

THE GAMECOCK

Published weekly by the Literary Societies of the University of South Carolina. Terms, \$1.50 a session, payable in advance.

"Entered as second-class matter November 20, 1908, at the postoffice at Columbia S. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879."

The Gamecock solicits humorous sketches, essays, verse, etc., and will gladly publish such as is available, when accompanied by the full name of the author. Unsigned manuscripts will neither be acknowledged or returned.

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Columbia, S. C., February 18, 1909.

COLUMBIA, S. C., FEBRUARY 18, 1909

Baseball!

Championship team? I guess yes.

Don't worry, exams will come again in June.

Whatever you did in February, hitch your wagon to a double star in June.

The window of the Marshal's office has lost some of the popularity which it has enjoyed of late.

Don't tell it out loud, but Carolina has bright prospects for putting out the best baseball team in the history of the institution.

The joint faculty and student body meetings which were begun last spring might have accomplished much good had they been kept up. The mutual expression of opinions, however diverse, would do much to bring the students and the faculty even closer together. Why not continue the meetings?

OUR POLICY

Having been duly warned by our worthy predecessor of the difficulties attendant on the hatching of the "Bird," it is with some hesitancy that we assume the task.

With your co-operation, we mean to make the paper a success. The Gamecock is your paper. If you have anything to say, its columns are open to you. Furthermore, you will confer a favor by leaving any matter of news interest at 7 West Rutledge, or telling it to one of the assistant editors. The Gamecock belongs to every student of the University of South Carolina, and it is "up to you," singly and severally, to make the paper a worthy representative of Carolina.

In passing, we would like to call attention to The Gamecock sketch contest, notice of which appears elsewhere. Our only purpose in offering this prize was to develop some of the latent talent which we know is on the

campus. No member of the present Gamecock staff will be allowed to compete, but the contest is open to every other student.

ON GETTING TOGETHER

Conditions last year at Carolina might have warranted the statement that the only thing that the students of this University could do harmoniously and unanimously was "bust."

Not that we have not "busted" this year, for logic has slain by the score and first math has slaughtered its usual thousands, but we think that there is more family feeling on the campus. So far, so good! But why should there not be more of this goodfellowship? There are now only six classes in the University, where last year there were nine.

Nobody can advance a valid reason why we should not get together, say for instance, on baseball. If we can not help the team with money, and some of us can not, we can at least all help by our presence at the games. Coach Reid, who thoroughly appreciates this fact, has made arrangements with Manager Robert Cooper, and no man need stay away from a single game on account of financial difficulties.

Let the impression once get out in the city that this student body has gotten together and is pushing its baseball team and we will have to enlarge the grandstand to accommodate the crowd. As matters now stand, we cannot expect the town people to come to the games, as they do at other places, when we do not take enough interest in our team to be present ourselves.

There is no reason why matters should stand as they have in the past, and we do not believe that they will. We have as good a State University as there is in the South, and the sooner we awake to the fact, the sooner outsiders are going to find it out.

WHY THE EXAMINATION PLEDGE?

During the examinations just over, almost all the professors required us to attach the pledge to our paper.

The signing of the pledge is a small, in fact, a microscopic matter, but, since we have the honor system here, it amounts to a gentle slap in the face.

On examinations, the professors appear to trust us implicitly. Then, why they ask us to sign the pledge? The examination pledge has never kept anyone who was low enough to cheat from cheating. It is simply a relic of our high school days, which, for some unknown reason, has survived in this University, in spite of the honor system.

The pledge is incompatible with the honor system, and the professors should cease to require it.

OUR WORD

The influence of our words is far greater than we can possibly imagine. Words once uttered are beyond our recall. Words, like the wind, are uncontrollable. Their effect upon our hearers may be very different from what we intended, but, nevertheless, the effect is made.

In an assemblage of one hundred

and fifty students of this University of South Carolina, some words were liberated not so very long ago whose effect, unless counteracted, may be more far-reaching than at present we can foresee.

The men who spoke these words did so openly, and, doubtlessly, honestly, but the sentiment which they expressed was not healthy. The men in question got up before the meeting of the students and announced, in substance, that it was their conviction that no man should be expelled for cheating on examinations.

This happened at the University of South Carolina, where, almost a hundred years ago, the honor system of which we are so proud was born. The men who voiced these sentiments are both men of brains, leaders in their respective classes. If they had been men, fresh from the high school, who had not become acclimated to our honor system, we would not have been so very much surprised, for, in the average high school, honor on examinations extends only so far as the teacher's eye can see. But, as we have said before, they were men whose opinions are calculated to have weight, in fact, they were *honorable* men.

What effect will this opinion, thus openly voiced, have upon the new men who have been in college scarcely four months, men just from the high schools, where ideal conditions on examinations do not prevail? We cannot answer this question, nor can you.

However, we take this opportunity of warning the new men not to let the opinions, which the two speakers expressed in the student body meeting the first week in February, sink too deeply into their hearts. There are men in this University of South Carolina who do believe that cheating on examinations and in classroom is a crime which should be punished by expulsion. We would further call to the attention of the new men that the two speakers, who ventured the above-mentioned opinion, hail from another college where the honor system is not in vogue.

We have yet to hear a man who has been at Carolina four, or even three, years say that cheating should not be punished by expulsion.

The Faculty Try Their Hand at Our Old Game.

The lobby of the Mess Hall was crowded with honorable Senators and Representatives, among whom flitted the sundry members of our faculty. It was indeed a memorable occasion which we trust will live in history.

Logic, Biology and Ancient Language met and welcomed the guests at the door. History, clad in a frock-coat which has doubtless seen the Battery, mingled freely with the representatives. In one corner he had captured a couple of worthy senators and proceeded thusly with his lay:

"Char'ston, Char'ston, greatest place on God's earth. All we need up here is King stre' and the Battery. You gentlemen move 'em up, move 'em up. Then we will have a university worth while."

Ancient Languages forsook the door and reposed in a corner until a representative disturbed him with a remark that the decorations were handsome.

"He, he, he, yes, indeed. He, he,

think so myself, he, he." Then he slumbered again.

Modern Languages, immaculately garbed, sought out a senator who had fled to the open air of the piazza and, with his broadest a's, addressed him: "Ah, senator, have you met all the people in yonder? Oi should be glad to show you around."

The senator thanked him, but declined to be coddled and Modern Languages, baffled, sought other worlds to conquer.

Inside, Biology was discoursing to a group.

"Yes, I have an assistant now, splendid young man, but Science Hall is much too small for him." And Biology smiled sweetly on a bewhiskered representative from the up-country. "We must have a larger building for him, and I hope that, considering the pressing need, you gentlemen will give it to us." And Biology continued to smile.

Logic was enjoying himself in one corner.

"Illicit process of the minor term, sir; illicit process of the minor term, and *circulum in probando*, I think. Yes, this year's logic class is brilliant. Two of them may pass."

The representatives gazed in open-mouthed wonder as Logic proceeded to demonstrate the efficiency of the Socratic Dialectic through a sorites of baffling dilemmic questions, arriving at last at the conclusion, "Carolina is a university which needs a new building."

From another corner came a resoundant "What is phact?" The jaded representatives turned to listen to the singer.

"Without a doubt, my vines are so crowded that yesterday nine changed into co-tangents. I need more room for my freshmen to 'bust' in. The vibrations from the frequent explosions in the tiny math room is worse than the coincident concussions of Luna on her inverted orbit with the planet Mars."

"The ethereal, idealistic elements of Transcendentalism about these old buildings on the campus approaches the pastoral, not to say the Arcadic," quoth English. "But, gentlemen, we must stride on abreast of this modernistic age. We need a new building."

Here the doors of the dining hall were pushed back, and the legislators, pressed fore and aft by the faculty, flocked in.

Everything had settled down to supper, when in rushed Herr Deutsch with his tale of the German beer-gar-lens. He drank only water.

Biology was engaged in a protracted discussion of the location of the retractor muscle and pedal gaulion of an oyster with a deeply interested senator.

Elementary Economics was struggling with a cigar, which he finally managed to conquer, much to the delight of History, who had witnessed the struggle from the door.

The speechmakers made their last speech, the faculty gave their last glad hand and bestowed their last sweet smile upon the weary representatives as they went trailing out, surfeited with the faculty's politeness.

The Juniors elected Mr. W. G. Desportes captain of their baseball team.