

# THE GAMECOCK

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COLUMBIA, S. C., FEBRUARY 25, 1909.

Where is the minstrel?

\* \* \*

After the feminine broil, what?

\* \* \*

Wanted—A "rooting" squad that will "root."

\* \* \*

The basketball game next Thursday should prove a drawing card.

\* \* \*

Whether the student body is conscious of the fact or not, we have one of the best basketball fives in the State.

\* \* \*

With President Eliot, President Mitchell, and the Alumni Association on our hands on March the nineteenth, we must have a holiday then to do them justice.

\* \* \*

The galleries of the House have been crowded with students every night for the past week. It is a mooted question whether or not "Josh" Ashley, of Anderson, or the C. F. W. girls are responsible for their presence at the sessions of the august House.

\* \* \*

By your attendance or non-attendance at the basketball game next Thursday afternoon, you will have an opportunity of exhibiting your college spirit or your lack of it. Come out, if you have to borrow the money. We will have to borrow sufficient of the filthy lucre to get in the gate ourselves.

\* \* \*

## THE MONOGRAM.

Playing football, like digging the little trench across Panama, is a tremendous proposition. It requires the highest qualities of physical manhood, nerve, muscle and endurance.

But, you say, there is remuneration and honor for the football player, as sometime in the dim and distant future there will be for the diggers of the isthmus ditch. We admit that, for the

'Varsity man with his block "C," there is remuneration, and that, in the plaudits of his admiring fellow-students, there is honor. How about the inconspicuous "scrub"? No honor or remuneration for him, only the barked shin and broken nose.

The "scrub" has played as hard and as consistently as his worship, the 'Varsity man. It is true that he has taken part in no inter-collegiate games. There has been only the wearing round of the daily scrimmage for him. Lack of physical strength has kept the "scrub," who is worthy of the name of football player, from making the 'Varsity. He has the nerve and he has the endurance to stay in the game to the end of the season. What reward does he get to counterbalance the 'Varsity man's "C"?

It would be a small thing for the Advisory Board to award the "scrub" the monogram "U. S. C." At present, the monogram is blazoned upon the breasts of any and all who see fit to put it there. The Freshman, justly proud of his connection with Carolina, has the monogram sewed upon the front of his first sweater. The Senior ornaments his person in a like manner. There is no harm in wearing the monogram, none whatever. We are all proud that we are Carolina men and vanity makes us want to show the world that we are such.

It would require little sacrifice for us, the unathletic, to cease adorning our persons with the monogram. Give the monogram to those athletes who are proficient enough to play on the second team, either baseball or football. Make the monogram second only to the block "C" as a token of athletic proficiency.

\* \* \*

## A ROOTING SQUAD.

The remark one hears oftenest from the members of the team when they return from a trip is: "Didn't those fellows 'root!'" We wonder if any team ever visited Carolina and went back to their home college and made this same remark.

The "rooting" at Carolina for the last two years, at least, has been very weak. It hardly could be heard beyond the confines of Davis field. Of course, an occasional cheer would disturb the atmosphere when Gibbes stole a base or Bratton Davis made a double play. But these outbursts were entirely spontaneous, the product of a moment of excitement. They can hardly be classed as "rooting," which, to deserve the name, must be continuous and practically unbroken.

Hitherto, those who have felt like doing any yelling, have serenely wandered out to the side-lines and made a little noise when the spirit moved them. While those who did not have the energy, have complacently climbed into the grandstand and sat with the feminine gender. The grandstand sitters saw the game all right, and, doubtlessly, criticized our players when they made an error. But, what else did they do? Well, they sat by the girls, which, in itself, is a mighty nice thing to do. But what good did they do the team? Were the nine men who were struggling to uphold Carolina's reputation cheered by or even conscious of the presence of the demure grandstand sitters. We doubt it.

So much for the grandstand sitters. As we said before, the side-lines have at times made a little noticeable noise, but we re-affirm that they have never "rooted" in the correct sense of the word. What was the matter? Some of them had the spirit. True, but they lacked organization and practice.

This is just it. Some few of the men knew the yells, a few more had a hazy idea of them, but the majority were at a loss to know how the yells went. Then, too, there has been confusion as to when and what to yell. All these things could be remedied by the organization of a regular "rooting" squad.

This is the plan which we suggest. Let the student body elect an energetic man, a lazy man cannot "root," to take charge of all the rooting. Then the members of the student body who wish to join the rooting squad can hand in their names to the cheer leader, or "chief rooter," and this dignitary can set a regular time for the squad to meet, say immediately after supper. The squad can thus thoroughly learn the yells and arise to the occasion on the day of the games. Two squads might be formed with different leaders and vie with one another as to which could make the most noise.

"Rooting" from the side-lines is impractical. The tendency is to spread out along the line. Consequently, it is hard for all to hear the "chief rooter" give the signal. The grandstand is the only place for good consistent and persistent "rooting." There the "rooters" will all be within reach of the cheer leader's voice and know what and when to yell.

This is merely a suggestion, although this plan is worked with success at other colleges. We have as healthy lungs as they have, and we can, if well organized, make as much noise.

\* \* \*

## C—B'S—

A block "C" is the highest token of appreciation that Carolina can confer as a recognition of athletic ability. About twenty-two "C's" are given each year to the 'Varsity and football and baseball men, who play in the required number of regular inter-collegiate games. It is needless to say that the block "C" is greatly prized and its possessor has just cause to be proud.

A year or two ago, when Carolina had an organized track team, the "C. T." was given to the men who proved most proficient in track work. Now that basketball has sprung into some degree of prominence, and it is the coming game at Carolina, why not award the "C. B." to the hard-working members of the basketball five? The "C. B." would, in a measure, stimulate the men to make the five. It would encourage those who engage in the game this year to work harder next season. It would make more men come out and learn the game, and, incidentally, derive benefit from the exercise.

Diversity in athletics is beneficial to any college. The same sport does not appeal to all the members of the student body. When there are many sports to choose from, everybody can find one to their liking. Basketball is one of the best forms of physical exercise, and when correctly played, almost as strenuous as football, the king of

inter-collegiate sports. The awarding of the "C. B." to the members of this year's five would at least do no harm and might do much to give basketball the place in athletics at Carolina that it rightly deserves.

## MUSIC IN CHAPEL.

Some time ago, Dr. Mitchell, the newly elected President of the University, spent several days on the campus. His visit was of a two-fold nature: first, to acquaint himself with the conditions here; and, second, to meet some of the men with whom his lot will soon be cast.

He suggested many things to us in the way of improvements, but one in particular claims our attention just now, which might well be considered and adopted. And this is the matter of having singing in connection with the morning chapel service. The time is limited, of course, but a couple of stanzas from some famous old hymn sung every morning by that august assemblage of professors and students, would send a thrill through every man present, which would last through the long trying hours of the day.

"The man," says Shakespeare, "that hath no music in himself, nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils. \* \* \* Let no such man be trusted." Music is a mighty force, which, to some extent, pleases and stimulates every normal human being. It has the power of reducing the rude impulses of the mind to a smooth plane of action. Then, again, it arouses the sleeping and weary pulses to action, as we see demonstrated when the memorable battle song, "Dixie," is sung.

If this delightful exercise should be added to the chapel services—and why should it not be?—the little brown envelopes now delivered at the post-office every Monday morning, would be almost a thing of the past, for the boys would then attend chapel more regularly.

There is an abundance of musical talent among the students which is allowed to be crushed out in the lecture rooms by sterner facts and problems, or to be misdirected in the midnight "hulla-bal-loos" which are so annoying to the peaceful slumbers of the members of the faculty, and the majority of less favored students. So let us think about this matter and take steps to bring it to pass. B.

## The Gamecock Prize.

The Gamecock staff offers a prize of five dollars in gold for the best sketch pertaining to college life.

### Regulations.

First.—Each competitor may submit any number of sketches.

Second.—The Gamecock reserves the right to publish any of the sketches submitted either before or after the contest is over.

Third.—No member of the present Gamecock staff will be allowed to compete.

Fourth.—This contest closes on April 19th.

Remember the basketball game next Thursday, 4:30 P. M.