In today’s issue is a special section on drugs. One of the stories concerns a faculty member who sells drugs. The investigative team tracked down this individual over a three month period.

Instead of being an indictment against the USC faculty, this article should point out the depth of the problem as far as drugs are concerned. Out of a community of 800 people it is not unusual to find at least one person involved in some sort of illegal activity.

Before this issue was printed, we talked to Dr. Jones and other administration officials. These people are aware of the problem and concerned with it. They are also concerned with the welfare of the students and the University community. They are willing to attack and solve the problem, but they have no course of action.

This state has done nothing in the past to get to the roots of the problem, the high schools. If you think amphetamines are bad, even when used just to get through exams, what about the high school that works? How is it to get high? High schools have a greater use of LSD and other hallucinogens than colleges or universities.

Drug use is like alcoholism. We don’t understand it, so we condemn it. Most of us agree that an occasional joint is not so bad. Maybe an amp before exams is all right. But, what do we draw the line? What do we do for the guy who can’t stop with doing it occasionally?

No one seems to have the answer. But, as the problems worsen, the answer will get harder to find. Does anyone have a constructive program? Bust the occasional user solves nothing. There are too many of them. Pushers are replaced as fast as they are lost. Most pushers are doing it temporarily anyway, just for some quick money or friends.

Illegal drugs only complicate the problem. An overdose is easy. A rip-off is common. The horror stories are funny, because they will never happen to me.

And so, it is a vicious circle. Instead of help those who need it receive only condemnation. Fat financers get rich off our hardships. Our best friends become speed freaks, or OD and we worry, but do nothing to help them. How do you separate the potential addict from the guy who is just doing it for kicks? Which one are you?

Share a book
Manning Correctional Institute may soon have its library.

The Carolina Community has shown great enthusiasm for this project by donating many volumes on various subjects.

Reid H. Montgomery Jr. has done and is doing an outstanding job in heading this drive. And for his contribution of college level books to the institution we congratulate him.

This is truly a worthwhile project and one that each students can participate in. Therefore, donate your old or used or new books. Share with those who really need the books, instead of leaving them in the attic or in boxes in the basement.

Guest column
The institutionalized freak

BY HARRY HOPE
Columbus

Freaking has become the accepted pastime at USC. Actually, it has been “in” for a while. But as the water melts and the life has been squeezed out of the time, you find that people who do the hard stuff are interested in anything, but not too interested in the kind of things that interest normal people.

Freaking has now become something of a commonplace and sanctioned as joining fraternities and sororities; bikinis have become the uniform. Lamport has replaced Mad. Grand Funk Railroad has replaced the Tama. Marijuana has replaced Pabst Blue Ribbon. Rock concerts have replaced dance bands. James Bond has been replaced by Abbie Hoffman, Jerry Rubin and Eldridge Cleaver.

This is not out of khakis, starched shirts, alpaca sweaters, knee socks and tasseled shoes have been replaced by blue denim belts, polo necks, boots and bikers. And every good freak has abandoned his frat or sorority house for his reservation in the Russell House. Women are no longer encumbered by bras, make-up, hair and strong Life is one big run-out of “Easy Rider.”

Hoory for the institutionalized freak! All those people who really don’t like all that hair in their mouths but are afraid to get a haircut. All those people who fake eye trouble to wear wire-rim glasses. Off the pigs! Up against the wall! Bring in all you freaks outatise, groovin’, freakin’, trippin’ hippies! Let’s all go to Charlotte and say that we were in Charlotte and tripped. Jump on your bikes and run down a redneck.

Get rid of those Southern accents! Hang around a lot long from Jersey and reconstruct your tongue, man! The greening of America is here.

It really takes a lot of money to be a freak. Don’t forget your old college days. An institutionalized freak, you’ve got to have your own apartment-crash pad, your motorcycle, your bicycle, your collection of all the heaviest best clothes and tapes, your guitar, your complete Abbie Hoffman and your collection of daygo posters (black light too), and a vocabulary of 100 words, consisting of “wow,” “mamaaaaa,” “heavy,” “lights,” “man, dig the lights,” “rip-off,” “hun,” “peyote,” and “ ripping.”

And if you are a well-dressed freak, you must truck down to the boutique-head shop and pick up on some bells, leather body shirts, glowing t-shirts, patches, rings, ponchos, leather bags, army bags, trash bags, pipes, screens, more posters, and everything else.

As for getting wrecked, you can choose from marijuana, amphetamines, acid, mescaline—no more. Heroin’s out, too. And remember to brag about your tripping experiences. It’s not hard—just lie like you used to in relating your drinking experiences. While you’re at it, accuse that straight guy ever there of being a nare.

So run out and get your copy of the “Great Speckled Bird.” Go home and listen to some Grand Funk, roll a $ and take comfort in the fact that freaks are no longer individuals who have to fight for their lifestyls. Those fighters are gone, most of them, and it’s unfortunate that they are no longer around to reap the benefits of that year 1899-90. You are in the institutionalized now, freaks of Carolina. Requiescat in pace.

All these God, save us from the Carolina freak.

The trademark
‘Nichols’ offers subtle satire

BY BOB CRAFTY
Columbus

“Nichols” is the best new television show to come out of the disaster that is today’s television.

The program is set in the fading west of the teens, sometime after “Boys Can’t Help It” and before World War I. The location is a small town called “Nichols,” Arizona. James, a young who plays the part of Nichols, an ex-cavalryman who leaves the Army after witnessing the death of his friends in the fifteen galloping machine gun. He feels that the process has become too powerful with the advent of this weapon and he goes back to his hometown, Nichols, in order to work his grandfather’s piece of land and maybe, in some way, become a millionaire.

This is all really wants to be left alone and to be able to make some money. Nichols comes home after about fifteen years in the Army to find out that his Daddy’s place no longer has a Nichols family. His parents have died and the powers that be have sold the place without the knowledge of Nichols.

A friend tells him of the old Nichols farm, where he could trap into becoming the sheriff of the town very much against his will.

Ma is Ketchum is played by Neva Patterson, who should seriously be considered for an Em-ma. Ma is the backbone of the town, a rough tough frontier woman who has more gumption than all of the rest of the town put together.

Ma has a son, who is known simply as Ketchum. Ketchum is a spoiled brat, an overfed adolescent who has read too many novels is completely taken in by something extremely stupid that Nichols and Ma have to correct him. He must be in a large way toward everyone, Nichols especially.

Ketchum is aided and abetted in his stupidity by Mitch, Nichols’ deputy. Mitch is a dirty, unskilled bloke who is only slightly more stupid than Ketchum’s sidekick through thick and thin. Mostly, this is what the town needs is Ruth, a hardworking girl who is played by Margo Kidder. Ruth is a woman who wants to do things, but is hamstrung in by the male-dominated society. She is constantly the butt of Ketchum’s remarks. “Who would want to have anything to do with a girl who’s poured more than one beer in her life?”

Against this tableau, a broad satire of American Life is played. The Army officer who says sometimes he wants to save a town that have to destroy it” and the Mexican revolutionary who takes the whole town hostage while he waits for a gold tooth to be sent to him from Yuma.

Nichols constantly in the middle, trying to smooth everything without gunplay or violence. The townspeople, led by Ketchum, are constantly on guns to stamp out everything they see as “unAmerican.”

Nichols, who is a great gun, is forced to use his cunning and charm to resolve the situation. Sometimes he is tired and would just ignore it if weren’t for Nichols constant badgering.

The characters created by the cast and the unusually high quality of scripts make Nichols one of the best television series.

However, there is a tendency in the series to reach for too many comedy parallels and some episodes suffer because of it.

Still all in all, you can’t go wrong with Nichols. This series which has probably the most engaging cast of continuing characters since the early days of Gunsmoke. Your can see, on Sunday nights at 9:30 on WIS-TV.

Also, WIS-TV is broadcasting the new series, “Sanford and Son” starring Redd Foxx Wednesday nights at 7:30.

It is produced by the same people who brought All In The Family to the tube. It is, like All In The Family from a British series; Steptoe and Son.

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