

The Gamecock

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IN OUR OPINION

Tailgating causes drunk driving

One can just feel the excitement in the air. This Saturday, the surest sign that school has started will arrive.

They will come from Florida, central Florida to be exact. These boys will want to tear our Gamecocks to pieces. They'll want to rip and shred us.

We'll kill them. Ah yes, football is here. The American tradition, the icon of southern youth.

Perhaps even bigger than the game itself is the sister of football, that practice of fried chicken eating and beer guzzling, all done in the vicinity of wherever one parks. It's time to tailgate.

Students will flock to the stadium Saturday in order to do some serious tailgating (in plainer terms, drinking). Perhaps the most popular place for students is Tallyho, where many Greek fraternities set up their colored tents, which shade food and drinks for everyone.

THE TOPIC

Tallyho!

OUR OPINION

USC should provide public transportation for students

Tallyho is probably the most socially important event each week during the football season.

However, since the stadium is so far from campus, students do not walk to Tallyho, like they might walk to Five Points. Everyone drives. Nearly everyone drinks. The odds of

being able to find a sober ride home are slim. Tallyho is almost a written invitation to students to drink and drive.

The university should have public transportation for students to the football games. Call it Shuttlecock magnified, but there is a real need for transportation. Not only would it cut down on parking problems, but it would also ensure a safe way home for inebriated students.

It would also give a ride to students who don't own a car, whether or not they intend to drink. Why should students not be able to attend their own football games simply for lack of transportation?

Affordable airfare leaves with Air South

Air South Airlines went bankrupt last month, officially shut down last week, and moved out of the Columbia Airport, according to an article in The State Thursday. With this shutdown went not only affordable fares, but jobs as well. Granted, the Columbia-based airline wasn't the creme de la creme of airlines, but it served its purpose in an affordable fashion. With a large number of out-of-state students attending USC, it was a relief to know one could fly home for a reasonable price.

Failure certainly isn't deterring Columbia's desire for a home-based airline. Rumor has it that Southwest Airlines, out of Dallas, is considering planting its roots in Columbia.

Hopefully, Southwest Airlines will settle here.

If Southwest Airlines did move into the Columbia area, the city would be able to house someone in

THE TOPIC

Air South's closure

OUR OPINION

Another affordable airline should settle in Columbia

the newly renovated airport, which would certainly please the taxpayers who financed the whole project.

It's going to be tough to sell Columbia to Southwest, mainly because Columbia's located between Charlotte and Atlanta, home to

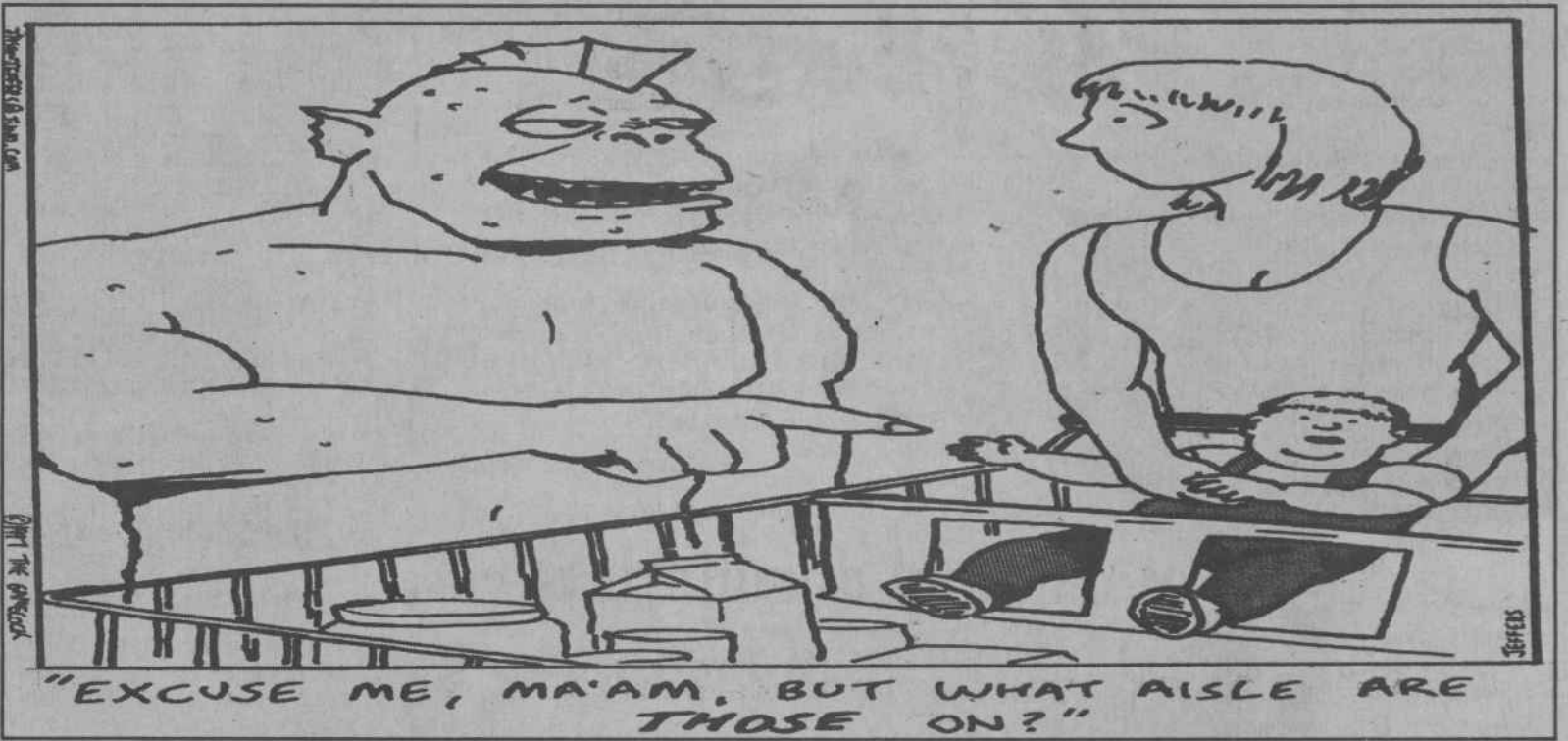
U.S. Air and Delta, respectively.

Columbia has the facilities and the need for an affordable airline. Let's face it, flying anywhere these days is getting out of hand. Simply put, it's too expensive.

Affordability was Air South's saving grace. As a city, we must cross our fingers and hope that Southwest will expand to Columbia.

It would bring new jobs and added income and yes, lower air fares.

Maybe then students and city residents alike will be able to travel home without taking a small loan from the bank to do it.



Quote, Unquote

"My mom always told me, 'You always have enough chiefs, but not enough Indians.'"

Darren Hambrick, senior linebacker about senior leadership on the football team

Abortion arguments can be non-religious

KATHLEEN MCCORMICK
Columnist

The university was treated to three lectures by Helen Alvaré, an expert in pro-life issues who represents the national Conference of Catholic Bishops Wednesday.

I attended the lectures entitled "Respect for Life: A Radical Proposition?" and "The Third Millennium: Who Will be Free to Live?"

Yes, they were heavy topics. The issues of euthanasia, capital punishment and abortion are ones of life and death and lend themselves to fierce debate. Nevertheless, I enjoyed the talks, in the way we enjoy anything that challenges us to think, that makes us question our convictions. I was, therefore, surprised to find that few students (who are, of course, ever eager to experience intellectual rigor) attended.

Did you find Alvaré's position in the Catholic Church daunting? I'll admit, I had a small chip on my shoulder. Just a splinter, really, before I heard her speak. I was afraid she would support her views by spouting scripture. And, if truth be told, she did get a little Catholic on me (and I'm a member of the Church since birth). At one point in the second lecture, she lapsed into a pep talk that could only be appreciated by the Catholic members of the audience, saying, "The Catholic moment is now!"

Still, this was no sermon. Rather than depend upon her faith to support her opinions, Alvaré appealed to a property she calls our "natural reason." This is the part of us that searches for the truth, the part that asks questions about life and death. Alvaré wants us to use our natural reason to decide who deserves to live and who doesn't, rather than allowing our emotion to resolve the issues we face.

I found several points in her lectures to be particularly intriguing.

Capital punishment does not serve its own purpose, she argued. I've often heard people quoted, after the perpetrator of some heinous crime has been put to death, as saying something like, "Now he'll never do this to anyone else." Well, that's true. But Alvaré wants us to consider this — he couldn't commit the crime again anyway if he spent his life in prison. Therefore, capital punishment is not necessary as an instrument of self-defense.

Legalized assisted suicide opens many cans of writhing, tangled worms was another argument. One example Alvaré cited to show the dangers of accepting euthanasia was especially absurd: a woman sued to have doctors let her husband (from whom she was estranged, who had been badly injured, die by discontinuing his food supply. The man partially recovered, and is

actually able to move around in his wheelchair. His case that would deny him food, however, is still being appealed!

Another argument — the elderly oppose assisted suicide more than other age groups. Plus, African-Americans and Hispanic-Americans are also generally against legalized euthanasia. Ms. Alvaré feels that this is an issue of power. The elderly and groups that do not hold most of the power in society may feel that they will be targeted, encouraged to give up their lives when they become an inconvenience.

Yet another point — the issue of power is also, as we know, the driving force behind pro-abortion sentiment. Feminists in groups such as the National Organization for Women believe that abortion is essential for women to gain power in the public arena. However, it seems that it is those who already have the power who support abortion.

White males aged 35-44 are the most likely to call themselves pro-choice with respect to abortion. Those who call themselves pro-life are more likely to be black or Hispanic mothers with comparatively little formal education. Doesn't it seem that they should be the ones demanding more power? Could it be that they are in touch with something more important?

Of all the important points Alvaré brought up, the most poignant one for me came out of a discussion Thursday

morning over breakfast with Lever and the Carolina Scholars at Dr. Palms' house. Alvaré mentioned the fact that feminism was not always obsessed with abortion.

Such notables as Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Susan B. Anthony felt it out of line with their feminist values. In fact, it doesn't concern feminists today as much as NOW and similar groups would like us to think. Ms. magazine, that bastion of pro-abortion propaganda, conducted a survey of their readers to determine what they felt were the most pertinent feminist issues. Abortion came in dead last. The readers felt that issues concerning the trials of juggling children and other interests were much more important.

I did not come out of Alvaré's lectures completely prepared to jump on her bandwagon. I am not sure that I can agree with her emphasis on capital punishment. Not that I don't agree with her. I do think the practice should be discontinued. But, I'm not sure it's worth pursuing the right to life for the few criminals who are executed each year when 4,200 babies die by abortion every day.

Ms. Alvaré gave me some things to think about, though, and I feel privileged to have been among her audience. Dr. Donald Jones and the others who had a hand in bringing her to our campus should be commended.

Fun for the family does not include jetskiing

WILLESIA LAKIN
Columnist

Around 11 p.m. on a bustling, crammed street, a handful of young, African-American women were strolling down the sidewalk.

Taking a look at the attire they were wearing, one glance would have made anyone believe they were "Ladies of the Night."

A dark car with a few young guys in it stopped at a red light, saw the women, and began flagging them down. The women stopped for a moment, looked at the young guys inside and kept walking. However, a few seconds later, one of them decided to come up to the car.

Wearing a white halter, very, very short shorts and a cheap weave, she approached the vehicle and leaned into it. The darkness covered them, but one could see her pulling her top down just enough for one of the men inside to do more than take a peek.

This summarized my "wild" Labor Day vacation with my family to Virginia Beach. Now, I thank God that as a college student living at home, I am able to take family trips over the weekend. This trip, however, turned into more than just an ordinary family trip. This was our first long, new U.S.

trip since I took my big college trip last July. It was also the first long trip with my soon-to-be 2-year-old (going on 21) niece, Sarah, which would prove to make the trip a dream come true and a living nightmare all in the same weekend.

Since this was everyone's first experience with Virginia Beach, we weren't sure about what to expect. A friend of mine traveled often with her quiet and rather conservative family, so I wasn't expecting the Myrtle Beach atmosphere when we arrived.

I was expecting what one sees on a peaceful trip to Hilton Head, S.C. — perfect families of four, sprawling landscaped resorts and old folks looking for the nearest golf course. I liked it that way.

As for my "sprawling resort" expectation, my dream became a reality. We stayed at The Cavalier, consisting of two separate hotels: a high-rise on the oceanfront where we stayed, and a haunted-looking mansion-like hotel across the street. Between the tow was a magnificent landscaping of the word "Cavalier" on the sloping hill of the inland hotel.

Of course, you always know you're at a top-quality resort when all of the employees are great looking.

This hotel was a sight for sore eyes after a day of traffic jams and the

wirdest people we'd ever seen. Residents reassured us this was not a typical weekend at Virginia Beach. We had to blame, in part, the American Music Festival held that weekend for bringing in the crowds.

We endured a full day (and night) of all these strange and new things in what I called "sin city," but nothing could have prepared me for what I would endure the next day.

The day we arrived, I noticed a water sports center ad, and I wanted to try jet-skiing. For a few years now, I longed to try what appears to be a simple watercraft to operate. As I approached the small wooden hutch with my mom to sign up, I was a bit nervous. It was 1 p.m., and my appointment was at 3 p.m. As we ate lunch at a waterfront seafood restaurant, I got to check out what I would be doing in a couple of hours.

"That looks like so much fun," I said. "I can't wait."

When I returned I was even more nervous than before. I saddled in and followed the rest of the group out onto the marina and into the Atlantic. I was doing pretty well, and I noticed I did have trouble steering, but overlooked it and gained speed. We were just off the Virginia coast, and I stopped the engine for a minute to gauge my

bearings.

I looked behind me to see the back of my ski smoking. "Is that supposed to happen?" I thought. As I turned back to restart the engine, the wave runner began to slowly tip to the right. And I fell in. Unfortunately for me, the other skiers were much further out to sea than I realized.

Some people believe life jackets are unnecessary and bothersome, but as a non-swimmer, my life jacket lived up to its name.

I was more embarrassed than hurt. Our 30 minutes on the water was about up, and as I climbed into the guide's boat and cruised back to the pier, I pondered on what had happened. I never thought one day I would be crying for help on the Atlantic. "This was not worth \$55, cuts, soreness, and ruining my hair," I thought. My mind flashed to those "Rescue 911"-type shows about people facing death. For a few seconds out on the water, I became one of those people.

Needless to say, my trip went downhill, as far as the excitement level. We spent Labor Day driving through rain to different shopping malls in the area and spent another six hours home.

Trying new things is not my cup of tea, but that weekend was jammed with new faces and new experiences.

VOICES

"What are you doing for the first football game this Saturday?"



"The bros will be tailgating at the strip." Roderik DuBose



"I'm going to Tallyho." David Hurst



"I'm going behind the stadium with food and drinks." Kara Jones

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

Chris Dixon
Editor in Chief
Adam Synder
Managing Editor
Nikki LaRocque
Viewpoints Editor
Rosalind Harvey
News Editor
Sara Ladenheim
News Editor, Design
Marcus Amaker
Features Editor
Achim Hunt
Bryan Johnston
Sports Editor
Ben Pillow

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How to reach us

The Gamecock
Editor (803) 777-3914
News 777-7726
ETC. 777-3913
Viewpoints 777-7726
Sports 777-7182
Online 777-3913
Advertising 777-1184
Classified 777-1184
Fax 777-6482
Central Office 777-3888

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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 letters for style, possible libel or space limitations. Names will not be withheld for any circumstance.