

Voting Rights

The decision handed down Wednesday by the North Carolina Supreme Court on student voting and residence laws is half a loaf, where students had been asking that they be allowed to eat a full meal.

The opinion, written by Associate Justice Susie Sharp, gave a Meredith College student the right to register to vote at her college residence in Raleigh, rather than at her parents home in Tarboro. So far, so good.

However, the court emphasized that the case did not represent any across the board ruling for students, leaving the majority of students' registration in doubt.

The right of students to vote in the communities in which they attend school is an essential matter if the new student vote is to be effective. At the time of the election, students are usually members of the community in which they go to school, rather than the one in which their parents live.

It has been argued that students are merely transients, and would be much more likely to vote in expensive taxes and bond measures which could cripple an area for years to come. By itself, this seems

almost rational. However, when you consider that the mobility rate of the average American family is very close to the four years usually spent in a college community, this argument loses all sense. Imagine denying working citizens their franchise because it is statistically probable that they will move away in several years.

The Supreme Court's decision does leave room for students to vote in their college communities if they can establish a legal residence there. However, their view of a legal residence is, by their own admission, arbitrary. Noting that the plaintiff has her grades sent home, that her tuition is paid by her parents, and that she spends vacations at home, Judge Sharp said that these facts "certainly would have fully justified the judge below in finding that plaintiff ... had not abandoned her domicile in Tarboro, and that she was, therefore, not eligible to vote in Raleigh."

While this decision will make it possible for some students to register in Greensboro, it will not make it possible for all to do so, and therefore, falls far short of what we consider a rational decision on student voting rights.

The Guilfordian

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Letters to the Editor

Give Fraizer Lumps

Dear Editor:

Regarding the new controversy over the placing of speed lumps on campus thoroughfares, I feel that the college community should realize the desperate need for regulation of this type in the streets surrounding Frazier Apartments and Dana Houses.

There are thirty-six apartments and four houses grouped very closely together in this area. As best I can count, there are fourteen children six years of age or under living in the Frazier-Dana complex. A great deal of traffic comes through the area from the homes themselves as well as from 1968 Dormitory. Many travel at entirely too great speeds for the prevailing conditions. Cars must be parked adjacent to the roads, so therefore children darting out cannot be seen until they are actually in the road itself.

I do not know the specific plans of the college as to the placing of these lumps, bumps, humps, or whatever. Certainly,

the feasibility of them on all main campus roads is debatable. I do sincerely hope that the placing of speed regulators in the Frazier-Dana House area will be included in the plans, whatever the outcome of discussions regarding other sections of the campus.

Gordon M. Thomas

Broken Dock

Kind Sir:

It has come to the notice of some varied peoples that the dock on the right side of Guilford College Lake (that's what the stupid, needless and atrociously ugly sign says) has rotted away on one side.

How about putting a new dock in before some hapless individual discovers that you can swim in the lake at anytime. This is a hazard that must be fixed.

You know my name
(look up my number)
Number withheld by request

From Here To There

by David Rhees

The show must go on and so must the continuing story continue ... As the organ music swells, the camera pans in close on the amazed looks on the faces of our heroes, for they have just watched a band of hippie snake hunters emerge from out of the murky depths of the Dismal Swamp - two guys, two girls, and a tike. Making friends with them right away (you tend to dispense with the formal graces in the Dismal Swamp), we learned that this motley crew was hunting snakes for their snake farm on a deserted island in the Potomac River. One of the guys said he was a professor of art at the University of Maryland, and we believed him, too. What we found hardest to believe was that the only tool they used to hunt the snakes with was a pillow case and their bare hands.

They hadn't had anything to eat, so of course we offered them some of our catfish. After a somewhat less than scrumptious meal (catfish taste about as good as they look), a rousing game of tree-tag rounded out the evening.

Finally, we thought, some semblance of normality had been established. After all, how many bizarre things could happen in the middle of the Dismal Swamp?

However, there was apparently still more fun and adventure in store for us ... put put, rrrn rrrn, put put ... another motor boat ... in fact, one of those plastic Monkey Wards models ... with a behaircurled young lovely poised on the brow and her boyfriend in the back, gallantly weaving the boat into the dock; they nearly got dunked. The guy had obviously never been in a boat before in his life, and the little lady, who probably weighed in at a delicate 250 pounds, wasn't helping any by causing the front end of the boat to sink down to its gunwales. There they were - foundering about - with not the slightest idea of what they were doing - and fooling around in the middle of a swamp where nobody can be too careful. While the girl giggled herself into a fit while we reminded the reincarnation of Horatio Hornblower that it helps if one remembers to put the drainage plug back in before one places one's boat in the water.

We came in peace, not even for all mankind - but just for ourselves - and that was what we found.

