THE GAMECOCK

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COLUMBIA, S. C., NOVEMBER 23, 1868.

A PLEA FOR THE

GAMECOCK

Boys, it is a pure case of "sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish," with The Gamecock. The financial end is lacking; yet if every student were to contribute a dollar, the paper edition could be gotten out with ease. Just think a few minutes of the price of subscription—three small fifty-cent pieces. Do you believe the editors will let the weekly paper fall through? It is a reflection upon each individual and on the entire student body to let it perish. Here are only about twenty subscribers out of the possible number, the societies, which have about one hundred and seventy-five members. Just about the six-tenths of the boys are supporting a paper which benefits all the entire student body, and it is safe to say that those who do not take The Gamecock read it when they can get a chance to borrow from those who do. It is never too late to do good, and now is a chance to profit by your help. We are all Carolina students, with her good name at stake, and your loyalty, subscribe to The Gamecock and The Carolinian, and take an interest in all athletics. In this way you can show your college spirit.

UNIVERSITY GYMNASIUM INADEQUATE

The present gymnasium is a poor excuse for an athletic house such as the University of South Carolina should possess. Nor is it even adequately lighted.

The basement of the Science Hall constitutes the gym, and although it occupies considerable floor space, this has been submerged by the lights of the laboratory departments in order, in some way, to supply the many athletic demands. There is a general mixup when the basketball, football men, the gym classes, and the tennis boys who take light exercise gather at the gymnasium. In order to carry on the gym classes, McCarthy does not allow the front door to be opened, and those wishing to get in a bath have to enter by a door at the back, wade through water which is always standing on the carpet. Good results have passed both players' room, undress and take their bath, which causes a general confusion for one to dress and get out with what he was in with. All this causes much trouble for the football men, who are tired out after practice and wish to get a bath before the supper hour. The front of the building or bringing up clothes are poor. The football uniforms are laid out on the floor from one day to another, for the lack of sufficient places to put them in good order. Even the baths are far from adequate or anything that adequate implies. There are about six running shower with the sprinklers lacking. The sprays which ges through the spouts is always as cold as it is. If there is a treat of the season to get a warm bath. There is no way to regulate the water, even if there is a roasting fire in the stove. It is a sight to watch the crowd of boys standing around, nude and eager to get a touch of the water in dead winter, however cold.

The few exercise apparatus are in fairly good condition, but are too few for the demands of three hundred boys. The physical instructor himself is aware of the need of a better gymnasium. Sometimes if the classes taking regular exercises are filled up it is necessary to take them out in the open air, or to purchase apparatus for the cross-country run. This is one department that the University cannot boast of, for it is far behind the times and many necessary demands of the students.

CLEAN ATHLETICS

There is a demand for clean athletics these days, as there is for clean politics. The stage of grafting has not reached such a moral degree as in politics. But it is not an uncommon occurrence to find men running in ringer and players that are ineligible under the S. I. A. A. rules. But even the S. I. A. rules have not proved to be a defensive barrier against professionalism are sometimes overlooked.

The University of South Carolina, although not belonging to the S. I. A. A., has always stood for clean, honest ball. Ringers are kept out by the University and are taken out of the regular college work. The athletics at the University this year are free from the stain of professionalism.

CAROLINA CReditS CHARLES-

TOWN COLLEGE

The students of the University of South Carolina agree with the Charleston

town student who so ably defended the athletics of his institution in the "St. Paul's:" Is no game.

Charleston College and Carolina football here this season, and although the visitors were defeated, they played snappy ball and did not at any time appear to be a game of gry. In fact the University has been playing them some athletic contest each year and their team has always put up good, strong work. It might have won much credit for their pluck and game spirit.

But at the end he closes by safely predicting that the Charleston baseball team will be defeated for the State championship. The closing words are: "The prospects for an all winning team looks up brighter and brighter each day." It is not safe, however, to predict so far ahead of time. Last year the University of South Carolina won the State championship, by the way. She that has peaked in April finds her fists beside the many other colleges of the State.

BEETTER LITED CAMPUS

The campus is poorly lighted, but if the lights were turned into by the faculty it could be remedied at little expense. There are three are lights down the line of the campus, which, together with the reflection from the electric lights in the students' rooms, furnish the light for the entire campus. It is no easy matter for strangers and N. S. 한번 and 1-1000, avoidable, to find their way to the place they wish to go. It is like groping one's way in the dark with the addition of a few fences and trees to fall over. The present lighting facilities would hardly give the least idea to a stranger passing down Sumter street that the University of South Carolina was anywhere near.

Sockets for electric light bulbs are in front of each building, but they have not been in use in such a long time that it would appear somewhat strange to see them used now. Merely beautiful ornaments, not performing a tenth part of what they were put for. It is likely socks will be lighted on the second of the thirty-two, sixteen or even eight candle power lights the situation at night would be improved. The University is thus be like a case where one could see where he was walking, or distinguish Rutledge from Legare, or Elliott from Harper College. The University has not been asked why the "What are those things used for?" referring to the electrical apparatus. And the only reply is: "As ornaments, no one would be handier or served to their purpose."

THE KEELEY INSTITUTE

The old familiar cry of "Rock 'em up Bulbier" is not often heard. The Keeley Institute has not opened up yet. One can no longer sit in the cozy corner and listen to the distant sounds of "That's me," "Kill 'em," Keeley," and "Who's stock." What has caused this blow to the great stock? Amongst the freshmen probably it is the city of Columbia has passed another ordinance prohibiting minors from playing pool. Surely no game but a French would be frightened by such a "foul word." There is no pretense towards the enforcement of it. Such an ordinance, if enforced at all, would certainly be of great benefit to the students of this college. The "thuds" in February would not be quite so numerous, and none would have need to walk to the Methodist College.

Among the upper classmen probably the reason of this lack of enthusiasm in the sport is due to the fact that some few of them have thrown this with the Senator on account of personal relations. Let the cause be what it may, it certainly has had a far-reaching effect upon the students in the classroom.

So hereafter when you wish to wish the Senator good luck say: "Glory be to George Topeha and his fountain."

Prof. C. — "Know, what is a place!"

A FRESHMAN'S DREAM

A Freshman was studying in the library. Freshmen usually study harder than their seniors because they know too much to steal the professor's fence or someone else's wood.

This Freshman was sleepy, for a good deal of work was studying his Math. Now, Math was his hate and crying subject (which we have learned from experience), the Freshman soon began to nod, soon he was fast asleep and dreaming. Next day, they were in survey triangles and parallelograms, nor about father and mother at home, but a most terrible dream.

He dreamed that all the students were assembled in front of the library to hear the law of the librarian. All the Freshmen trembled and quaked in their shoes and were sorely afraid. Even the upper classmen were a little afraid, for they all knew what was coming. Suddenly the librarian appeared in the front window and a hush fell on the vast thorough. Pointing a menacing hand at them she spoke thus:

"I am the sole ruler of this library, thou shalt have no other besides me, or neither committees rule over you, nor Literary Bob.

"Thou shalt not speak aloud or even in a whisper in the library, all communications shall be made by nods of the head, or be unto he who shall break this law.

"Thou shalt not bow down or serve any C. E. W. girls who are in the library. Thou shalt not have thy eyes upon any usurpers of my privilege.

"Thou shalt not take the name of Literary Bob in vain, you must remember that he is doing the best that he can.

"Remember when the faculty meets and take note, for great punishment results for those who break this law."

"Honor thy Librarian and her assistants that the days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

"Co-eds are positively forbidden to talk together, for they disturb the peace of the library by their chattering. Furthermore, they shall hereafter be confined to the aforesaid one corner, which is provided with bars and lock.

"Neither shall they attempt to distract the attention of the boys who are at the reading table. They shall sit still and read books of Bugology and Co-ology. Har, Co-eds, those of you who break this law shall be forced to hold an additional year under Bug."

And all the Carolina boys saw the thunderings and the lightning and the loud voice coming from the library and they were quite afraid and stood afar off behind A. C.'s house.

As they shut unto Literary Bob (who had fed also from the box of the librarian), speak thou with us and we will hear, but let not the librarian speak with us lest we die. And Literary Bob is a very powerful man.

The Freshman was sorely afraid, he groaned and tossed. Suddenly he awoke with a start, heard a pencil tapping, passed the small voice calling, Robert, Oh, Robert.

"The Senator!—Now, suit, Can't give youin' on credit. I got beefed to pass in my.