THE GAMECOOK

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THE GAMECOOK, favor of the University of South Carolina, for the purpose of paying their respective expenses, will be allowed to compete, but the contest is open to every other student.

ON GETTING TOGETHER

Conditions last year at Carolina might have warranted the argument that the only thing that the students of this University could do harmoniously and unanimously was "but." Now that we have not "hosted" this year, for logic has slain by the score and first math, has slaughtered its usual thousands, but we think that there is more, if not equal, feeling on the campus. So why not build a list which we do not think there should be more of this good fellowship? There are now only six classes in the University, where last year there were nine. Nobody can advance a valid reason why we should not get together, say, for instance, on baseball. If we can not help the team with money, and some of us can not, we can at least all help by our presence at the games. Coach Reid, who thoroughly appreciates this fact, has made arrangements with Manager Robert Cooper, and no man need stay away from a single game on account of financial difficulties.

Let the impression once got out in the city that this student body has gotten together and is pushing its baseball team and we will have to enlarge the grandstand to accommodate the crowd. As matters now stand, we cannot expect the town people to come to the games, as they do at other places, when we do not take enough interest in our team to be present ourselves.

There is no reason why matters should stand as they have in the past, and we do not believe that they will. We have as good a State University as there is in the South, and the sooner we awake to the fact, the sooner outsiders are going to find it out.

WHY THE EXAMINATION PLEDGE

During the examinations just over, almost all the professors required us to attach the pledge to our paper. The purpose of the pledge is a small, in fact, a microscopic matter, but, since we have the honor system here, it amounts to a gentle slap in the face.

On examinations, the professors appear to trust us implicitly. Then, why do they ask us to sign the pledge? The examination pledge has never kept students from cheating on examinations. It is simply a relic of our high school days, which, for some unknown reason, has survived in this University, in spite of the honor system.

The pledge is incompatible with the honor system, and the professors should cease to require it.

OUR WORD

The influence of our words is far greater than we can possibly imagine. Words once uttered are beyond our control, and like the current, they can not be made controllable. Their effect upon our hearers may be very different from what we intended, but, nevertheless, the effect is real.

In an assembly of one hundred and fifty students of this University of South Carolina, some words were used which had very little effect, unless counteracted, may be far-reaching than at present we can foresee.

A man who spoke those words did so openly, and, doubtless, honestly, but the sentiment which they expressed was not healthy. The men in question got up before the meeting of the students and announced, in the most casual manner, that it was their conviction that no man should be expelled for cheating on examinations.

This happened at the University of South Carolina, where, almost a hundred years ago, the honor system of which we are so proud was born. The men who voiced these sentiments are both men of brains, leaders, in their respective classes. If they had been men, fresh from the high school, who had not become acclimated to our honor system, we would not have been so very much surprised, for, in the average high school, honor on examinations extends only so far as the teachers can see. But, had it not been for the men whose opinions are calculated to have weight, in fact, they were honorable men.

The effect will this opinion, only, we fear, have upon many of the students who have been in college scarcely four months, men just from the high schools, where ideal conditions on examinations do not prevail. If we do not answer this question, nor can you. However, we take this opportunity of warning the new men not to let the examinations get the two of us depressed in the student body meeting the first week in February, sink too deeply into their hearts. There are men in this University of South Carolina who do believe that cheating on examinations and in classroom is a crime which should be punished by expulsion. We would further call to the attention of the new men that they are two speakers, who ventured the above-mentioned opinion, hail from another college where the honor system is not in force.

We have yet to hear a man who has been at Carolina four, or even three, years say that cheating should not be punished by expulsion.

The Faculty Try Their Hand at Our Old Game

The lobby of the Mess Hall was crowded with honorible Senators and Representatives, among whom fitted the sundry members of our faculty. It was indeed a memorable occasion which we trust will live in history.

Logic, Biology and Ancient Language were well represented at the door. History, clad in a frockcoat which has doubtless seen the Battery, mingled freely with the representatives. In one corner we captured a couple of worthy senators and proceeded thence with his lay: "Charleston, Charleston, greatest port on earth. We stood up here is King street and broadened him. You gentlemen move 'em up, move 'em up. Then we will have a universal worth while." Ancient Language forsakes the door and reposed in a corner until a representative disturbed him with a remark that the decorations were handsome.

"He, he, he, yes. Indeed. He, he, think so myself, he, he." Then he slumbered again.

Modern Languages, immediately gathered, sought out a corner and had fled to the open air of the piazza and, with his broadest a's, addressed them: "Ah, senator, have you met all the representatives? It should be glad to see you around."

The senator thanked him, but declined to be corded and Modern Languages, baffled, sought other worlds to yeast.

Inside, Biology was discussing a group.

"Yes, I have an assistant now, splendid young man, but Science Hall is much better for him. Biology smiled sweetly on a bewildered representative from the up-country. We must have a larger building for him, and I hope that, considering the pressing need, you gentlemen will give it to us." And Biology continued to smile.

Logic was enjoying himself in one corner.

"Illicit process of the minor term, sir; illicit process of the minor term, and circuit in probando, I think. Yes, I have a way of being brilliant. Two of them may pass." The representatives gazed in open-mouthed wonder as Logic proceeded to demonstrate the efficiency of the Socratic Dialectic through a series of baffling diaphanous questions, arriving at last at the conclusion, "Carolina is the university which needs a new building." From another corner came a resounding "What is phat?" Thejad representatives turned to listen to the singer.

"Without a doubt, my vines are so crowded that yesterday nine changed into co-tangents. I need more room for my freshmen to 'hunt in.' The reverberations from the frequent explosions in the tiny math room is worse than the coincident concussions of Lama of the inverted orbit with the planet Mars."

The etherial, idealistic elements of Transcendentism about these old buildings on the campus approaches the pure translation of a somewhat English. "But, gentlemen, we must strike an abris of this modernistic age. We need a new building." Here the doors of the dicing hall were pushed back, and the legislators, pressed fore and aft by the faculty, flocked in.

Everything had settled down to supper, and the elevated, Herr Deutsch with his tale of the German beer-gar- lens. He drank only water.

Biology was engaged in a protracted discussion with the head of the retractor muscle and pedal gaul- tignon of an oyster with a deeply interested senator.

Elementary Economics was struggling with a cigar, which he finally managed to conquer, much to the delight of History, who had witnessed the struggle from the door.

The speechmakers made their last speech, the faculty gave their last glad hand and bestowed their last sweet smile upon the weary representatives as they departed from the hall, surfeited with the faculty's politeness.

The Juniors elected Mr. W. G. Des- portes captain of their baseball team.