

The Gamecock

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IN OUR OPINION

Legislators, not voters, should decide Blue Laws

It's May and the Blue Law bill of November is still confusing legislators.

Last November, a bill to lift the Blue Laws, which keep stores closed until 1:30 p.m. on Sundays, was put to a vote in 42 counties. Forty-one of these counties voted to keep the laws.

After the election, a circuit court judge put a restraining order on the results. He said the bill's wording was confusing. Law makers said their constituents did not understand the bill so the vote favored keeping Blue Laws.

The state House of Representatives plans to introduce a bill to overrule the vote of the "confused" constituents. This bill would allow businesses to open earlier on Sundays in several counties.

The bill would rely on legislators' interpretation of the vote.

It is ironic that the legislators are suppose to be the voice of the people.

We live in a representative democracy. The people elect officials and then the officials vote on policy.

If a voter agrees with an official, then they can vote for them. If they don't agree with a candidate, then they can vote for another candidate.

Politicians are becoming increasingly wary of strong beliefs and convictions. Their concerns are becoming focused on election and re-election.

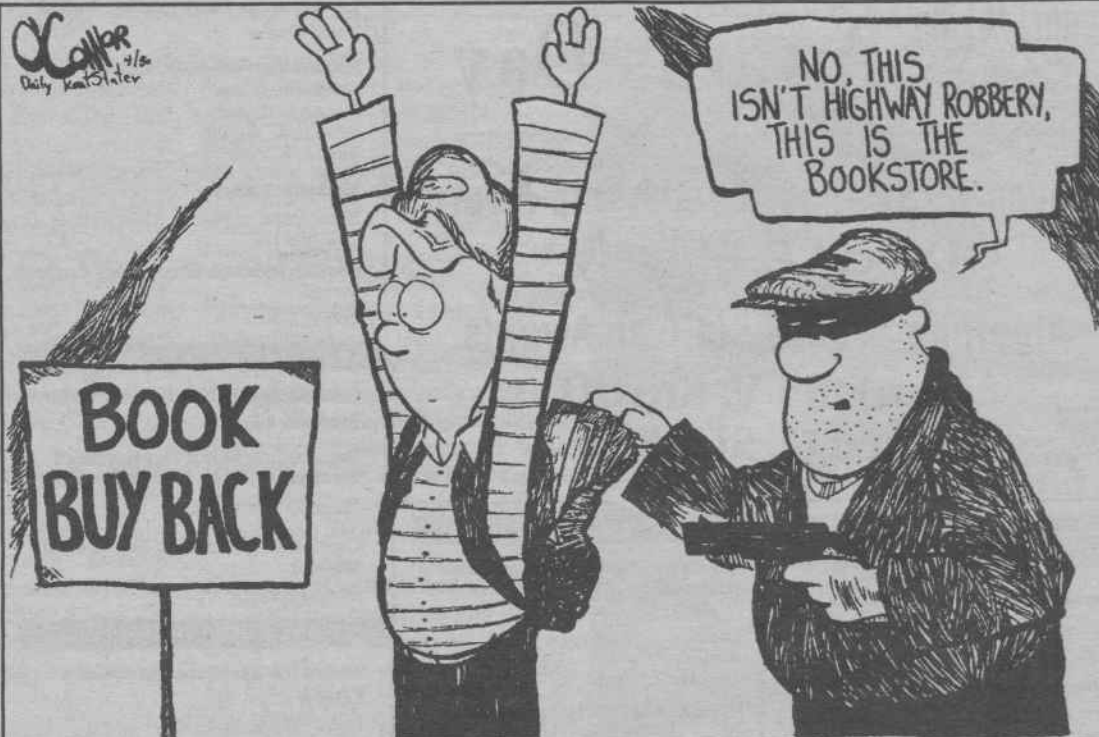
The concern with re-election makes many of our politicians fence-riders.

Our state legislators took their desire to keep all sides happy to an extreme last November when six bills were placed on the ballot.

These were all bills that should not have gone to ballot. No bills should have gone to ballot.

It is the job of our representatives to represent us and vote. We elect them to make decisions. They should make them.

Politicians should be less concerned with re-election and more concerned with doing the job that they were elected to do.



Quote, Unquote

"I can tell this class nothing of tragedy, oh thunderstruck class. You had Coppin State."

Pat Conroy, commencement speaker to the Class of '97

Fairies blamed for mischief

NIKKI LAROQUE

columnist

We're not alone on this campus, I tell you. Maybe you think we are because you never see them, but just because you can't see something doesn't mean it doesn't exist.

I don't think it's weird that you've never seen them, even in the spring when it's so obvious. I mean, we're all practically grown-up. We want grades we can live with, our honeys not to cheat on us, a fun social life filled with friends and beer, and for our roommates to just wash the dishes once, please, for God's sake, just wash the dishes one fricking time.

These things may seem shallow, but they're not. We want to change and save the world. We work for free (community service) and fight for free and get on our different soapboxes. We are well on our way to becoming grown-ups.

So it doesn't surprise me that few and far between know they're here. It's rare that a person speaks of them to me. Usually, I must mention them, and then, people say, "Oh yes, of course." Then, they give me the once-over, and suddenly, they have work to do, bye!

But they are here. Do you think none came over from the Old Country? You think just because they're little they don't have some idea of adventure and hopped on a boat bound for America?

Take a walk from the back of Woodrow toward the bridge crossing Pendleton Street.

You know all the ivy covering the ground? That's their favorite spot. It's where most of them live. They hide underneath the leaves, and you could glimpse at them when the wind blows the ivy up so you can see the underside, but they're way too quick, and when the wind blows like that, all they do is stand stiff and straight so it looks like you're looking at the underside of the ivy. Pretty sneaky, huh?

The way I knew they were underneath the ivy was this: When spring came, the azaleas bloomed all over the place around the Horseshoe, great big bushes of azaleas. Well, then tell me this: How did one wee offshoot find it's way into the middle of all that ivy if the little folks themselves didn't pick it up and put it there, eh?

They wander all over campus at night causing mischief, but only when they're trashed. You think elves don't like a cup or two of the good stuff? It's so easy to spot their work, too. When you wake up one morning after having passed out at 3 a.m. to find shaving cream all over your face and your roommates laughingly swearing they didn't do it, that was the wee ones. They did it.

Do you honestly think it was a student who threw a snowball last year and hit Dr. Palms' window? Hell no,

that was a frost fairy who sent a little spin on the snowballs course.

But not all of the green people get drunk and mischievous. That would be like saying all frat boys get drunk and cause trouble. Have you ever looked around the campus on an early April night when the dogwoods are just blooming their sweet white blossoms? Have you ever seen the dryad who guards these trees? Of course not, she looks just like them with blossom-white skin, green eyes and curly hair the color of the bark. She's the one who coaxes them to bloom. Thank her, not the warm weather.

Do you know where the fairies go to die? Behind the Grand Marketplace. When their time is up and they want to be done with life quickly, they don't jump off of Humanities building or let the stray cats get them. They just go behind the GMP, take one whiff of that toxic smell and presto! They're destined for Fairy Heaven, which is a lot like Never-Never Land. You're a student, you know what Never-Never Land is. It's that magical place where procrastination is a way of life and deadlines don't exist.

Now, in order to see the little people, all you have to do is not forget the way to fairy land. I asked a friend if she remembered the way, and she looked at me quizzically and said, "Nikki, you're on crack." I gasped. How did the hell she know?

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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 and five times during the summer 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.

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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 333.

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