

## Irregularity

By the time this editorial is published, we will either know the results of the freshman election or the freshmen will be voting all over again. At this writing, we haven't the faintest idea which it will be.

The reason we don't know is because some very irregular actions were taken Friday afternoon.

First of all, the JOURNAL reporter assigned to the freshman election story was refused admittance to the room in which the ballots were being counted by Election Committee members Dwayne Spitzer and Cirina McLaurin and observers Leslie Smith, Sally Hagood, Bud Stokely, Bill Billups, and Mr. Sanford. There is no Election Committee regulation excluding newspaper representatives from ballot-counting sessions and the banning of the JOURNAL was uncalled for.

Then, halfway through the vote tallying, committee chairman Cirina McLaurin swore all those present to secrecy regarding the outcome of the election until 1:00 p.m. on Monday, October 31. She said this was done because of rumors of irregularities at the polls. The results should be kept secret, she maintained, to give any candidate who might wish to contest the election a chance to do so.

She has the power to do this legally. Election Committee regulations state "Official notification of the elections' results, signed by the chairman or chairmen and the advisor or alternates, shall be posted within three days."

However, we wonder if the situation could have been handled in a better way. We are doubtful as to advisability of making decisions on the basis of rumor alone. No one had formally contested the election when the secrecy decision was made and, for all the committee knew, no one had any intention of doing so. We feel that, in the absence of any formal appeals, the committee should have followed normal procedure. If we are correct, publicizing results immediately after they have been discerned is normal procedure.

If the committee felt it could not ignore the rumors of irregularities, we suggest it should have waited until Monday to count the votes. This way, not even the seven people present at the counting session would have known the outcome.

Finally, if irregularities of the type which the rumors describe actually did take place, we are forced to question the Election Committee as to why it allowed them. Its members are supposed to supervise elections. Effective supervision should eliminate situations which could conceivably cause an election to be contested.

Any irregularities which may be found in the freshman election cannot be blamed upon those who participated in it, for their actions must be regulated by some authority. That authority is the Election Committee and any irregularities must be charged to it.

## THE CAROLINA JOURNAL

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# People Watcher's Primer Is Basic, Basic, Basic!

BY PATRICK MCNEELY

A very dear friend of mine once said "People fascinate me". At first glance this statement doesn't seem to tell us much but after a second reading we can see that it tells us absolutely nothing. Be that as it may, this little phrase started me on the road to a very enjoyable hobby, PEOPLE-WATCHING (you'd better read that one again too).

As I walked around our campus I happened upon many fine specimens. In order to present these finds to you I have decided to use a very familiar literary form, the primer. I hope it will make understanding as simple and clear as possible for you. Yes, here is The People-Watcher's Primer, College Edition.

Look at Dick. He is a romeo. See Dick wink at Jane. See Dick Dick wink at Sally. See Dick wink at Mary. Wink, wink, wink. See the girls swoon. Swoon, swoon, swoon. See the boys vomit. Vomit, vomit, vomit.

Look at Sue. Sue won a beauty contest. See Sue strut. Strut, strut, strut. She can stop strutting now, the contest is over. Over, over, over. All the boys and girls have forgotten, but Sue. Sue will never forget it. Forget it, forget it,

forget it.

Oh! Here comes Bill. Bill is a pool-shark. He brings his own cue stick. Bill is cool. Bill plays for real money and also lays his weed on the table edge. Watch the table burn. Watch Mr. Steele burn. Burn, burn, burn.

Look, look! Look at Jill. Jill is a flirt. She has nothing to say to everyone. Jill talks at all the boys and girls. Jill knows none of the boys and girls. Jill is confused. I am confused. Confused, confused, confused.

See the professor. He is a poly-sci. professor. How do I know that he is a poly-sci. professor?

Because politics make me think of Abe Lincoln. Abe Lincoln had hair on his face too, but Abe Lincoln was a nice man. Nice, nice, nice. He never flunked a single boy or girl. Never, never, never. If I take a poly-sci. course next semester, I will need some help. Help, help, help!

All the characters mentioned above are real people; only the names have been changed to protect the writer (that's me).

I hope this elementary introduction to people-watching has aroused your interest in the sport. It is a useful and enjoyable pastime. The S.P.C.P. (the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to People) urges you once more not to kill, cage, nor scare these specimens for they are a very sensitive breed.

## Many Problems Need Solving

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education facilities, the committee asked that \$19.6 million be donated to the Charlotte branch.

President of the consolidated university, Dr. William Friday, though acknowledging the fact that UNC-C needed special consideration, warned against neglect of the other branches fearing the possible loss of their high standing nationally.

The Spring session of the General Assembly will be the important, crucial one concerning the propositions of the committee.

## Distaff Exhibit Of Stitchery

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abstract nature. In contrast, Mr. Fumero's works feature bold and sweeping strokes which relay a sense of power. He specializes in houses, trees, bridges, and architectural structures.

## Letters To The Editor

# Wife Sees Tranquility In Lake

Mr. Editor:

My clan and I drove by the campus last Sunday afternoon. We stopped by the lake to let the youngsters see the swans. (See water, daddy).

The swans seemed to glide over the lake in slow motion. The graceful flow of the neckline as they dipped into the lake for food or drink was disquieting in its quietness. The autumn leaves seemed unreal in their soft shades of brown, orange, yellow and green. The weeping willow gave an impression of meditation. The boulders by the lake lent an element of roughness that we might associate with the strength of the rocks of ages or with the majestic permanence of the rock of Gibraltar.

My wife was impressed by the tranquility of the lake scene. Even the young members of the clan seemed quieter in their eternal warring.

I remember few places that osmose tranquility. An Englishman in Arabia observed that the prophets of several major religions found a tranquility, a communion with a supreme truth in the desert. One man's uncle seemed to draw strength from hours of lake-side fishing. A Samoan seemed to have drawn inner tranquility from a life at sea. A Frenchman, at foot of Mt. Fuji after soldiering in Algeria three years, wanted to escape the worldly clamor of the

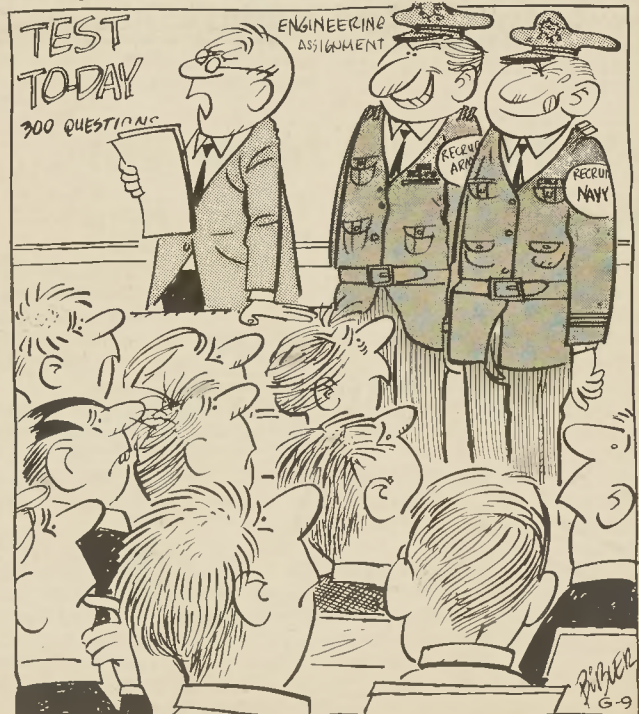
public temples to the tranquility of meditation as hydro-electric dam watchman.

It is the nature of man the inquisitive, I believe, to seek goals that subject him to great stress and yet he also seeks his own lake of tranquility in that sea of strife to ease the strain. I congratulate the architects of the UNC-C campus for creating or leaving a small sea of tranquility amid an ocean of academic turmoil.

My wife asked that we drive to the lake again before the leaves have fallen. I wonder if the lake will still be so tranquil.

Kermit C. Ashley.

## LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS



"I HOPE YOU FELLAS HAVE ALL STUDIED HARD FOR THIS TEST—THESE GENTLEMEN ARE HERE TO GRADE TH' PAPERS!"