

Appendix

Several Highlights from the Sports- writing Career of the Author



Arthur Williams is seated, front row, third from the right, and Earl Mazo is seated, front row, far right. The yearbook photo does not have an accompanying legend, but, nearby, the staff is identified, irrespective of the arrangement in the picture, as follows: J. K. Smith, T. B. Young, H. L. Acker, E. Mazo, J. F. Copeland, S. Henson, C. E. Littlejohn, A. V. Williams, W. B. Wade-Reporters; H. Smith—Business Staff; and W. T. Cain, L. T. Garrick, L. M. Garrick, L. M. Yelton, F. L. Rawl, M. Crook, C. B. Epting—Circulation Staff.

Prologue by a Former *Tiger* Editor

As a life-long friend and admirer of Arthur Williams, I'm delighted that he has written a sequel to his fine memoir, *Tales of Charleston 1930's*. Arthur's experience at Clemson was unique in that he was an honor student, an outstanding sports figure, and a leader in extracurricular matters—all at once.

My favorite “Arthur Story” involves *The Tiger*, Clemson’s student newspaper.

Arthur was sports editor, probably the most unique one of that era. Not only did he see to the adequate coverage of football, basketball, and boxing (he was a star of the boxing team), but mostly he was the paper’s most avidly read columnist. You see, his was no ordinary sports column. In it he adequately covered the event; but then, mid-way, he would deviate to comment on ladies’ fashions, most notably what various spectators were wearing: their hats, skirts, make-up, and so forth. In short, his column was written from the supposed viewpoint of a female reporter. (There *were* no female students in the olden days!) And he wrote the column under the by-line of “Arthurina McGillicuddy.” To me and countless readers, it was hilarious.

Arthur Williams was a great classmate and is a terrific person. After *Tales of Clemson 1936-1940*, I look forward to a further sequel, on Arthur Williams, M.D. In his time he was a great doctor and an outstanding professor at The Medical University. He was a scientist whose accomplishments include a role in the development of the artificial kidney.

–Earl Mazo
Washington, D.C.
February 2002

[As a nom de plume, Arthurina McGillicuddy has a family history, not all of which will be obvious to readers in the 21st century. On the distaff side of the genealogy, Williams’ mother inadvertently contributed “Arthurina” when her son adapted his given name. The surname was not just a funny-sounding one current in contemporary theater and radio but derived, surely, from one of the patriarchs of baseball, Connie Mack (i.e. Cornelius McGillicuddy, 1862-1956). As manager of the Philadelphia Athletics for nearly fifty years, Mack attained distinction with nine titles, five World Series pennants, and the record for most wins in a lifetime (3,776). With sixty years in baseball, he also holds the record for losses (4,025) and total games managed (7,878). The young sports editor’s ruse must have been transparent to the Tiger audience of 1938, just as they would have appreciated, aided by

a mock "Editor's Note," Arthurina's confusing the name of a rival sports editor in Charleston with the "Heil, Hitler" salutes of German spectators at the 1936 Olympic Games in Berlin.]



The Tiger—October 27, 1938

Winthrop Journalist Covers Tiger-Gamecock Classic For Local Sheet

By Arthurina McGillicuddy

The Clemson football team, beautifully dressed in purple and gold, defeated the handsome Carolina Gamecocks 34 to 12 in the simply glamorous state fair game.

The Carolina boys wore lovely silk red pants and yellow woolen sweaters. Clemson was stylishly garbed in the latest model purple sweatshirts, purple pants. The sweatshirts had egg-yellow stripes on the sleeves between the elbow and shoulder. Padded shoulders and hips seemed to be in vogue with both sets.

Mr. Alfred Grygo, of Columbia and Chicago, seemed to do most of the playing for the Carolina boys. He had brown, curly hair, hazel eyes, and looked adorable in his new suit.

Mr. Shad Bryant, an outstanding member of Clemson's younger set, ran beautifully one time. He was escorted down the field by almost all of the members of the Clemson team. It has been rumored that Mr. Bryant is engaged to be married.

Carolina made one very unusual and spectacular touch-down. One of the cute Clemson boys batted the ball way up in the air when he was tackled so the Carolina boys couldn't get it. But one of the Gamecocks jumped up, caught the ball and ran over the goal so fast that, really, none of the Clemson cadets could catch him.

Cigars seemed to be favored by the Carolina coaches, and chewing tobacco had the favor of the Clemson mentors.

Lukewarm Coca-Cola was served by members of the

Clemson student body during the half.



Shad Bryant



November 3, 1938

Miss McGillicuddy Tells of “Precious” Wake Forest Game

By Arthurina McGillicuddy

Miss Tootsie Mackerulpuss gave a lovely coming-out party in Wake Forest last week. After the party, those still able to stagger attended the football game between Terrible Clemson Tigers and the Devilish Wake Forest Demons (we’re catching right on to the swing of this sports writing).

The party was very much of a success. Right at the very first of the football game, one guest, a Mr. Heffleblinger Herringbone, whose aunt is a third cousin to Mr. Aster’s second wife’s third husband, kept screaming, “Heil Hitt.” This nuisance was quickly stopped since Mister Herringbone had been imbibing

heavily of champagne, vintage 1911 (this is the very best champagne year that France has ever had).

Such Awful Mud

The playing field was soaked very heavily with mud, making it most difficult to detect the color and material of the uniforms.

A Mr. "Greaseball" Trunzo, who is associated with the "Trunzo Fruit Stand" in Chicago when he is not pursuing his studies in the south, seemed to enjoy the mud a great deal. He was a guard for the Devilish Demons, and every few moments he would break through the Clemson line, dash into the backfield, bump into Read Pearson, and sit down in the mud. He would slowly get up while he rolled a mudball at the same time. Then he would raise the mudball above his head and smash it into the ground. He did this many times, and seemed to enjoy it very much.

Heil Hitt

Unfortunately, our parasol began to leak at this point, and we were forced to bid Miss Mackerulpuss and her lovely friends farewell. As we left, the rain seemed to revive Mr. Herringbone a bit, and he said, "Heil Hitt."

[Editor's Note:—The coverage Miss Arthurina McGillicuddy made of the Clemson-Carolina game in the last issue of the *Tiger* received so many favorable comments that we have asked the young lady to serve us a little more. If her archs and nerves stand up she will "cover" all Clemson athletic contests henceforth. Miss McGillicuddy, we think, is a student at Winthrop. A prominent member of the local sheet's staff invited her up for Tiger Ball last week-end, but when she got wind of the drastic "late date reforms" put into effect by the C.D.A. she didn't come. And, incidentally, the Mr. Hitt mentioned in the above story is sports editor of the *Charleston News and Courier*, and a man who occasionally (humorously) mentions something about The Citadel's claim on state football championship this year.]



November 10, 1938

Miss McGillicuddy Remarks of Bald Heads and George Washington

By Arthurina McGillicuddy

Following the beautiful interference and charging hard and low, I finally got through the gate of Sistine Stadium and into the George Washington game. Mr. McMillan, the outstanding Sergeant Major of Clemson was our escort.

I was faced by a very difficult situation during the first half. The sun was from the west, and I was sitting on the east of Mr. McMillan, and his haircut being what it is, the sun was reflected into my eyes all the while. But by pointing, and giggling, I finally very courteously and gently let Mr. McMillan see what was happening, and he very kindly moved east and I went west.

Right across from us some boys and girls were sitting in the stands and cheering for George Washington. I asked my escort who they were, and he told me that he thought some prep school children must have come down with the Washington team to form a cheering section. "Oh no," he finally said, "they must be from that little Furman place. Isn't that in Greenville?" Never having heard much of Furman, I couldn't answer.



Banks McFadden

The game was very simple. McFadden grabbed the ball and ran for a touchdown. Bryant grabbed the ball and ran for a touchdown. Everybody on Clemson's team grabbed the ball and ran for touchdowns. So many boys made touchdowns that once, when George Washington made a long gain on a play, Coach Neely ran out on the

field and made the referee give George Washington the ball so they wouldn't get discouraged, and so the Clemson men wouldn't have to run for so many touchdowns.

One woman three rows down, and two seats to the right, had on a hat just like mine, but in spite of that the game was a great success.

[Editor's Note:—Anyone knowing anything of the whereabouts of Furman College please write Arthurina, care of this paper .]



THE AUTHOR TODAY



Dr. Williams, who taught for many years in the nephrology division of The Medical University in Charleston, South Carolina, has published an account of the Jewish settlement in Charleston and of his experiences growing up there. That book of memoirs, *Tales of Charleston 1930s* (Charleston, SC: College of Charleston Library, in association with the Jewish Historical Society of South Carolina; 1999), is a complement to the present volume.