

opinion

"It is a newspaper's duty to print the news, and raise hell."

--Wilbur F. Storey,
Chicago Tribune

More SCSSL

A Student Government Association news release has just passed into the grubby paws of the editorial staff. In this news release SGA rationalizes its walkout on the South Carolina State Student Legislature last weekend.

The USC delegations first complaint was that the SCSSL credentials committee at first refused to seat the Allen University and Benedict College delegations because those schools had not applied for membership in time. SGA secretary Trev Williams an authority on punctuality it seems is quoted as saying that Allen and Benedict did not receive their application forms until after the deadline. Oh, well-efficiency strikes again. This does not seem too far-fetched.

"The USC delegation felt that SCSSL was being used as a political tool for the personal gain of the officers and that legislation of significance to students had been shoved aside"-aw, come off it. That the USC student government group should be saying that is a little like throwing rocks in the proverbial glass state house.

"Mike Bolivar, a USC delegate, said that the USC delegation was seated as far away from the Clemson delegation as possible to prevent the two large schools from conferring with one another on legislation"-were all those people bed-ridden? And since when has that stupid football rivalry given way to USC and Clemson doing anything important together?

"The USC delegation stated that it was never once called upon to help lobby for bills that it had helped write. The USC delegation had been virtually eliminated from the proceedings of SCSSL although USC is the largest school in the state as well as the host school in Columbia for the conference"-the prestige of being the largest school in the state has apparently lost its shine. The smaller colleges are obviously no longer impressed. And why should they be? As for being the "Host School", Allen, Benedict, and Columbia College are all in this city. They could manage quite well.

The USC argument is still full of holes, but then, SCSSL is full of holes. USC's walkout is indeed symptomatic of trouble in that lobbying organization. However, the reasons given for the walkout amount to nothing more than a childish temper tantrum on the part of those persons in the delegation who are just upset because they don't have the persuasive power they used to. They can't strong-arm schools like Wofford, who, according to the news release, was pleased when USC left. The release adds that Jimmy Hitch, who was elected governor of SCSSL, was a delegate from Wofford.

Oh, well, what does it matter a year from now?

-RHH

The Gutenberg Experiment

Grier Cracks

BY HARRY HOPE

Associate Editor

INTER-OFFICE

MEMORANDUM

From Mike Grier, University Mouthpiece-ombudsman

To: Thomas F. Jones, president of the entire university

Subject: My job

Boy, these people gotta lotta gall-they think I'm just up here to talk to any Tom, Dick or Harry who wanders in with some kind of red-tape problem.

But you know, I do like being able to help the little turkeys with all their problems, even if it is a pain in the ass.

And I'm supposed to be your lawyer, too. I tell you, this is getting me down. But you know, I feel great. It's a nice job with responsibility and a good proving ground for my legal talents in case I ever want to run for elective office.

Boy I hate politicians-except you, Tom. You're a good guy, you SOB.

Anyway, as Mary says, I just thought I'd write to let you know how I felt about being both University Lawyer and Ombudsman.

INTER-OFFICE

MEMORANDUM

To: Dr. Hugo Z. Hackenbush

From: Dr. Thomas F. Jones

Subject: Mike Grier

Hey Hugo, take a look at this for me, would you good buddy?

I think Mike has finally flipped his bald spot. If any shrink can figure out what's wrong, you can. Thanks

INTER-OFFICE

MEMORANDUM

From: Dr. Hugo Z. Hackenbush

To: Dr. Thomas F. Jones

Subject: Mike Grier

After examining this letter, and after having a little con-

sultation with Dean Grier, I have concluded that the patient is suffering from schizophrenia due to the duality of his job(s).

You see, in one case, he is supposed to be the official counsel for the University, and as such gets in on a lot of the bull that goes on around here-in fact, so much so that the beer license for the Golden Spur is in his name, which makes him a bar owner, complicating the matter even more. Yet on the other hand, four fingers and a thumb (a little psychiatric humor, Tom.)

Seriously, though, he's also supposed to be the ombudsman for the students. He is their "Bridge over troubled waters," their "shoulder to cry on," their "big brother" (no capitalization.) You see, everyone these days is fretting his way to 1984, figuratively and literally.

So, as is evident, the little guy is in a lot of trouble. He is, as they say, "very much into himself." And the fact that he is involved with the University of South Carolina puts him even more out of contact with the real world.

I have therefore committed him to Toothy Acres Home for the Hopelessly Screwed Up over in Lexington County, where they know a lot about such things. I suggest that you get in touch with the next of kin, and while you're at it, get me two tickets to the Clemson game, will you?

Our Mail

TO THE EDITOR:

It is Saturday afternoon. I am propped back in my cell with a cup of coffee, a Pall Mall, and the primed and polished third draft of my entry for the fall edition of the Crucible. Grinning complacently at my wit, I read over my creation for the sixth time. Outside my door is the community TV set, on which

Clemson and North Carolina State are attacking each other with vigor.

Suddenly my curtain is pushed back. "Griff!" says the dude behind the smile, "just the man I'm looking for."

I run his face through my repertoire of names; no match do I find. Surely though I know him; such a friendly face I'd never forget. I smile back.

"Here," he says, "got a ribbon that won't work on my machine."

I take the box from his outstretched hand. I really don't need a ribbon, I say to myself as I look at my lopsided Royal. Still, I guess he needs the change. "How much?" I ask.

"Seventy-five."

I pull my coin pouch from my pocket and extract a dollar chip. "Got no change," I say.

"S'okay," my friend replies, "I'll get it." He takes my money and disappears out the door. I go back to my story, cackling intermittently as I read.

I finish the coffee, Pall Mall, and story at approximately the same time. Slowly I realize that my quarter change has not returned. Suspiciously I eye the box lying on my bunk. I pick it up and open it. Inside is a scraggly, used-up typewriter ribbon. I have been ripped off! I go to the door and pull back the curtain. No one is in sight.

My first impulse is to fly into a profound rage. At one time I would have chosen precisely that course of action. Suddenly though my finely-honed college mind takes command of the situation. I swiftly analyze what has transpired. I determine that five years behind prison walls has a tendency to wreck weak minds and change men into skeptics filled with animosity; I have been here five years. I determine that I have not been molded by a sick environment into a suspicious, hate-filled cynic. I determine that, even though I have been ripped off, I still retain my faith in the basic goodness of man. I decide that I have gained a dollar's worth of insight into myself today.

I close the curtain, smile at myself in the mirror, pour another cup of coffee, light another Pall Mall, and begin my seventh reading.

Am I a fool?

John P. Griffin, USC sophomore
CB 3, 27-1
Central Corrections Institution

Letters Policy

Although the GAMECOCK will attempt to run all letters received, preference will be given to those typed and under 200 words. We will not run anonymous letters, although we can withhold names for valid reasons. While we try to guarantee that letters will be printed, we do not guarantee when letters will be printed.

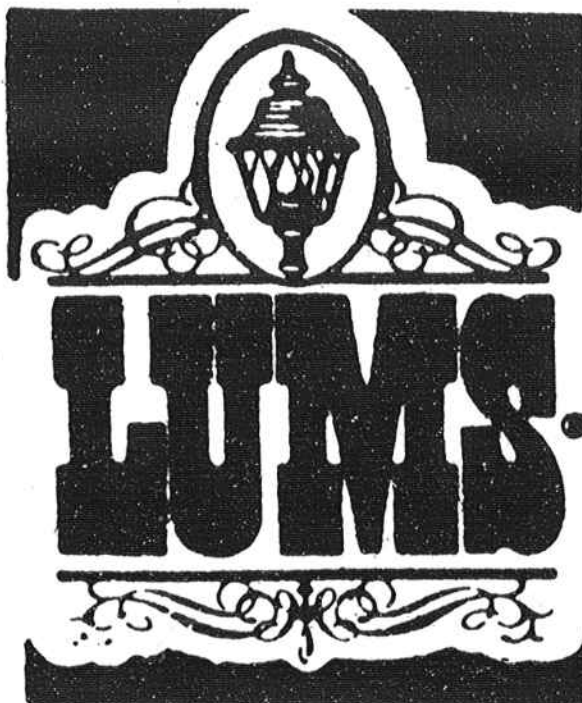
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