



November 12, 1896 - USC won the first Clemson-Carolina game 12-6.

### Carolina-Clemson tickets still available

Student tickets are still available for the Carolina-Clemson game at the Roundhouse on Rosewood Drive.

### RHA holds semiformal

Residence Hall Association will hold a "Midnight in the Garden" semiformal from 8 p.m. to 1 a.m. Friday at Meetings on Main. Tickets can be purchased at the RH Information Desk and the RHA office in the Residence Education office in the Towers. Tickets are \$5 a person and \$8 a couple.

### The Great American Smoke Out to be held

The Great American Smoke Out will be held on Thursday. Tables will be set up on Greene Street and the Blatt P.E. Center Lobby from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. on Wednesday and Thursday. Quit Kits and pamphlets will be given out. For more information, call the Open Door Drop-In Center at 777-8248.

### AAAS to sponsor Spring Break Cruise

The Association of African-American Students is sponsoring a five-day Spring Break Bahamas Cruise from March 6 to 10. For more information, call LaTonya at 544-2254. Deadline for securing a spot is Tuesday.

### Carolina-Clemson Blood Battle to be held

The annual Carolina-Clemson Blood Battle will be held in the RH Ballroom and Bloodmobile in front of the Russell House next week. For more information, call the American Red Cross at 251-6025.

### NSCS to hold meeting

The National Society of Collegiate Scholars will hold its last meeting of the semester at 7:30 p.m. on Tuesday in the Gressette Room on the third floor of Harper College. For more information, call Ian at 544-0962.

### SHARE to sell ribbons

Sexual Health Awareness and Rape Education Peers will be selling ribbons for the Hopelights campaign from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. Wednesday and Thursday on Greene St. Proceeds benefit the Rape Crisis Network.

### Oxfam Carolina to hold day of fasting

The campus-wide Day of Fasting will be held all day Wednesday. Students can donate lunch from their meal plan to benefit hungry Americans. For more information, call the Office of Community Services Programs at 777-5780.

### BOND to hold social

The Brothers of Nubian Descent, in conjunction with the USC chapter of the NAACP, invites everyone to the Brotherly Love Social at 6 p.m. on Thursday. Food and entertainment will be provided. For more information, call the OMSA at 777-4330.

Briefs for Campus Notes can be submitted to RH 333. Please include a contact name and phone number. We can't promise to print everything, but we can promise to try.



# Veterans Day



BY SARA LADENHEIM  
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AND  
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Veterans Day - a day set aside to honor those men and women who served the United States of America in times of war. Formerly known as Armistice Day, Veterans Day honors those who had fought in World War I.

Nov. 11, Armistice Day, was declared a national holiday in 1938, 20 years after the World War I had ended. In 1953, a congressman from Kansas proposed a bill that changed the name of the holiday to Veterans Day.

### Ann Marie's Story

Now, I personally don't have any war stories, and the only war I've ever experienced was the Gulf War. However, I do have one story that exemplifies why Veterans' Day is important to me.

When I was in ninth grade, my history teacher asked the class a question: "If the United States were bombed today and many people were killed and we went to war, would you join the Army and fight?"

This one girl in my class raised her hand and said: "If I died I would want people to fight for me, but if I lived I wouldn't fight."

I couldn't believe her statement. I turned to her and said, "You are such a hypocrite."

After that, an argument ensued, and finally I had the whole class agreeing that she was a hypocrite.

The reason I felt so strongly then was because many of my close relatives fought in two of the major wars of the 20th century - World War II and Vietnam.

If either one of my grandfathers had died in WWII, I wouldn't be here today. People fought and died to protect the American flag and what it stands for.

We, as American citizens, should honor those who gave up their lives so we could still go on living in a free democratic society. Here are the stories of a few of my relatives who fought to protect the American way of life.

### Grandpa Kuczirka

When I was a child, my Grandpa Kuczirka would always tell my cousins and me stories about World War II. Some were true, and others not so true. One of his favorite (and one of the true) war stories was the story of when he was shot in the shoulder.

The story always began the same. Kids, this is the story of when I was shot, he would say. It was in Saipan, July 23, 1944. The fourth division Marines were charging up a hill when they heard gunfire.

The soldiers dropped to their bellies upon hearing the shots. I stood up and ran over to a tree about 20 feet away to see where the gunfire was coming from. That's when the bullet hit me.

It hit me in the front of my left shoulder and came out the back of my right shoulder. The boys in my unit saw what had happened and had to carry me down the hill. I was spitting up blood, and I couldn't walk.

The boys kept having to rest and put me down on rocks - trust me, kids; that was very painful. When they finally got me all the way down the hill, I was brought into the First Aid tent where, I stayed overnight. The next day, I was brought to a field



Above: Sara's Papa in his Navy uniform in 1942, just prior to his being shipped off with the Navy to the South Pacific.

hospital on the beach and stayed there for another night.

Then, finally, I was brought to the hospital ship. While I was on the ship, there was engine trouble, and so the ship was just floating around for a couple of days.

All we heard were planes flying over us, but we didn't know whether they were our planes or enemy planes. They had to keep the lights burning all day and all night so everyone knew we were a hospital ship and not a battleship.

After the engine was fixed, I stayed in New Caledonia for about a week so I could regain some strength. After about a week, a bunch of other wounded guys back on a troop ship to Oakland, Calif. for three days. After that, we were brought over to San Diego Naval Hospital.

I stayed there until July 1945 when I was discharged, and I came back home to Connecticut. My arm is still numb from the damage, and it's still painful sometimes. Okay, kids, that my story; now go out and play.

We always enjoyed hearing these stories, probably because our grandpa was a war hero. One of my favorite stories (one that was not so true) was the one about how he and my Uncle Charlie had won the war single-handedly. When my cousin Frank and I were about five years old, we believed him. How cool was it that we knew the guys who won World War II? As years passed, though, we realized this was one of the stories Grandpa had made up to make us smile and laugh.

### Grandpa Miani

Also during World War II, my father's dad was stationed in the Pacific. Grandpa Miani was in the Navy and was a motor machinist, second class, on a destroyer escort.

He joined the Navy at the beginning of World War II and went to boot camp in Chicago. He was discharged after the war was over and married grandmother in 1947.

I never got to hear any of his war stories because he died in 1971, nine years before I was born. He never shared any of his stories with my father, so I don't know anything else.

The only war memory I have of him is the pic-

ture of him in his Navy uniform that is in my living room at home.

### Uncle Johnny

The Vietnam War wasn't the most popular war the United States ever fought in, but I still had a family member over in Southeast Asia.

My mother's brother John was stationed in Da Nang, in central Vietnam. It was in the northern section of the demilitarized zone. Like Grandpa, Uncle Johnny was a Marine and was in Vietnam for 19 months.

Da Nang was bombed, and the enemy destroyed all but two of U.S. aircrafts.

Uncle Johnny, like most Vietnam veterans, never really talked about his experiences and definitely never told any of us kids.

However, while he was over there, he met a man named Harold. He and Harold became good friends, and one day Harold asked Uncle Johnny if he wanted to write his sister, Sharon. Johnny and Sharon wrote for two and a half years and were married on June 13, 1970. So, some good did come out of Vietnam.

### Sara's Story

War stories constantly remind me of my grandfather, my "papa," whose own tales of the South Pacific are some of the most interesting I've heard. Just shy of his 22nd birthday, he enlisted in the Navy. Seaman radio operator, second class, was his rank, and his territory covered the South Pacific islands the Navy captured after the Marines secured the area.

His mother would write letters to him, as would the remainder of his 15 sisters and brothers who did not join their older siblings who went off to war. Spielberg might have profiled a story of one family whose luck ran out, but fortunately, the Trupia family managed to return all six boys who went off to war home safely. Papa, Joseph, was the oldest and the first to enlist.

He opted for the Navy because he loved the ocean, and since he grew up close to the Long Island Sound in Queens, New York, he was familiar with the sea and respected it deeply. Already educated with a degree in design from Parsons College in Manhattan, he was about to begin a job as a pattern designer when he went off to war. His brothers Pauly and Charlie were enlistees in the Navy, as well.

My great uncles Frank, Rhee and Mikey opted to enlist in the Army. They spent their days huddled in trenches somewhere in France or in Italy, where their Sicilian dialect did nothing to aid in the war effort, but kept some of them out of the direct line of fire, at least for a little while.

Papa was always daydreaming. I can imagine him staring off the deck of his ship imaging himself as being on a cruise, rather than on a cruiser, or on a large island rather than an aircraft carrier. His love for the ocean kept him feeling as lonely as he possibly could after days and weeks of no contact with his family.

On one particularly long and tiresome journey to seal off an island from the Japanese, he wrote a story about how the sailors would fish. One day, he said, they caught a stingray that was the size of a small Buick.

He described how the great fish had given birth on the deck and how he and a few other sailors had forced the one who caught it to throw it back and; allow it to live in peace with its young. That journey was particularly perilous, with kamikaze attacks seeming endless throughout the day and

night.

Thankfully, his ship wasn't hit, and the battle was won by the American forces. The next day, all the men gleefully began to swim in waters he described as being as clearly blue as they could be with the white sand visible from one mile down. Unfortunately, ships and undetonated armaments littered the ocean floor.

A few short months later, the war was over. My papa served with the same Pacific fleet that sailed into Tokyo bay to secure the signing of the surrender and help handle the war crimes tribunals and reinstitution of the Japanese government.

Somewhere, there are pictures of the Emperor Hirohito and the Japanese High Command signing the treaty that would end the war to end all wars, all taken by my grandfather.

It would be the role he played on Tahiti after the war that would be most significant in his life. Nearby, the United States began to test high-grade nuclear weapons that would ultimately lead to the arms race with the Soviet Union and the Cold War.

Still swimming in the seas he loved until he was shipped home in late 1946, it is unknown whether his exposure to these tests had any effect on his life until 1994.

Diagnosed with several cancers in advanced stages, Papa died in October a year later.

He is buried today at Calverton National Cemetery on Long Island.

His plot is a plain white stone with a simple cross bearing only his name, rank and branch of service.

I miss him a lot and think of him often. At this time of year particularly, I am reminded of his service to our country, and it makes me think of his war stories.

As with all our veterans, his duty is felt every day in the preservation of our freedom as citizens of the United States.



SARA LADENHEIM THE GAMECOCK  
Papa on Tahiti in 1946. He was stationed there for five months during the nuclear testing at the beginning of the Cold War.

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