

THE GAMECOCK

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IN OUR OPINION

Don't put criminals, liars up on pedestals

Why is society lionizing people who break the law?

Here are the stories of a crook and a perjurer. The crook, a 63-year-old millionaire with a knack for making things out of pine cones, was convicted for lying to investigators about why she sold ImClone stock just before the stock price plummeted. She served five months in a federal penitentiary in West Virginia.

After she got out, Martha Stewart's stock rose dramatically in the public eye.

Meanwhile, hip hop star Kim Jones, a.k.a. Lil' Kim, lied to a federal grand jury — and lied again during the high-profile trial that followed — about what she saw during a 2001 shooting outside a New York radio station.

She appeared in this week's edition of Newsweek after she was sentenced to 366 days in federal prison. She began serving her sentence on Monday.

"I admire Martha," Newsweek quoted Jones as saying. Why?

And the even more disturbing question: Who will be next to claim that they admire Lil' Kim, and the fortitude with which she weathered the consequences for breaking the law?

Several flattering shots of Jones accompanied the story, as if the writer were profiling a philanthropist or a Nobel Prize winner.

There's nothing admirable about people such as Stewart or Jones. They're liars, not role models, and they paid the price for their misdeeds.

(As an aside to Lil' Kim: You think you felt violated when, during the 1999 Video Music Awards, you had your breast grabbed by Diana Ross? Wait until you meet your new cell mate, Diana Hoss.)

No criminal, degenerate or liar should be adulated, no matter how wholesome and delicious her cooking or bootylicious her music.

IT'S YOUR RIGHT

Exercise your right to voice your opinion. Create message boards at www.dailygamecock.com or send letters to the editor to gamecockopinions@gwm.sc.edu



CORRECTIONS

If you see an error in today's paper, we want to know. E-mail us at gamecockopinions@gwm.sc.edu.

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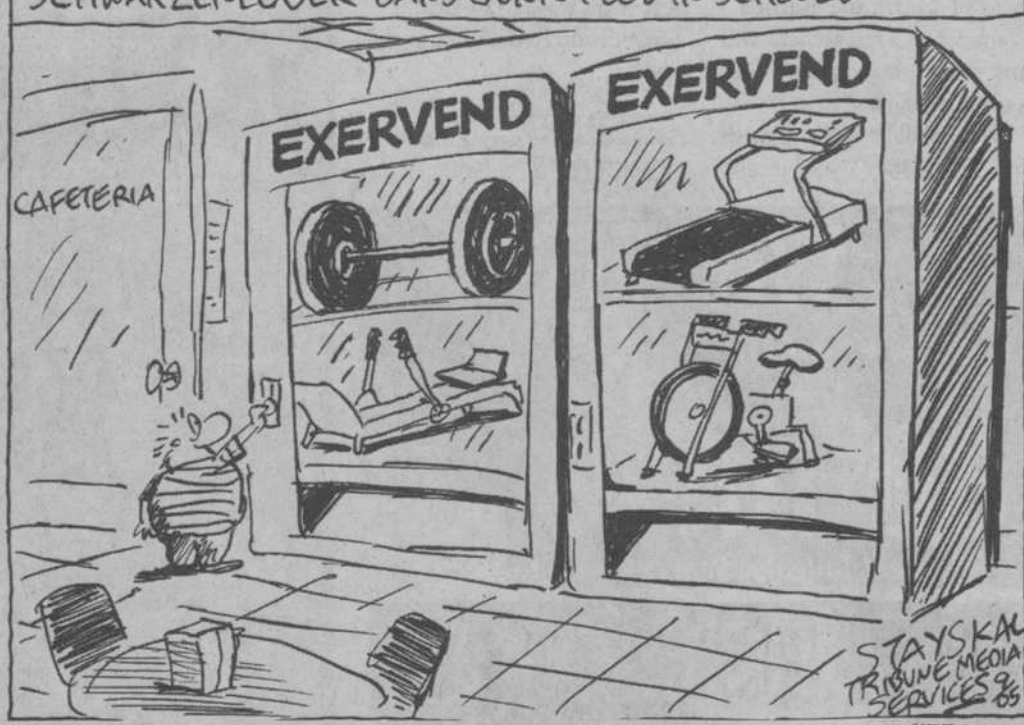
THE GAMECOCK is the editorially independent student newspaper of the University of South Carolina. It is published Monday, Wednesday and Friday during the fall and spring semesters and nine times during the summer, with the exception of university holidays and exam periods. Opinions expressed in THE 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 the newspaper's parent organization. THE GAMECOCK is supported in part by student-activity fees. One free copy per reader. Additional copies may be purchased for \$1 each from the Department of Student Media.

TO PLACE AN AD

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Classified: 777-1184
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SCHWARZENEGGER BANS JUNK FOOD IN SCHOOLS



Cartoon courtesy of KRT Campus

Bring back old-school art of secret admirers

USC students should leave behind shyness, win crushes' affection

I have a crush. No, not a can of a somewhat obscure brand of orange soda. An awkward, unexplainable and somewhat infectious attraction to someone.

Shocking, I know. The guy who developed a reputation last year as "that kid who writes columns about girls and his mom and stuff" is writing about having a crush on someone. What's next, the Sports section is going to start printing articles about Steve Spurrier? So predictable.

So back to that crush. Ask anyone who's ever been hurt, i.e. anyone — crushes are very, very bad things. How can anyone possibly convince themselves that a "crush" or "falling" for someone is a good thing? Sounds like a bad omen to me, using words that imply pain and unfortunate accidents to describe romance. It's almost as encouraging as seeing a doctor who refers to his work as "practice."

I have crushes all the time. What makes this crush so juicy that I've chosen to dedicate an entire column to its existence? Well, this girl I have a crush on — I've never met or spoken to her.

Before you start calling me



CHASE STOUDENMIRE

Second-year history student

creepy and checking my criminal history, allow me to explain. If you pay attention, you'll notice that you 'run into a lot of the same faces on your walks to and from class each day. Sure, you see hundreds of people a day on campus, but I'll bet you remember the pretty ones.

It's not my fault that last year a really cute girl happened to live in my dorm, frequently dine at the Russell House or be instantly recognizable from a distance thanks to some oversized sunglasses. I guess it's like having a crush on a celebrity, except I'm far more likely to meet this person than, say, Kate Beckinsale.

How do you approach someone and say, "Hi, I think you're quite adorable" without totally creeping them out? In short, you can't.

Looks like I'm going to have to base my entire game plan on the hope that one day I'll hop on the elevator at Gambrell, find myself standing in a 100-cubic-foot room along with this mystery woman, when the elevator will become stuck, forcing us to have a remarkably deep and insightful conversation

while we await rescue.

Hey, it could happen.

Who am I kidding? Mystery woman? That's what we called them before we had Facebook. If I had some guts, after I memorized her every interest, I could just ask any of the 16 friends we have in common to put in a good word.

I'll tell you what Facebook is missing — the ability to send anonymous messages. That's right. We need to bring back the lost art of the secret admirer.

They were so much fun! You remember walking around the classroom, trying to see whose handwriting matched the little note you found all folded up in your desk. Unfortunately, secret admirers have faded away.

Some people say we've just grown up. I disagree. We're just more scared. All this time and we've done nothing but evolve into much larger, hairier secret admirers.

So right now, I'm announcing a great crusade — a call to arms. Guys, we're going to do something about all these crushes.

We're not going to wait until the last week of class to tell the girl in our government class that she's been distracting us all semester. For all we know, she thinks we're Mr. Cool Pants.

Now, if you'll excuse me, I've got an elevator to catch.

IN YOUR OPINION

Fans abandon game, show lack of spirit

I've never had a big problem with exercise-science students, but one thing in the past day has bothered me. I am confused, Mr. Benson, as to why you would call out the band for trying to exhibit some school spirit ("Cute' chant change drags USC's spirits," Wednesday) when we outnumber the student section at the end of the game and when we devote our time and talent during the week and weekends to the betterment of school spirit.

Perhaps, Mr. Benson, you would like to perform a service to school spirit and have your peers berate you. If you would like, during the Troy game this weekend, come on up and tell all 300 of us how you feel about our music. I'm sure we can all have a nice discussion. We will probably tell you about

how the words to those songs were changed years ago or how when we get new songs we are told to change the words by the cheerleaders or administration.

But all clever Gamecock cheers aside, I can't recall the last time words came out of my horn while I was playing a stand tune. One other thing — the song that Alabama fans were cheering is one they yell whenever they beat a team, and it goes a little something like this, "Hey mascot, hey mascot, hey mascot, we're gonna beat the hell out of you!" I believe they call it the "Rammer Jammer."

You want to talk about embarrassments — let's talk about how the stands looked during the fourth quarter or, rather, the Grand Exodus. I submit to you that the cheers of euphoric Alabama fans might have been inaudible had our devoted fans still

been there, let alone cheering. It is a shame for a section of Alabama fans to be louder than multiple sections full of students — well, not so full, I guess.

Hey, I'll level with you here, Jeb. If the band embarrasses you that much, we just won't show up anymore, then there really won't be anyone left in the stands after those losing games.

I know I have better things to do with my time on Saturdays than be unappreciated by a few fans who have no idea what they are talking about.

NICHOLAS ANNAN

Second-year business student

Submission Policy

Letters to the editor should be less than 300 words and include name, phone number, professional title or year and major, if a student. E-mail letters to gamecockopinions@gwm.sc.edu. Letters will be edited. Anonymous letters will not be published. Call the newsroom at 777-7726 for more information.

Grads breed new grade of educated undergrads

Next time you see a grad student, give him or her a big wet kiss

You see them daily. The shiftless. The hopeless. The lost. The damned. They are usually in classes early, waiting at the front or among you. They live and they breathe, and they are here to stay. They are strange beasts with many strange habits.



AARON BRAZIER

Second-year history student

They are graduate students.

My personal theory, which comes from years of observation of their mating habits and general attempts to feed, is that they breed in the library.

I theorize there are huts made from piles upon piles of carefully selected books.

Within these huts, the grad students produce new generations by a two-stage process. First, kidnapping a senior undergraduate. Second, there is the process of osmosis of knowledge, bitterness and manic depression into the unfortunate chosen undergraduate. It's a vicious spiral that will never end.

Yes, these fellows are poor fools who decided that a bachelor's degree just will not satisfy. They are the guys and girls at USC who bridge an unbridgeable gap in classes between the professor and the undergrad.

I love grad students, mainly because the ones I've spoken to have a great sense of humor about the subjects they focus on. My sanity has been restored in many classes by their efforts to boil down ideas to manageable, bite-sized chunks. Aren't they nice?

The typical grad student invests a lot of time at our university, and, in so many ways, we take advantage of it.

You want someone to teach an intro course? Get a grad student. What about those fantastic lab sessions dealing with 20 confused liberal-arts students? Super grad to the rescue.

I know one grad student who spent three hours a week with one senior undergrad to help him pass his math requirement.

That's the same amount of time that any professor teaching a MWF course does in lecture. People even take advantage of these grad students.

And what do they get for it? A pat on the back, a low paycheck and mixed nightmares — sometimes excluding a paycheck.

The next time you're in class with a grad student, go kiss them on the cheek.

I don't propose this method to say thanks, but more to show grad students human life exists beyond thousands of pages of reading or countless equations. Go on, I dare you.

Online Poll

Do you agree with Governor Schwarzenegger's decision to remove vending machines from schools?