



Oh Yeah?

by F.N. Stewart

Come She Will

While traveling this weekend I noticed spring. She had crept in to full glory while I was running around doing the things that men do in life which keep them looking out windows to the world. She was a pretty and delicate decoration which was added to the recreation room of my life while I spent time in another section of living. I was most happy to see her and delighted by her visit.

She had covered the melodic rolling hills around the mid part of the state with a new, vibrant color of green. The richness of it when seen in the shade on the sides of the hill seemed almost to have a soft glow of blue mingled in. The colors were further contrasted by the raw red clay which had been overturned by the steel tongues licking at the earth from behind the tractor of some farmer. The long parallel lines ran along the side of the hill and down to the edge of the woods where spring had already been.

There were many hues of green beginning in the trees as the small twigs appeared bearing in pride a small new leaf. The dogwoods were white patches setting amid the black of tree trunks in the shade of the woods. Just for spice thru the woods she had carelessly laced splotches of red and yellow and pink. But she had done so in good taste. As a small child hunts Easter eggs in the new blades of grass, I hunted the different colors among the trees. Here a pine green, here a pale green, here another of the thousand shades of green that spring keeps on the shelves of her paint closet.

Out in open rolling country she had done her work without secrecy, but I had no real excuse not to have noticed her handiwork in town, for I knew she had been there in the same way. I just had not been looking. Just like a woman she had chose to be ready at her own good time and never actually paid any attention to the fact that I was waiting. So I had gone to do other things and discovered that she was ready much to my surprise.

Her work was done in a typically feminine way. The colors she used most were the soft pastels like the soft purple on the thrift which ran along side of the road in many places. There was a yellow with a glow like gold that she had jused on the jonquils and on the bushes which have the bell like flowers growing in profusion from each stem.

The bushes had been streaked in many colors and she had been generous with her use and application. There were cases where she had been even flamboyant in her decorating. And some of the places looked as if she was doing her work especially well for no other reason than just to be showing off as women are sometimes prone to do. Like a woman who buys a new hat, then a new dress to go with the hat, then new shoes to go with the dress, then a new handbag to match the shoes; spring overdecorated some spots merely because she had done a good job in part of it. Not that the overall effect was unpleasant but there was too much to really appreciate any one part of the way she would have liked it to be appreciated.

There were some spots where she had exercised the exclusive right of a woman, that is-to be completely undecided. For some reason she just couldn't make up her mind. She had started with one color in some spot then added a different color, then she changed both of those to different colors and added another because of the indecision. And there were places where she "just didn't have anything to wear at all."

She Will Fly

I must admit that she was pretty. Also she was refreshing. Because of the brightness and newness of all her decorations everything seemed lighter, easier and much more soothing to the mind and the eye. She was a gracious host and her company was thoroughly enjoyable.

Except for the weather which she had nothing to do with, the weekend was completely enjoyable. The rain had to come in order that her handiwork would retain its newness for a while until it matured into the full of summer green. As delightful as her visit was, I knew that it would be a temporary thing and that soon summer would quietly ask her to leave. She would have to leave so that the important task of summer growing could take place.

But for awhile she would stay. And her presence would bring a new life to sensations which had lain dormant thru the cold winds and snow of winter. Her presence would change the black and white world of winter to the vibrant shades of brightness which were her calling cards. For a time she would make life much more enjoyable. And then like a woman her attention would be drawn to other things and she would leave. But for a short while you love her.

Nobody Came Out!

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there and throw all the goddamn hippies in the fire." P., who is about six feet four and two hundred pounds, dared him to try. Nobody came out. And so it went as the fires burned low and the music seemed to recede into the distance. We all rose at seven or earlier and noted the mist. At noon it started raining and

many went home, but not before the great parade. (Article on the parade will appear next week.)

The Amber House

A good University like UNC-C deserves good food, and that's what we serve from six in the morning 'til 11:30 at night.

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Feedback

Help Stop Biafran Genocide

Dear Editor,

When the word "BIAFRA" is mentioned, one is quick in associating and relating it to pictures of starving children and their mothers. Related to this also, one is forced to think in terms of lack of food and medical drugs.

At a glance, this is true. There is an acute shortage of food, medical supplies, and several other items in Biafra. Several people have made food and/or cash contributions which are aimed at ending the hunger in Biafra. For those of us who have been involved in the struggle for independence, and in the ambiguous ambition to build what we thought would be a united Nigeria which will be a model for black Africa; we are grateful to all people who have sympathized with us and those who have made donations. As one of the founders and now Secretary of the Biafran Students in the U.S.A. and Canada, I have along with other students devoted more time to the Biafran hunger situation than I have devoted to my studies.

But quite recently, as a prospective politician, I have convinced myself that the conditions which created starvation in Biafra are political and must be solved by political action. To say that a people who, during colonial rule and after, have been self-sufficient, will now continue indefinitely to depend on whatever quantity of food helicopters can fly in at night under very hazardous conditions in very un-imaginable. On the other hand, to hope that Jesus Christ will in the very near future remove the hardship, suffering, and the hunger or the conditions that created it, is mere wishful thinking. It is like building a castle in the air.

The conditions which have

resulted in mass starvation in Biafra were created by Mr. Harold Wilson - who according to the manifesto of his ruling Labour Party is supposed to be a liberal or a socialist who always claims to stand for the common people. He is joined in this conspiracy to kill via Starvation 14 million Biafrans by Chairman/Premier Alex Kosygin who furnishes Jets and the bombs that go with them, while Prime-minister Wilson makes readily available guns, mortars, and war boats to the Nigerian aggressors.

Since World War, this is the first time, two big powers - one democratic and the other Communistic - have joined hands together in an effort to wipe out an entire country from the face of the earth. The reasons behind this un-holy alliance of Russia and the former 'Great' Britain leaves a great deal to be desired. Be it economic, military, social, political, or prejudicial, the fact is that people - innocent little children - are being killed every minute, a people are being denied their most elementary rights - the right to live on this earth in their own God-given land and in a 20th century world.

A stop must be made to this. To stop the continuation of this genocide requires political action of all concerned people. Biafra cannot continue to accept food from people indefinitely. We must now channel our attention and efforts towards removing the causes of hunger. As I indicated, this effort on our part should be political. It is political because the war involves politics and politicians. If you are eager to help solve the hunger problem in Biafra, you will have to take political action right now. This political action calls for your addressing a short letter to any of the

following rullers of the world:

No. 1. President Nixon
The White House
Washington, D. C.

No. 2. Mr. Harold Wilson
No. 10 Downing Street
London, W.C. 22
c/o Lord Caradon
British Delegate
United Nations,
New York

No. 3 Mr. U-Thant
United Nations
New York, N.Y.

No. 4 Mr. Chairman-Premier
Alex Kosygin
c/o The U.S.S.R.
Representative
United Nations,
New York, N.Y.

All you have to do is ask either or all of these world leaders if they now feel that time is still not ripe to halt and stop this primitive slaughter of a people whose only crime is that they ask to be left alone in their own land. Sign your name on the letter and hand it to me or leave it in the International Students mail box at the Union, and I will mail it to the appropriate address. Since these leaders are struggling for influence in Nigeria, one wonders why they have not used this influence which they allegedly have conserved through supply of arms and bombs, to press Nigeria for an immediate,

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Connecticut Mutual Life

Art Exhibit Displayed in Union Lounge

An art exhibit by two Gaston College faculty members is being shown during the month of April at the University of North Carolina at Charlotte.

Metal sculpture by John C. Merritt and paintings by Franklin U. Creech are displayed in the lounge of the University Union.

Mr. Merritt attended Mitchell College and holds the BS and MA degrees from East Carolina University. He has exhibited widely in the Carolinas.

Mr. Creech holds a BA degree from Duke University and the MS degree from Florida State University. He has had shows in Florida and North

Carolina.

An electric sculpture and bright metallic slide are two of the outstanding sculptures. Several large nudes are featured in Mr. Creech's collection. Both the paintings and sculpture are on sale for prices ranging from \$25 to \$600.

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Sorry about the misinformation concerning last week's ON CAMPUS show. The program concerning the controversy over INQUISITION is to be aired NEXT Thursday. The JOURNAL received the correction after we went to press.

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