

## Use votes

State House scandal can be redeemed through democracy

The Robert Arian cartoon in the State Tuesday said it all. It pictured the State House dome, with the three flags replaced by dollar bills. The sign to the left of the dome read "For Sale-Cheap!"

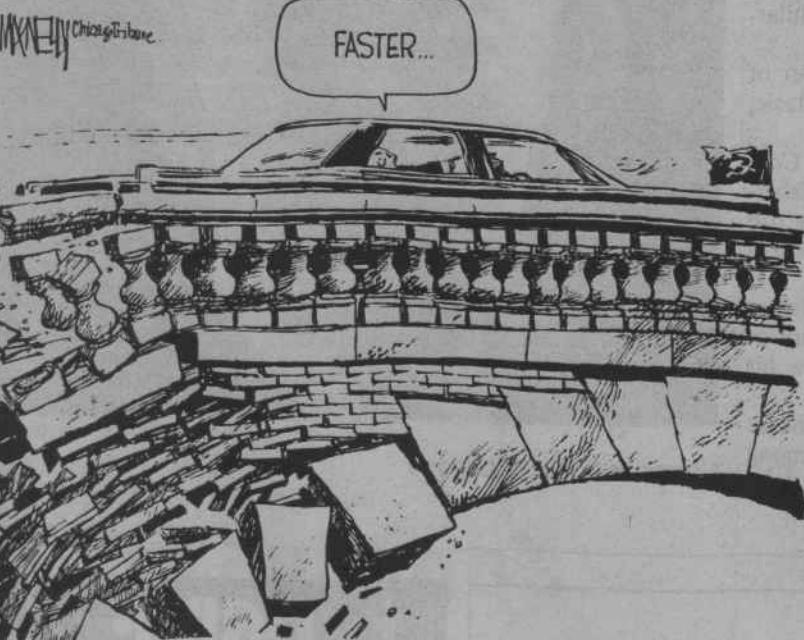
That pretty much says it all right there.

With the sudden realization that the politicians of South Carolina are susceptible to the temptations of illicit campaign contributions, the faith of the state in its senators and representatives has been eliminated. It shows that yes, just about everyone in politics is for sale in one way or another, and there's very little that the common citizen can do about it.

Except vote, that is.

Yes, it seems as if it's been a while since the vote was a very useful tool in American politics, but in South Carolina's case, it can be both revenge and redemption. Not only would the corruptible candidates be gone, but new and hopefully more honest ones would be installed. At least one could hope that they might have learned from the lessons of their predecessors.

"SENDING BIRTH-CONTROL MATTER WOULD BE IMMORAL"



Mike Meyers Chicago Tribune



Mike Meyers Chicago Tribune



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## Myrtle Beach becomes Canadian haven

Let's take it for granted that Myrtle Beach and its surrounding beach suburbs are South Carolina institutions. After all, the area has been immortalized in such film classics as *Shag* (Look Pudge, there's a shag contest!) and home to national game show goddess Vanna White, so there can be absolutely no one who could walk up to me and dispute its institutional status.

Still, there are some things about the Grand Strand that really get on my nerves.

After many, many years of being both a local and a tourist, I've decided that being a local is much easier. Somehow, South Carolina drivers just don't treat you the same way when you're sporting Delaware license tags. Those "You've seen our beach . . . now leave" bumperstickers seem to cut just a little bit deeper.

Of course, being a once and future local also gives me a unique perspective when it comes to the particularly obnoxious brands of tourists, those naturally being Canadians. People cruising down from the great white north give new meaning to the words "obnoxious Yankee." You just can't get much more northern than 75 degrees above the equator.

And let's face it. French just doesn't carry well in South Carolina.

Actually, after a few weekends in Canadian-saturated Myrtle Beach, I've decided that if it



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manages to secede, Quebec will be moving to somewhere around Cherry Grove, where the new mandatory dress will be topless for the ladies (in the true Euro-Canadian show-us-just-how-ugly-your-body-is style) and the tiniest of G-strings for the men. From my point of view, the topless thing wouldn't be so unbearable, women having a more pleasing overall design. The G-string part though . . . well, let's just picture a few hundred protrusive Canadian men strolling around in eensy-weensy gold lamee marble bags and being generally over-impressed with themselves. I think you get my drift.

And speaking of topless women . . . A while back Myrtle Beach's wise city fathers decided to ban the wearing of what are commonly known as "thong" bathing suits. These consist of an average string bikini top, the usual triangle of material covering the naughty bits in the front, and the cheeks of the fanny left completely exposed. Personally, I couldn't see what

the problem was, but maybe the big boys at city hall were worried that there would be a rash (get it) of sandy fannies or embarrassing sand flea bites.

Anyway, thongs are now a finable offense. So why are there still postcards that say "Having an ass-load of fun in Myrtle Beach" that feature the prominently thonged behinds of young ladies who probably have never been to South Carolina?

Sounds like a wee bit of false advertising to me, fellas.

The truth is, if my friend sends me a postcard sporting the Myrtle Beach name and women in thongs, I expect to go there and find some nekkid fannies. If I don't, I might feel like I haven't gotten my money's worth. Would the Myrtle Beach Chamber of Commerce give me a refund if I wasn't completely satisfied?

I doubt it. So to compensate for their immense lack of judgement, I think the ruling bodies of Myrtle Beach should be sentenced to one month traveling along I-95 in a huge Winnebago motor home, eating and sleeping with at least 15 unattractive militant male Quebec liberationists who wear nothing but spandex Canadian maple leaf print G-strings.

That'll teach 'em.