## WPOINTS

QUOTE, UNQUOTE

'I'm extremely honored by the governor's faith in me to help lead this university.

Darla Moore, appointed to USC's Board Of Trustees

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Wednesday, June 9, 1999

**The Gamecock** 

The Gamecock

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TAKE OUR WORD

## Proposed zoning discriminatory

The area between Five Points and USC might see zoning changes in the near future that would ban private student housing. Landlords are concerned this might strip students of convenient and affordable housing.

The city wants this section of Columbia to return to the community of sin-

gle-family houses that they say existed before students began moving into the area.

Residents in this part of town, as well as all residents of Columbia, knew the area around the university and Five Points would be swallowed up by students. Why is the city now raising an eyebrow to this part of town?

The influx of students is not a new phenomenon, nor is it terribly harmful to Columbia. The truth is, USC students have contributed to the prosperity of this city for a long time. Denying them cheap and convenient hous-

TOPIC The proposed zoning change between USC

> and Five Points **OUR OPINION**

Denying students inexpensive housing is discrimination in its purest form.

ors students and up-

Planners seem to be more concerned with getting families with steady incomes into these zones. It's discrimination in its purest form.

ing is absurd - espe-

cially if it's for the

simple sake of getting

homeowners to re-

turn to a section of

the city's main argu-

ment, why are some

of the city's oldest

houses being used as

college dormitories?

For years, the Horse-

shoe has housed hon-

If preservation is

The city must not realize how many problems they could create by passing this measure. It's difficult as it is to find housing or parking near campus. With these proposed changes, parking and housing will become much more difficult to find - for students and homeowners alike.



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 eight 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

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## Scholarship worth more than money

hen I was 16, I lost my father to alcoholism. At the time, I didn't think anything worthwhile could possibly come from

**BRAD WALTERS** columnist

such a great loss, but it's funny how things change.

As senior in high school, I was thumbing through The Greenville News one day, and happened to

see this little

news brief buried in one of the community sections. The piece announced that the James F. Byrnes Scholarship was available to South Carolinians who had lost one or both of their parents.

For some reason I can't fathom now, I almost disregarded it. But I read over it once more, wrote the mailing address down and sent off for an application.

When I came to Columbia to interview for the scholarship a few weeks later, I was extremely nervous, and I imagine it showed. When the interview was finished, the foundation's board of directors told me that I did well just to get to the interview and that they wished they had more scholarships to give out. Needless to say, I wasn't exactly sure whether I "I was able to talk for the first time about the ordeal of losing my father to people who knew exactly how I was feeling."

had gotten the scholarship.

But two weeks later, I got a letter in the mail announcing I had indeed received a scholarship. With that letter came a list of three requirements for being a scholar: we had to attend a luncheon each June, we had to attend a dinner each October and we had to go on a yearly retreat to Garden City Beach with the other scholars in March.

When I saw this at first, I wondered why in the world we would have these requirements. Believe me, I wasn't complaining one bit; I just wasn't quite sure what all these get-togethers would add to the value of the scholarship.

The first two events (the luncheon and dinner) gave me a taste of what being a Byrnes Scholar is like, but "Super Weekend" in Garden City is where I first saw the true awe of being in this group.

My excitement for the first "Super Weekend" was tempered by the fact that I still only knew a small handful of the

There would be many there I did not know, including 18 or so from my scholarship class, about 50 from the other scholarship classes and countless alumni.

By the end of that weekend, though, I felt closer to the group than I had ever felt, and I had made friendships that would last a lifetime. How did it happen? I can't explain it; it would be impossible to try to talk about the entire experience and its value in such a short amount of

During "Super Weekend," I was able to talk for the first time about the ordeal of losing my father to people who knew exactly how I was feeling. Walking along the beach, I thought of the summers I went with my dad to Garden City and how happy he'd be for me if he were around to see this.

The moments of introspection (while invaluable) were few and far between that weekend, though.

I was too busy having fun with members from my class and with the group as a whole.

I hesitate to make this comparison, but the Byrnes Scholars is like a big fraternity in a lot of ways — only you don't have to follow any ridiculous hazing rituals or social guidelines to be accepted. As a matter of fact, "family" would be a

SCHOLARSHIP continued on page 6