

Improved Birds Have Tough Foes In ACC

USC Depth Helps Run Opponents

Two-platoon basketball may be the order of the day when Coach Bob Stevens' deep, fast Gamecock basketball squad takes the floor for games this year.

Depth is one of the Birds' primary assets this year, with scoring also to be a strength. With eight letterman returnees, six sophomore prospects, and two red shirts out for the team, Stevens should have no trouble finding boys to fill out jerseys.

The offense should be even more "go-go" than last year, with improved speed, and effectiveness should increase because the players will know the plays better and receive more rest.

Scoring will probably go up, since three players averaging over ten points per game return, along with assorted freshman dead-eye shots. The Birds will be more difficult to defend against with such balance.

Rebounding, a rather vital department to the not-so-heighty Gamecocks, should be improved, with the new additions and more respite for the "old guard."

Carolina will be no pushover for anyone, and on the right night, could stir up quite a fuss, especially in their own back yard.



Going . . . Going . . . GONE is halfback Sammy Anderson as he breaks loose on a spectacular 64-yard punt return against Vanderbilt for a touchdown. The big block comes from end Larry Rucker (87), who takes out three Commodores to spring the little speedster loose. Anderson was a dangerous man to punt to Saturday, as he returned another 49 yards to go with his scoring jaunt. (Photo by Nye)

Bass Says USC Prospects For 1962 Are Not Certain

Head Coach Marvin Bass advises caution when viewing in terms of predictions, the prospects for the Gamecocks' 1962 football edition.

After finishing his first season at the University with a record of four wins and six losses, Bass pointed out that "the unknown" should not be ignored when taking into account USC's chances for the future.

The Gamecocks look to be a deeper, more experienced outfit than last year's team, with only a few players missing from the first two units. Graduates from an impressive freshman squad will be called upon to plug whatever holes appear in the lineup.

"It looks right now as if we're going to have some pretty good depth and seasoning next year," states Bass. "We'll have more than

last year, at least, but there are many things which have a part in determining whether we'll have what we expect or not."

"First of all," he continued, "we don't know what the mortality rate will be academically this year, or just who may be affected by the draft, or who won't be around next year for one reason or another. We'd like to know that the boys who are eligible now will be around next year, but there's always a possibility that some won't."

Bass said that he would like to be able to substitute entire units, rather than individuals. If all works out as expected next year, this may be the case.

In case you didn't see it, the November 27th issue of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED carried the following article in its Scorecard section, entitled "Dancing in the Light."

So 44,000 people are in the stands waiting impatiently for the big game between South Carolina and Clemson. There is applause when the orange-coated Clemson Tigers take the field. Thirty-six strong, they begin their pre-game calisthenics with grace and finesse. Then they swing into strange gyrations, zigging and zagging in place, shaking their hips, waving their arms, bumping and grinding like a bunch of fifth-rate burlesque queens. The Clemson fans, no fools, know that this is not the Clemson team but a bunch of phonies from South Carolina dressed like the Clemson team. Down onto the field pour outraged Clemsonites, and battle is done here and there and hither and yon. Thus was the Twist introduced to the gridiron. We doubt that it will appear again.

See, Mr. Penland, not everyone views such spirit dimly. In knowledgeable quarters, originality begets publicity.

Celebration Comes After USC Victory

After resting from a Slater Thanksgiving Smorgasbord Thursday, the football team began to prepare for their trip to Nashville, Tennessee — scoffing up a little "Silky Straight," "Steven's Jeans for Janes" (with the hidden zipper), "White Rose Petroleum Jelly," and that FM-AM, VHF-UHF, trans-continental, two-way, short-wave pocket transistor radio to listen to ole Randy's Record Shop broadcasting them cool sounds from the largest mail-order record shop in the South. Whew!

Arriving in the big city at 4:45 by one of the latest contributions of the Wright Brothers, the team rode to the stadium to run around and mess up the freshly-lined football field. John Caskey, running one of his Dreher High School pass patterns, collided with Tommy Gibson, claimed that it was the hardest lick he had received all season. After uncoiling his face guard from around his ears and picking cleats from be-

tween his teeth, the exercise was concluded.

The team left for the stadium at 12:00 Saturday with Sam Anderson and Henry Crosby playing the part of "Dagwood" catching-the-bus while running along drinking a cup of coffee in his pajamas.

The game was filled with excitement as the two teams constantly knocked each other up and down the field. After their victory, the Gamecocks returned to the bus, and the reply, "Hey fellas, no practice Monday!" was heard. Being the last game of the season, the team was given a little "free rope." With only the precaution to be careful and stay out of trouble, the boys began to disperse over the city (with their pocket transistors). First on the agenda was the Grand-Old-Opry. Billy Gambrell and Jim Moss were scheduled to appear on stage with the country music singing group, but in the final minutes, Moss lost his voice. Nevertheless, Moss fought his way through the crowd, stood in line, and then got an autograph of the famous Hank Snow. Really!

This place called "Printer's Alley" seemed to be the focal point for everyone. A sort of ballet dance was held at the "Rainbow" and various other places. Here, there, and yonder, everyone had a ball—By the way, does anyone know if Ray Curtis got married?

Writer Wants Schedule For '62 Campaign

BY FRED SCHUMPERT

Straying from the subject of bull fighting and flying around the city, Bob Talbert (with the STATE Paper) seems quite upset on the delay of the 1962 Carolina football schedule.

Frankly, with the completion of the '61 season only a week old, I can see no reason for such an argument. Other teams are still preparing for conference games and others bowl offers. Why jump into the next season and lose everything you've played for this year?

Observing the record that has been made this year with outstanding victories, better team moral, better spectator support, and a tremendous change in the student enthusiasm, congratulations instead of criticisms should be given to the entire athletic staff.

WF, Duke Favorites For Title

Strong squads from Wake Forest and Duke will probably represent the ACC in national ratings, but improvement on the part of the rest of the teams will make the Conference no "easy pickin's" in basketball this year.

Standout individuals abound in the league this season, with several players being mentioned for All-American honors. Strong sophomore contingents at almost every school will play a large part in deciding many games.

Four returning starters from Wake Forest's defending champions make them a prime Conference favorite. Enormous Len Chappell, 6-8 and 240 pounds, was the league's top scorer with a 26.6 average last year and is the key to the Deacon's attack with his rebounding and shooting.

Guard Billy Packer adds his outside shooting (17.2 ppg) to Chappell's point production to form a potent two-some. Bill Hull, 6-6, and Bob Woollard, 6-10, give the Deacon's additional rebounding strength, while Dave Wiedeman is a fine playmaker and driver.

For a team that graduated four starters, Duke will field a very tough quintet that lacks only experience. Leading the charge for the Blue Devils will be 6-5 Art Heyman, a shooter par excellence who dumped in 25.2 tallies per game in 1960-61.

Sophomore Jeff Mullins is being touted as the top newcomer in the Conference. He stands 6-4 and fired at a 24 point rate for the Devil frosh. Another soph, lanky Jay Buckley, 6-10, is currently battling for the starting center post with Fred Kast, a 6-7 senior.

N. C. State, with all its troubles, still has an ace in the hole in the person of its wily coach, Everett Case. Hurt by scandal, graduation, and losses from a standout freshman team, the Wolfpack will rely on forwards Russ Marvel, 6-6, and John Pungler, 6-4, to carry the load.

Ken Rohloff is State's top returning scorer with a 12.2 average but he won't be eligible until second semester, so Jon Speaks will be best in the backcourt. Unless either 6-6 Pete Aukel, 6-9 Ron Gossell, or John Key, 6-8, come through, the Wolfpack may be lacking in rebounding strength.

Maryland plays a slow, well-balanced type of offense, but unless the sophomores develop rapidly, won't cause the leaders too much trouble. Much depends on junior Jerry Greenspan, 6-7, and soph, Scott Ferguson, 6-8, adding points and rebounds to the Terp total.

The Terrapins have three scorers who averaged over 10 ppg last season in the persons of Bill Stasiulatis, Bob Eicher, and Bruce Kelleher, but still lack the good big man so necessary for success in ACC basketball.

At North Carolina, the Tarheels lost their coach and some top-notch players. They will be relying on 6-7 Jim Hudock, Jim Donohue, 6-8, for height, while the backcourt will be manned by Donnie Walsh and Larry Brown. Sophomore prospects are Mike Cooke and 6-7 Art Katz.

The Clemson Tigers will rely mainly on a fine group of sophs to bolster their chances for victories. Tom Mahaffey, 6-7, is the only returning starter, but injured Choppy Patterson, 19 ppg last year, may play second semester. The frosh quintet contributes shooter Jim Brennan (26 ppg for the first year men), and three boys over 6-7 to help with the rebounding.

Five of the top six scorers return at Virginia, but the Cavaliers lack both the big man and the shooters to create much of a splash in the ACC. Tony Laquinano will get his 20 points per game, but unless big soph Richard Katstra blossoms into a star, the Virginia boys are in for a long winter.



"HAPPINESS CAN'T BUY MONEY"

I have asked the makers of Marlboro—an enterprising and aggressive group of men; yet at the same time warm and lovable; though not without acumen, perspicacity, and drive; which does not, however, mask their essential great-heartedness; a quality evident to all who have ever enjoyed the beneficence of their wares; I refer, of course, to Marlboro Cigarettes, a smoke fashioned with such loving care and tipped with such an easy-drawing filter that these old eyes grow misty when I think upon it—I have asked, I say, the makers of Marlboro—that aggregate of shrewd but kindly tobaccoists, that cluster of hearty souls bound together by the profit motive and an unflagging determination to provide a cigarette forever flavorful and eternally pleasing—I have asked, I say, the makers of Marlboro whether I might use today's column to take up the controversial question: Should a coed share expenses on a date?

"Yes," said the makers simply. We all shook hands then and squeezed each other's shoulders and exchanged brave smiles, and if our eyes were a trifle moist, who can blame us?

To the topic then: Should a coed share expenses on a date? I think I can best answer the question by citing the following typical case:

Poseidon Nebenzal, a student at Oklahoma A and M, majoring in hides and tallow, fell wildly in love with Mary Ellen Flange, a flax weevil major at the same school. His love, he had



"Oh, foolish reaper! Why have you not told me before?"

reason to believe from Mary Ellen's sidelong glances and maidenly blushes, was not entirely unrequited, and by and by he mustered up enough courage to ask her the all-important question: "Will you wear my 4-H pin?"

"Yes," she said simply. They shook hands then and squeezed each other's shoulders and exchanged brave smiles, and if their eyes were a trifle moist, who can blame them?

For a time things went swimmingly. Then a cloud appeared. Mary Ellen, it seems, was a rich girl and accustomed to costly pleasures. Poseidon was bone-poor and he quickly ran out of money. Unable to take Mary Ellen to the posh places she fancied and too proud to tell her the reason, he turned surly and full of melancholy. Soon their romance, so promising at the beginning, was headed for a breakup. But at the last moment, Poseidon managed to blurt out the truth.

"Oh, beloved agrarian!" cried Mary Ellen, grappling him close. "Oh, proud husbandman! Oh, foolish reaper! Why have you not told me before? I have plenty of money, and I will contribute according to my ability."

Poseidon, of course, protested, but she finally persuaded him of the wisdom of her course. From then on they split all expenses according to their incomes. Rather than embarrass Poseidon by handing him money in public, a joint bank account was set up to allow him to write checks. Into this account each week they faithfully deposited their respective allowances—35 cents from Poseidon; \$2300 from Mary Ellen.

And it worked fine! They were happy—truly happy! And what's more, when they graduated they had a nice little nest egg—eight million dollars—with which to furnish a lovely apartment in Lubbock, Texas, where today they operate the local laundromat.

So you see? You too can salvage your failing romance if you will only adopt a healthy, sensible attitude toward money.

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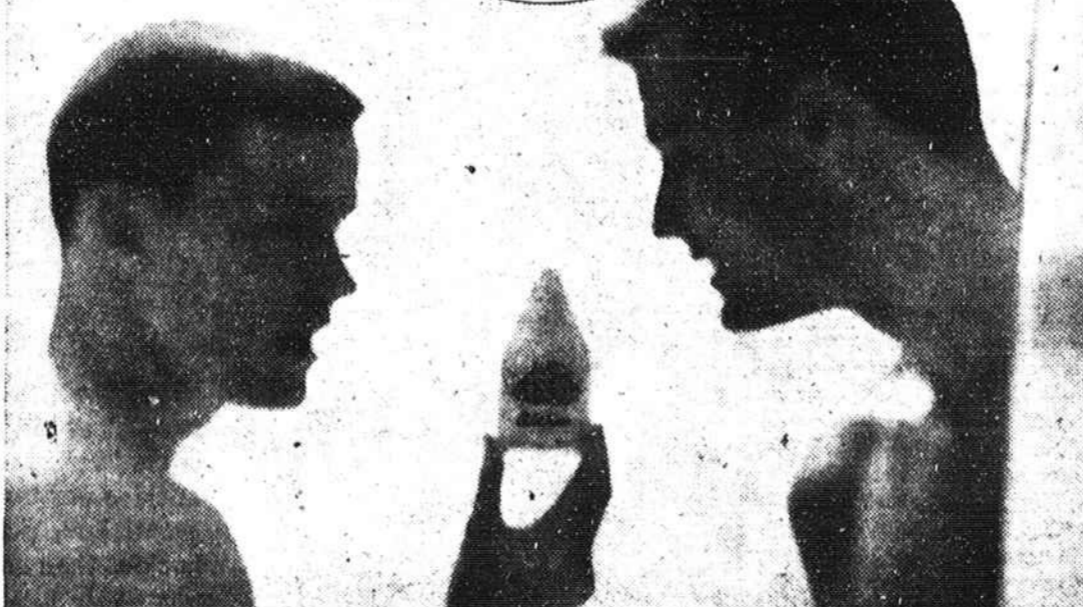
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Head Coach Marvin Bass

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