

## The Gamecock

Serving USC Since 1908

Chris Dixon, Editor in Chief  
Stephanie Sonnenfeld, Viewpoints Editor

### Editorial Board

Achim Hunt, Bryan Johnston, Karen Layne, John Lyons, Kelly McPherson, Ben Muldrow, Jennifer Stanley, Nikki Thorpe.

## OUR OPINION

### University's history needs today's funds

The University of South Carolina has one thing over the entire Ivy league. Our University boasts the first separate on-campus library of the nation.

As Southerners who love tradition and are proud of our history, we should hold the South Caroliniana Library in high esteem, at least over such shoddy attempts of modern architecture like the Towers, Humanities classrooms and offices and the Russell House.

One would think that in a society such as ours, in which the past sometimes takes precedence over the present (Confederate flag atop our Statehouse, anyone?), that this building on the Horseshoe would not be forgotten.

Yet it sits there, unused by students and only by researchers, though filled with numerous historical documents.

The South Caroliniana Library houses information pertaining to the history of

South Carolina, including government documents, literature, and maps. But these historic treasures, many dating back from the beginning of the University's existence, are now decaying due to the destructive forces of long-term exposure to humidity.

The library does not need a complete renovation. It needs a humidity-controller for the building and new windows. The current windows date from the 1920s and do not protect against extreme weather.

Yet these relatively simple corrections have not yet been made. Why, in a society that treasures the past so greatly, has this not been done?

As we hear again and again, renovations cannot be made due to a lack of funding. It seems as if there is never enough money.

But surely, as lovers of our history, the University can somehow find the dollars to preserve one of its more important buildings.

### Birth control pills offer new options

On Monday, The Food and Drug Administration announced six brands of birth control pills, when taken in high doses, can be used to prevent pregnancy after sex. Basically, they're as safe as the infamous "morning after" pill.

According to The Associated Press, this is the first time the FDA has acknowledged the "emergency contraception" pills as a birth control option.

Emergency birth control pills have been manufactured in the past for emergency situations only. Rumor has it that a New Jersey company is in the process of manufacturing an emergency birth control pill for sale.

The FDA has issued instructions on how six brands of birth control can prevent pregnancy. The six brands that can be used in this procedure include: Ovral, Lo/Ovral, Triphasil, Nordette, Levlen and Tri-Levlen.

The Federal Government urges all women to familiarize themselves with the proper use of these pills and to consult physicians when using the pills to prevent pregnancy.

It is a wonderful thing that women now have this medical option. But, it is also kind of disturbing.

With all of the promotion and education about safe sex, there should be no need for an emergency birth control pill. Yes, there are situations which necessitate an emergency birth control pill, like an instance with rape.

But, really when is the message about unprotected sex going to proverbially hit home?

When are people going to realize that these days it is so necessary to have protected sex?

Probably when they stop getting cut rate birth control pills and free condoms.

Sure, there are lots of excuses for unprotected sex—the heat of passion excuse or the "it feels better without a condom" line, but really, that simply translates into irresponsibility.

Take the time to have protected sex.

Then, society won't have a need for the "morning after" pill. It will just be a mere option instead of a necessity.



“It is with mixed emotion that we accept her resignation.”

Mike McGee, athletic director, on Lady Gamecock's Head Coach Nancy Wilson's resignation

### Condoms aren't great Valentine's Day gifts

FRED LEACH  
columnist

As I was walking through the Russell House a couple of days before Valentine's Day, I noticed a table set up that was selling Valentines which included a condom in them. I was a little surprised to see such crassness at an institution for higher learning like USC.

Valentine's is nothing but a commercial holiday anyway, and many guys who buy their sweeties roses and candy, and take them out to a nice dinner may be expecting a little something in return.

I suppose that it is much simpler to get right to the point and buy a condomgram, leaving no doubt in one's mind. Still, I can't see why anyone would be so classless. I especially can't imagine being a girl who receives a condomgram on the most romantic of days.

Call me old-fashioned, but I believe that women should be treated with respect, and, in spite of the commercial nature of Valentine's, should be given real substantial gifts to show how much their loved one cares.

Giving a lady a condom on Valentine's is like giving her an

apron, pots and pans, or a mop for her birthday. In essence, she is being told by her so called Valentine, "I want you for sex." What is worse is that those manning the table when I walked by were women.

I realize that what this really is, is some sort of politically correct effort to promote safe sex. But shouldn't Valentine's Day be a day to show how much we love or care for someone, and furthermore shouldn't love and caring take precedence over sex? Sadly, a large portion of our society doesn't think so.

This brought up another issue that I think should be addressed: the distribution of condoms in school. Proponents of this say that since kids are going to engage in sex anyway, we might as well give them a means by which to obtain condoms. I disagree with this philosophy because by doing this, the school is indirectly condoning the activity.

It is very easy for a high school student to obtain a condom, even though one of the main arguments for school distribution is that it may be difficult for a young person to get

one. The first time I ever saw a condom was in 8th grade. We were sitting in the back of the room in Spanish class, when our classmate, Richard, came over and showed us what he had found in his father's sock drawer. All of the boys in the back of the room were intrigued by it until the teacher asked what we were doing.

The guys that had gathered around my desk to examine the condom quickly went back to take their seats, including Richard, who left it lying on my desk for the teacher to see.

Needless to say, I was in a bind. I thought about hiding it quickly, but it was too late. The teacher had already noticed it lying on my desk as had most of the other girls in the class. As the teacher ordered me to the principal's office, I noticed the disgusted looks I got from my female classmates, and as I walked out the door, I noticed Richard laughing.

At the principal's office, I was given a talk about the birds and the bees. It was the same lesson I had heard in the 5th grade, all the basics. The principle, however, didn't say "having sex." I suppose that was too blunt for an 8th grader. Instead, he used the terms "fertilizing," and

"procreating." I left the office and apologized for causing the disruption.

There was no point in telling him that Richard was the real culprit because he wouldn't have believed me anyway, and Richard, who was much bigger than I was, would have kicked my butt. Incidentally, the principle was caught fertilizing a student teacher a few years later, and now sells real-estate in Maryland.

Anyway, my whole point in relating that story is that it is not difficult for one to get a condom.

The easiest method is to go into the restroom of a filling station and get one from the dispenser. They cost about \$.75 and there is no one to see you purchase it.

They even have cool "glow in the dark" ones.

Another way is for you to go into a truck stop and buy one. I have been told that kids may be embarrassed to go and buy one at the store, so they should be distributed at school.

I could understand some kid being embarrassed to go into Wal-Mart and buy one, but I would much rather get one from the truck stop attendant than have to go and ask the school nurse or the guidance counselor for one.

### Not everyone is built to be a U.S. marine

SHAWN SINGLETON  
columnist

A few weeks ago, I was going through my usual morning routine (that's watching SportsCenter) when I heard something so amazing I missed my 8 a.m. math class so I could hear it again.

Riddick Bowe was going to fulfill a life-long dream to become the best this country has to offer—a United States Marine.

Since I am a former Marine, this is the most news since the Corps decided not to abide by President Clinton's "Don't Ask, Don't Tell" routine. A well-known sports celebrity, even though I really didn't like him, was going to become one of us. However, I learned very quickly that his words held no more weight than Newt Gingrich's balanced budget amendment. They were, as the idiot in Macbeth puts it, "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

I started reminiscing about September 20, 1993, the day I got off the bus at Marine Corps Recruit Depot, Parris Island, S.C. The drill instructor calmly informed us that we had ten seconds to get off his bus and that we had just lost eight of them. This began a long odyssey that ended on February 25, 1994,

which is precisely 155 days longer than Riddick Bowe lasted.

Now, if you are a reader, you are probably asking, "Why did you spend six months at boot camp?" To make a long story short, I tore ligaments in my ankle in an accident and spent eight weeks in rehabilitation because I did not want to go back to Florence a failure, someone who didn't have the testicular fortitude to get through this small roadblock. Besides, Mama didn't raise any quitters in her family.

Nevertheless, there is one thing that separates Riddick Bowe from myself as well as most of my fellow Marines. These men have hearts as big as their egos. It takes heart to suffer through the abuse that the drill instructors inflict, all the mental and physical obstacles that are put in front of you like boulders after a rockslide. It took heart for me to press through the pain like those nails you see on television.

What happened, Riddick? What could have been done to you in three days that hasn't happened to everyone else who came before you, including myself? I'll tell you what happened, absolutely nothing. In a

man's first three days at boot camp, he gets his hair cut, his uniform issued, and probably more sleep than he will get at any other time during his stay at Parris Island or San Diego.

After about four days of going through what we call the forming period, the new victims, I mean, recruits, are dropped into their training platoons. This is where all child's play ends and where the real fun begins. The next few weeks are designed to test a recruit's mind, body and soul with obstacles such as the confidence course and Basic Warrior Training. In all, boot camp, if you go the distance without incident, is ten weeks without sex, alcohol, or sex.

After all, the drill instructors make sure that happens by putting saltpeper in their eggs. You could sit them all in front of a television and pop in "Ron Jeremy's Greatest Hits" and there will be no reactions from the audience.

For me, however, there were small obstacles. The biggest obstacle for me to overcome was learning how to swim and shoot. Not all black people can shoot and we probably would have liked water if they didn't put us on those damned ships. However, this goes all the way back to that word "heart" again. If a person

really wants to succeed, he/she will do whatever it takes to achieve it. I was successful at both by coming to the realization that I wasn't going to be eaten by sharks and by imagining that the target was my ex-girlfriend.

These are just a few of the things that Riddick Bowe missed out on at Parris Island. He would have loved combat hitting skills. He may have gained useful knowledge to take back to the ring with him. Who knows, the government may have called him back to become an instructor. I heard they just called Ric Flair to teach combat line training.

In all, boot camp is like San Francisco. They both separate the men from the boys, only without the crowbars. Non-hackers are weeded out; only the strong survive this journey.

Not all people can be worthy of the title "Marine." Riddick Bowe thought he was worthy but he didn't have that testicular fortitude that I wrote about earlier—Andrew Golota saw to that. He should have referred to the Friedrich Nietzsche maxim that "if it doesn't kill me; it will make me stronger."

Using that mode of thinking, at least he'll be able to reproduce.

## The Gamecock

Student Media • Russell House • USC • Columbia, SC 29208

Chris Dixon  
Editor in Chief  
Stephanie  
Sonnenfeld  
Viewpoints Editor  
Karen Layne  
Jennifer Stanley  
News Editors  
John Lyons  
Features Editor  
Achim Hunt  
Bryan Johnston  
Sports Editors

News: 777-7726  
Advertising: 777-4249  
FAX: 777-6482

Mark Hopkins  
Ben Pillow  
Copy Editors  
Nikki Thorpe  
Photo Editor  
Ben Muldrow  
Graphics Editor  
Nikki La  
Rocque  
Asst. Viewpoints

Regina Green  
Asst. News  
Jessica Nash  
Asst. Features  
Jeff Nicholson  
Asst. Photo  
Adam Synder  
Office Manager  
Jason Jeffers  
Cartoonist

Melissa Sellers  
Online Editor  
Laura Day  
Creative Director  
Marilyn  
Edwards Taylor  
Marketing Director  
Erik Collins  
Faculty Advisor

The Gamecock is the student newspaper of the University of South Carolina and is published on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday during the Fall and Spring semesters, with the exception of university holidays and exams periods.  
Opinions expressed in The Gamecock are those of the editors or the 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.

## LETTERS POLICY

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