

Y. M. C. A. NOTES

Student Secretary Assured For The Association. The New Officers.

T. C. CALLISON.

The thing which has been foremost in the minds and upon the hearts of every member of Y. M. C. A. for the last few weeks has been a Student Secretary for the University.

The idea of having a Secretary on our campus has been considered by the most active members of the Association for some years. But this idea has not until very recently taken any definite form. Since the holidays this Secretary movement has been strongly agitated by the entire membership of the Association, with the result that all men who have any interest in or love for the University have lent this great movement their sympathy and liberal support.

Seeing is convincing—and the men have so long seen the need of a strong, influential, religious leader among the students that they are now convinced that the only way to remedy many of the unpleasant conditions which now exist upon the campus is to secure a Student Secretary.

This movement is not to be an experiment merely, but it is a movement to accomplish a great end, which cannot be accomplished in any other way. It is not to be an experiment, because thousands of colleges and universities throughout the country have already tried the secretary plan, and in every case it has proven highly satisfactory. This plan has been found to work very successfully at Clemson, and we see no reason why it should not work here.

Being convinced of this great need, the men of the University, with the unanimous coöperation of President Sloan and the faculty, have very tactfully worked out a scheme by which to raise the necessary amount of money with which to secure this Secretary.

In order to ascertain what the student-body was willing to do towards the support of a Secretary, a committee was appointed to solicit subscriptions from each man, with the result that our committee soon reported that \$250 had been pledged by the men. The next ap-

peal was made to the faculty, with the result that the sum of \$150 was contributed by that body. The third appeal was addressed to the alumni of the University. Though only a very few of the alumni have yet been heard from, they have already subscribed \$100 to the fund, and we feel perfectly safe in saying that the unheard-from alumni will respond liberally to our call.

Lastly, a committee consisting of V. E. Rector, J. C. Sheppard and G. W. Reeves was appointed to present this matter to the Board of Trustees and to ask that they appropriate the sum of \$600 for this purpose. And be it said to the credit of that honorable board, \$600 was given without one dissenting voice.

To sum the whole matter up briefly, the results of our campaign has been very gratifying, and a Secretary for the U. S. C. is practically assured. Below will be seen a tabulated statement of the amount of money the Association needs and the amount already received. It will be remembered that this money is not to be paid now, but to be in by the opening of the next session in September, 1908.

You will also observe from the statement below that there is still needed some \$200, and the committee of the Student Secretary movement will be glad to receive further contributions from any one who has not yet subscribed to this fund.

	Amount Wanted.	Amount Pledged.
Student-body. . .	\$250	\$250
Faculty.	150	150
Alumni.	300	100
Trustees.	600	600
Total.	\$1,300	\$1,100

Since this much has been done towards securing a Secretary, we feel that the greatest difficulty has been overcome, and in the next issue of THE GAMECOCK we hope to be able to report that the financial side of the Secretary problem has been completely solved.

The only thing left to be done is for the Legislature to be liberal enough in its appropriations to the University to give to the cause the amount asked of them.

The Association takes this means

to thank all who have responded to its call. Every one has acted well his part. Every man has borne with patience his part of the burden. We wish again to thank Major Sloan and the faculty for the interest they have manifested in this movement, for without their willing support our efforts would have resulted in failure.

Sunday, January 12th, being the day for the election of officers of the Association, after a very interesting programme, consisting of an able address by Rev. C. E. Weltner, and song service, had been concluded, the following officers were elected:

President, Mr. V. E. Rector, '07.
Vice-President, Mr. S. S. Williams, '09.
Treasurer, Mr. T. C. Callison, Law, '09.
Recording Secretary, Mr. H. R. Hughes, Law, '11.
Corresponding Secretary, Mr. G. W. Reeves, Law, '09.
Y. M. C. A. Member of THE GAMECOCK Staff, Mr. T. C. Callison.

Sunday, January 19, 1908, the speaker of the evening was Mr. Taylor, one of the Southern Student Secretaries. Mr. Taylor is a very pleasant man and an able speaker. Quite a large number of men were present to hear his lecture on the "Great Paradox." The Association will be delighted to have Mr. Taylor visit the University often in the near future.

President Rector appointed the following committees:

Devotional Committee—J. C. Hungerpiller, C. L. Shealey, J. O. Allen.

Bible Study Committee—S. S. Williams, C. E. Wessinger, L. E. Cogburn.

Mission Study Committee—G. W. Reeves, E. R. Fickling, E. W. Bodie.

Committee to raise funds for Students' Conference to be held in Asheville next summer—J. C. Sheppard, T. C. Callison and Dr. Twitchell.

Student and Alumni Subscription Committee—Ellis, M. M. Rector, and Hutchinson.

Alumni Fund Committee—V. E. Rector, J. C. Sheppard and C. L. Shealey.

The Story of The Chicken Raid

A True Account of the Memorable
Fowl Foray of One Night
of January, 1908

(By One of the Foragers.)

I.

We were puffing more or less odoriferous pipes around a glowing coal fire. Outside, it was clear, rather foggy, and there was a sharp tang to the air. We were discussing animatedly the various escapades that had taken place on the campus during the two years of our college residence, and we all unanimously agreed that nothing of sufficient daring had yet been pulled off to justify the name of "adventure." True, the monument had been pinked, the bell rope cut, the Bible hidden in the piano, and hens surreptitiously borrowed from neighboring coops, but such as these were frivolous amusements, carried out in the dark of the moon, at one or two o'clock, when Jonathan Maxcy's ghost had finished its midnight walk, and weary professors were sleeping in fancied security the slumber that "sweeter on the spent lies than tired eyelids upon tired eyes." We were desperate; we desired to let the College know that there were unsuspected Raffleses in its midst; we wanted to do something early at night, when there would be an element of danger to quicken our blood and set our pulses to throbbing; we were daredevils, inflamed by no beverage save the effervescent cup of youth whose champagne is our daily draught.

"There is a story out," quoth B—, meditatively sucking at his corn-cob, "that is one of the richest things I've heard lately. It goes this way: One day last month, it was reported in town that Dr. — was on the point of dying. Immediately the marshal's office was deluged with telephone calls, messages of sympathy, etc. Everything in town was inquiring after Dr. —. The funny part about it was when a certain lady's inquiry, via No. 937, was answered by a friend of mine who is more noted for his incorrigible practical joking than his assiduous attention to

his studies. In response to the usual question about the Doctor's condition, he put on a very grave face—as if that could be seen over the 'phone—and replied in mournful tones that the Doctor had departed this life but an hour since. As a matter of fact, the Doctor was just then in his usual ruddy health, and in his study. That afternoon, at 4 o'clock, a large wreath of superb roses arrived f. o. b. marshal's office, and being received by this disciple of Ananias, was at once dispatched to his best girl by the very messenger who had brought them."

II.

An hour later, 10:30 p. m. The campus is deserted, save for a few straggling lights in Rutledge. Four dark forms noiselessly vault Dr. M—'s back fence, and glide spectrally in the underbrush of the yard. S' death—there are no chickens in the coop! What to do? "Try Dr. J—'s coop," suggests D—. But the Doctor has been wise in his generation; his coop is a sepulchral vault, tenantless, and there is nothing in his refrigerator, which you may find on his upper back piazza.

In despair, we proceed to the neighboring roostery. There is a discordant squawking within that tells of fat hens. Success crowns our efforts, for in ten minutes we are back in our room with six fine Dominicas littering the floor of the bedroom. Not satisfied with this, we visit an adjacent hen resort, poke a stick through the bars thereof, and six more fowls calmly strut into our hands.

The next night there are beer, cheese, crackers and chickens galore.

In heaven above, where all is love,
The Faculty won't be there;
But down below, where all is woe,
The Faculty will be there, singing:

Rah, rah, rah for Carolina,
Cheer for victory today;
When the sun is sent to rest
In the cradle of the West,
We will proudly, proudly—
our colors gay.

Hullaballo, Caneck, Ca
Hullaballo, Caneck, Ca
Look at the Man, the C
Of U. S. C.