

The Gamecock

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BUSINESS.

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Salutation.

With this issue we, the new editorial staff, assume the manifold woes and weal of putting out The Gamecock for the second term. In taking over our new duties we do so somewhat with a mingled feeling of pride and regret. Some of us are neophytes at the editorial game, others more or less veterans, but nevertheless, we poignantly realize that filling the positions once occupied by such shining lights as "Bob" Gonzales, Broadus Mitchell, Marion Wright, R. C. Thompson, Thorne Sparkman and many others of like fame, will never be an easy task. We will doubtless make mistakes, but then you must remember that we are only human. Always we shall strive to give you the best in us.

The Gamecock is the organ of the student body of the University in spirit at least if not in actuality; consequently, any student is always at liberty to write news articles, editorials, jokes or poetry for publication herein, whether he or she be a member of the staff or not. In fact, we urge you to do so, and any member of the staff will be ever ready to receive such material. Constructive criticism will be welcomed by us at any and all times, but as for chronic knocking we cannot use it, no matter how minute the quantity. With the earnest cooperation of students and faculty we hope to make The Gamecock as much of a success in the next few months as it has been in the past.

A Demise.

Not so far from Greenville, at a school whose principal studies are the rudiments of milking cows and throwing old Daisy's badly treated husband, the faculty is walking about with heads bowed in profound sorrow. They are grieving for a dear departed friend, who had filled their ears with sweet tales of victory and revenge in large quantities. He had told them of his "system" which had never gone down in defeat and had promised that the proud blasts of the Purple Hurricane would be stilled and that the tail feathers of the proud old Gamecock would be painfully and permanently extracted and never again would the hearts of the student body of C. A. C. be downcast in defeat. He sang this siren song to the faculty and he then strolled over and prima donnaed the song to the student body, and the meeting broke up to the tune, "We Will Ride Carolina on a Rail."

Down on the mourners' bench were "Bull" Lightsey and Rhett Turnipseed, who swore they were converted, and that they would immediately enroll in school so that they might drink from that wonderful cup of Victory and Revenge.

Mr. Stewart (for that is the name of the dear departed one), sang this song so often that at last he really believed it himself and there's where the hurt comes in. Old "Doc" was an artist at the game of "make believe," and when he started talking he held the accelerator wide open and all brakes off. It occurred to him that after he had won the state championship of South Carolina for two or three years he would then take his bunch of man-handlers west and show the boys out there a few things. After stopping off at Occidental College to exercise his war-horses in a sixty-minute scrimmage with their team, he intended to take boat at San Francisco and run over to the Hawaiian Islands for a game out there. It all sounded fine, and it was a toss up to see who fell for it the hardest, the faculty or student body. The first year "Doc's" plans went fine until his bunch of cake-eaters, averaging 200 pounds, came, saw and failed to conquer Carolina at the Fair week game. "Doc" then went back and told the school that his team would really get going the next year as he

would have "Bull" Lightsey and Rhett Turnipseed to help him mop up the state and all this called for more talk and promises.

However, the next year when his bunch of cow-boys barely fluked out on the Gamecocks 3 to 0 and later on lost to Furman, who had been soundly trounced by Carolina, the situation became bilious indeed. "Pop," his air castles crumbled, and "flop," his pride took a back hand flip, and to make matters worse, "Bull" Lightsey wasn't as young as he used to be and an injury that he received when playing against an All-European team brought over by Columbus in 1492, was worrying him and he decided to retire to the seclusion of his farm.

Then, too, Rhett Turnipseed didn't take to cows so readily; and to round out "Doc's" hard luck, Rhett sprained his milking hand and had to quit school.

So "Doc" resigned as head coach at Clemson! We must congratulate "Doc" upon his nerve and the student body upon its fortitude in face of overwhelming disaster, for we expected "Doc" to resign a year ago. And if "Doc" had not talked so much we believe he would have. And the faculty walks about with their chins upon their chests and the clean, white dairy has no attraction for the students. Athletically speaking, "Doc" is dead. If the truth were known "Doc" died a couple of years ago, but Clemson just failed to bury him. Good-bye, "Doc." We wish you success in your new undertaking. May there be no Hurricanes or Gamecocks in Texas to disturb your pipe dreams!

Spring Holidays.

Holidays should always be looked forward to and remembered as the red-letter days, the shining spots on the calendar. The Christmas holidays usually are. Everyone has a big time, because everyone is given time to plan and accomplish some one thing that he or she especially loves to do. So much for the Christmas holidays, but alas, we have several other one-day holidays that, instead of being looked forward to as great days and remembered likewise, are regarded as an extra burdensome day to "kill," an unusually hard day to pass away the time. Could there not be a solution? We think so. Many other schools have spring holidays—starting on Easter Monday and lasting for from three to four days. Why could not we have our one-day holidays postponed until this time and be granted these accumulated holidays as a spring holiday?

Far more interruption to the smooth course of instruction occurs by three short breaks than would be occasioned by one longer one. Everyone would be more satisfied. Those who wished to rest could really get a rest; those who wish diversion could have time to plan and execute it. The interruption caused by the Easter dances and general social functions which mark the closing of Lent would be submerged into the one interruption of spring holidays—the only interruption of the term.

The plan is feasible. It is in harmony with the wishes of all. It is not detrimental to the routine of college work. Why not then do away with the one-day holidays from now on and have regular spring holidays?

With the Alumni.

Many of the law school graduates from all sections of the state attended the meetings of the South Carolina Bar Association held on the campus during the past week.

Edgar T. Thompson, '22, is teaching in Plant City, Fla.

"Charlie" Beck, '21, popular manager of the football team that beat Clemson 3-0 two years ago, holds a responsible position with the American Trust Company in Charlotte.

"Q" Marshall, member of the law class of '22, has recently assumed the duties of magistrate of the City of Columbia. We wish Justice Marshall the best of luck in this important office.

August Kohn, Jr., popular member of the senior academic class of '20, is pursuing his legal studies at Harvard.

"Squash" Quattlebaum, '21, Farra Van Metre, Dexter Evans and several other once familiar figures on the campus are dissecting "niggers" at the South Carolina Medical College in the City by the Sea.

"Chink" Gee is taking work in the School of Commerce at the University of Pennsylvania, leading to his masters degree. "Chink" expects to sail for China ere many moons have passed.

"Tack" Horton, '22, editor of last year's Garnet and Black, is connected with the Ford Sales Service in Charlotte.

Intercollegiate News.

The University of Cincinnati and Kentucky Wesleyan are to play a game of football on the night of September 29th, next. Experts say that this is to be the first night game ever played in the United States.

A chapter of Phi Beta Kappa was installed at Davidson College last Monday.

The University of North Carolina is to send a debating team to the Pacific coast to debate a team representing the University of Southern California in Los Angeles. This debate will no doubt set a new pace in intercollegiate debating circles.

Baseball practice is already under way at Trinity College. Eight pitchers and two catchers reported on the first day of practice. Apparently Trinity expects to put out some baseball team.

Wofford has been boasting lustily over her recent defeat of our basketball team. The following headline appeared in the Old Gold and Black: "Wofford Terriers Make Gamecock's Feathers Fly."

The University of Kentucky band gave a program over the broadcasting station of the Louisville Courier-Journal and Times on February 6th.

The Southern Intercollegiate Basketball Tournament is to be held in Atlanta beginning February 26th, and lasting for five days. Approximately thirty-five of the best quintets in the south will participate.

Plans for a South Carolina tennis tournament, to be held at U. N. C., are being formulated. The Tar Heel says, "It is a matter of doubt as to whether an invitation will be extended to South Carolina."

Harry Garrity, one time all-American halfback on a Princeton eleven, was elected director of athletics at Wake Forest at a meeting of the board of trustees of that institution on February 3d. The Gamecock predicts a good season for the next Wake Forest football machine under the tutelage of this able coach.

Twenty co-eds at the University of Illinois signed up for boxing a short time ago.

A debating society at Boston University recently held a debate by radio, which is supposed to be the first of its kind ever attempted.

The basketball team wants a new rule to allow Salesman Sam Gasque to wear his cap during the game.

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STYLE.

I.
Kink Style is a dictator, rigid, exacting,
Full of perversity, always contracting
Laws that are whimsical,
Often most flimsical,
Subject to change in the very enacting.
Some that are lovely and artful in feature,
Some so revealing they can't help attracting
All of the masculine down thru the preacher,
Some of them pleasing,
Others are teasing,
Some most absurd and a few quite distracting.

II.

Maybe the all of us don't worship Art.
Yet we delight when with Style he takes part,
Lending his graces
As he erases
Out of the figure the lines which deface,
Trying to give the poor body a start
Back to normal physique of the race.

III.

Man is peculiar and loves the elusive
Rather than facts which are oft too conclusive;
He would much rather guess
With grounds that are less
Than to know beyond doubt and still be disappointed.

"Wimmin."

If your arm slips around her silk-clad waist
And she yields to your passionate, close embrace
(Cold eyes belying her ardent haste)
Till lip meets lip, then without a trace
Of resentment upon her angel face,
She pushes you off to your proper place,
Don't worry, your conduct is all "good taste."
For she's old at the game if I know the race.

Basket Ball

Let's win 'em all boys

and

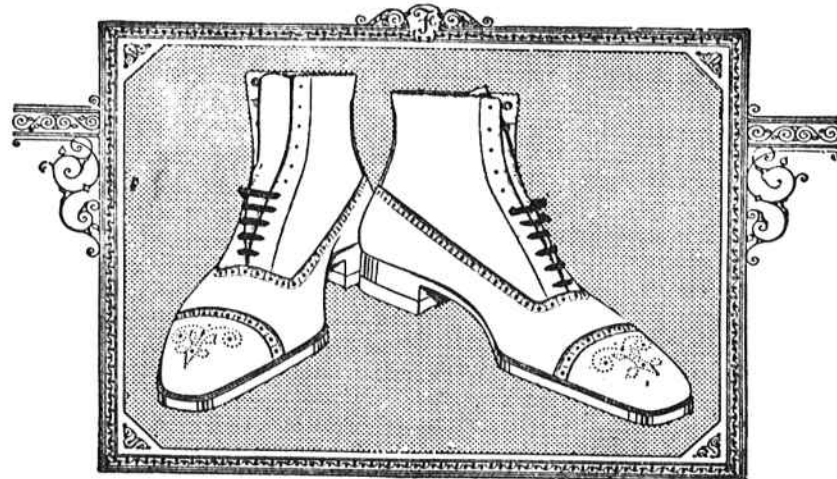
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