dedicating, martial art — it not only requires a powerful and responsive body, but a calm and serene mind that most people must labor to find. One Okinawan instructor makes a prospective student carry manure in the fields, carry seemingly purposeless earth from hill to hill to test his patience — before accepting him for karate. Yet Dr. Kung-fu will, in 8 hours a semester, teach anyone the Chinese equivalent of Zen contemplation, breath control, history and theory of martial arts, the knowledge of Bushido, the code of the Samurai, muscle dynamics, reflex conditioning, "dance" forms, competition strategy, etc.

I don't believe you could properly tell a student how not to get hurt in one 8 hour day. I have taught karate. I was 2nd degree black winning most of my degrees through fighting in open competition. I have with regrets taught students — I would never teach a girl. I would insist upon at least 16 hours a week — and then not expect a miracle.

But perhaps I under-rate today's youth—they have 2 dollars of my money.