

To: Dean Jeffers

From: [REDACTED]

Re: Incident on Friday, November 8th involving Delta Upsilon

On Friday, November 8th at approximately 12:45 am I was alerted to the existence of trouble by the screams of the six visiting high school seniors staying in the house with us for Minority Recruiting Weekend. Upon reaching my bedroom upstairs I found them clustered around my bedroom window which faces the house of Delta Upsilon. They informed me that the guys in the house next door were going crazy, yelling and throwing things out the window. I tried to calm them down and dismiss the issue by telling them to get away from the window and that it would probably continue all night but they were in no danger. They insisted that I come look and asked me whose car they were aiming the objects at. Realizing that it was my mother's car in question, I ran to the window in time to see someone hurl a wooden chair at my mother's car. It struck the roof, bounced onto the front wind shield and down the front of the car, splintering on the road. I ran out in the hall, called security, briefly explained the emergency, hurriedly dressed and ran out the front door of the house. As I rounded the front corner of the house, bottles and other objects, including a stove top, continued to fly out the window. An on-looker grabbed my arm and dragged me onto the grass warning me of the danger and advising me that they had been throwing all sorts of things out the window for some time. As he was dragging me away I looked down and saw broken glass everywhere. Assuming the worst, that my windshield had been broken, I ran in the back door of the house, and upstairs hoping to find a flashlight to survey the extent of the damage to my mother's 1985 five-month-old Honda Civic 4-door sedan. I dashed back out the front door after securing the flashlight and encountered the other two residents of the Black Cultural Center who were home that evening, who had gone outside looking for me in the hopes of convincing me to come back inside. At this point security arrived and took over. They took my name, the name the car was registered in and my phone number. They advised us at this time that a Dean was being called to shut down the party. No representative from Administration appeared on the scene throughout the entire evening however. They also informed us that D.U. was on social probation as of Saturday, November 9th for the second semester in a row. While one of the officers attempted to discover what had happened, two of the visiting high school seniors came outside to testify to what they had seen. The other security guards joined us at this point and reported that although they could see dents and scratches, neither of the windshields was broken. They advised me to get the car washed to remove all of the beer, obtain a receipt and make arrangements to get estimates done on the car so that D.U. could be presented with a bill for restoring my mother's car to its original condition.

This cannot be viewed as an isolated incident and a coincidence because of the fact that D.U. and the Black Cultural Center, or specifically I, have been at odds all semester. In September when I first drove my mother's car on campus for a weekend, the gentlemen who resided in the Black Cultural Center last year informed me that the cement carport directly adjacent to the house belonged to the Cultural Center so there was no need for me to continue fighting for a space

off campus. I was unable to park my mother's car there however, because a member of D.U. had his car there. As the weeks progressed, we had several functions at the house in addition to desiring to use our parking space as we saw fit and notified D.U. vehicle owners several times that they were using our space. They ignored our requests and even went so far as to take one of my notes down to security in an attempt to prove me wrong and get me into trouble. Security warned the individual at this time that I was within my rights and that the parking space did indeed belong to the Black Cultural Center. Security also informed the president of the fraternity on another occasion that he was to advise his brothers not to park there. They continued to ignore this and security was forced to patrol the carport on a daily basis, ticketing whatever vehicle was found there. Eventually they ceased to park in the port on a regular basis. For several weeks I have had my mother's car on campus quite frequently. It was common knowledge that this car was being placed in the Black Cultural Center space. On the evening in question, the people who threw the objects out of the window, did not break a window in the back and throw the things out into the D.U. parking lot at any of those cars but specifically at the car in the Black Cultural Center parking space. This was not a random occurrence, but an attack on myself and every other female living in the house.

After security had closed down their party, and departed, a group of males walked over to the house from D.U. and began banging on the front door of the house demanding to be let in. When we refused they did not go away but circled the house, banging on the windows, and eventually made their way around to the back door banging and yelling their desire to come in and explain that they did not mean to do anything against us with their beer mugs in hand. I ran upstairs to call security again and another resident of the house informed the crowd that we would not open the door but that they could come back the next day. When she finally threatened them with calling security the ring leader said, "Oh yeah, my name is [REDACTED] call security."

We could not discern the last name but the attitude of the crowd was definitely blase and they had no idea of the severity of what they had done. When security arrived on the scene again, they reported that a group of individuals was standing around in front of D.U. and decided to leave an officer with us in the house for protection. This officer remained in the house approximately one hour.

These people were so concerned about our feelings that they attempted to intimidate us into not pursuing this issue. Yet, outside a conversation I had with one [REDACTED] of Delta Upsilon in which he complained to me that he was going to have to pay to replace the window in his room which had been broken, and requested that I keep my estimate of the damages to my mother's car down, there has been no contact between any members of Delta Upsilon and the residents of the Black Cultural Center. No apology for the incident, nor an acceptance of responsibility for what transpired has been rendered. Where is their concern now? Surely it can not have faded so fast. I will tell you where their concern is. There is a vehicle belonging to a member of Delta Upsilon parked in the Black Cultural Center carport as I write this.

After consulting with a number of body shops in this area I have found that there is an extensive amount of damage to the left side of the car. It will be necessary to replace all three windows on that side as well as removing the dents and array of scratches left by the broken beer bottles and kegs. The entire trunk will have to be

refinished as well as the repainting of the vehicle. The estimated cost for these repairs will be \$1,173.22. This does not include the cost incurred when I was forced to take the vehicle to the car wash to remove the beer before it stained, or the expense of a rental car to replace the above mentioned vehicle for the 10-14 days which it will be in the body shop. The addition of these costs which are surely subject to refund brings the total cost for this negligence up to \$1,550.13. I hope the resolution of this matter will be expedient and sufficiently severe.

Respectfully submitted,

