

## Letters: In Response To Last Week

I wish to express my opinion concerning the recent money crisis being disputed by the BSU and the SGA.

The crisis itself concerns how the BSU shall be permitted to spend its money. This organization spent some quantity of its funds for gifts for its graduating members. As a former President of the Keystone Society at the Delaware County Campus, I see nothing wrong with an organization expressing its gratitude to past leaders for the job they have done. Indeed, the members of The Keystone Society did much the same thing for me when I was presented with a plaque at the end of my term of office. However, I can condone this action only under certain prevailing conditions.

Any funds that any student organization receives arises ultimately from the pockets of students. An organization then has a responsibility, both moral and legal, to spend those funds in the better interests of the students. If then, an organization has served the students first, to the best of their abilities and finances, it is acceptable for that organization to then think of itself and its leaders. In addition, these gifts should only be a token of appreciation, so as not to spend outrageous sums of money, which could best be used for organizational activities.

If the BSU has served our students first, then the Senate should not deny the expenditure of funds for such gifts. As to what these gifts should be, the Senate, in my view, has no right to dictate. They may make recommendations if they feel that these gifts, which should be itemized for proper

bookkeeping, are inappropriate. But, the final decision should be left to a majority vote of the members of the requisitioning organization.

So much for gifts.

Now, as far as the Black Arts and Science Festival is concerned, I have this to say. With relation to the topic of this article thus far, the BASF is a service to students. Its purpose, as I see it, is to raise the consciousness of all students, both black and white, to the reality of the valuable cultural and scientific contributions that blacks have made to a predominately white society.

Since the BSU has written, submitted, and had approved a constitution in order to exist, I see no reason to require a second constitution for the purpose of organizing the BASF. They should have to submit the appropriate forms requesting the use of University facilities, as all organizations must, but that, save a purchase order, is all that they should have to submit.

The article on page 1 of last week's C.C. Reader indicated an apparent lack of communication within the Executive Board of the SGA. Without accurate communication, a government, regardless of the level, cannot survive. This fact is probably the most important segment of the Nixon legacy.

It seems to me that it is impossible for Cliff Eshbach to effectively govern the SGA while uninvolved due to his internship. Eshbach has stated that no one has mentioned anything to him about his ability to govern in absentia. For the record Mr. Eshbach, I now question your ability, with the suggestion that you leave all administrative duties to

your V-P until your internship is completed.

In conclusion, I feel that the BSU has complied with its obligation in this matter under the dictates of an apparently inadequately defined SGA constitution. I believe that the SGA should carefully scrutinize every part of its constitution and re-write presently vague articles, amendments, etc. before the dawn of a new school year. It is particularly important for the duties and limitations of the Executive Board members to be clearly defined.

Further, I believe that all expenditures of student organizations should be reviewed, not controlled, by the Senate. This, Dear Editor, will not result in an unfree society, but rather one in which funds can be allotted to the most deserving organizations, thereby serving the better interests of our inflation-plagued students.

Finally, great care should be taken in reporting the inevitable slurs that will arise from this crisis. We are dealing not only with an organization versus government, but also with a black organization versus a white government. It is all too easy in today's suspicion-ridden society, to scream the ugly word, "Bigot." Please, let us prove to ourselves and to our society, that we are capable of dealing with one another as people, not colors.

This statement is based entirely on information extracted from the C.C. Reader of February 3, 1977.

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8th Term-EDET

## More Letters: I Suppose Always Will

Dear Editor,

In the Capitol Campus Reader of Feb. 3, 1977, several charges were aired against SGA Treasurer Beth Kopas, ranging from negligence of duties to personal bias and abrasiveness of manner. Certainly these charges are quite severe and completely contradictory to the ideals expected of someone in a position of such responsibility. If Beth is guilty of these charges, steps should be taken to either have her change the manner in which she runs the office or have her removed from the treasurer's position all together.

If Beth is guilty: as severe as these accusations are it seems that none of them could be substantiated in the newspaper article, either by Sheldon Munchus, Beth's chief critic, or by Ray Martin, SGA Vice-President, who so generously contributed his also unsubstantiated findings. It seems we have the tree, the rope and the angry mob -- all we lack is the evidence.

As treasurer of the XGI fraternity, I work with Beth probably as much as the treasurer of any other organization on campus and never have I found Beth to be negligent in her duties. She has always afforded me a high amount of cooperation and efficiency. As for personality

conflicts, unfortunately these do exist and, I suppose, always will. But this is no reason to publicly slander someone in the face of the staff and students of this school. These conflicts may have reached a point beyond repair but they don't have to interfere with the performance of the treasurer's office. Perhaps a less antagonistic approach to the problem would prove beneficial to all involved.

### "Who Am I"

By Wm. Kane

So they went and answered the door, and the door said, 'Who am I?'

So they didn't know what to say. Aside from being surprised at the door's speaking, it was a tough question.

Since they were never formally introduced to the door they didn't know his name. But, they considered, even if they had known the door's name that would not answer the question. For the door was previously part of a tree, and some other various parts.

So they said the first thing that came into their minds, 'You are a door.' And the door, it seemed, was perfectly surprised. In fact he was speechless, the door was.

And that's all that ever became of the door that had spoken to them.

## Cause Freddie's Dead

By Wm. Kane

At the age of twenty-two he deemed it appropriate to book passage on the first flight out and it wasn't the 5:37 out of Middletown, either. No his trip is of a more permanent nature, he's sort of the Puerto Rican ambassador to life after death, now.

Indeed part of his fame was due to the fact that Freddie could joke easily, in a sort of subdued Don Rickles style, about ethnic groups. He went across the barriers and showed us the humor of ourselves.

No one was really offended. He could joke with ease and self-confidence, as if he was just a glorified street-corner comic transposed to Hollywood. Slick, cool, very-cool, he had to be, both on a street environment and especially in Hollywood.

The man made it possible for people to dream of one day leaving what would seem to be an unhealthy place, going to new surroundings, pulling oneself out of the mire to finally reach that exalted position of star.

But Freddie voluntarily rolled a seven. He chose to crap-out of the game. Maybe he thought he'd seen all there was to see. What's left in life after you host the Tonight Show? Is that it, the pinnacle of a career? Apparently that is not where it's at.

When delving into motive how can an outsider do anything but speculate?

There are those who claim his demise was due to despondancy over matters of the heart. But there must've been more to it than that. Had not a star of television practically free choice. He was famous, he could pick at will. There was more at work in Freddie's head than a broken heart.

Perhaps, as is the case when someone is happy, he forgets about himself. The picture he has is somehow not complete and the world appears as if you were looking through glasses that only show the beautiful. The real person is lost somewhere amidst delusions of bliss.

Eventually you must awake, and see what is. The shock of that discovery is directly proportionate to the duration of the delusion. After living with a false sense, a romanticized, a different time and place attitude, it must be difficult to readjust and set priorities straight once again.

But Freddie chose another way. He killed himself. He shot himself in the head. He held the gun in his hand. He looked at it. He put the gun to his head and stopped. He stopped and sat there several minutes, varying the intensity with which he applied pressure to the weapon. It was something he wondered if he should do, pull that trigger. Then, finally, he disassociated the insignificant cause from the lasting effect. He pulled the mechanical lever device and...

You wanna be like Freddie? No. You don't wanna be like Freddie, cause Freddie's dead.

## If Only I Knew Then....

By Debbie Young

If I could live what I've lived of my life over again, I think I would learn to play the drums, study in high school, get a job on a foreign newspaper, and get guppies instead of goldfish.

If that chance included being given more to work with, I would be able to swim like Donna De Varona, sing like Minnie Ripperton, enjoy longer legs, own an island resort and a mushroom farm in Kennett Square.

I would also, if I were able to start over as a new and highly improved person, be more tolerant of others.

However, if I had it to do over again as me, even knowing

then what I know now, I would probably be the same. After all, now that I think of it, I could have played the drums, but I chose to play the violin instead.

The subject of what we would do if we had it to do over came up at a "little old ladies" club meeting I was forced to attend. They were all over 60 and successful, they thought, at living. (They figured I wasn't successful because I was still in college at 24 and was serving coffee and donuts to them on a Saturday night.)

What follows is the advice they gave me to improve my way of living. (They assured me that it would be useful because

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On a cold day like this, chewing chaw won't keep you warm.

photo by: George Crowell