

## THE WINTER NEED FOR THE BOYS

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keep their men in training during the long period of winter rust?

Of the merits of the game there is much to be said. It does not call forth the extreme excitement of football; it is not a test of brute strength. On the other hand, it has no place for the baseball weakling, nor does it possess the intense fascination of that sport. It is rather a golden mean between the two. It requires strength and agility, quickness and sureness. Like football, it calls every muscle in the body into play, and is probably a severer test of wind. Like baseball, it calls for quick thinking and accurate work. It is a strenuous exercise with slight danger of injury, but it is a game more for the player than for the spectator. It is played by women colleges and by the football veterans of Harvard and Yale.

Then why should we not have a team? Is the game not a leading factor in college athletics? Do we not profess a desire to see the University of South Carolina among the first in the athletic world? Yes—but are we honestly trying to establish basketball at the University? No—then is our profession mere cant? Furthermore, how many of us who condemn the 'sport or fail to evince interest in it, have ever taken part in a game or have ever seen a contest between two well-trained fives? *Think it over.* There are two basketball courts on the athletic field, and there is a possibility of a trip to Wofford, Furman, Davidson, and maybe to Charleston.

## A BIG TRIP FOR THE BASEBALL TEAM 1909

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of the week. The Methodist boys have always bucked the University on the baseball field, and is an old rival.

The other colleges that will be taken on and for which dates have not been definitely fixed yet, are Richmond College, at Richmond, the last of April; also the University of North Carolina either at Chapel Hill or Greensboro. William and Mary or Randolph-Macon will be taken on during this trip at Richmond. The final arrangements have not been made yet. Annapolis was negotiated with for a game. The sailors offered one date, but Carolina was not in position to accept this. However, the manager is trying to settle on a date with the navy.

A return game will be played here with North Carolina. A trip will be made to the City by the Sea to tackle the Citadel and Charleston College. Both of these colleges will return these games. Other dates will be announced later.

It will be seen from this schedule that the University is up against some hard propositions, but she is going to put up a good fight.

The stop that the team will make at Washington on the 18th of April, returning from the Northern trip, will be a feather in the cap of each one of the players.

Last year Carolina won the championship of the State, and this was a big advertisement for the University.

The team finished the season early and had to lie low to await the results of the other colleges. Newberry ran close for honors, but by losing a couple of games toward the last of the season the Gamecocks were declared champions. On batting and fielding the squad showed up well. Some of the individual players swatted the sphere, making high averages. Belser, who captains the team this year, Izlar, Trippett, Simpson, Rembert, Wychie, Smith and Perrin, all of last year's team, are back in college. With the new material the team of 1909 will be completed. The work of the new men will not be mentioned until they have displayed their ability on the field at the beginning of the season. Some of the players, however, have had considerable experience in the game.

### LOCALS

"I'LL SWING."

There was a great junior named Belser Who lived on bromo and selzer,

When requested to sing

He replied by "I swing,

If you like you can just go to hell, sir."

\* \* \*

Prof. McCutchen: "The Supreme Court decided the case by a vote of 5 to 3."

M. M. Rector: "Professor, what did you say the score was?"

\* \* \*

Fresh Alexander (translating German): "Er läuft-schnell Aber-ich-laufe-noch schmeur."

"He drank hard, but I drank harder."

\* \* \*

Junior Law Student McDonald (commenting on the class teams): "The Juniors stand a good chance to win, but they are too *confidential*."

\* \* \*

Joe Crouch (speaking about 'Varsity picture): "Belser, are you going to have it taken from the back or front? I want to know how to fix my sweater."

\* \* \*

Fresh Littlejohn (at the mess hall): "Please pass me the *matrimony*."

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Prof. Snowden: "Mr. Hart, what is the name of that river in the north of Italy referred to in our lesson?"

Very Fresh Hart: "Professor, I know it, but it is too hard to pronounce."

Prof. Snowden: "Oh, there is nothing very hard about it. It is the *Po*."

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Attention! All ye ambitious students. The faculty is offering a new elective course in progressive voice culture taught by the wonderful singer, the second Jenny Lind, the freshest of the fresh, Miss Merry Widow Hart, who at the urgent request of the faculty has at last consented, much to the delight of everybody, to give a course in progressive voice culture. She has also added to this course a study of hot air lectures about his experiences and opinions, past, present and future. The lecture will be illustrated by stereopticon views, which will, undoubtedly, make them much more interesting. Gentlemen, take notice. This is a great opportunity, one that should not be allowed to pass. Think of being able to hear the sweet nightingale voice of this second Jenny Lind! It will be inspiring, soul lifting.

I got stung for thirty cents. Did you?

\* \* \*

The tennis champions.

\* \* \*

I swing, BOY; why don't you go to Howie's?

\* \* \*

Whah-t's what?

\* \* \*

Now, ain't that a happy thought?

\* \* \*

A dollar for a dime!

\* \* \*

B'gee, boy, but you ought to take boxing.

### A Retrospect

The pigskin lies flabby and wilted in the corner; jersey and trousers make a musty heap near it; on the wall the rusty headgear and chewed-up nose guard have already acquired a coating of dust; and a nightly company of mice frolics around the almost cleatless shoes under the divan and munches at the greasy uppers. Out on the athletic field, each morning's dew lifts a thin film from the dim white lines, which the sun dries to powder and the sharp winter wind carries away in its wild career. The goal posts stand like dead and frozen sentinels on a deserted battle ground. Discarded bits of football toggery lie moulding and slowly disintegrating in the grass, and a lime-coated bucket sits dejectedly atilt on the edge of the field. Football has departed!

We might sigh and ruminate on the passing quality of worldly things. But in the meantime Christmas is here, and New Year—the time appointed for ringing out the old and ringing in the new. Thereafter, exams—and baseball. But after all, we find a charm in crying slowly, "The king is dead," and in lingering on the words. And when the first premonitions of spring tingle in the air and the crack of ball on bat sounds sharply, will we not all the more furiously shout, "Long live the king"?

The season of 1908 has gone, but it leaves a rich bequest of memories, its victories, its defeats, its failures, its successes. We look back with wonder on the day in September, three months ago, when the squad first came upon the field, and we scarcely believe that it has been so long. But in this retrospect what do we see? Does the season stand forth as one of failure? If we had lost every game played; if the season had been a string of defeats, we could not say that.

September, 1908, saw us as novices at the game, with an inexperienced crowd of men. Each man stood upon the same footing as far as football experience was concerned. There were no star players of the year before to be beat out for their positions.

September, 1909, will see us with a solid nucleus for a team. Football spirit has returned to the University, and from now on the path is level.

There are no distinctive points which stand forth from the past season above all others. We achieved no brilliant victories, but we met no decisive defeats. In the matter of showy results, it has been peculiarly mediocre. But the greatest and most essential of all results has been accomplished—the laying of a firm foundation, thereby insuring the future success of football at the University of South Carolina.

### Minstrel on January 10th

The minstrel talent has already begun practice, and hope to be able to pull off great stunts on the tenth of January when they will give a public performance in the chapel.

There is some good material in college for a high class minstrel, and this has already been demonstrated. The players are at work now on the parts that they will perform. Two years ago a swell minstrel was given in the chapel by the boys, and was a big success. "Saube" Blake was one of the high-class characters of the show. The manager of the show of this present year is going to have an up-to-date minstrel, such as will be pleasing to college boys. Jokes, dancing, singing and everything that characterizes a good college show will be participated in. The proceeds of the show will go to the Athletic Association.

### Coach Hammond Pleased

"The harder the battle the sweeter the victory." We sure have a right to be happy, for our games were by no means "cinches."

We would have run up a large score on the Seniors, were it not for the lamentable fact that someone sat on Fromberg, and Simpson had to go in full in his place.

In the Fresh game we were badly crippled again. It was with reluctance that the boys went out. Defeat stared us in the face, for Dillingham, our famous left tackle, had lost a piece of epidermis from the left digit of his left hand. A murmur arose from the sidelines when our class saw little Brown taking the place of this time-honored star. The weakest places on the team were the ends. They were horribly "bone-headed," awkward and slow, and without Fromberg in the backfield I thought "church was out."

However, we did well. The line stood firm, and time after time bucks were hurled for terrible losses. The back field did well, considering Fromberg not being back there to steady the men and run his usual interference. We missed his flying tackles and desperate plunges through the line.

Every man in the line up did well. I want to congratulate them all on the games, and upon the prompt attendance at the Columbia Hotel for dinner, where they quite distinguished themselves.

The sponsors were real incentives to victory, and much credit is due them, but the water boy was abominable. This water boy was really a drawback to the team. When wanted, he could never be found; but he was the first at the hotel for dinner, and sat for over an hour in the ball park waiting to get in the team photo. He doesn't deserve the high position of honor and trust, and I recommend his discharge.

I thank the class for the honor which they have shown me in selecting me coach. I have enjoyed every moment with the team, and the manager and captain have made it very pleasant in every respect.

Fresh Perritt (talking about shooting a rifle): "George Topshe, can you shoot good pool with a rifle?"

"Big Fresh" Sanders (speaking to McIntyre about an electric light globe): "Mc., what *horse power* is this one?"