USC Football Squad

Second row: (Amerfian) Bob Kerney, Jimmy Cooper, Dick Blank, Whley Gibson, Harold Lewis, Lead- me don't mean to cut your hair, I mean your legs. — Buddy Miller, Bob Denham, June Leshko, Max Reed and Pete Slaugther. — Buddy Miller, Max Reed.

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MORDECAI PERSKY

Counting Chickens

Working on the assumption that there is still something to be said about Carolinian Clemson games, the Gamecock has asked its columnists to come through with it. Whatever it is (this thing that hasn't been said) it isn't, in the standard South Carolina vocabulary.

The game has the distinction of being praised in the colossal terms of motion picture publicity. It is being hotted and curred in other quarters, but there are reports of violent indifference outside the state's borders. Here indeed is an item that has run the gamut of oral and written expression and description.

It is interesting, though, to note the sources of the boots and curses, as well as the time of year they read the air. We note that the complaints are from Clemson fans, immediately following a Carolina loss, and continuing until a shred of honor is regained.

Four long years ago, in 1948, Clemsonians got their last glimpse of a freeing honor. In the three games since then the Tigers have been alternately physically beaten, morally beaten in a physical tie, and physically, morally, and spiritually turned at the stake—in that order.

In the old days, when Tiger victories were abundant, Clemsonians were content to spend a few brisk October days at the state fair—in enemy territory. Then they were conquerors, flaunting their hideous color combination in the faces of the vanquished. Nowadays it's different.

The present routine runs something like this: The confident invancy servilis, all smiles and IPTAY stickers. He spends Thursday morning dropping casual hints about a race of superman dubbed "tailbacks." He speaks of the Isles of Red Grange, Jackie Valvert, Quark Dik, and Billy Hair, in many-peated comparisons. Then he plunges into a clump of warriors who occupy thirty-five thousand seats in the Carolina Stadium. During the course of the afternoon he stops smiling, regrets his IPTAY sticker, and starts wondering how Newberry and PC will do next week. After these consecutive years at this routine, he is pretty fed up with the surroundings where this routine is enacted. He is also vaguely disturbed about the entire month of October, and divorces his wife, whose birthday in October seventeenth. Then he wonders if this game can't be played some other place, some other time. Anything to change the routine.

The suggestion that results annys us, in particular, Clemsonians would like to have the game played on a home and home basis, at the end of each team's season. It has suddenly become unfair to play in enemy territory, even though fans and players are supposedly divided. The Tigers are too gentlemanly to mention it in print, but they wouldn't put hiring a rainmaker past the known-to-be-mortally-corrupt Gamecocks—and there is even a possibility that the stadium gardener has been instructed to plant a clump of grass in the exact spot where a key Clemson play is scheduled to originate.

Another thing, say Clemsonians, losing to yorus crumps in the middle of the year disrupts our whole season, in effect—let's wait and play after.

Reasons submitted for changing the data and location of the state fair game have not been sufficient to warrant the loss of flavor and atmosphere that make Big Thursday and its gala unmasking the combination sports affair social event of the year. Unfortunately, Clemson men in the stands who 29 games in 17 in the Big Thursday series, proving that the place and time are not decisive factors in the home team's favor. This, literally, is a state championship game, in which a player in what becomes a "state" stadium for one day, with the number of supporters each team has cut almost square it. It is, because it is played in the middle of the week, the event that puts South Carolina in the national spotlight for a day. And it is the Big Thursday tradition—the antiquity of the rivalry and of its setting—that gives the game its near-historic importance. We can expect Clemson Coach Frank Howard to repeat the suggestion if things go this year as pessimistic Clemson fans say they expect. Now, with a state law behind us, we feel a lot safer.

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Rose, Throat, and Accessory Organs not Adversely Affected by Smoking Chesterfields

FIRST SUCH REPORT EVER PUBLISHED ABOUT ANY CIGARETTE

A responsible investigating organization has reported the results of a continuing study by a competent medical specialist and his staff on the effects of smoking Chesterfield cigarettes.

A group of people from various walks of life was organized to smoke only Chesterfields. For six months this group of men and women smoked their normal amount of Chesterfields—10 to 40 a day. 45% of the group had smoked Chesterfields continuously from one to thirty years for an average of 10 years each.

At the beginning and at the end of the six-month period each smoker was given a thorough examination, including X-ray pictures, by the medical specialist and his assistants. The examination covered the sinuses as well as the nose, ears and throat.

The medical specialist, after a thorough examination of every member of the group, stated: "It is my opinion that the ears, nose, throat and accessory organs of all participating subjects examined by me were not adversely affected in the six-month period by smoking the cigarettes provided."

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