

You hate us in the fall and spring. Are we just better in the summer? Write us. GCKVIEWS@SC.EDU

VIEWSPOINTS

"The \$2.5 million will not make us world-class, but it is a beginning."

John Palms, USC president

The Gamecock

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TAKE OUR WORD

Cameras should go in all campus garages

Students coming back to school this fall might feel more secure when parking their cars, as cameras have been installed on every level of the Blossom Street parking garage.

But now that video surveillance has been set up throughout the garage, the burden falls again on the USC Police Department to make sure the cameras are put to good use.

People who park their cars in the garage should be able to breath a sigh of relief and know that if something is done to their car or to them, chances are it will be seen by the police as it happens. The USCPD must stay on top of what goes on in the garage by constantly monitoring the cameras.

The university should turn its efforts toward getting other garages on campus wired with surveillance cameras. If criminals know their actions

TOPIC

USCPD has placed cameras on all levels of Blossom Street Garage.

OUR OPINION

It's a good start, but coverage needs to expand to all garages.

might be on tape, it will stop most of the vandalism and other crimes from happening.

As USC's law enforcement and safety director Ernie Ellis said, "it's a process that comes with a price tag." But if the university is raking in millions of dollars for research, surely a

few thousand here and there can go toward the safety of those who do its research. The money spent on adding cameras to every level of every campus garage will make the police's job easier, and perhaps people won't be scared to walk out to their cars anymore.

And besides, the money spent on putting cameras in all garages probably wouldn't be any more than the value of all the goods stolen from people's cars if the garages don't get cameras.



Smells of Coker bring back memories

While taking a shortcut to campus through the Coker Life Sciences building one day, I was greeted



KEVIN LANGSTON
columnist

with a familiar smell. The smell reminded me of the old high school weight room. I knew that smell so vividly because I had spent almost three years of my

high school existence in that room. It was the smell of metal and sweat.

There I was, in the Coker Life Sciences Building, and I was thinking about the weight room. Needless to say, my memories of that weight room were not pleasant. Oddly enough, I remember the first time I walked into that weight room. It was the summer before I was to become a high school freshman.

After weeks of pressure, I was going into that weight room to begin lifting for my first season as a football player. Growing up a big kid, it was seemingly in the stars for me to play football. I had the size, but that's about all I had. I wasn't aggressive enough. I wasn't strong enough. I wasn't fast enough. I was big enough. But that was about it.

So there I was, a stranger to those parts, and I was thrusting myself into a game I had only interacted with as a spectator. Why was I doing this? I had no idea. It seemed to me that everyone had made this choice but me. I didn't

want to do it, but for some reason I felt obligated to try it out.

I'll never forget my mom waking me up at six in the morning on August 1, the first day of summer practice. In dread of what I had to face when I awoke, it had taken me a long time to get to sleep the night before. This was the first day of a long season. I hadn't even strapped on my pads, and I knew I was going to hate football. But I went. I was the only rising freshman to show up for day one of football practice. I knew this was going to be a long and painful day. I had no idea.

Our head coach gathered us all in the practice room before we were to begin. He gave us some speech about how the chain is only as strong as its weakest link or something. Looking back, no high school coach ever dazzled me with a speech. It seemed as though they had all taken a class on what to say to us. I just wasn't motivated by his words. It was going to take more than "this is an uphill battle, and we are hitting that hill with a running start" to inspire me. But I didn't quit.

I always felt like I was playing for somebody other than myself. I was supposed to do it for my teammates, do it for my coach, do it for my high school. I was never supposed to do it for myself. All that I put myself through was never supposed to be for me.

That first day of practice was my vision of what Hell would be like. From 8 to 11:30 in the morning, we were always moving. We had to run everywhere. There would be no walking on that practice field. We couldn't bend over in exhaustion. We were running, jumping, yelling, squatting, diving, rolling, aching

and hitting for three and a half straight hours. If we were going to throw up, we had to throw up standing straight up. That was the rule.

I was dead tired when I got home. I just wanted to sleep the rest of the day, but I knew if I slept I would waste away the rest of the day. I wanted to cherish every moment I had away from that practice field. If this was my first-day mentality, why did I keep playing for three more years?

In recollection, I can tell you why I stuck it out. I was there because of the people I was playing with. I did care about the friends I made while playing for my high school. For the most part, I didn't get along with all my teammates, but some saving graces were on that team, and I will never forget them. I will always be proud to say I played alongside them. It was these people who I joked with and carried on with while the game was going on. We would cheer for each other when we finally saw playing time, and we would cheer for the team through every tough loss. We had a common bond, and we celebrated it with every practice and every game. None of us were truly cut out for football. We stuck around to say we did it together.

We knew there was no football existence for us beyond high school. It might not have been pretty, and it might not have been fun, but we had each other. Out of the majority of players we had from season to season, a small group of us were there just for the ride. Yes, we dreaded practice, but I think everyone hated practice. Yes, the coach didn't do much for our inspiration, but we played under him anyway. We played for each other. We played for ourselves.



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