

Letters To The Editor

Dear C.C. Reader:

Congratulations are certainly in order to housing and food services for the accomplishment of their latest feat, namely, burning hot dogs at supper last night (Tues. 28). This is certainly to be placed among the other feats such as dehydrated peas, undone or overdone "soft boiled eggs", hot cakes and french toast which could break your foot if dropped on it as well as asbroccoli which still crunches when you chew on it.

H&FS also deserves to be commended on their efforts to hold the budget down by throwing nothing away!! Different items are served over and over until they finally disappear. Classic examples of this are wilted lettuce, yellow cotage cheese, dried spaghetti (served for three consecutive meals) and midnight cake which seems to be on the serving line constantly.

There are many more disgusting examples of food quality we could mention but our point is that it is almost unbearable to think of eating three meals a day in that cafeteria.

I think many people will agree that it is very easy for one to lose his or her appetite by looking forward to going to supper only to see discolored vegetables, cold meat, or absolutely repulsive scalloped potatoes. I wonder if those people can imagine themselves eating all their meals there?

I certainly hope people outside the cafeteria can understand our feelings but you really have to eat there to know how it feels to prepare for the worst at mealtime.

As for instant solutions, we would have to start by saying that food from U. Park leaves very much to be desired. Perhaps if food was a little fresher and more intact upon arrival here the people here could do more with it. Well, we could bitch on and on for a few more pages but we think by now we have made our message clear.

Thank you very much for listening.
The Highacres Club
3rd Floor Wisberg Hall

No Smoking, Please!

EDITOR

In reference to the complaint in the SGABitch-Booth article about outlawing cigar and pipe-smoking, why discriminate? Cigarette smoking is much more annoying than cigar and pipe smoking due largely to its sickening smell and frequency of use in classrooms. I have one guy in my second period class who smokes no less than six cigarettes a period, with complete disregard of everyone around him (those who haven't as yet moved from around him, that is). Besides, cigarette-smoking is officially hazardous to one's health (whereas the other forms of smoking are not).

Personally, I prefer cigar and pipe smoking because the aromas are much more bearable. I myself have taken up cigar-smoking in order to combat those shitty cigareet-smokers on their own terms, in a language (or smell) they can understand. However, in all fairness, if one is going to condemn smoking, he/she should do it unilaterally (not 2/3 assedly), or not at all.

Yours in smoke-induced headaches,
Lawrence McFurd



photo by feldman

Mr. Brockett lectured the audience that evening on drug abuse and the dangers of tequila.

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It soon became apparent that the night would be a collective consciousness party as vibes from the audience made their way to Jaime Brockett, while he in turn returned his message through the medium of his song.

Ed Wambach
photo by prouser

BROCKETT TUESDAY NIGHT blues

by
fred
prouser



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a snowytuesday night in middletown, pa. the bleak air force building soon became a haven from the cold and windy night for about 200 would be saxaphone players who helped Jaime Brockett make it through the night.

photo by feldman



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Ed Wambach and friends started off the evening with a Joni Mitchell song, "Other Peoples Parties". Ed then went into songs of his own composition. Speaking of one night, a girl and Dillsburg, Pa., Ed sang a song of personal significance, "I Know", another notable selection from his set that evening was a composition "Ode to Music" written in collaboration with P.R.J. Smith, a fellow Capitolite.

Ed Wambach (center) and friends open up the evening's entertainment at the Jaime Brockett concert held recently at the Student Center.
photo by feldman

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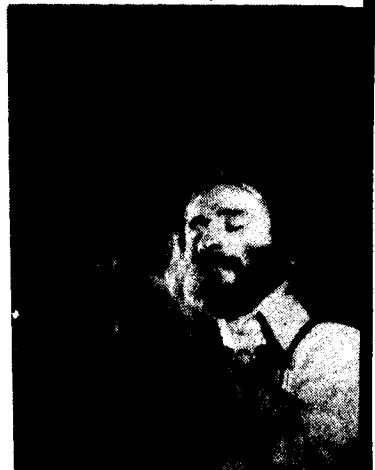
Spirits ran high throughout the evening, as each person in the audience found their own saxaphone piece to play along with Jaime Brockett at the appropriate times. more mature reflections centered on love, love lost and love regained-"an empty bottle on the table, an empty feeling in my heart." the highway permeates much of Brockett's lyrics-as he says, i drive, i strum, i drive, i strum-as he hurtles down the interstates from gig to gig-knowing where to head towards next by a strange voice on a long distance telephone line.



photo by prouser

The flute player's hands and instrument are captured in shadow form at the Jaime Brockett concert.

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Jaime Brockett photo by prouser

people there that evening will remember his hand harp, his hat, his love of a good time, and his amazement that something actually happens in middletown on Tuesday nights--long live Cella Lambrusco.