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# The RED & WHITE



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**FEBRUARY, 1915**

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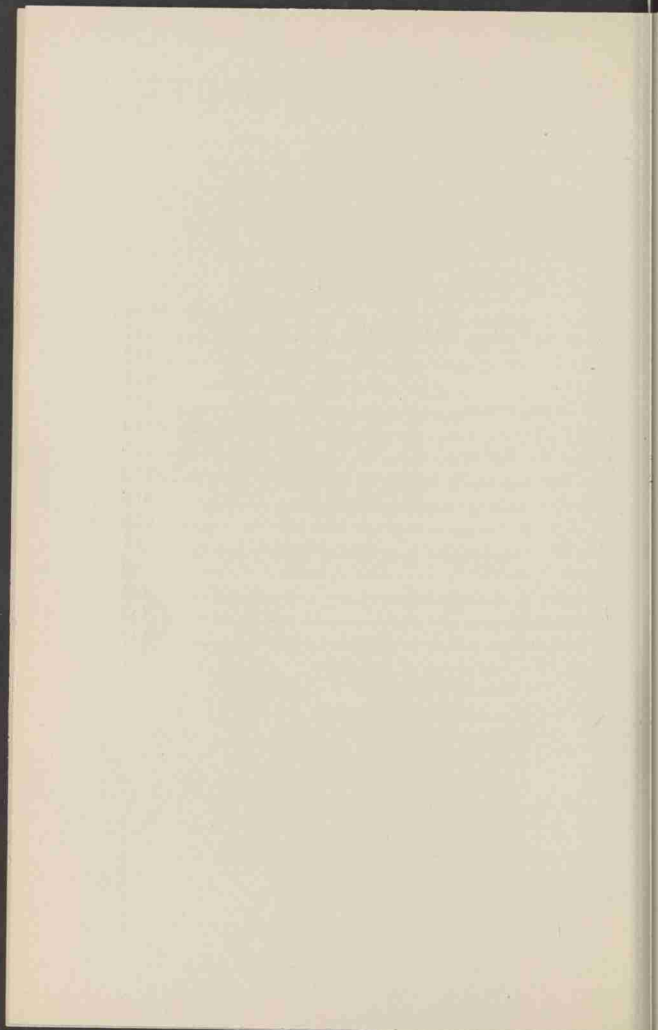
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# THE RED AND WHITE

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VOL. XVI.    WEST RALEIGH, N. C., FEB., 1915.    No. 4.

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## WHEN THE COLLEGE WHISTLE BLOWS.

D. A. MONROE, '17.

Far above the mighty engines  
On the roof flush to the air  
Smatted with the smoke and cinders  
Stands the college whistle bare  
As the hemlock on the mountains  
When the cloud of thunder creeps,  
Is the college whistle standing  
And it dreams but never sleeps;  
Dreams of helping every fellow—  
And the skulking student knows—  
He's reminded of his duty  
When the College whistle blows.

In the morning, noon and evening  
Through the night and through the day  
One can hear it every hour  
Sound a note of richest lay,  
Calling for the chapel meeting  
For the classes or the drill  
And we've all learned to obey it  
Every fellow with one will  
Like that of a loyal clansman  
As he with his leader goes—  
We are ready for our duty  
When the college whistle blows.

I can hear you college whistle  
Through the chilly air of night

When you sound your fiercest mandate  
"It is time to cut your light."  
Your note is shrill and sonorous  
But I love to hear you say  
"Your study hours are ended now  
You may put your books away."  
Welcome! Welcome! is that summons  
As the dewdrop to the rose  
To retire unto my pillow  
When the college whistle blows.

It is you, oh! College Whistle  
That keeps me from idle ways;  
Each hour calls me to my duty  
Through the nights and through the days  
Warning like the Angelus sounding  
In the Norman village street,  
And you call us round the platter  
In the dining hall to meet  
In the morning, noon and evening  
While the distant twilight glows,  
Thrice each day we meet together  
When the college whistle blows.

Now we know you college whistle  
As a friend and not a foe  
And in truth we'll love you better  
As our days in college go  
From the present to the future—  
From the old unto the new  
Like the fellows gone before us  
We'll do well what e'er we do  
Still that love will linger with us  
Like the dewdrop with the rose  
And we'll hail our Alma Mater  
When the college whistle blows.

## DOLLY SWIMS.

BY RUBY E. ROMANCE.

Mrs. Gatliff and her neighbor sat in the former's beautiful, peaceful living room. In the window was a row of blooming plants, and on the big gray hearth rug, Dolly Gatliff's big blue maltese cat purred aloud its contentment.

"I am beginning to be rather proud of Dolly's progress in her art," said Mrs. Gatliff. "She seems to have forgotten her passion for the water, which you know has put several gray hairs in my head. Just now she is painting a scene on our river, which is going to be very good, I think. Come into the studio and I will get Dolly to show it to you."

When the mother and her visitor reached the studio, no Dolly was there. The picture was covered, and the brushes had not been used. "Why, how strange this is," said Mrs. Gatliff. "Dolly came in and remarked to me that she was going to work on her 'river' this afternoon and try to put a little more life in it. That was two hours ago, and you can see she has not even uncovered the canvas."

"Perhaps she is in her room," suggested Mrs. Brown.

"Oh, I hope she is, for I'm so afraid she has taken one of her 'swimming spells,' as she calls them," agitatedly answered Dolly's mother, as she hurried through the house.

When they opened the door, Mrs. Gatliff gasped and threw up her hands. There in a heap on the floor were Dolly's clothes, and Mrs. Gatliff could only imagine her little girl drowned. She knew that Dolly must have broken her promise to never to go swimming again in the river.

The Gatliff's had always been an athletic family, and Mr. Gatliff and his two stalwart sons were affectionately called the "Three drum fishes," because they could swim "to beat the band."

The year before, while they were spending their vacation at a sea-side cottage, Dolly had persuaded her father and brothers to teach her to swim, and they thought her really

marvelous, and her brothers had a struggle to out-distance her. But, in the fall, when they came back home, Dolly had been a little indiscreet, while swimming in the river, which was rather dangerous, on account of the strong undercurrents. After seeing her almost drawn into a whirlpool, Dolly's mother had urged her to promise never to go in the river again.

"Oh, mother, it is so tame, to go in the pool, after once being in the ocean or river," begged Dolly. But her mother was firm and requested that Dolly give the bathing suit to be packed away with her own things. "For, I shall feel much safer, if that temptation is out of your way," Mrs. Gatliff explained.

"But, mother, if I feel I must have a grand old swim, I could get Ted's overalls out of the barn and go," flashed back Dolly as she laughingly laid the bathing suit in her mother's trunk.

And now Mrs. Gatliff remembered the remark, and with Mrs. Brown ran out to the barn, to find Ted's overalls. When they went in the harness room and looked everywhere, the overalls were really gone.

"I knew she could not stand the temptation of her own picture, and the lure of the beautiful day, Mrs. Brown, and she has made good her threat, overalls too."

And that was just what had happened. When happy, strong, light-hearted, eighteen-year-old Dolly had gone to her studio she really had intended to do some good work on her picture. She turned the cover back and sat down in a patch of the warm sunshine to study what she must do. And then she began to think about the fun of two summers ago, and wondered if she could really swim in the river as she had once. Her healthy young muscles ached to try it again. She longed to try it for a certain reason, too. Three nights before she had gone to a dance and met a college friend of her brothers. He was a big clean-looking fellow, and she admired him very much, and was doubly interested when he told her in an unobtrusive way about some of his swimming exploits.



She had mentally sniffed and said to herself. "Now, I'd like to try that stunt myself. I believe I could do it as well as you, Mr. Big Nice Man." She was to go with him to a party the next night, and would see him at different places all during his stay in their little town, and the more she thought of it, the jollier she knew it would be, to tell him she had performed one of his stunts in their river.

"I've been good a long time, and I've grown to hate that old pool down at Y. W. C. A. I'm going to break over once and go, just to prove I can do as good as any old man. It's Ted's overalls for once. My, but wouldn't mother be shocked to see her darling girl-boy, 'breasting the foamy deep.' But, I'll be discreet, put on my auto coat and cap, be careful not to walk with a manly stride, even if I am an emancipated woman in overalls. And I can go and come through the woods, back of the house and who will be the wiser, but 'Thee and me Dolly dear?'"

So, laughing and dimpling at her own audacity, Dolly had whisked through the quiet woods and come to a big tree on the side of the river. Not far away ran a bridle path, rarely ever travelled, but beautiful and lonely. Just as Dolly flung off her cap and dropped her coat, hoof beats, softly thudded around the curve of the path. She turned, gave one look, and recognized Mr. Carl Clawson, her "Mr. Big Nice Man," that she was trying to demonstrate she could equal in the swimming sport. With a gasp she jumped on a projecting limb, and dived into the water. Her one thought was to hide her blue overalls. It seemed they had become as blue as the sky, and as voluminous. He must not recognize her.

She dived and swam down the river several feet under the water.

When Mr. Clawson suddenly saw a flash of blue tumble off the limb into the water, he thought some fisher-boy had slipped and fallen. He flung himself off his horse, threw his cap aside and jumped into the water, rescue-bent, a few feet below the tree.

He had struck only a few strokes up the river when Dolly

suddenly bobbed up, almost in his arms. She had swum under the water as long as possible, and had veered in towards the bank to come up, thinking she had left Mr. Clawson far behind. Great was her consternation when she saw what a predicament she was in. She felt the sand under her feet and stood on it, the water still up around her shoulders. She began to blush, then realized how ridiculous it all was. Mr. Clawson's face was a study, he was surprised, and trying not to laugh. But Dolly burst into a ringing shout, and he followed her with a bass roar. They laughed till the tears mingled with the water on their faces. Then Dolly suddenly straightened her face and said in her most lady-like, society manner, "Good morning, Mr. Neptune, it's very pleasant weather we're having don't you think? Very damp under foot, but extremely pleasant overhead, though no one seems to be going that way, *at present!*"

Mr. Clawson, with an elaborate bow, his hand laid across his breast in a knightly way, had just opened his mouth with, "Now, prithee fair mermaid," when Mrs. Gatliff and Mrs. Brown rushed up to the bank, panting and dishevelled.

A shocked silence overcame them all. Then Mrs. Gatliff said in a faint voice, "Oh, Dolly, my dear, what are you doing?"

"Why, mumsey dear, I forgot to tell you, the mermaids invited me to call, and I was on my way when I met Mr. Neptune, and I had to be polite and discuss the weather. So mother, funny as the circumstances may be, you and Mrs. Brown are now having presented to you Neptune, sometimes known as Mr. Carl Clawson."

Even Mrs. Gatliff was compelled to laugh, and picking up Dolly's coat, said: "You bad ridiculous Dolly-girl, come out of the water this minute. And if Mr. Neptune will go get some dry garments on, and come to our house, we'll give him some tea. I want to thank him for trying to rescue a naughty girl. And Neptune should know how to scold a wayward mermaid, as he loves the water too, and knows the lure of it.

Dolly child how you frightened me. I could only imagine you drowned!"

"Oh, mother, I'm so sorry, dearie, but I just felt like hanging my tan coat on a limb, when along came Mr. Clawson and I jumped right in the water!"

\* \* \* \* \*

In an hour Mr. Carl Clawson presented himself at the Gatliff home, fresh and smiling. Mrs. Gatliff was very gracious to him, for she felt that if harm should have come to Dolly, he would have been there to save her. She shuddered yet, at the thought, as mothers do. But, Mrs. Brown, across the way, heard many times after that, two fresh young voices, caroling, "Life on the Ocean Wave."

"We shall soon be listening to a wedding march, I suspect," she said to Mr. Brown, "it only needs, so "They married and lived happy ever after," to make a twentieth century fairy tale."



## AUTUMN.

E. P. HOLMES, '17.

All the dear things are dying  
The things that brought the spring  
The things that brought us new life,  
New thoughts, new songs to sing.

But now they are departing  
See them leave one by one  
Same as in the golden West  
The setting of an evening sun.

Oh! that human life was similar  
That we too, could die with thee  
Die and sleep that sleep  
And rise again and be

Rise again when new life is throbbing  
When the world with joys ring  
And be again as nature is  
With the coming of the spring.



## HIS DEATH DREAM.

E. P. HOLMES, '17.

It is beyond my ability to describe this dream to you as this mountaineer told it to me. We sat on a wooden bench before an open fire which took up almost half of his cabin. I had by chance in traveling from the Brushies to the Grandfather Mountains been forced to stop at this place on account of a snow storm. And now as I sat there gazing into the fire while a blizzard raged outside, this man was telling me a dream, a dream that had come true.

It was when I was a little boy said he, "that I dreamed this dream. In the dream it seemed like I was in a dark forest cutting wood, when all of a sudden I looked up and saw in a large oak near me a kind of small swing or trapeze like. In this swing sat two beings if I should call them beings, as they looked more like beasts than they did humans. The first one was a hideous looking thing, looking kinder like a monkey with big ears and still bearing some resemblance to a man. The second was more human like. He looked something like a brownie; he had big round blue eyes, hair which stood straight up and he had a large mouth with teeth far apart and a crooked nose something like a parrot's bill. As I stood there looking at them they began to swing, and as they swung to and fro the first one said in a sing song voice, "I am sorrow," while the other one in a doleful voice said over and over again, "I am death." About this time I awoke feeling awful curious.

"Now, Stranger, it has been years since that happened and I have dreamed many other dreams, but none has ever made me feel like this one. It seemed as though I could not forget it. But as years went by and I had married and was living so happy I had almost forgot this dream. But there came a day when this happiness ended, when everything went wrong, when my wife died and I was forced to live here alone. The loneliness of those nights as I sat before this fire was more

than I could bear, and I would walk the room and when that did not satisfy me I would walk out of doors all around my plantation. Even the stars and the *loneliness* of the night seem to comfort me.

One night I remember piticular my sorrow seemed deeper than usual. I was walking in my garden and was just passing my hog lot when an old hog awakened by my steps waddled to the fence and stood begging for food, and as I stood there all of a sudden Stranger by whole body stiffened, streaks like ice ran down my back and my blood run cold for this hog's face with the moon shining on it at a certain angle and the shadows playing upon it, was the first figure I had seen in my dream." And at this moment he arose from the bench, and raising his clenched fists forward uttered such a cry that even the blizzard seemed to halt in its raging.

Many years had passed since that night and I too had almost forgotten this man whose nickname was "Fighting Dave," and who had dreamed that wonderful dream. But one day I was called into the office of my employer and sent to the county seat of this district. Upon arriving I was immediately informed of the hanging that was to take place that day. Fighting Dave was to be hung for murder he had committed in an old family feud.

Being of a very inquisitive nature and having never seen a hanging I decided to go. When I arrived at the scaffold it was thronged with people. Up next to the scaffold stood the railroad convicts, probably put there by the guards to learn a lesson or maybe just there by choice. Working my way through the crowd I stood as near as circumstances would permit. When the prisoner was brought out by the sheriff I recognized him and was trying to catch his eye in order to throw him a glance of sympathy. But he came out with his head bowed and did not raise it until time for the noose to be thrown around his neck. When he did raise his head he surveyed his audience and suddenly I saw him stiffen and turn as white as snow. It was then he threw up his hand again and uttered that cry, the same cry I had heard so many

years ago back there in that little cabin. In this cry there seemed to be a farewell and a defiance and an appeal. When this hideous cry was ended he fell forward upon his face stone dead.

\* \* \* \* \*

People in after years telling their children of this affair told them of how "Fighting Dave's" name had changed to "Yellow Dave," because he was not game enough to meet his fate. But if they had known what I had known and seen what I had seen—for I had seen in the very front row of those convicts a man whose hair stood straight up on his head, who had large round blue eyes, whose teeth were far apart, and whose nose resembled a parrot's bill. If they could have known all that they would have known that "Dave," "Fighting Dave," had seen his Death Dream.



## BUCKLE DOWN.

W. A. KENNEDY, '16.

Sometimes we all are weary,  
And almost in despair  
Just buckle down, why look dreary?  
Behind the clouds 'tis fair.

Sometimes our friends seem untrue,  
And everything goes wrong.  
Just buckle down, you'll pull through,  
Happy, brave and strong.





## UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

C. C. PROFFITT, '15.

On this particular occasion Jack Stern walked into the hall of his uncle's big farm house without ringing the door bell.

The drawing room door stood partly open, and as lovely a sight as one could wish to see met his eyes as he paused and glanced in.

At the far end of the room brightened by a glowing fire a girlish figure was lounging on a cushioned morris-chair in a way to suggest sleep.

As he stood gazing at this lovely vision he noticed a tiny bunch of mistletoe suspended from a gas fixture just above the sleeper's head. What a chance thought the young man; true, he did not know this sleeping beauty, but there were no restrictions to that old saying, "Caught beneath the mistletoe at Yuletide."

Everything seemed to favor him, none of the other guests were near, and not a sound disturbed the slumberer.

The temptation was too great for a young romantic fellow; so, tiptoeing over the soft rugs, he approached her from the back of her chair, and had just pressed a light kiss on the parted lips, and was hanging over her when suddenly her light curly lashes lifted and two big hazel eyes looked at him without fear or surprise, while the lovely parted lips he had just kissed, said, "Oh, how I could love you if you were only real!" Then with a sigh the eyelids dropped and the lovely maid was soon asleep.

Taking advantage of this good opportunity Jack made his escape from the room, leaving its occupant all unconscious of the intrusion.

That night the guests of Judge Stern were given a masquerade ball in the lovely old fashioned ball room, which was entrancing with its myriads of lights and decorations of palms, ferns, holly, and cut flowers.

As Jack Stern in his knight's costume of brocade and velvet

stopped at the door of the ball room, his uncle approached him with a beautiful girl in a shepherdess costume learning on his arm.

She was presented to him as Miss Edith Lonon, and with a pinch from his uncle, Jack was left alone with this charming young shepherdess, who to his surprise was blushing until her rosy cheeks matched the ribbon on her hair, and whose eyes opened wide with startled confusion and recognition.

As the orchestra had just started a beautiful hesitation waltz, Jack asked permission to dance it with his companion, who readily consented. While dancing Edith broke the silence by saying to her partner, "Why, you look just like the young man I saw in my dream to-day." "And perhaps I am," said her knight, interrupting her speech, "for I had a peculiar encounter to-day." And he proceeded to tell her all about the girl he found sleeping under the mistletoe.

She listened with breathless astonishment until he had finished, and then with one startled glance into his face she sprang from his side and disappeared through an open window.

After such a sudden departure, Jack scarcely knew what to do; but an idea suddenly came to him, and he also quickly left the room and through the same window.

It was late the next afternoon and most of the guests were preparing for supper, when Judge Stern chancing to step out on the veranda for a quiet smoke, saw a young couple slowly walking up and down the terrace just below the veranda, and with a knowing smile he turned around and walked back to the door and entered.

Jack and Edith had been walking on the terrace for some time, when he turned to her and said rather abruptly. "Let's go in now." "Oh! no," she exclaimed, "it is so cool and lovely out here." "Please," urged Jack, "Just to honor a fancy of mine."

He led her in at the French window and on through the drawing room to a low sofa near the fire place. Then bending close to her he said, "Edith, you insist on saying that we

met for the first time, at the ball last night. But you know quite well we met before then." "Oh! that didn't count, she protested, it wasn't a meeting exactly. Neither of us knew who the other was; and, too, I was asleep—and, you were only part of a dream."

"But it did count," Jack said, interrupting her, "and the first words you said to me were, 'Oh! how I could love you if you were only real!' Do you remember those words Edith?" he continued.

"I think you are just as nice in these clothes, Jack," she said shyly, laying her hand on the sleeve of his dress suit but avoiding his eyes.

"Edith," he exclaimed, catching her hand. "There is no mistletoe now, but I am your very real and anxious lover. If I should kiss you again would you be as kind?"

Glancing shyly at his eager face she leaned her head against the cushion as the other time, and while her eyelids closed over a light that neither denied nor assented, she whispered softly. "There is only one way for you to find out."



THE DRAINING OF MATTAMUSKEET LAKE,  
HYDE COUNTY, N. C.

BY FELIX S. HALES, '13.

This article, although brief in its scope, should be of interest to all students, especially those in agricultural and civil engineering. To those in agriculture it should be of interest because of the great opportunity wet and overflowed lands present when reclaimed. To those students of civil engineering, it should be interesting because it points out the need of competent engineers to carry on drainage work.

Lake Mattamuskeet is situated in Hyde County, North Carolina, and is from fifteen to twenty miles long, and as much as six miles wide in some places, being more or less elliptical in shape, with its longest axis running east and west. It is only five feet deep in the deepest places, although generally it isn't over three feet deep. The lake is only seven miles from Pamlico Sound, and the bottom in most places is below sea level. The land between the lake and the sound is also very low, and for that reason and also for the lack of drainage, the land is so wet that agriculture is below the standard. During high tides and winds, the water in the lake rises, sometimes overflowing the surrounding land or so near the surface that a year's crops are practically ruined. Several years ago a canal was cut from the lake to the sound, called the Lake Landing Canal, and this has taken some of the water out. But this canal could never empty the lake, because of the low elevation of same, and of course water seeks its own level.

The lake was until a few years ago the property of the state, and while they owned it, the question of drainage was brought up. The adjoining landowners, realizing the benefits they would receive if such a course was pursued, immediately became interested.

Before deciding upon the question, it was necessary to determine whether the benefits would exceed the cost, so it

was decided to have complete surveys made. Engineers in the Government Service as well as those in private practice, made numerous surveys and calculations. They adopted a plan of drainage, estimated the cost; and came to the conclusion that it would pay, providing the lake bottom was suitable for agricultural purposes. This, of course, necessitated the testing of the soil in numerous parts of the lake. The Government made a complete soil survey, and fully decided that should the lake be drained, it would prove excellent land for farming.

This point being settled, the next plan was to fully decide on the kind of drainage. The lake being below sea level, a gravity outfall canal was out of the question, so it was decided to adopt the plan of a central pumping station, which would transfer the water from the lake to a canal with fall enough to carry it to the sound.

After all the legal procedure had been gone through with (see North Carolina Drainage Law 1909 and 1911), and the boundary line of the district settled, the district was finally established with the following plan of drainage.

The boundary line on the north side of the lake and on the east and west end is only about three miles from the lake and running more or less parallel with the lake, while on the south side it is further away. For the five miles nearest the center of the south side it is about three miles from the lake. It then runs in a northerly direction to within about a mile of the lake, and then runs about parallel to the lake until it intersects the east and west boundary. A boundary canal and levee is cut all around the district following the boundary line with the exception of four or five miles on the south side, where the boundary line is about a mile from the lake. The boundary canals empty into the main canals, which will be described later. About the center of the lake on the south side is a reservoir 2,000 feet long, 60 feet wide, and 13 feet deep. All other canals, except the outfall empty into this

reservoir. From the reservoir two main canals are cut for five or six miles each way, running east and west, although inclining a little northward. From these main canals, cross canals running north to south across the lake are cut every mile and a half. There are nine of these canals, and they all empty into the two main canals, and then into the reservoir. On the south edge of the reservoir the pumping plant is being erected, and from the pumping plant an outfall canal seventy feet wide and from six to ten feet deep is cut to Pamlico Sound. This canal is seven miles long and has a fall of about nine feet. The water in the lake and the district flow into the canals; these empty into the reservoir, and the pumps transfer the water to the outfall canal, and thence it flows to the sound. The pumping plant is to consist of four centrifugal pumps, each with a discharge pipe of six feet diameter. The capacity of the pumps together is 2,000 cubic feet per second. The power for running the pumps will be steam.

The canals are all different width and depth, and excepting the outfall canal (whose dimensions have been stated), vary from sixteen to sixty feet in width, and from six to fourteen feet in depth. The side slopes vary, being from one vertical to one-half horizontal to one to one. The total number of miles to be cut is about one hundred and thirty, while the total number of cubic yards to be excavated is about four million. The contract price ranges from about six and a half cents to ten cents a yard, thus making the total cost of excavating about two hundred and fifty or three hundred thousand dollars. The cost of the erection and the installing of the pumping plant will be about two hundred thousand dollars, thus making the total cost about five hundred thousand dollars. This cost is borne by taxes upon the owners of the lake and the adjoining land owners, each paying according to benefits received. The lake being the most benefited, pays three-fourths of the entire cost. The total number of acres to be benefited is about 120,000, of which between 46,000 and 50,000 is the lake. On the first of January, 1915, about

48 per cent of the yardage, and about 25 per cent of the mileage had been completed.

At present there are four dredges on the job, two one-yard machines, one two-yard, and one three and a half yard machine. They work two shifts of twelve hours each, thereby making twenty-four hours a day, excepting Sunday. The contractor for the excavating is the firm of A. V. Wills & Sons, of Pittsfield, Ill., and for the erection and installing of the pumping plant is The Morris Machine Works of Baldwinsville, N. Y. L. C. Thompson & Co., of Charlotte, N. C., have the sub-contract for erecting the building for the plant. The engineer for the entire project is Lawrence Brett, of Brett Engineering and Contracting Co., of Wilson, N. C., and a civil engineering graduate of the University of Kansas. The resident engineer is M. E. Chappel, Swan Quarter, N. C., a civil engineering graduate of Iowa State College. The lake is now owned by The Southern Land Reclamation Co., of Boston, Mass.

After the drainage is completed, the lake is to be divided into small farms and put on the market. Roads are to be built through and across it, and what is now a useless body of water will in a few years be the home of many prosperous farmers.

North Carolina will look with pride toward Hyde County at the progress she will be making, and the great example she will have set for the county and the State.

NOTE: The writer wishes to state that the figures used above may not be exact, but they are enough so for the general reader to realize the value of the work described.

# THE RED AND WHITE

THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF THE STUDENTS  
OF THE  
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[Edited by the Pullen Literary Society (P. L. S.) and the Leazar  
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## EDITORIALS.

Since the coming of the New Year, leaving the joys of Christmas behind, the student world has again settled down to real earnest work. To some the curtain is being raised, and they can see clearly the importance of grasping every opportunity, and with this vision before them go about their duties with renewed grit and determination that the year shall not end without the accomplishment of something worthy. Within the next five months many college men all over this country will board the little boat that they have spent four long years building, and push out from the college walls into the stormy sea of life. The success or failure of each man will depend to a marked degree upon the thoroughness of his training and his self-confidence.

What was the use of spending those four years in college? Do men cram their heads with text-book knowledge just because they expect to need that particular knowledge later in life? No! The purpose of college training is to teach men how to learn. As one subject is mastered, ability to master others is acquired. The college graduate doesn't know everything, as undergraduates and non-college men ordinarily suppose he should. But he has got a foundation to build upon, and he generally knows how to go about learning the way to carry out his ideas. The question that confronts the prospective graduate is, "Have I the preparation that I should have?" Some may be better prepared than others, but the man who has had the pluck to stick to his work for four long eventful years and conscientiously performed the duties that fell to his lot, is more than likely to succeed.

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## SENIOR WEEK.

By the time this issue of the RED AND WHITE comes from the press, "Senior Week" will be an event of the past, to be talked of rather than looked forward to.

The programme for the week will be as follows: Monday evening, 1st, Company Q stunt; Tuesday evening, 2nd, basket ball game, Senior Privates vs. Officers; Wednesday afternoon, 3rd, Field Day; evening, Senior banquet; Thursday evening, 4th, theater party; Friday evening, 5th, Senior dance.

All Seniors are looking forward to Senior Week as the principal social event of the college year—an event that we can remember with pleasure in after life.

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#### NEW CLUBS.

Just before the Christmas holidays, 1914, the Junior and Senior agricultural students of the N. C. A. & M. College, realizing the need of more specialized club work, met and organized two new clubs: The "Baa and Bellow," and the "Plant Industry Club," the former consisting of Junior and Senior animal husbandry and veterinary students, while the latter consists of Junior and Senior horticulture, agronomy and normal students. The aim of these clubs is to keep closely in touch with the latest current literature pertaining to plant and animal life, thereby broadening out beyond the textbooks into the field of research and modern science.



Y. M. C. A.  
E. L. CLOYD.

The work of the New Year in the Y. M. C. A. was begun by a reception to the young ladies of Meredith College. Owing to other engagements, not as many of the young ladies were present as had been expected, but about a hundred of them came out, and although there were perhaps twice as many boys as girls, every one seemed to enjoy the evening. As the guests came down the stair way in the Y. M. C. A. they were joined by the young men, and they marched into the Auditorium, where they were introduced to each other. After all the guests had arrived, refreshments, consisting of ice cream and cake, were served. Throughout the evening music was rendered by Mr. Cloyd on the violin, accompanied by Mrs. Brewer, on the piano.

One of the most interesting and instructive Wednesday night meetings ever held at A. & M. occurred on January 13th, when Mr. Cline, who is well known by all the students of the college, made a talk on the "European Situation." In introducing his remarks, Mr. Cline said that he wished it to be known that he was an American citizen. He continued by saying that the American newspapers present one side of the question, so that just for a few moments he would take it upon himself to be a German again. With these introductory remarks, Mr. Cline entered into a discussion of the history of the relations existing among the nations now at war, and in this way indicated the causes of the present struggle. He made no predictions as to the final outcome of the struggle, but all who were present received an insight into the situation which cannot be obtained from the daily press.

On January 17th Mr. G. C. Keeble, a prominent young lawyer of Raleigh, and teacher of the A. & M. Class in the First Presbyterian Sunday-school of Raleigh, made a talk in

the Y. M. C. A. on the subject of "The Christian Business Man." In his discussion of this subject Mr. Keeble outlined very clearly the business of the Christian, and showed how the ideal Christian is the "Business Man."

"Gym." classes have been organized, which meet three afternoons each week. Mr. King is the leader of these classes, and every member of the Association is entitled to its advantages. The average attendance up to this time has been about forty men.

A Bowling Tournament has been arranged with the Raleigh Y. M. C. A. The men who will represent A. & M. in the next contest will probably be Messrs. K. Osborne, L. A. Jaynes, J. W. Hundley, W. J. Evans and Professor R. I. Poole.

It will be a pleasure to all men who heard him when he was here before, to know that "Ted" Mercer is coming to A. & M. again. He is expected here about the fourth of February, and will probably be here several days. Mr. B. R. Lacy, Jr., assistant pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Raleigh, will be here at the same time. Both of these men are young, wide-a-wake, college men, and we hope every man in college will meet them and hear them while they are with us.

## COMICS

J. E. TREVATHAN, '15, *Editor.*

One of the boys was walking past a candy store with a young lady, when the young lady said:

"Doesn't the candy smell good?"

The boy replied: "Yes, let's stop and smell it awhile."

---

"I saw my friend Sam in a tin can this morning."

"Sam who?"

"Salmon—cod fish."

---

Prof. (shaking a boy severely by the shoulder): "I think the devil must have a hold of you."

Boy (solemnly): "He sure has."

---

Miss Ethel English, of Mars Hill, is beginning a course at Meredith College. The work course boys are predicting that LeRoy Feezor will study "English" at Meredith as a supplement to his agricultural course at A. & M.

---

Boy: "I've got ten pars—"

Girl: "What? I didn't know anybody could have but one Pa."

Boy: "I have ten parsnips."

---

Just after the V. P. I. basket-ball game some one asked a Freshman "Who won?"

"Van Brocklin," promptly replied the Freshman.

Will some one ask Miller how he likes Dr. Smith's "Appetizer?"

---

Wanted—Something that will remove the "smut" from Chauncy Roberts' jokes, so that I may use them in the RED AND WHITE.

---

She: "Women are more resourceful than men."

He: "I guess that's right. A man has to get his clothes made to fit his shape, but a woman can get her shape made to fit her clothes."—*Philadelphia Record*.

---

#### THE WISE FOOL.

"Dead men tell no tales," observed the sage.

"Maybe not," replied the Fool, "But their tombstones are awful liars."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

---

Maud: "What makes Carol so disliked?"

Beatrix: "She got the most votes for being most popular."  
—*Life*.

---

#### PANTHEISTIC.

"You admit you are guilty, then," thundered the judge.

"Ah do, jedge. Ah's guilty. Ah stole dem pants. But, your honah, dere ain't no sin when de motive am good. Ah stole dem pants to get baptized in."—*Harper's Magazine*.

## LOCALS

K. L. GREENFIELD, *Editor*.

Mr. Cline, of the Horticulture Department, recently addressed the Wednesday night meeting of the Y. M. C. A. on the subject, "The Causes of the War in Europe." Mr. Cline is a native German, and presented Germany's side of the question in an impartial and logical manner. He told in an interesting way of some of his own personal experiences in Europe. A large crowd was out to hear him, and received a clearer conception of the true conditions in Europe independent of the question of right and wrong in the present struggle.

The other day Dr. Harrison asked a member of his Junior Electrical Division to define the word "rational." "That," replied the gentleman addressed, "is a kind of bird feed."

Mr. Tom Brooks is of a very kind and sympathizing disposition. He says that when he thinks of those poor, suffering, starving Belgians, he just simply cannot get enough to eat.

The other day a winter course man was asking Prof. McNutt something about the skinning of animals. Chauncey Roberts, who was standing nearby, told him that if he wanted some really scientific instruction on the skinning of animals he had better go to the Bursar's office.

Mr. L. O. Henry, who is a frequent caller at one of the educational institutions in the city, was down there a short time ago conferring with the object of his attentions: "When do you have dinner here?" asked Mr. Henry. "At six o'clock!" replied the Object. "Six o'clock!" exclaimed Mr. Henry, "well in the name of common sense when do you have supper?"

## ATHLETICS

R. O. LINDSAY, '16, *Editor*.

At our first basket-ball practice, which was held immediately upon the reopening of college after the Christmas vacation, there were about twenty-five candidates out from whom to select the team. From these Coach Tucker has whipped into shape a very fast quint. It is not so heavy as the team was last year, but what it lacks in weight is thoroughly made up in speed. Although the five did not start as though it was going to break a record this year, it is constantly improving, and before the season is over may prove that it is just as good as any quint that has previously represented A. & M.

Since this is the first issue of THE RED AND WHITE, and the first opportunity the students have had to know, it might be useful to tell who's who on the squad, even though it is a little late in the season. Of course we all know Joe Mason and Van Brocklin. They are the only two survivors of the last year Varsity. Mason was elected captain for the 1915 season, and we are sure that, whatever it takes to lead the team to the best possible success, Captain Mason has it. Van Brocklin, who played guard last year, is again showing up in excellent form. Van's favorite game is football. In fact, he loves the old game so well that sometimes while playing the lighter game of basket-ball, he forgets himself and indulges in a few exercises characteristic of the gridiron sport. Temple and Dowd, of last year's scrubs, are doing good work this year. They have been playing forwards on the team so far, and they are holding down those jobs with such satisfaction to the coach that they are very likely to remain there for the rest of the season. Spaulding, of the Freshman class, will fill the position as center. Spaulding is a tall fellow, and consequently is able to get the tipover on almost any center he will play against. He has also had a good deal of experience in



a preparatory school. So we are expecting him to be an A. & M. star for more years than one.

Mr. Harry Tucker, an instructor in civil engineering and mathematics of this institution, is coaching the aggregation this year. Professor Tucker is a graduate of Washington and Lee University, where he became very proficient in gymnastics, and also obtained a complete knowledge of basketball. Besides knowing the game, he knows how to put an idea into a fellow's head and make it stick after getting there, whether it be trigonometry or basketball. We are confident that Coach Tucker is thoroughly qualified to get the very best results from the team for this season.

The first game was played with the Charlotte Y. M. C. A. on the Charlotte floor. The game was very closely contested from the beginning to end. When the whistle blew ending the game the score-board showed that the score was 24 to 24. Upon playing off the tie the home team was the lucky one to get the first goal, and thus the victory went to them.

The next night after playing the Charlotte team, A. & M. met Guilford College on the Quaker's floor. The most outstanding feature of this game was, as in the Charlotte game, the closeness with which it was contested. The score was 24 to 25 in Guilford's favor. In actual team work the Techs outclassed the opponents, but the A. & M. players, after playing by Y. M. C. A. rules the night before, became negligent about holding one hand behind their backs when the ball was thrown up between the two players. For each offense of this nature A. & M. was fouled, and it was in this way that Guilford made enough points to win the game.

The first game on A. & M.'s home floor was with V. P. I. This resulted in a victory for the visitors with a score of 20 to 31. The Carolinians put up a hard fight, but in spite of their best efforts, they were outdone by the Virginians. V. P. I. had the advantage over A. & M. in that their team was heavier. Nearly every man on the team outweighed A. & M.'s heaviest man.

The Atlantic Christian College was the fourth team that A. & M. has met this year, and the first one that we defeated. The Wilson team was overwhelmed with a score of 64 to 21. It seems as though the Techs were filled with indignation at being defeated three times in succession, and were trying to take out their vengeance on the Wilson lads.

Nothing has been said in regard to the individual playing in these games for the encouraging reason that all did about equally well. The most important feature was the team work of the whole. The team lined up for all these games were as follows: Right forward, Temple; left forward, Dowd; center, Spaulding; right guard, Mason; left guard, Van Brocklin. In the game with Atlantic Christian College Lindsay played the guard instead of Van Brocklin.

## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

W. C. ALBRIGHT, *Editor.*

In the absence of our exchange editor, we rise to acknowledge receipt of "The Wake Forest Student," "The Yellow Jacket," "The Georgetown College Journal," "The Acorn," "The Trinity Archive," "The College of Charleston Magazine," "The Black and Gold," "The Calumus," "The Oracle," "The Athenian," "The Training School Quarterly," "The Era," "The University of North Carolina Magazine," "The Tattler," "The Mercerian," "Orange and Black," "Georgia Agricultural Quarterly," and "The St. Mary's Muse."

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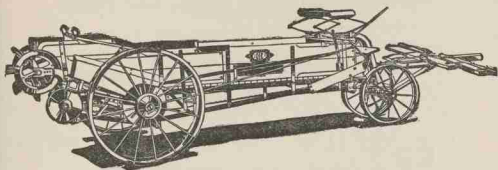
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