

GREAT GAME

I was on my way back from George's, with a bottle of dope in one pocket; two boxes of crackers in another, and a half dozen vile "imperfectos" nestled in a third. It was a cold day for winter; my ungloved hands stung miserably, and my rebellious "inwards" clamored for a stimulant—which there was none. I deviate from the trodden paths of story-telling, and go out of my way to mention that it was cold. Why do I so digress? To interest my readers? No. To enlist their sympathies? Yes! And I am satisfied that they not only do give me of their sympathy, but also share the hope which bounded in my breast when I descried the lanky form of Shakesbeer loafing leisurely across the campus to his room. My hope, dear readers, was not kindled like the sudden flush of dawn on the horizon of a poet by the fact that Shakesbeer's hip-pocket well bulged, but by the corroborating presence of a dress-suit case.

Before I could come up with him, however, Shakesbeer had gone up the steps, ten at a time, reached his room, and after a short interval come down in full football togs, and disappeared at a jog in the direction of the Athletic Field. Well, the only recourse was for me, by skilful manipulation of my skeleton key, to enter Shakesbeer's rather uninviting domicile, and dispossess him of his too ample store of wet goods. This mode of procedure was no sooner determined upon than executed to the tune of a sparkling quart of the Original Hunter's. Incidentally, I brought away a watch, which I needed, and a pair of cuff buttons, which I could pawn.

To cut a long story short, in due season I reached Davis Field. Slipping through that big hole in the fence back of the grandstand which Marshal Dyches hopes a kind providence will repair, I found the field aswarm with a great concourse of spectators—at least 94, besides two small boys who don't count.

A game was about to begin. A glance gave me all particulars. The Faculty eleven vs. All-Carolina. It was indeed to be a great game.

The referee's whistle blew, and Captain Sullivan kicked off 50 yards to Gordon Moore, who advanced 10. On a cross-tackle play, Potts gained 1 yard. A. C. Moore went around left end for 15 yards, Keith keeping Cooley out of the play. First and 10. Capt. Bain tries quarter-back run, but drops the ball when Carwile tackles him hard, and Dillingham falls on it. Time out. Coach Joynes of the Faculty team kicks on the decision. He said that Keith recovered the ball, but his protest was not considered. Carolina's ball. Colcock gets through Russell and spills an end run. Sparkman gains a foot. Sullivan punts 10 yards, and Bain runs it back 10. Colcock wants to know "Whatt is a fhact."

At this psychological moment, Gordon Moore hits centre for 5 yards; Wauchope goes 3, A. C. Moore makes it first and 10. On a forward pass Keith to Wardlaw, 45 yards is netted. Loud cheering. The ball is now on Carolina's 25-yard line. Easterling 3, B. Moore 7, Easterling 2, Potts 8, A. Moore no gain, B. Moore 4, B. Moore 1-2 yard. Ball goes over on Carolina's 6-inch line. Sparkman punts out of

danger. Faculty's ball on 30-yard line. Bain works the onside kick successfully, A. C. Moore recovering the ball on the 12-yard line. Four yards is netted in two downs, and Bain kicks an easy goal from the field from the 8-yard line. Score: Faculty 4, Carolina 0. Time out for the first half.

Coaches' Joynes and Moody put in a busy 15 minutes' intermission with their men. "The trouble is with you people," said Coach Joynes to his squad, "you don't work together. Every man on the team is doing good grandstand playing, but that isn't the kind of playing that wins games. You have got to get together. All through that half Colcock was thinking of tangents, and co-sines, and was wanting to know what was a fact. Twitchell was dreaming of rocks, Snowden of the Battery, Potts of love, Easterling of tennis, Wauchope of Beowulf, Wardlaw of Pedagogics, Bain of Horace, A. C. Moore of bugs, Keith of Paris, and Gordon Moore of the different kinds of fallacies. Now, this won't do. You have got to win this game, and if you pull together, you can win it."

Coach Moody gave his men a straight talking to. "You blankety-blankety blank-blank idiots! what in — is the matter with you? I believe the — — team from the — — — Columbia High School could eat you up. You ain't worth a tinker's — —. To — with you. I'm done with the whole — — outfit!"

Referee Furse, having heard Epps' last joke with a sigh of relief, called out, "Dinner hour is over, boys. Take off your coats, and git to the plows agin." He thought he was still on the dear old farm.

H. Green kicks to Bain, whom Hoey tackles in his tracks. Wauchope fumbles, and it is Carolina's ball on their opponents' 15-yard line. Cogburn 2, Dillingham 2. Capt. Sullivan kicks goal from the field after two minutes of play. Carolina 4, Faculty 4.

Keith kicks to J. Green, who brings it back 25 yards. A triple pass—Sullivan to J. Green to Cooley—is good for 30 yards. Dillingham cross-bucks over Snowden for 5-yard gain. Cogburn 6, Sparkman 4, H. Green 4, Dillingham 10, J. Green 2, Sullivan no gain. Kick. Bain loses on quarter-back run. Kick. Carolina rushes the ball to the 2-yard line. Dillingham gains one yard. On the next play, Cogburn would have bucked across, but Gordon Moore hollered at him to define the Illicit Process of the Major Term, and he fumbled. Ball goes over. Bain punts 35 yards to Sullivan, who fumbles, and Wardlaw gets it. Bain punts to the middle of the field, and the game is over, with the ball in Carolina's possession. Final score: Carolina 4, Faculty 4.

As "The State" commented next day:

"It was in every respect a great game. Carolina was Green in the background, while the Faculty eleven was Moore experienced. The two elevens were very evenly matched, and every minute of scrimmage was hair-raising, as Captain Bain remarked afterwards.

"For the Faculty, Colcock at center, Easterling and Wauchope in the line, played brilliantly. Wardlaw made an excellent catch of Keith's long forward

pass. Captain Bain was a tower of strength to his team, and his backs supported him in great fashion.

"For Carolina, Sullivan starred, although the green backfield did well. Carolina's tackles were both in the running yesterday, and clipped off good gains.

"Coach Joynes seems well pleased with the work of his team, and says they will be in good shape to meet the team from the Legislature next January.

"Coach Moody was profane in his expressions about the game, and made himself a nuisance. He did state that Full-back Moore of the Game Cocks is a 'ringer,' having played with Furman under the name of Gordon.

"Following is the line-up:

Faculty.	Carolina All-Stars.
Colcock C	Russell
Twitchell R. G	Lee, Jno.
Potts R. T	Sparkman
Wauchope R. E	Carwile
Snowden L. G	Hoey
Easterling L. T	Cogburn
Wardlaw L. E	Cooley
Bain (c) Q	Sullivan (c)
Moore, A R. H. B	Dillingham
Keith L. H. B	Green, J.
Moore, G. B F. B	Green, H.

"Coaches: Faculty, Joynes (Virginia); South Carolina All-Stars, Moody (Irmo). Managers: Faculty, Burney (Heidelberg); South Carolina All-Stars, Ashley (North Augusta).

"Officials: Referee, Mr. Furse (Chicago); umpire, Mr. Fickling (Baptist Forks); water-boy, Mr. Peterkin, (Topshe College). Time of halves, 18 and 81."

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Just about this time I fell out of bed and swore never to eat hot wennies, ice cream and pie together again.

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The following is taken from the Charlotte Observer on Dr. Wauchope, who delivered an address on Milton at University of Virginia:

"Dr. Wauchope is a speaker of charming personality and pleasant address. He held the rapt attention of his audience. He has made a special attention of Milton's life and works, and has edited many of his works for school and college use, and speaks as only that master of his subject can."

Fresh Behling (seeing Prof. Colcock with his golf sticks): "I wonder where Prof. Colcock is going hunting? No, I don't mean that. I mean where he is going with those surveying instruments."

Wanted to Know—If the Hart of the University is protected by its Sapp?

JUNIORS ARE THE GRIDIRON CHAMPIONS

(Continued from Page One.)

Suddenly the tune changed to "The Girls I've Left Behind Me," and out upon the field, head back, chin in, a small satchel at his side, marched the Junior coach.

And now the game was about to begin. Intense and soul-stirring suspense oppressed the spectators and the players. The whistle blows tremulously, the ball is in the air, it is across the goal line, a touchdown—but wait, Macmillan snatches up the ball, ponders for a moment with finger on brow, and dashes for an apparently open space with the full intention of going the length of the field for a touchdown. But directly in his path Buster Murdaugh lies hid behind a clumb of tall grass. He springs from ambush like a tiger, lovingly encircles Macmillan's neck with his arms and hurls him to the ground.

Two more plays and it is the Juniors' ball from a kick. And now we cannot restrain an eager impulse to jump to the supreme psychological moment of the afternoon, the moment of the Junior touchdown. The ball was worked steadily up the field and finally carried over the line. The uproar was deafening, excitement was at its highest pitch. The Junior coach was heard to register a vow immediately after the game. The assistant Junior coach kept running around in a circle, exclaiming "Bamberg forever!" Water Boy Seibets stepped in the bucket and upset it and began sponging the water up from the ground. During a lull a crowd gathered around Manager Klugh, who had suddenly become afflicted with an idea, and had gone off in a trance in pursuit of it. When he returned, he announced that the Junior team would be tendered a dinner at the Columbia on the following Sunday. Gradually the noise died away and normal conditions were restored.

This ended the game; for a few minutes later, when the crowd on the sidelines had been pushed back out of hearing and while the officials were trying to decide whether or not the patch on Sharpton's trousers debarred him from the game, the two teams formed an agreement to rest upon their respective laurels and to do no more scoring.

For the Juniors, Blake, Murdaugh, Simpson and Cain starred. For the Freshmen, Sharpton played well despite the handicap of his patched trousers. Sligh desported gracefully in the backfield. Simpkins, Macmillan and Lipscomb distinguished themselves.

This is the last of the class games, and results in the engraving of "Class '10" on the Trophy Cup.

Wanted to Know

1. If you got bit? I did.
2. Who lost some chickens?
3. Who ate some chickens?
4. Where the Sophs put the Freshmen's hats.
5. What Freshman broke the photographer's camera?

NOTICE: Calendars for sale, cheap. Apply anywhere on the campus.