

# Gamecocks Upset By White Phantoms

## SPORTSCOPE

By DENNIS POWERS

Having assumed a new name, due to my beloved roommates' foresight at last week's Happy Hour, Deacon Powers will proceed to give you the latest sportsdope, which at the present time on this campus is practically nil. However, taking a hodge-podge of them all we find . . .

### Football . . .

The females have done it again! Not content with taking mens' places in every possible field, the Co-eds of Carolina have taken their charm to the gridiron. The McKissick Memorial Fund will receive the entire "take" when the lassies of Tri-Delta tangle with the Amazons of Pi Beta Phi in the Powder Bowl. Faculty members will be head cheerleaders and Kappa Delta's will drill at half-time. Everything will be played according to present rules, but this corner suggests the following alterations:

1. Any player messing an opponent's leg make-up will incur a 15-yard penalty against her team.
2. Anyone caught pilfering bobby pins will be ejected from the game.
3. Finger nails should be cut square in accordance with Navy Army regulations.
4. Turbans or bandannas will be worn by all team members to prevent any slip-ups in the heated game.
5. Over large jerseys are the order of the day.

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### Honest To Gosh Football . . .

Moving to the serious side of the football ledger the Gamecocks should present a pretty good team next season. With 25 returning squad members from last year and a couple of transfers from other schools, the Birds should have a well-balanced squad. Playing a pretty rough schedule, the Garnet and Black boys may shape up as a dark horse in the Southern Conference. From the opening game with Duke to the final, the boys will be playing tough opponents, and all the games should be good. However, time will tell, and . . .

\* \* \*

### Baseball . . .

Carolina will be represented on the diamond this year. The schedule so far isn't complete but will include college teams and service teams in this vicinity. Bob Noble, Guy White, Bob Felder and Chuck Rudolph are the returning veterans that Coach McMillan will work with along with several promising newcomers including Joe House, Bill Thrasher, "Red" Kite, Tommie Cox, Jack Summerlin, and Tiger Adams. It should develop into a good ball club, and deserving of support.

\* \* \*

### Track . . .

Dr. Penney's flying Gamecocks are working out daily. Some two dozen prospective Glenn Cunningham's and Jesse Owens' are pounding the cinders on the athletic field in an effort to give the Garnet and Black a team of some note. Negotiations are on the way toward several meets with Southern Conference competition.

\* \* \*

### Softball . . .

Plans are afoot in the RO barracks for intramural softball under the leadership of Joe Mareschi. Eight teams will be entered in the league and at present writing big things await the winner. League standings will be published in each issue.

\* \* \*

### My Readers . . .

Apologies for the foregoing column. But all things taken into consideration, material, etc., it will have to do. In closing I'd like to tell all of you good people on the wrong road the same as the aged but fiery sky pilot preaching to his flock: "Hell is full of cocktails, highballs, short skirts, and two-piece bathing suits!" A voice from the gallery exclaimed: "Oh, death, where is thy sting?"

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ANY THING NEEDED IN THE CLASSROOM

### P. T. As Childs Play No Longer Being Said

A new regime has set in here at Carolina!!! The good old days are but a memory, but those that remember them are many and varied. To the newly arrived trainee, the first four months were ones of torture to the nth degree. (I learned that in Math!) From the very outset the specialists endeavored to prove to the fleet man, or to the civilian as the case may have been, just exactly what poor shape he was in. This usually took the form of calisthenics, casual jaunts around the track some twenty-odd times, pleasure trips over the obstacle course, back-breaking treks up and down the ancient stands of Melton field, and other items of medieval barbarism. Every so often the poor unfortunate would cast his dog-tired eyes to his more fortunate brothers cavorting blithely upon the field thoroughly enjoying his daily workout, playing softball, touch football, soccer, basketball, etc. etc., and long for the day when he too would be so elevated to that esteemed position of taking P. T. 2!!!

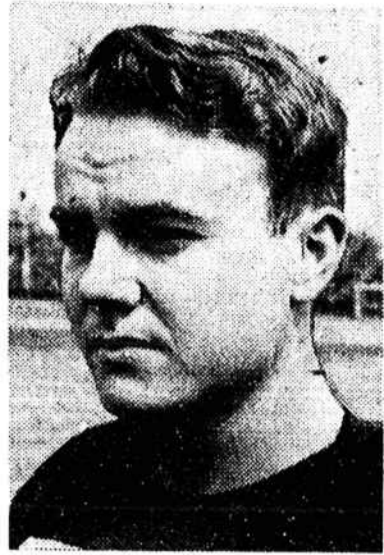
Strange to relate, this day finally arrived, and it was with considerable reluctance that the trainee, now in the pink of condition???, had a fond farewell to his Simon Legare with a rate on his sleeve, and trotted forth daily to enjoy life again in some civilized form of exercise. But then days is gone forever—

The Navy has decided that its young men were not approaching the standards set out for them, that they were growing soft from easy living, and gradually losing that edge that every athlete feels when he is in shape. They decided to change the theme a little bit, and the Navy's word being the Supreme word, hence the New Regime.

Now the dust has been wiped from those upright wooden beams, ropes, and steel bars which form the obstacle course. The tread of many many dainty little feet is felt by the cinder paths daily. The mellow bleacher seats of Melton Field feel again the weight of a perspiring sailor, and calisthenics are the order of the day.

The Sick Bay reports show an increasing number of ailments, some real, the majority feigned, as Uncle Sammy's boys endeavor vainly to fit themselves for the rugged life on the open sea.

### Coach "Mac"



### McMillan Accepts Still More Duties

Coming here last August to coach the backfield for "Doc" Newton's fighting football team, John McMillan has acquired a few other full time jobs. To mention a few are coaching basketball, base ball and helping out the Navy by giving the V-12's calisthenics.

A Carolina alumnus, Johnny came here after turning out some cracker-jack ball clubs at Sumter High School. For most coaches it is a big jump from high school to college, but Coach McMillan has proved to all that he could do it.

As "Doc" Newton's right hand man on the gridiron he will always be remembered for his favorite expression, "Down, git up!"

At all the Birds baseball games he looked like the calmest person on the sidelines, but the way he kept his temper under control was by tearing small pieces of tape from a roll he always carried in his pocket.

With baseball season starting Johnny has taken over the reins, and the Carolina fans are looking forward to a successful season.

In his short coaching career McMillan has produced many winning teams, and we predict a bright future and many more years of success for him.

### Tennis Draws Large Crowds

Warmer weather has come, and with it tennis in every size, shape and form. Navy boys are not to be outdone by the co-ed stalwarts, and each afternoon sees a mad dash for the all too few not so well-conditioned courts on campus. The long and not too patient waiting line frequently offer suggestions as to how the game is to be played, and more often than frequently there is the not too subtle hint to give the other fellow a chance.

But when one finally gets on the court there is anything from a calm peaceful game to an exciting game of "find" (the lost tennis balls). Nevertheless, personalities that are definitely personalities are to be witnessed on every hand.

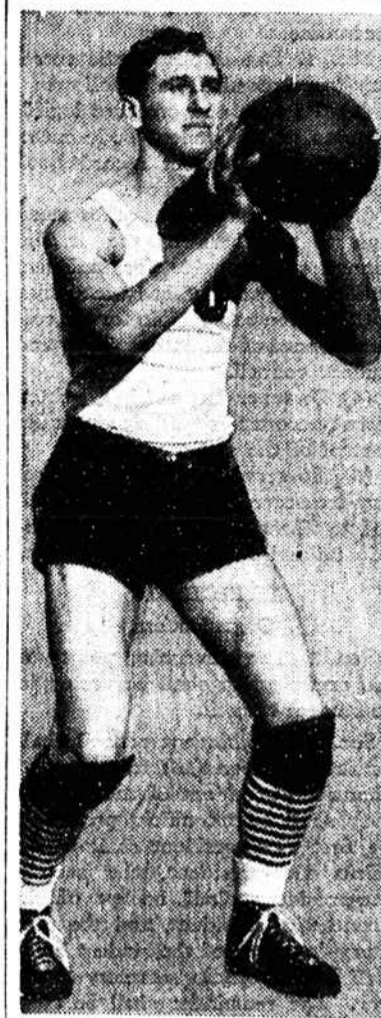
The two most frequent visitors to the double courts are probably Sy Ameen and his smaller (?) and, far less quiet companion Fred Reese. They're both rather adept at the game, but we hear that Fred has a goodly line of tournament play behind him. His skill is in evidence, you can be sure, and Sarah Bull will certainly have to take lessons if someone doesn't soon volunteer for the job of private instructor which she is offering free of charge to any brave person.

Joe House has been showing a tennis ball the same good time he gave a basketball, and Beach Gattman's power really lays 'em over. Of course, Sullivan tries hard, but can he help it if some po' sophomore co-ed takes especial pleasure in lamming them right at his rather insignificant head? Let Nell Mayer, who has rented her own spot on the court, be a witness.

And what a surprise Push Tinsley's partner got the other day. Big as life when asked to join in a doubles game Push innocently (but you know Push) gives out with, "Well, I'm the champ! Who wants to play with me?" The hearty response from that little blonde sailor later changed to a peculiar kind of laughter, but 'tis rumored that they had a large time.

Toozie Johnson has been out there 'on the ball', and we aren't just talking. For our money she's as good as the gals come, even considering the lang-herself-up game of Vivian Jones. Viv is rather new at the game, but everyone who has ever witnessed one of her magnificent swats assures her that she has a brilliant future in this great game.

### Little Charlie



### Sokol Unanimously Named To All-Southern Squad

Carolina's own little Charlie added another bauble to his already well filled crown in Raleigh last month. The scene was the Southern Conference tournament, in which the top-seeded Birds were knocked off in the semi-finals.

Carolina placed one man on the mythical all stars, North Carolina placed two, and Duke two. Bill Thrasher, Jim Robinson, and Howard House, each received three out of eight votes to gain honorable mention. Sokol was placed on the squad by the vote of all eight coaches who participated in the balloting, and was elected the captain of this honorary team.

Little Charlie paced the state, and the conference throughout the season in the scoring department, and had he played more he undoubtedly would have been well on the way to setting a record. As it was he and his teammates averaged only about half of every game with the exception of the Red Raiders.

Hailing from Newport News, Virginia his "oooot", Hoooose, and aboooot, are as familiar as his loose jointed ramble around the barracks, and campus.

Able abetted by his fellow first string cronies, House, Phillip, Thrasher, and Robinson, he nevertheless sparked a great team to within smelling distance of the goal they set for themselves. It was one of Carolina's greatest teams, and will be always remembered as such.

### Former Football Greats Make Last Bow To Public; As Powers Tries To Fill Space

No longer will the turf at the Carolina Stadium echo to the tread of their footsteps, their faltering voices in recitation are but a memory to their instructors, the he—they raised when first they hit the campus is remembered by only the old timers. Yes, they are gone, but their presence somehow still lingers on here at Carolina.

Only a few hardy souls can sit down in one of the very rickety canteen booths, and recite their first exploits, but even the new-comers can tell you of the name they made in recent years. The roll is not long but each name will stir memories. Bradford—here a big 190 pounder comes to mind, the "Nose", or just the "Brick", take your choice, but a grand guy nevertheless. Alternate captain of last year's team, always speaking loud in any argument, and Canteen lawyer extraordinary. Hunnicutt—a quiet, slow talking Georgia boy, hailing from the red clay hills up around Macon. This speed merchant made things pretty tough for Bird opponents last season. Affectionately known as Buttercup, this blonde-haired boy with his smile will be remembered. Thrash—

Another Macon boy, but with a God given stretch of limb that enabled him to pick passes out of the air with seeming ease, battalion commander of the ROTC, mentioned for All-American honors in '41, standout player and all-round good fellow. Patrone—"Tubby Tony" was the name given at spring practice to this Niles, Ohio boy, because to get down over the ball at center he couldn't even buckle his hip pads. A stone wall on defense, shrewd play analyzer, big time from start to finish, iron man of the '44 season. Tominack—Talented Toe Johnny a West Virginian of

some note, packing plenty of meat on a husky frame, he made a rugged man, as Carolinas opponents last season found out. His kicking was a bright spot in an otherwise mediocre season.

The list goes on, King—Hawkes—Dean—Thompson—Wallace—Allen—Bartell—Fisher—Herdegen. All of these boys will be here on the campus again some day, and in the coming football season, Carolina will have a few more alumni scattered widely, but pulling for her as hard as when they were out there themselves.

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