

THE GAMECOCK

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COLUMBIA, S. C., NOVEMBER 25, 1908.

A PLEA FOR THE GAMECOCK

Boys, it is a pure case of "sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish," with The Gamecock. The financial end is lacking, yet if every student would subscribe for the paper the edition could be gotten out with ease. Just think a few minutes of the price of subscription—three small fifty-cent pieces. Do you call it college spirit to let the weekly paper fall through? It is a reflection upon each individual and on the entire student body to let it perish. At present there are only about twenty subscribers outside of the societies, which have about one hundred and seventy-five members. Just about three-fifths of the boys are supporting a paper which benefits the entire student body, and it is safe to say that those who do not take The Gamecock read it when they can get a chance to borrow from those who do. It is never too late to do good, and now is a chance to profit by your help. We are all Carolina students, with her good at heart, and let's show our loyalty, subscribe to The Gamecock and The Carolinian, and take an interest in all athletics. In this way you can show your college spirit.

UNIVERSITY GYMNASIUM INADEQUATE

The present gymnasium is a poor excuse for an athletic house such as the University of South Carolina should possess. Nor is it even adequate for a smaller college.

The basement of the Science Hall constitutes the gym, and although it occupies considerable floor space, this has been cut up into many small departments in order, in some way, to supply the many athletic demands.

There is a general mixup when the basketball and football men, the gym classes, and the other boys who take light exercise gather at the gymnasium. In order to carry on the gym classes, McCarthy does not allow the front door to be opened, and those wishing to get a bath have to enter by a door at the back, wade through water which is always standing on the cement floor, pass into the football players' room, undress and take their bath, which causes a general confusion for one to dress and get out with what

he went in with. All this causes much trouble for the football men, who are tired out after practice and wish to get a bath before the supper hour. The arrangement for hanging up clothes are poor. The football uniforms are laid out on the floor from one day to another, for the lack of sufficient places to put them.

Even the baths are far from adequate or anything that adequate implies. There are about six running shower with the sprinklers lacking. The water that passes through the spouts is always as cold as ice, and it is a treat of the season to get a warm bath. There is no way to regulate the water, even if there is a roaring fire in the stove. It is a sight to watch the crowd of boys standing around, nude and eager to get a touch of the water in dead winter, however cold.

The few exercising apparatus are in fairly good condition, but are too few for the demands of three hundred boys. The physical instructor himself is aware of the need of a better gymnasium. Sometimes if the classes taking regular exercises are filled up it is necessary to take them out in the open air, or to permit them to take cross-country runs. This is one department that the University cannot boast of, for it is far behind the times and the many necessary demands of the students.

CLEAN ATHLETICS

There is a demand for clean athletics these days, as there is for clean politics. The stage of grafting has not yet attained to such a marked degree as in politics. But it is no seldom occurrence to find teams running in ringers and players that are ineligible under the S. I. A. A. rules. But even the S. I. A. A. rules which have proven to be such a defensive barrier against professionalism are sometimes overstepped.

The University of South Carolina, although not belonging to the S. I. A. A., has always stood for clean, honest ball. Ringers are kept out by forcing them to take a required amount of work. The athletics at the University this year are free from the stain of professionalism.

CAROLINA CREDITS CHARLESTON COLLEGE

The students of the University of South Carolina agree with the Charleston College student who so ably defended the athletics of his institution in the "State Paper" of the 19th.

Charleston College played Carolina football here this season, and although the visitors were defeated, they played plucky ball and did not at any time show lack of grit. In fact, the University has been playing them some athletic contest each year and their team has always put up good, strong fights and have won much comment for their pluck and game spirit.

But at the end he closes by safely predicting that the Charleston baseball team is the team that will have to be defeated for the State championship. The closing words are: "The prospects for an all winning team looms up brighter and brighter each day." It is not safe, however, to predict so far ahead of time. Last year the University of South Carolina won the

State championship, by the way. She too, has a look in again this year, and besides the many other colleges of the State.

BETTER LIGHTED CAMPUS

The campus is poorly lighted, but if the situation were looked into by the faculty it could be remedied at little expense.

There are three arc lights down the middle of the campus, which, together with the reflection from the small electric lights in the students' rooms, furnish the light for the entire campus. It is no easy matter for strangers and students, on account of something unavoidable, to find their way to the place they wish to go. It is like groping one's way in the dark with the addition of a few fences and trees to fall over. The present lighting facilities would hardly give the least idea to a stranger passing down Sumter street that the University of South Carolina was anywhere near.

Sockets for electric light bulbs are in front of each building, but they have not been used in such a long time that it would appear somewhat strange to see them used now. Merely beautiful ornaments, not performing a tenth part of what they were put up for. If the empty sockets were filled with globes of thirty-two, sixteen or even eight candle power lights the situation at night would be improved. The walks would thus be lighted so one could see where he was walking, or distinguish Rutledge from Legare, or Elliott from Harper College. The question has been asked by new men: "What are those things used for?" referring to the electrical apparatus. And the only reply is: "As ornaments, not to be used, handled or to serve their purpose."

THE KEELEY INSTITUTE

The old familiar cry of "Rock 'em up Bubber" is not often heard. The Keeley Institute has not opened up yet. One can no longer sit in the Senate chamber and hear those familiar sounds of "That's me," "Kill 'em," "Keely," and "Who's stuck?" What has caused this blow to the great sport? Among the Freshmen probably it is because the city of Columbia has passed another ordinance prohibiting minors from playing pool. Surely no one but a Freshman would be frightened by such a "dead letter." There is no pretence towards the enforcement of it. Such an ordinance, if enforced at all, would certainly be of great benefit to the students of this college. The "thuds" in February would not be quite so numerous, and one would never have to walk to the Methodist College.

Among the upper classmen probably the reason of this lack of enthusiasm in the sport is due to the fact that some have not renewed their acquaintance with the Senator on account of past relations. Let the cause be what it may, it certainly has had a far-reaching effect upon the students in the classroom.

So hereafter when you wish to wish the Senator good luck say: "Glory be to George Topsy and his fountain."

Prof. C.—"Nhow, whatt is a phact!"

A FRESHMAN'S DREAM

A Freshman was studying in the library. Freshmen usually study there, as they are too meek to steal the professor's fence or someone else's wood.

This Freshman was sleepy, for a good reason, he was studying his Math. Now, Math being a very dry subject (which we have learned from experience), the Freshman soon began to nod, soon he was fast asleep and dreaming about what? Not angles, triangles and parallelograms, nor about father and mother at home, but a most terrible dream.

He dreamed that all the students were assembled in front of the library to hear the law of the librarian. All the Freshmen trembled and quaked in their shoes and were sorely afraid. Even the higher classmen were a little afraid, for they all knew what was coming. Suddenly the librarian appeared in the front window and a hush fell upon the vast throng. Pointing a menacing hand at them she spoke thus:

"I am the sole ruler of this library, thou shalt have no other besides me; neither shall the assistants rule over you, nor Literary Bob.

"Thou shalt not speak aloud or even in a whisper in the library, all communications shall be made by nods of the head. Woe be unto he who shall break this law.

"Thou shalt not bow down or serve any C. F. W. girls who are in the library, for I look with a jealous eye upon all usurpers of my privilege.

"Thou shalt not take the name of Literary Bob in vain, for you must remember that he is doing the best that he can.

"Remember when the faculty meets and take note, for great punishment results for those who break this law.

"Honor thy Librarian and her assistants that the days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

"Co-eds are positively forbidden to talk together, for they disturb the peace of the library by their chattering. Furthermore, they shall hereafter be confined to the alcove in the northwest corner, which is provided with bars and lock. Neither shall they attempt to distract the attention of the boys who are at the reading table. They shall sit still and read books of *Bugology* and *Co-edology*. Hark, Co-eds, those of you who break this law shall be forced to spend an additional year under *Bug*."

And all the Carolina boys saw the thunderings and the lightning and the hot air issuing from the library and they were sore afraid and withdrew and stood afar off behind A. C.'s house.

And they said unto Literary Bob (who had fled also from the wrath of the librarian), speak thou with us and we will hear, but let not the librarian speak with us lest we die. And Literary Bob said unto the boys, Fear not.

The Freshman was sorely afraid, he groaned and tossed. Suddenly he awoke with a start, heard a pencil tapping furiously and a small voice calling, *Robert, Oh, Robert.*

"The Senator"—Naw, suh; Can't give nuttin' on credit. I got beeg beel to pay 'morrow."