

ATHLETICS

AT

THE CITADEL

The Military College of South Carolina
Charleston

Football

Basketball

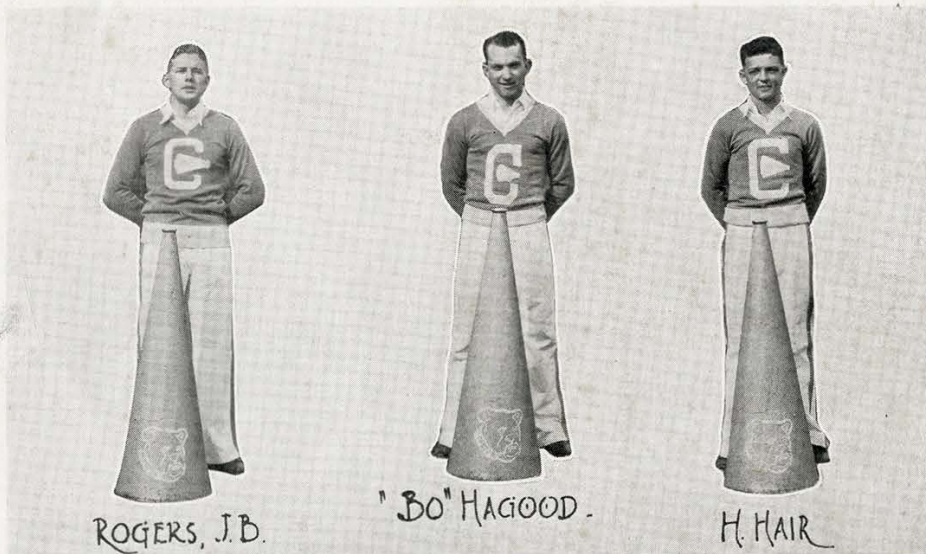
Boxing

Baseball

Swimming

Tennis

Track



ROGERS, J.B.

"BO" HAGOOD.

H. HAIR

THE CITADEL

CHEER LEADERS

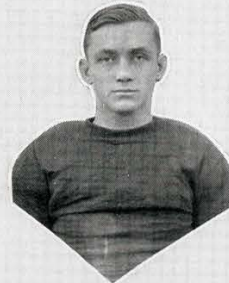
ARCHIVES AND MUSEUM



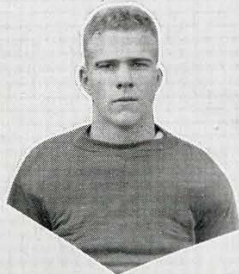
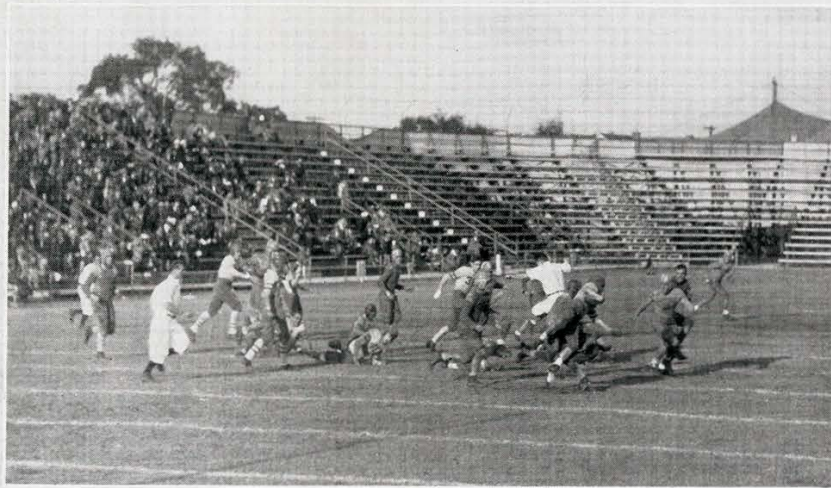
JACKSON E.L.



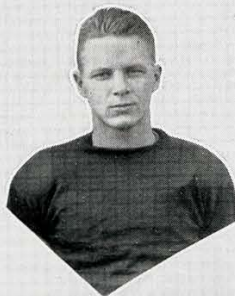
WILSON, CAPT.



GRAY



HOBBS, L.



CANTRELL



CHAPMAN

Football Resume

The football schedule of The Citadel includes practically all South Carolina teams and representative teams from Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, and Florida.

The 1930 schedule listed eleven college games and included many of the stronger teams of the South Atlantic Seaboard. The Cadets won four, lost five and tied two in the 1930 campaign.



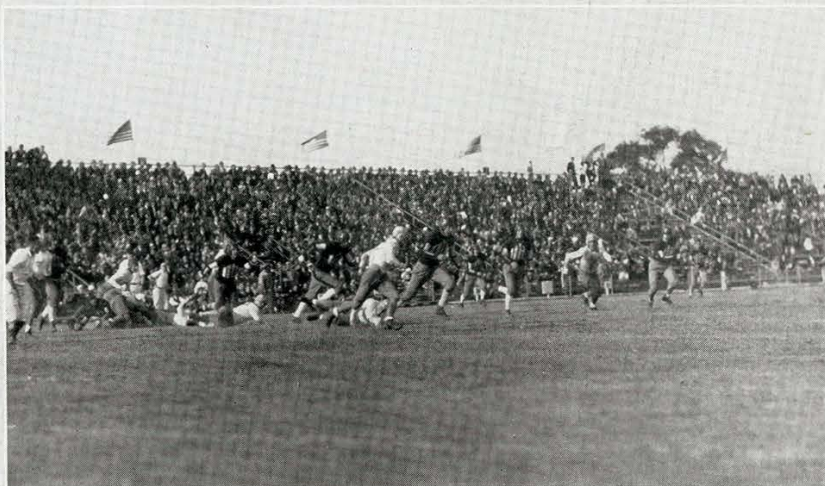
WHITTINGTON



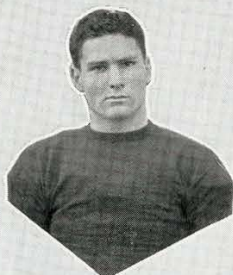
HOLLAND



LEAGUE



VARNELL



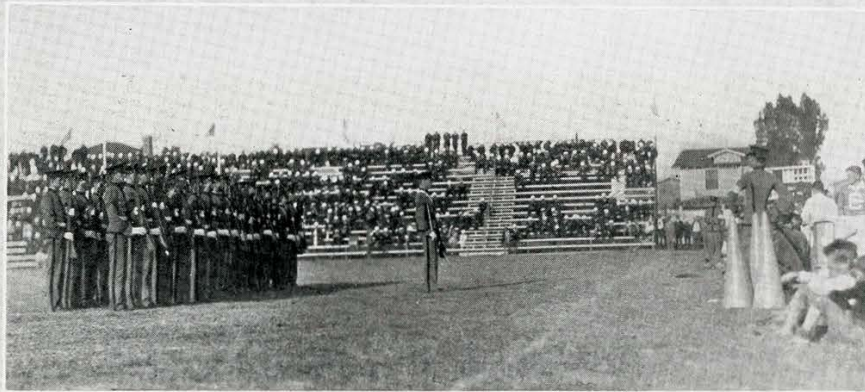
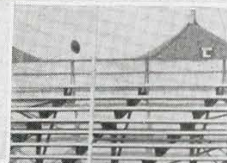
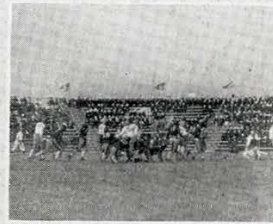
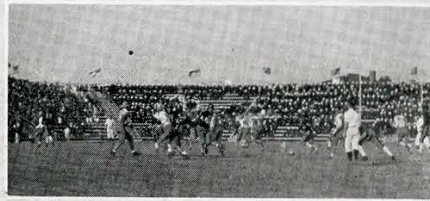
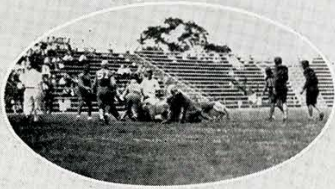
WATTS



SMITH, H

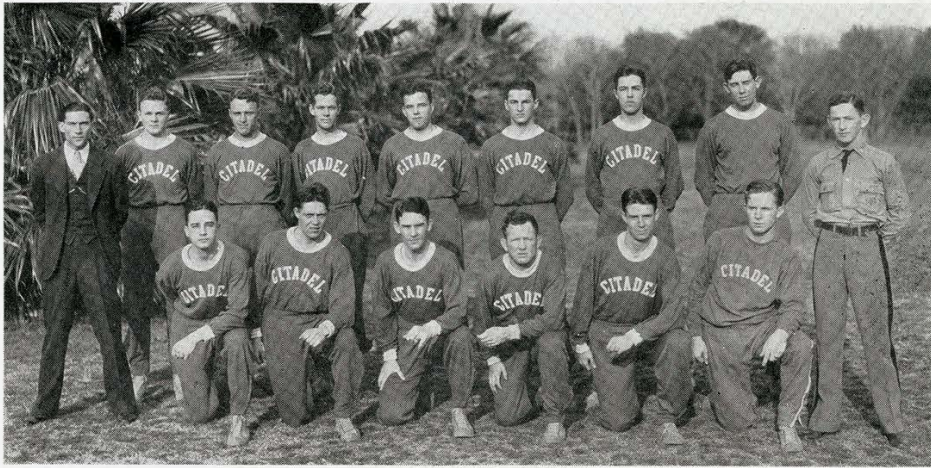
Results

The Citadel.....	13	Stetson University of Deland, Fla.....	7
The Citadel.....	14	Erskine College of Due West, S. C.....	0
The Citadel.....	7	V. M. I. of Lexington, Va.....	6
The Citadel.....	7	Clemson College of Calhoun, S. C.....	13
The Citadel.....	0	Davidson College of Davidson, N. C.....	6
The Citadel.....	0	Presbyterian College of Clinton, S. C.....	6



Results

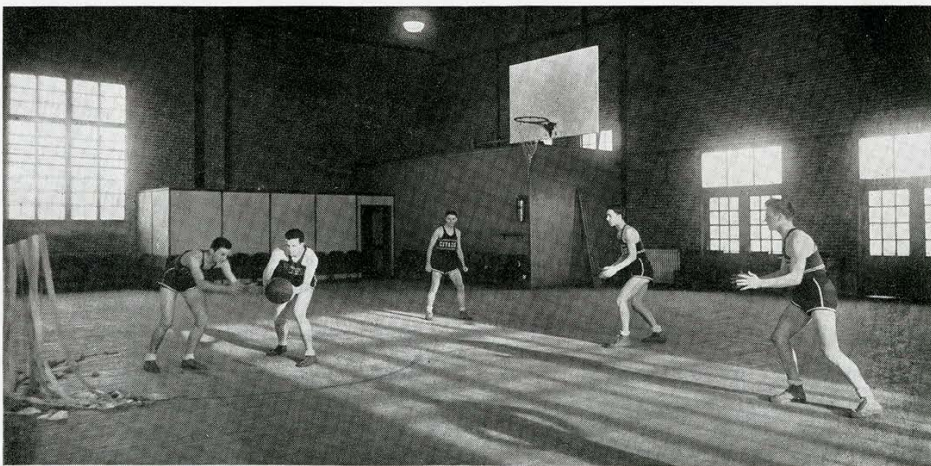
The Citadel	0	Carolina (S. C.) of Columbia, S. C.	13
The Citadel	0	U. S. Marines of Philadelphia, Pa.	0
The Citadel	0	University of Chattanooga of Chattanooga, Tenn.	0
The Citadel	7	Furman University of Greenville, S. C.	31
The Citadel	7	Wofford College of Spartanburg, S. C.	6

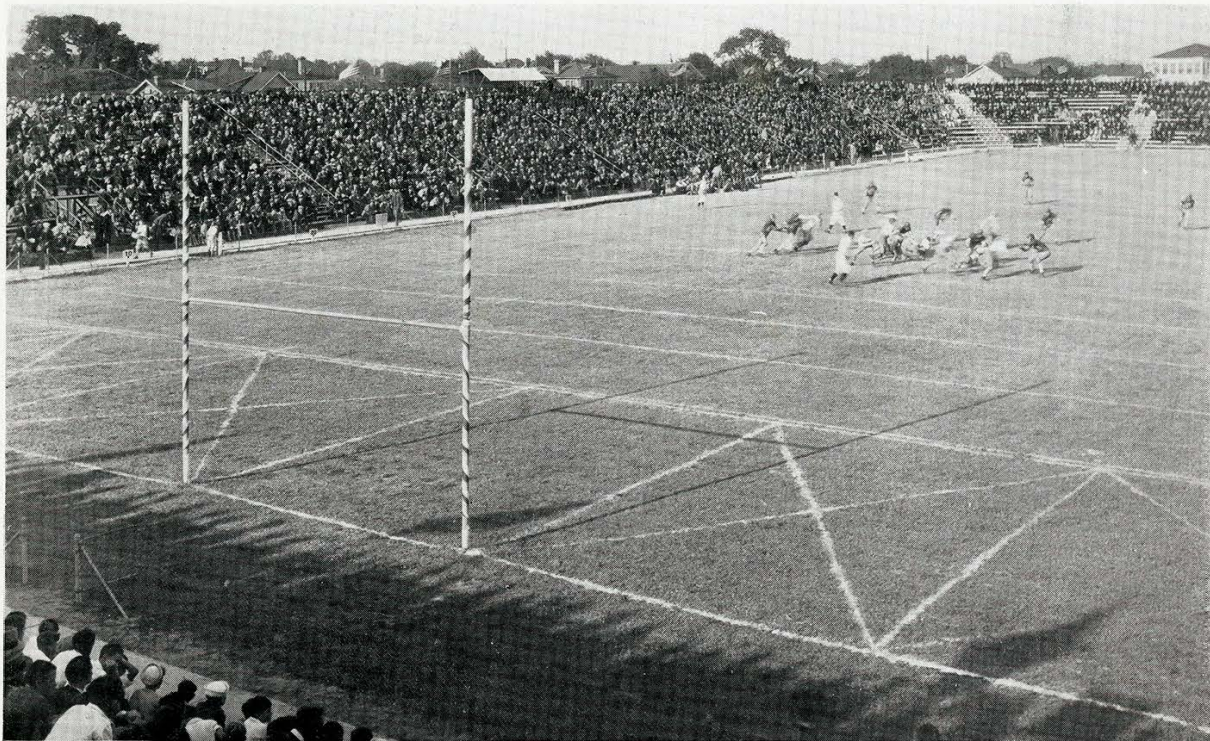


Basketball

The Citadel's destiny in basketball last season was placed in the hands of Johnny Douglas, All-American forward (national tournament at Chicago), All-State and All-S. I. A. A. forward for three years at The Citadel. Beginning the season with a new team, new coach and new system of play, the team improved steadily and remarkably. The season is counted as being highly satisfactory.

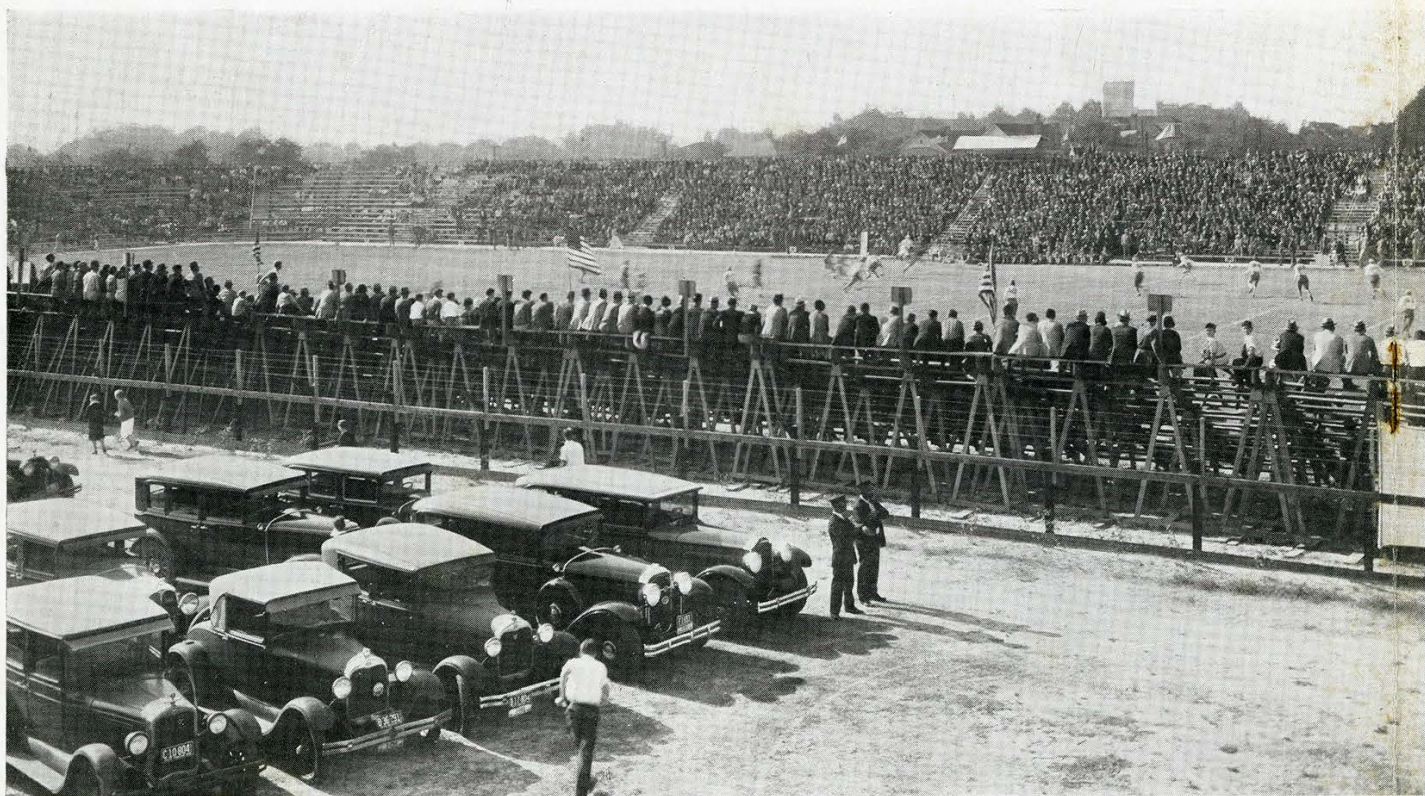
Coach Douglas will again have charge of this sport and has a wealth of experienced material with which to work. A very interesting and successful season is indicated.

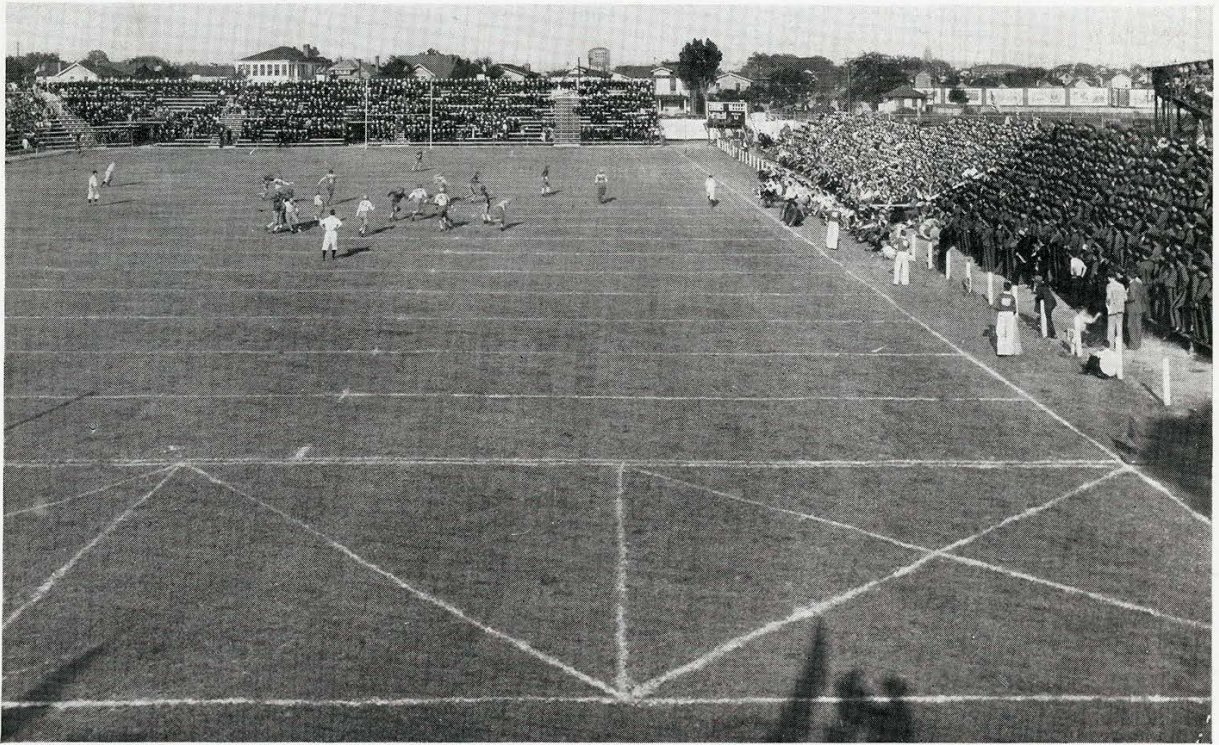




Scenes at the Seventh Annual Home Coming of

THE ELEVENTH WAS A GALA DAY WITH A G
THE CITADEL-V. M. I. FOOTBALL GAME IN THE AFTERNOON



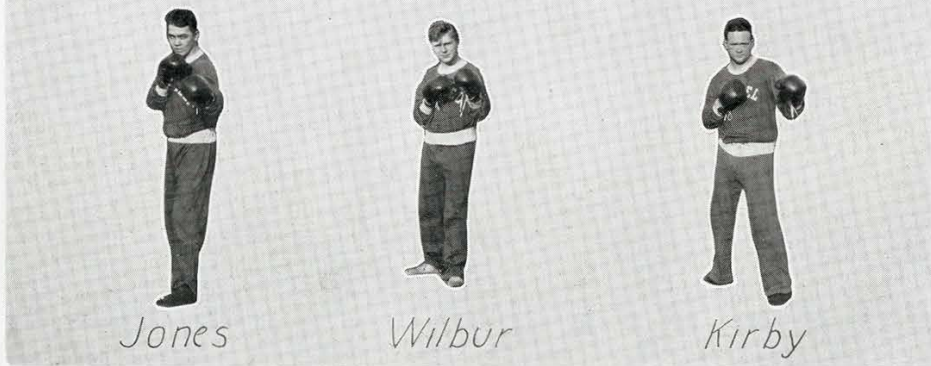
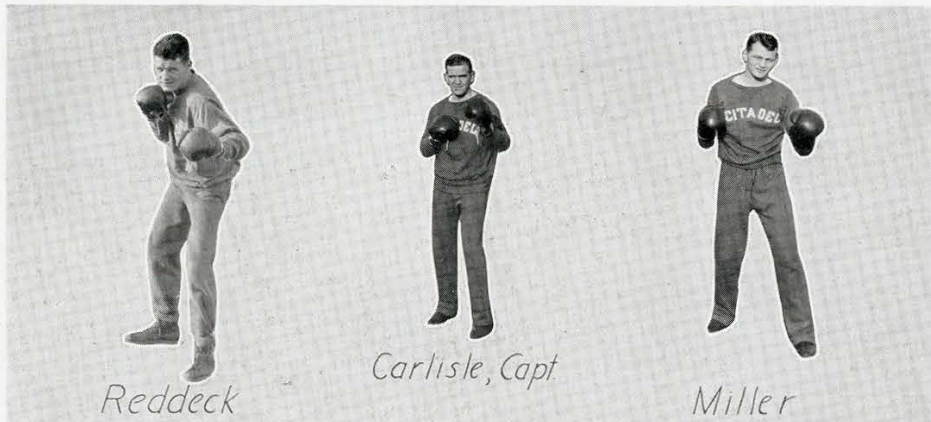


of Graduates at the Citadel, October 10-11, 1930

A GREAT MILITARY PARADE IN THE MORNING

AFTERNOON, AND THE BANQUET AND DANCE IN THE EVENING

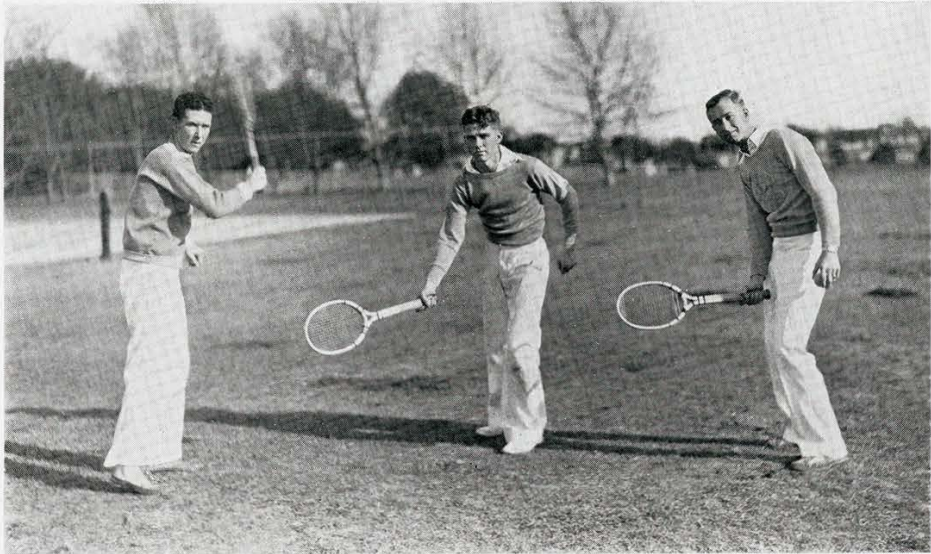




Boxing

Boxing was introduced as a major sport at The Citadel in 1929. It gained rapidly in popularity and bids fair to remain permanently on our schedule.

The Citadel met Presbyterian College, University of South Carolina, North Carolina State College, Virginia Military Institute and the University of Florida, losing all matches by close scores. The year previous the Cadets met practically the same teams and won all matches by close scores, which indicates that results will vary with the seasons. This sport is regarded as very wholesome, beneficial and popular. It will be continued as a major sport.

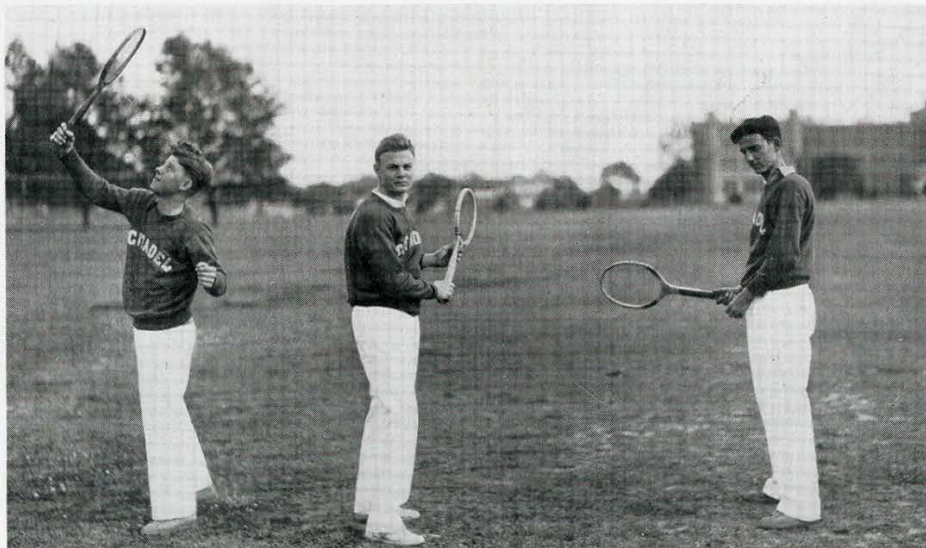


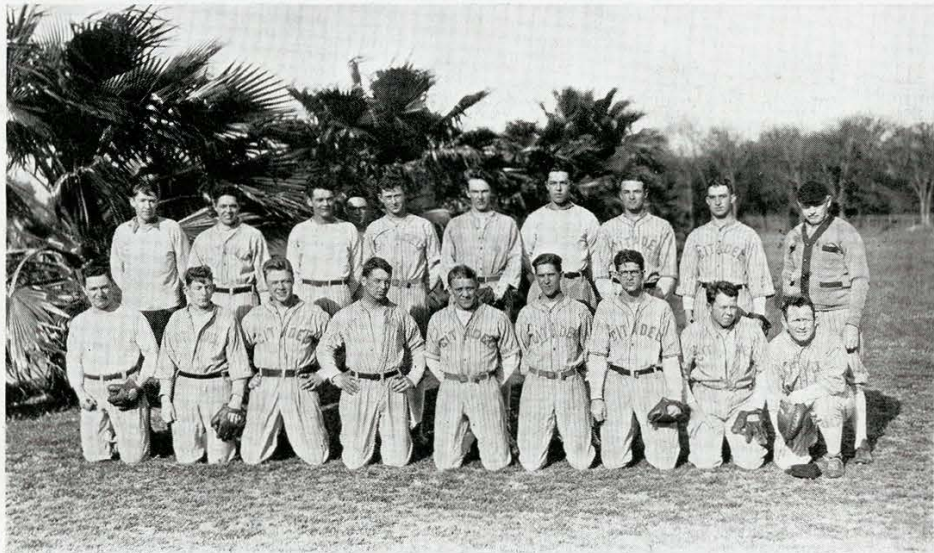
Minor Sports

In an effort to cater to the wishes of all Cadets and to provide a wide selection of sports for those having athletic talent, the sports of tennis, swimming and track are fostered by the Athletic Association.

The tennis team scheduled ten matches for the past season, which included all teams of South Carolina and Davidson College.

Charlie Willard won first place in the South Carolina Track Meet.

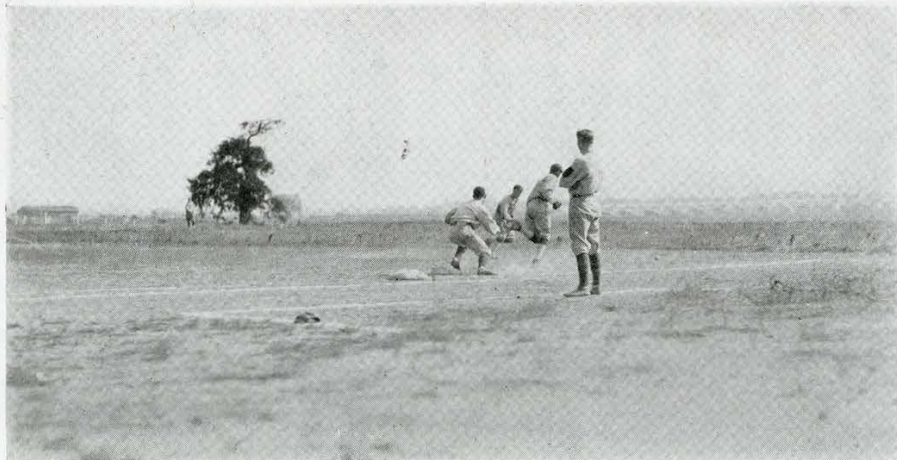


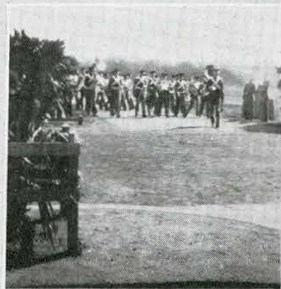
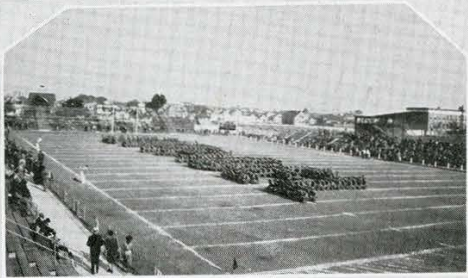
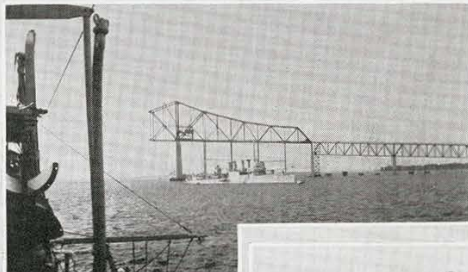


Baseball

College baseball, reputed as being on the decline, showed remarkable improvement during the past season. Better pitching, better fielding and hitting was evidenced by South Carolina teams.

The veteran Citadel team played a very creditable game throughout the season and thereby contributed its share in the effort to improve and bring back this sport to its proper place in the intercollegiate schedule of sports. The Citadel believes that this game is worthy of a prominent place in college athletics.





Citadel Men

When once, long ago, in the dim, distant, past,
Quite fresh from our High School pranks
And feeling important, we strolled in the gates
And entered The Citadel ranks:

We'd heard of The Citadel, most of our lives,
From persons of kindest intent,
But, regardless of who, or what, or where,
We didn't know half what it meant.

Most of us wondered, to see the hand clasps
Of Old Cadets meeting again.
We couldn't conceive of that comradeship, rare,
For we didn't know what had been.

Then mumbling and grumbling, but drilling like hell,
We gradually learned to obey.
We studied, or wrote home, or walked post, at night,
Recited and drilled all the day.

The time flew by quickly in spite of the work;
Our ranks were beginning to thin;
But those who were left, decided they had
The *Makings* of Citadel Men.

And ere we had finished a busy Rat year,
And learned of The Spirit to sing,
We began to conceive, in the haziest way,
The vaguest, dim, dream, of the thing.

When once more we gathered, to start a new year,
We were fully a part of The Corps,
A Spirit we had, which was ever so fine,
But still to be polished some more.

We gradually learned of a spirit that could
Endure unbroken forever;
That neither dissension nor adversity,
Its golden bonds could dis sever.

We found that this Spirit encouraged us to
Not just "Died for The Old Citadel,"
But to keep plugging on and never give up
And to live on but fight like Hell.

The friendships we made a wonderful lot,
We were true to the grey that we wore,
We yelled for or fought for our teams on the field;
But, yet there was something more.

We find that there's something we cannot define,
And seldom discuss with the rest;
A great thrill that scintillates down in our spine
Or palpitates up in our breast.

Regardless of whether we know it or not,
This Spirit that entered our head
Was a heritage great, from the years gone by;
'Twas willed us by Men who are dead.

Thus, as we ended our Sophomore year
We learned to be humble and yet
Tho drilling or fighting, when we thought we should,
We grabbed all the snaps we could get.

We had learned to Obey, and now it became
Our Duty to learn to Command.
We found that we had to show, not only blood,
But, also, a big lot of Sand.

As we passed through our Junior Class year,
With most of our troubles behind,
We found that the System we'd often thought hard
Was loving, and faithful, and kind.

And ere we had entered our Senior Class year,
We'd left behind thoughts that were small.
Like a multiplied group of the Three Musketeers
'Twas all for one, and one for All.

And when we had entered our Senior Class year
We learned to Command and Obey.
And as we went through our duties and work
We learned what to do and to say.

We knew how to fight and we learned when to fight,
We learned where to stop and begin,
We knew how to die, and we learned how to live;
We learned to be Citadel Men.

When our Diplomas were granted and framed,
We started our struggle with Life.
We'd thought the World would be at our feet
But, found it was nothing but strife.

We soon saw the Ideals we cherished so much
Grow crooked and twisted and cracked;
But struggled sufficient to keep them unbrok'n
If we couldn't quite keep them intact.

The Citadel Spirit is too great a Thing
To use only once in a while.
It brought us through once, and will do so again
And help us face Life with a smile.

So let's do our duty as each task appears
And do it the best that we can
If we make a mistake, let's forget and go on,
But Live like a Citadel Man.

When *your* tour of Duty is ended, and
A fresh man takes your post,
While *You* get your transfer to Hades Corps,
Or ordered to Saint Peter's Host.

It matters not whether you served as "O.D.,"
Or sergeant or private or what;
When once you report to The Great Commandant
Your rank is the same as—King Tut.

We've no information on Enemy—Death—;
We'll have to go into it blind,
No scouts have returned for to show us the way
We've left reinforcements, behind.

So, go if you like, with a nonchalant air,
Or be good, and pray—if you can;
Have hope if you wish to—or don't give a damn
But, die like a Citadel Man.

Perhaps, when you reach the Celestial Outpost
To enter the Ranks of the Fine,
Perhaps, when your Spirit is ordered to "Halt."
And "Advance with the true Countersign";

You may stand there puzzled, unable to think
How you can get under the Bann,
But Corporal Saint Pete 'll yell "Let the Bird in,
"For that is a Citadel Man.

"I note by his bearing and hardboiled look,
"He went to The Old *Citadel*,
"So let him in Heaven, for every one knows,
"He's been through his full share of Hell."

—W. W. WANNAMAKER.