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Pop Goes the World

The U.N.'s plan to curb population explosion needs cooperation to work

With the explosion of the world's population comes a global-sized headache. The United Nations' decision to address this problem underscores the critical nature of the situation and the United Nations' determination to make a difference.

After a tumultuous time of debate and decision, the United Nations has drafted a plan that seems to please all involved while still managing to hit the issues head-on.

While diluted in certain areas, the plan is a big step forward in the fight against overpopulation. The idea of individual choice rather than government dictation is a revolutionary one for a plan with a world-wide scope.

The strategy set forth by the United Nations is novel in another way. It's the first time the world has tried to identify and remedy the reasons behind these fertile times.

And for a first shot in the dark, the pending plan isn't half-bad. The conference hasn't skirted around the "dirty word" causing all the commotion. Sex was wrangled with unapologetically and rightly so.

The frank discussion has given birth to several viable solutions, namely gains in reproductive health care and sex education programs.

Meeting the needs of the current problems has forced pleas for access to contraceptives and for condom distribution to the discussion table. Even in the heat of the battle, these provisions remained. A sign of the times, perhaps, but a good one.

In terms of prevention, sex education reigns supreme as the weapon against population booms. The thinking behind its endorsement is that the more people know, the better off they will be.

As with all ventures taken by a diverse group of people, disagreements are commonplace. Roman Catholic and Islamic nations' objections to any mention of abortion as a measure for population control were among the most disruptive.

As a result, many of the more pointed clauses concerning abortion have been deleted or diluted. Though frowned upon by some, pregnancy terminations are not stigmatized in other areas of the world, whereas starvation is looked down on by everyone. This point is one worth considering, especially when the fate of the world hangs on the word "compromise."

Hopefully, all groups will come together and agree upon a plan so important to the global community. Working for the common good is the only way the world is ever going to take the bang out of the population explosion.

Have Chee-tos, will attend grad school



LEE CLONTZ
Editor in Chief

are Easy" and the Kathy Ireland-led "Alien From L.A.," believed by many to be the "Citizen Kane" of stranded bimbo action movies.

1) Since you're still officially a student, you're entitled by AT&T and Citibank to get all the "no annual fee" credit cards your wallet will hold.

That list completed, I felt mighty good about my decision. I knew what I wanted and I chanted it like a mantra.

As we must, I reluctantly considered the cons of grad school. So I made, you guessed it, another list.

1) I'll be two years older when I start my job search, losing that youthful edge.

2) I'll be in debt beyond belief.

3) I sound nothing like Meat Loaf, though I do a mean version of "All Revved Up With No Place to Go" while showering.

4) All the extra money I'll make with the masters degree will go toward paying off my student loan.

5) Banks are unstable — I'll have to borrow money from mobsters.

6) The letters "GRE" are the first letters in the word "greedy."

7) Ignorance, some say, is bliss.

8) Have to answer the parental question: "Just when the hell are you going to get a job?"

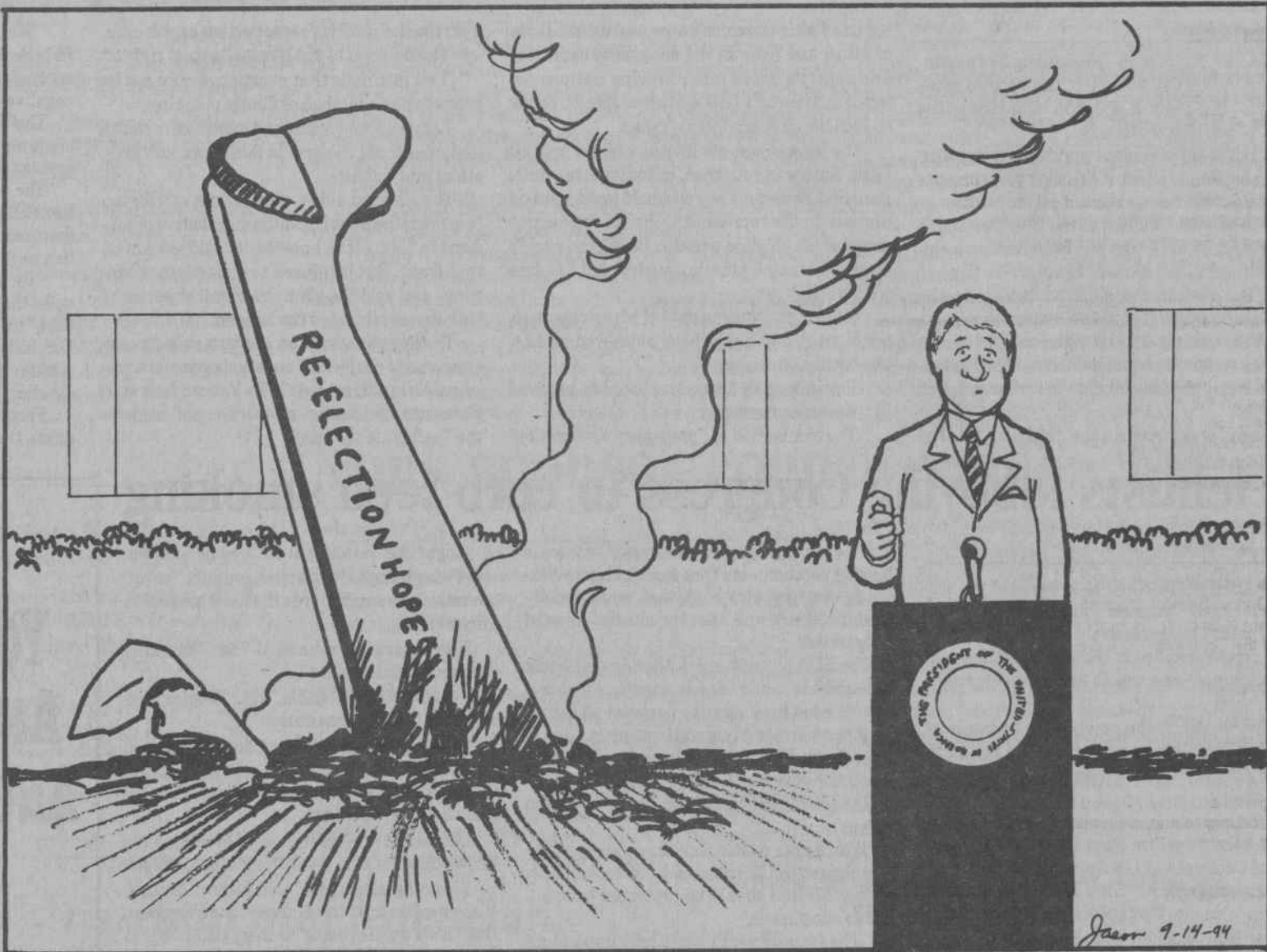
9) You just feel so darned old hitting on freshmen.

10) You're probably better off not watching USA "Up All Night."

Once the votes were tabulated, I found that the pro list had one point more than the con list. That being the case, I have opted for two more years of what my mom has always called "the easiest days of my life."

So she thinks. I work hard, study hard and... hey, "Return to the Blue Lagoon" is on. Pass the Chee-tos, would ya?

Lee Clontz is a journalism senior. His column appears every other Wednesday.



QUOTEUNQUOTE

"Basically, two to three lemon merangue pies were thrown against the windows, and what didn't stick to the window fell onto the carpet. In the kitchen area, it looked like somebody had dumped green olives and some cheese sauce on the floor."

Steve Richards, director of food service for Marriott

Strike becomes nightmarish experience

Wow, what a scary dream I had last night. It was the strangest thing. In my dream, what always seemed like a natural existence was suddenly torn apart by internal unrest. That ugly word, "strike," reared its ugly head...USC students went on strike.

In my dream, the strike was already underway: day 33. The same issues that had separated students and faculty were also keeping them away from the bargaining table.

The most publicized dispute was over—the famed GPA cap. The faculty felt that to insure equality amongst the students of different intellectual levels, a limit should be put on the number of grade points given out each semester. The professor would then need to be more equal in his distribution of grade points.

Also, this would prevent some professor from being too easy or too hard because grade points would have a minimum and maximum consistent for all faculty.

Obviously, students did not like this idea of limiting their success in the classroom for deserving



STEVEN BURRITT
Copy Desk Chief

work.

Another major issue was college free agency. Students liked the new policy that one college, say the School of Business, could offer scholarship to, say the College of Journalism and Mass Communication, if the student would change majors. Faculty felt this should be restricted to only after a few years of the student's college career. Students wanted this option repeatedly so they could get more money.

The public was bothered with this policy because it caused their favorite college's rosters to be impossible to recognize from year to year.

These and other issues halted academic life at USC. Neither side seemed ready to budge. Negoti-

ations rarely took place, and those meetings were just finger-pointing spats.

Each day more and more damage was done. For a student with a 15-hour course load, he was losing 3 hours of classes he paid for a day. The update in the paper read "Day 33: 99 classes missed, around \$836 tuition lost (in-state) and around \$ 1,895 lost (out-of-state).

President Palms had issued a statement saying that the two sides had one week to hammer out an agreement. If not, he would cancel the rest of the semester. That had been well over a week ago.

It seemed that for the first time in almost 90 years, there would be no final exams.

I'm sure you can tell what a crazy dream it was. I mean, how could two sides get so deep in a mess where there could be no winners, only losers? How could anyone fathom the interruption of such a sacred American tradition?

Just a dream, right?
Stephen Burritt is a broadcast journalism junior.

Classifieds are innovative way to communicate

I was recently flipping through The Gamecock's classified ads, looking for things that might give a feeling of more space to my somewhat cramped living quarters—you know, a slightly-used loft bed, an old closet organizer, or a three-bedroom furnished garden apartment—when I ran across an ad encouraging students to use the classifieds.

"Classified advertisements are the best way to communicate with your classmates or others in the Carolina community!" it said. "If you're looking for a roommate, have items to sell, or just want to send out a message check out the classifieds."

At first, of course, I was skeptical about "communicating through the classifieds." That's because I couldn't even understand most of the ads, anyway. They looked like error messages on my computer screen...NS FRM 2 share furn rm, ba, kit, WD, d/w, AC, conv., \$8 trillion+1/2 util. Call!

Wanting desperately to participate fully in campus life, however, I decided to get into the school spirit and place an ad. I would take one of The Gamecock staff's suggestions and place an ad to look for a roommate. My roommate! "Mary!" I wrote. "I've been looking for you for hours! Where are you?"

My first ad was overwhelmingly successful.

"Mary!" I exclaimed joyously the next day as she stomped into the room clinching a copy of The Gamecock. "You're back!"

"Ashley," my usually pleasant roommate spewed through pinched white lips, "What were you thinking?"



ASHLEY BALL
Columnist

So I decided to start communicating with everyone through classifieds! Soon I was placing ads almost daily.

"Shana—did you say six or six-thirty?"

"Megan, you were right! He's gorgeous!"

"Papa John's: we'll have one large pizza, with pepperoni and olives. Thanks!"

"Mary, would you please turn off the curling iron?"

Of course, people do not always use the classifieds with the same light-hearted and innocent intentions! A disturbingly suspicious testimonial-type ad was recently run in The Gamecock classifieds.

"I received so many calls for the washer and dryer I advertised in The Gamecock!" exclaimed the satisfied customer. "I wish I had 10 more to sell!"

Sounds innocent enough, but a more astute student like myself might think, Wait a minute! Ten more? Where is this person getting all these washers and dryers? And where are they being stored? Is that why I can't get my extra toothbrush in the resident storage space on my floor?

The next day, I led the campus police on a most productive search through the basement of Wade

Hampton.

"Ha ha!" I cried triumphantly, throwing open a door. "Look what I've found!" I was ready for the praise and adulation I'd receive. 'Oh, Ashley,' Ms. Harrison-Cook would probably say, 'You found the largest cache of stolen washers and dryers in the history of the University! For that, I'm going to exempt you from pre-calculus.'

"Ummm," one of the officers mused as he stared incredulously at the room full of washers and dryers. "I believe this is the Wade Hampton laundry room, Miss. But thanks, anyway, for keeping us informed."

Oh, well, my mom would be glad to know I'd found the laundry room so early in my college career.

Walking through the lobby on the way back up to my room, I noticed the latest copy of The Gamecock lying in a chair. I flipped to the classifieds in what had now become my habit, and my eyes fell on the "Ad of my Dreams!"

"3BR furn. grdn. apt., incl. used loft bed, orgnzd. closets, Call today!" Wow!

I picked up the phone and called The Gamecock classifieds department. "Yes," I said to the girl who answered. "I'd like to place this ad, please."

Mary, I've found the most incredible apartment. It's just what we've been looking for. Don't go anywhere—I'll be right up!"

Ashley Ball is a journalism freshman. Her column will appear every Wednesday.



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The Gamecock will try to print all letters received. Letters should be 200-250 words and must include full name, professional title or year and major if a student. Letters must be personally delivered by the author to The Gamecock newsroom in Russell House room 321.

The Gamecock reserves the right to edit all letters for style, possible libel or space limitations. Names will not be withheld under any circumstances.

What needs to be done about population control?



"I definitely think more sex education is needed because people are so naive about AIDS and everything. I think it is a good thing."

Stacey Delaney
Pharmacy sophomore



"It's a good plan, sex education. But how can you implement it on a worldwide effort?"

Less Atkinson
Political science junior



"There's only so much you can do about it. The only thing you can do is try to educate everyone on the situation."

George McFadden
History sophomore



"I think it's good they're trying to find a solution. It's going to take a lot of thinking and cooperation to figure that out."

Sonja Shipman
Business management junior

The Gamecock is the student newspaper of the University of South Carolina and is published Monday, Wednesday and Friday during the fall and spring semesters, with the exception of university holidays and exam periods. Opinions expressed in The Gamecock are those of the editors or author and not those of the University of South Carolina. The Board of Student Publications and Communications is the publisher of The Gamecock. The Department of Student Media is its parent organization.