

# THE GAMECOCK

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COLUMBIA, S. C., APRIL 3, 1908.

## EDITORIAL

R. E. GONZALES.

When the tolling of the church bell last Monday morning announced the hour for the funeral of our late well-beloved professor, many an eye filled with tears at the involuntary recollections those bells recalled. It is hard to realize that never again shall we have the privilege of uncovering in his venerable presence; of listening to his kindly courtesies, and of hearing his gracious "good mornings." Only yesterday he stood among us, his heart in the work he loved so well—the work of building up a noble manhood in this grand old State of ours. He was no mere expounder of the law, was Mr. Justice Pope, as he loved to be called; he was at once the "guide, philosopher and friend" of the youths who sat at his feet and sought erudition at his hands.

A good man has passed from among us. May the influence of his own pure life leave its impress upon that of each and every student of this University. We weep for the death of a great-hearted gentleman—one of the last of the old lion-line that flaunted the Southern cross.

"\* \* \* he wears a truer crown Than any wreath that man can weave him.

Speak no more of his renown,  
Lay your earthly fancies down,  
And in the vast cathedral leave him,  
God accept him, Christ receive him!"

There was some Waring of the Green here on St. Patrick's day.

\* \* \*

We know a certain man on the campus who has discovered a new excuse for indulging in alcoholic stimulants on occasion. He manages thusly: He has a birthday celebration about January 15th, another along in March, and others whenever he feels thirsty and has the money. The next "birthday" this year will occur on April 11th.

\* \* \*

Work on the infirmary is being pushed, and the new Administration Building will be put up as soon as a suitable location is decided upon. What, with these two handsome additions to the University and the prospects for a record-breaking attendance next year, the old College appears to have the best years of its life yet to come.

\* \* \*

The following definition of the four ages was suggested by a friend of ours:

A Freshman doesn't know, and knows it.

A Sophomore doesn't know, and doesn't know it.

A Junior knows, and doesn't know it.

A Senior knows, and knows it.

\* \* \*

The season is on! The crack of the bat is abroad in the land; the long, lithe, lissome, lean and languid fans assemble as of yore to the tune of cracking pinder hulls, smashing "dope" bottles, clouds of particularly obnoxious tobacco smoke, shirt sleeves, panamas, cigarettes, and cuss words. The infielders scoop 'em up and heave 'em over; the outfielders pull down long ones near the fence; the pitcher has unheard-of speed and a spit ball; the catcher, a huge mit and a determined cast of countenance. Our sluggers slam the leather over the other side's heads, and home runs are common—with us. Soon the other side slinks away, boards its special trains and departs, beaten to the tune of 61 to 4.

This is only a pipe dream, but don't mind that. The season is on!

\* \* \*

### Wise Sayings About Great Men

McCullough:

"O for a beaker full of the warm South  
\* \* \* with beaded bubbles winking at the brim."

\*

Havird:

"Who's ringin' in this crowd?"

\*

Barringer:

"He can discourse most excellent music."

Massey:

"There is no time for mirth and laughter

In the cold, gray dawn of the morning after!"

\*

Crum Murray:

"I am the glass of fashion and the mould of form."

\*

The II Latin Class:

"A 'horse,' a 'horse,' our Ovid for a 'horse.'"

\*

Lumpkin:

"His voice is like the sound  
Of thrice an hundred harps."

\*

Hon. George A. Topsyhe:

"Keel'em; keel'em; dublehedder-a-quarter."

\* \* \*

The following invitations have been issued:

"You are invited to be present at the grand opening of our new barber establishment at 23 Main St. on Sunday next. The latest ideas about hair cutting. Sharp razors. Fairly clean towels. Sullivan & Wallace.

\* \* \*

Apropos of St. Patrick's day, we wish heartily to commend the proposal of "Puck" for a St. Moses' day. This would give our friends from the olive groves of Palestine—especially those of pawnbroker persuasion—a glorious opportunity to get it back on the Irish.

\* \* \*

Senator Topsyhe has declined the nomination for the unexpired term, and will be in the race next summer for the long term. An interview from the Senator will appear in the next "GAMECOCK" from the pen of our special Keeley correspondent, I. H. S.

### Fiat Justitia Ruat Poetam

To the Editor of THE GAMECOCK:

In the "good old days" at South Carolina College there were numerous rhymesters, poetasters, and, every twenty or thirty years, a singer of a nobler strain, such as Howard Caldwell and Joseph Blyth Alston. Nowadays, but for the occasional "swallow-flights of song" of "R. E. G.," we would think that Pan were dead—killed, perhaps, by too much pedagogy, psychology, or "the lawless science of the law." It is, therefore, very gratifying for me to announce that a South Carolina collegian, who glories in both A. B. and M. A., has won a distinction in the world of poetry never yet achieved by any other alumnus of

the college or university—indeed, by any South Carolinian.

Although one of the best fellows of my acquaintance, and one of the most versatile scholars I ever knew, St. Julien Medoc (I suppress his real name for obvious reasons), is one of the most modest of men, and it was only after the second bottle, one night at Delmonico's, that he confessed to me that he had been legally adjudged a poet in one of the courts of our State!

It appears that Medoc contracted with the management of a well known summer resort in this State, to compose an idyll and poem entitled, let us say, "The Gal at the Fountain"; that such idyll and poem was prepared and that 10,000 copies thereof were published and distributed by such company; that Medoc received \$75 therefor; but, claiming that the contract had not been met, sued for an alleged unpaid balance. The suit came on for a hearing before a magistrate, now one of the most highly esteemed circuit judges in South Carolina, and on May 11, 1903, he handed in a decision in favor of the defendant company.

I append here, *ipsissimis verbis*, the concluding paragraphs of the judge's decision:

In solving these questions the Court cannot divest itself of the knowledge that the plaintiff here is a poet, while the defendant is only a soulless corporation. It is in evidence that the plaintiff has been a literary man, and has been, and is now, a lawyer. No evidence *dehors* the poem here exhibited is necessary to warrant the Court in finding also that plaintiff is a poet. That exhibit in this case *impales him upon the records of this Court as a "poet,"* and the decision of this cause against him which follows here is no imputation as against his undoubted veracity and *bona fides* in this matter; but rather a tribute to his real poetic temperament, which, without doubt, has led him on to misconceive his rights and forget the cold mundane facts which have been brought forward here to confront his more vivid imagination.

"The lunatic, the lover and the poet,  
Are of imagination all compact;  
One sees more devils than vast hell  
can hold—  
That is the madman; the lover, all  
as frantic,  
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of  
Egypt;  
The POET'S eye, in a fine frenzy  
rolling,  
Doth glance from heaven to  
earth, from earth to heaven,  
And as imagination bodies forth  
The forms of things unknown, the  
*poet's* pen  
Turns them to shapes, and gives  
to airy nothing  
A local habitation and a name.  
Such tricks hath strong imagination:  
That, if it would but apprehend  
some joy;

It comprehends some bringer of that joy;  
Or, in the night, imagining some fear,  
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear."

THE JUDGMENT OF THIS COURT IS IN FAVOR OF THE DEFENDANT HEREIN, AND JUDGMENT IS ENTERED ACCORDINGLY.

Magistrate.

\_\_\_\_\_, S. C., May 11, 1903.

My fellow-members of the Clariosophic Society will rejoice to hear that St. Julien Medoc, A. B., A. M., and Poet, is on our roll.  
AGAMEMNON POMME DE TERRE.  
Columbia, S. C., 16th March, 1908.

### The Ill-Fated Class of 1911

A crowd of young men of the class of eleven,  
Came to this College in nineteen and seven;  
Pleasure and frolic and the best kind of time,  
And easy lessons they expected to find.

What a mistake! for when here just a short while  
They found they must do as the Sophs. set the style;  
And Latin and French were not such a big cinch,  
And even first math. was a pretty tight pinch.

But these young gentlemen were all in good form,  
And determined to take the Soph. class by storm;  
So on the gridiron the rivals did meet,  
But poor little Freshies! they met with defeat!

Alas! greater misfortune on them soon came,  
Which will make many, at least part Fresh, remain;  
For exams. they came with a merciless sweep,  
And most of them fell with a gasp in a heap.

So you see their story is easily told,  
Very few, even now, remains in the fold;  
And when those dread exams. came again in June,  
Even these few fear lest they fall in a swoon.

—ANON.

We're jolly Seniors of grave demeanors,  
And we're drunk boys; yes, every one;  
It's not the first time, nor yet the last time  
That together we've been on the  
— of a bum, bum, bum!