

# AGROMECK

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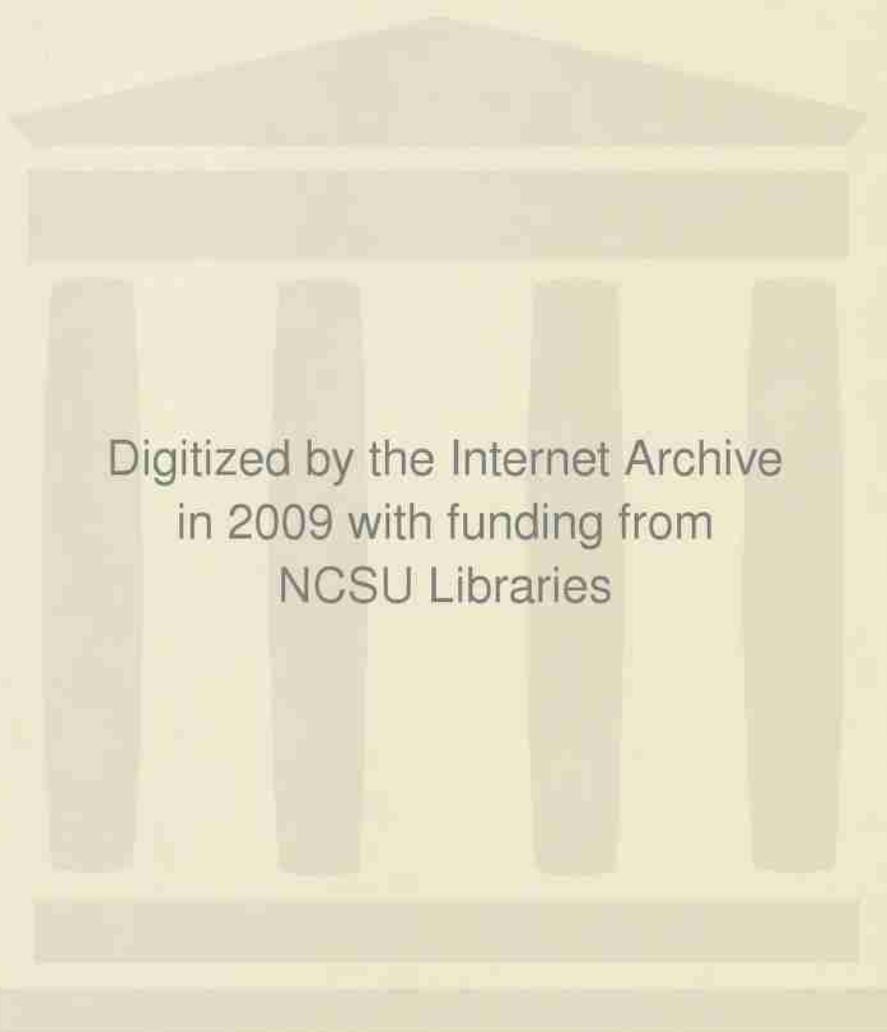
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West Raleigh

# THE AGROMECHANIC

H. C. HARTIS

## VOLUME ONE

PUBLISHED ANNUALLY  
BY THE SENIOR CLASS OF THE

North Carolina  
College of Agriculture  
& Mechanic Arts

WEST RALEIGH

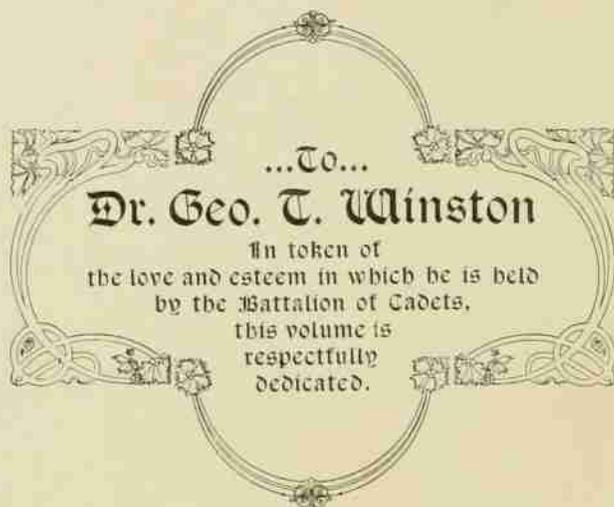
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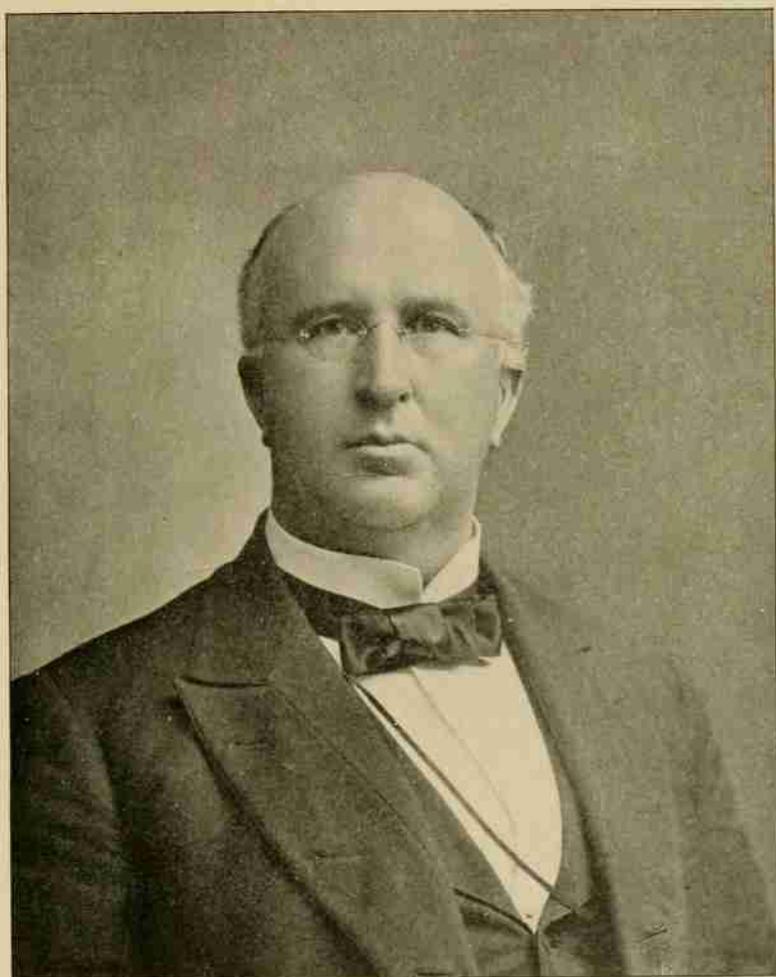




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DR. GEORGE TAYLOE WINSTON





## George Tayloe Winston, A. M., LL. D.



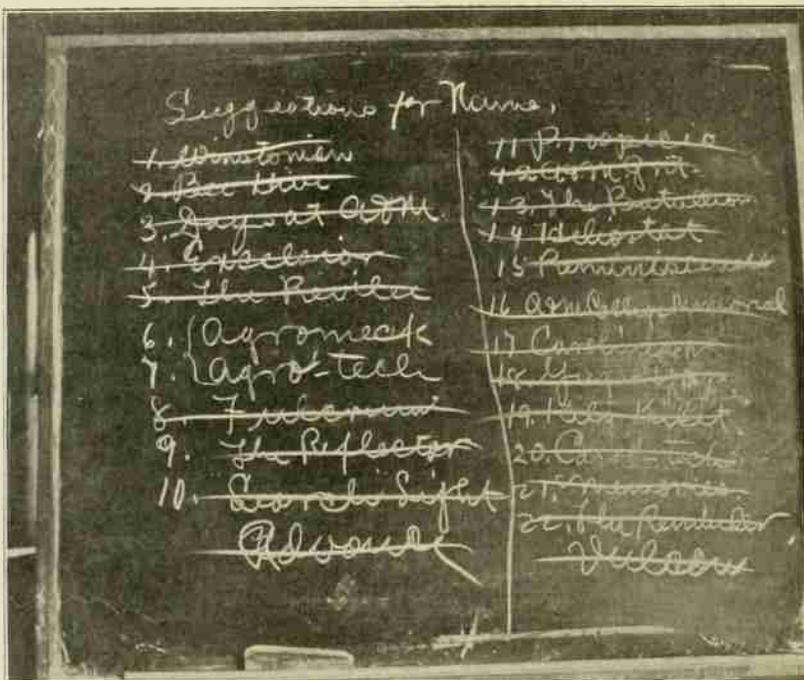
AS born October 12, 1852, in Windsor, Bertie county, North Carolina, son of Patrick Henry Winston and Martha Elizabeth Byrd. His ancestors are English on the paternal and Scotch on the maternal side, and are well-known in the annals of Virginia.

He was educated in the celebrated Horner School, Oxford, N. C.; in the University of North Carolina, which he entered at the age of thirteen; in the United States Naval Academy, where he ranked No. 1 in his class; and in Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., where he received the medal for Latin scholarship, and during his senior year was appointed Instructor in Mathematics to fill the place of a professor who was given leave of absence. He was graduated from Cornell University in 1874 with the degree of Bachelor of Letters, and for high scholarship was enrolled as a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society.

On the reorganization of the University of North Carolina in 1875 he was elected Assistant Professor of Literature, at the age of 23, and the next year was promoted to the full professorship of Latin and German. For sixteen years he served as professor in the University, when by unanimous vote he was elected President. During the five years of his presidency he doubled the income of the University and nearly trebled its enrollment of students.

In 1896 he resigned the presidency of the University of North Carolina to accept the presidency of the University of Texas, to which he was elected by unanimous vote of the Board of Regents of that institution. He greatly increased the income and the student enrollment of this university, and also brought it into close touch and sympathy with the public schools and with public sentiment, as he had done previously with the University of North Carolina. Finding the semi-tropical and arid climate of Texas very detrimental to the health of his family, he resigned the presidency of the Texas University and accepted the presidency of the North Carolina College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, to which he had been invited both by the Board of Trustees and by resolutions of the student body. This is the fourth year of his presidency, and the growth of the College in that time has been the wonder and the delight of the State. The "A. & M." now ranks with the best in the United States, and is doubtless the foremost in the South.

President Winston's career as an educator and public speaker and writer is well known throughout the country. In addition to the positions above named, he has also been twice President of the North Carolina Teachers Assembly, President of the Association of Southern Colleges and Universities, member of the Board of Inspectors of the United States Mint at Philadelphia, member of the Board of Visitors of the United States Naval Academy. He has delivered lectures and orations before the National Education Association, the National Prison Reform Association, the American Academy of Political and Social Science, the Guilford Battle Ground Association, the University of Texas (commencement oration), the University of North Carolina (25th anniversary of re-organization), Clemson College (commencement oration), Harvard University (Phi Beta Kappa dinner), Nineteenth Century Club, New York city, North Carolina Agricultural Society (annual address), Daughters of the Confederacy (annual address), United States Naval Academy (commencement exercises).



THE CHRISTENING



## PREFACE



AFTER many months of weary toil, we submit the first volume of "THE AGROMECK," not with fear and trembling, not even with the hope that it will find favor in your eyes. We are forced to confess that it is far different from what our enthusiasm once led us to hope to make it. But the work was more difficult than we thought; sometimes we have been on the brink of giving up the task, but some kind, loving friend would breathe into our ears words of encouragement. Thus we have labored on and finally produced this work, which will doubtless make the world stand aghast and amazed at its wondrous contents. Surely, this is a wonderful book, not so much because of what it is itself, but because of the conditions under which we have labored. We have had no old, tried and trusty hand to guide us through the intricate labyrinth of blunders. For this reason we will be grateful if you are lenient in criticizing. There are things we know ought not to have gone in THE AGROMECK, still they were put in just to fill up. "To fill up"—that is not usually our trouble, but in this case it has been. We have even been forced to the necessity of offending some to fill up our pages; to these we get on our knees and beg for mercy. Others we have praised too highly; these we can assure it was all a mistake.

It is our earnest hope that other volumes of THE AGROMECK will be produced, not like this one, but better. The class of '03 has set the pace—let the classes hereafter follow suit.

To our many friends who have labored with us, and helped to make THE AGROMECK what it is, we wish to extend our heartfelt thanks. Especially is it a pleasure to acknowledge our indebtedness and gratitude to Prof. D. H. Hill and Dr. Charles Wm. Burkett for the very substantial aid and encouragement they have given.

And to our artist, John A. Park, we give our sincere assurance of appreciation, for without his help it would have been impossible to have produced THE AGROMECK. Readers, you will find in this book the results of the unselfish work, the untiring efforts of a loyal son of A. & M. As such, John, we salute you, and thank you for the valuable assistance you have given us.

With a due appreciation for contributions received from other of our friends, and with hopes that the '03 AGROMECK may prove a pleasant memento of our college life, and that it may be the beginning of a permanent A. & M. C. Annual, we are,

Respectfully,

THE EDITORS.



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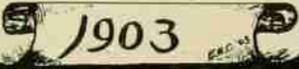
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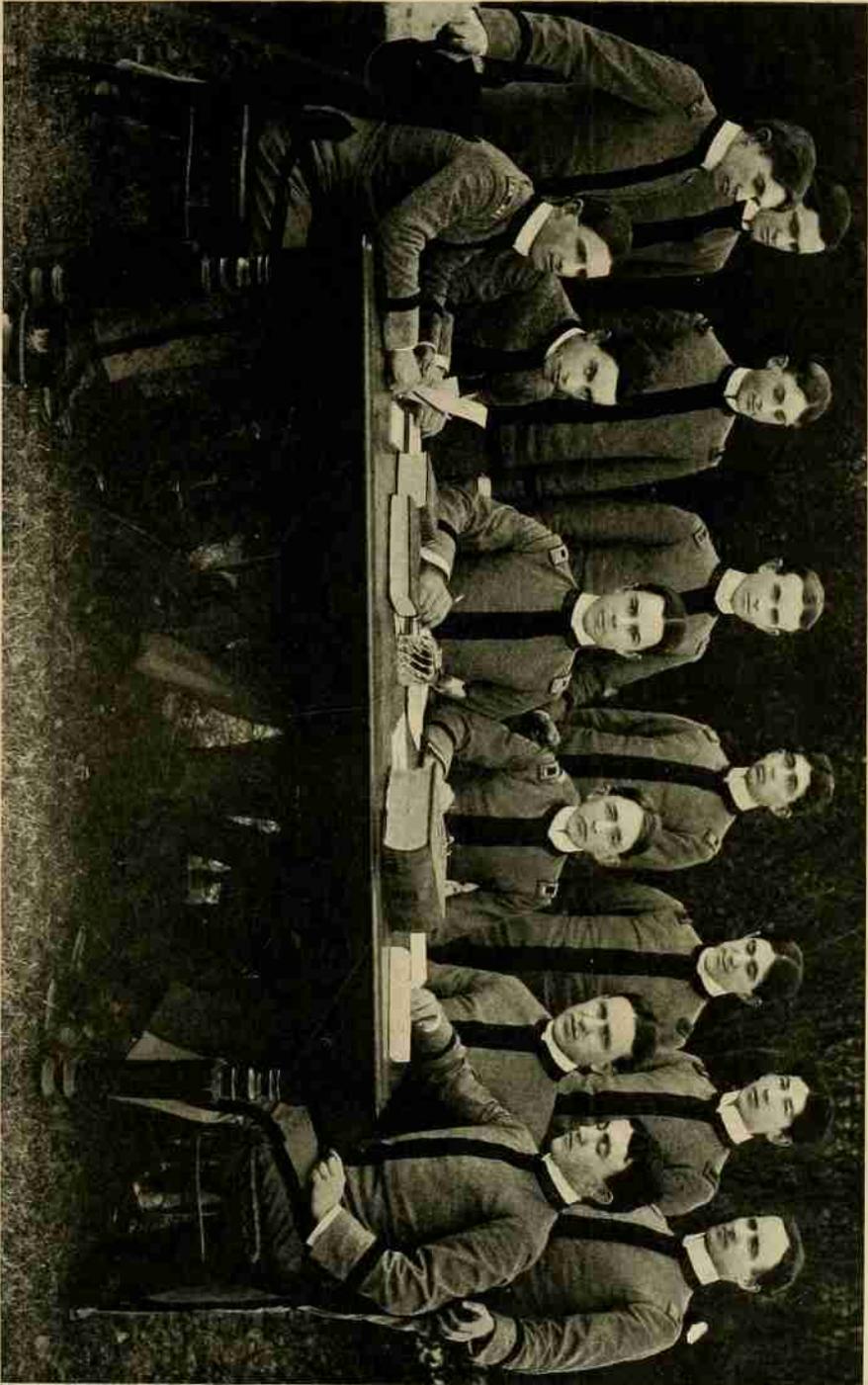
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John A. Park.

Emile Gunter.



1903



BOARD OF EDITORS



 GREETING 

We are men of work-day training  
 Who earn our bread by sweat of brow;  
 Can our hands, their work disdaining,  
 Sway the realm of letters now?

Can the toil-worn hands that wrought  
 Full manfully in wood and field,  
 To this grave task of letters brought,  
 Earn rich reward or harvest yield?

Will the hands that have excelled  
 The work of shop or drawing room,  
 To this stern work of letters held,  
 Do aught else save to write their doom?

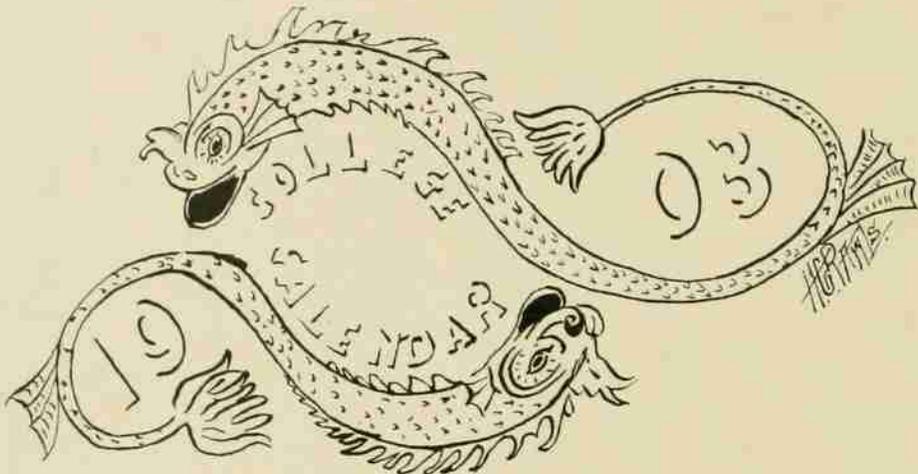
Can the hands that nimbly weaving  
 Cloths of chic design and hue,  
 Their own occupation leaving,  
 Some other work as well pursue?

We but serve our Alma Mater,  
 We do our best from sense of duty;  
 We plant a latent seed that later  
 May grow into a thing of beauty.

As children strive their sires to please  
 So we have worked with best intent.  
 Nor given ourselves to idling ease;  
 Our hearts to labor of love were lent.

For praise or fame we do not ask;  
 With swelling hearts we give this token,  
 Freely wrought, for 'twas love's task;  
 Alma Mater, 'tis to thee our loving hearts  
 have spoken.





1902. **THURSDAY, JULY 10.**

Entrance examinations at each County court-house at 10 A. M.

**WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3.**

Entrance examinations at the College at 9 A. M.

**THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 4.**

First term begins; Registration Day.

**THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27.**

Thanksgiving Day.

**TUESDAY, DECEMBER 22.**

First term ends.

1903. **FRIDAY, JANUARY 2.**

Second term begins; Registration Day.

**SATURDAY, MARCH 14.**

Second term ends.

**MONDAY, MARCH 17.**

Third term begins; Registration Day.

**SATURDAY, MAY 23.**

Examinations end.

**SUNDAY, MAY 24.**

Baccalaureate Sermon.

**MONDAY, MAY 25.**

Alumni Day.

**TUESDAY, MAY 26.**

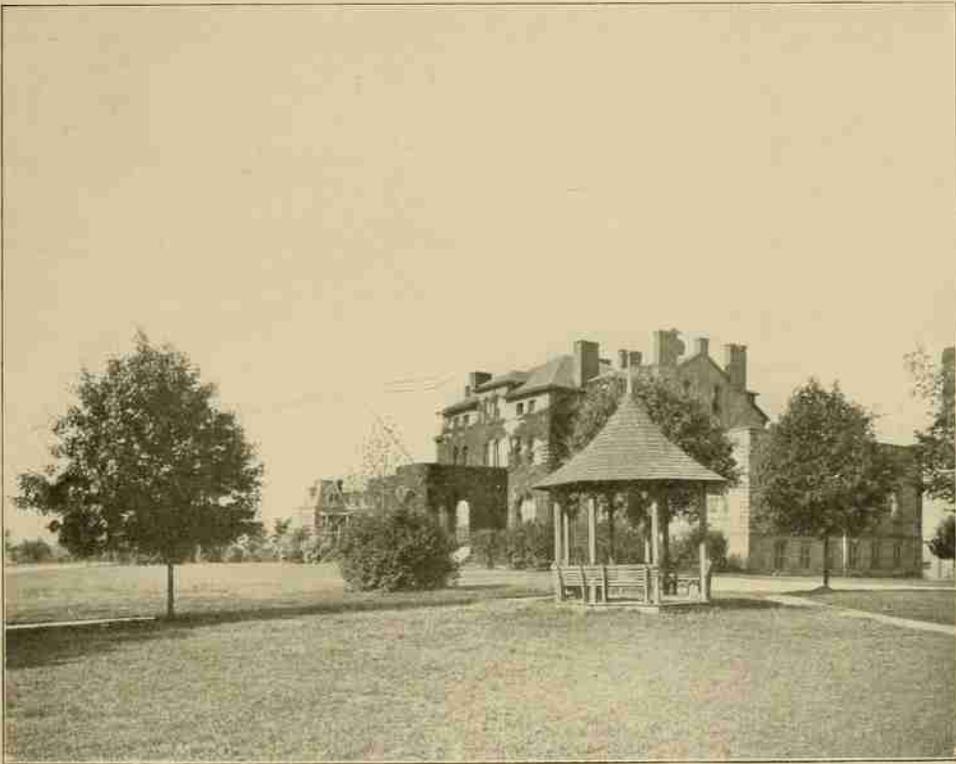
Annual Oration.

**WEDNESDAY, MAY 27.**

Commencement Day.

SYMPOSIUM ON THE A. M. C.

By W. C., Jr.



MAIN BUILDING

**T**HE growth of this country in extension of territory has been phenomenal. The little thirteen colonies, hemmed in by the Atlantic on one hand and the trackless West on the other, where lurked the crafty savage or murderous wild beast, have grown into a nation whose boundaries stretch from ocean to ocean. But yet more phenomenal has been the country's growth in population, civilization, commerce and manufactures. In the beginning of the nineteenth century this country was very thinly settled, and the majority of settlers were farmers, but soon



## THE AGROMECK



there came a change. Where once had stood the wigwam of the mighty Indian chief, now stands a prosperous city; where the stealthy Indian had pursued his solitary trail now flashes a monster breathing forth fire and smoke; where the canoe had ploughed its noiseless way, now shrieks from the hoarse throats of passing steamers smite the ear, and where once the disciple of Isaak Walton sat idly angling during the long summer days in unbroken solitude and silence, is now heard the clanging bell, shrill whistle and busy hum of factories, sawmills, railroads and other industries.



HORTICULTURAL BUILDING

With these changes has come a demand for men to fill these shops, workmen to use these tools, craftsmen to ply these trades, skilled farmers to till the soil; and the cry is still for more laborers. But what kind of laborers are needed? The rough ploughman, the rude blacksmith? No! the demand is for skilled labor, skilled not only in handicraft, but that handicraft controlled by brains—the hand guided by the head. This demand was far in excess of the supply. “More men, more skilled men, more skilled young men,” was the constant cry. At last a man appeared whose wisdom was in a large measure to devise a way to supply educated brain and hand workers.



Justin Smith Morrill, the venerable senator from Vermont, heard the demand and came forward in Congress with a bill as an answer. This bill, subsequently enacted into law, gave to each state public lands "for the endowment, support and maintenance of at least one college whose leading object shall be, without excluding other scientific and classical studies, and including military tactics, to teach such branches of learning as are related to agriculture and the mechanic arts, in order to promote the liberal and practical education of the industrial classes in the several pursuits and professions of life." This bill was passed by Congress in 1862. Part of the money



INFIRMARY

arising from the sale of the lands given to North Carolina was lost during reconstruction days. The interest on what was left was for some years given to the State University, but in 1885 a bill was introduced into our legislature by A. Leazar, Esq., of Iredell county, which in 1887 was passed and became a law, providing for the transfer of those funds to aid in the establishment of the North Carolina College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts. This name was given the new college to emphasize the kind of instruction that Congress intended to be given in these institutions. At this stage of affairs R. S. Pullen, Raleigh's most progressive and benevolent citizen, gave a valuable building site, with sufficient land for a farm. This land adjoins the



TEXTILE BUILDING

park that he had given to the city of Raleigh. This generous gift fixed the establishment of the college in Raleigh.



At last, on Oct. 1, 1889, the North Carolina College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts was formally opened for students. The College at that time consisted of only one brick building and a corps of five instructors, appointed by a Board of Trustees. Too much honor cannot be accorded this band of earnest men who as directors and as faculty went forward so quietly, but faithfully, with small capital and amid many discouragements, to build up a college whose scope of work and whose purposes were alike new to our people.

To the call for students about fifty responded. A majority of these were farmers or sons of farmers. The college commenced growing from its very birth; not too rapidly, but slowly, surely increasing year by year. When found absolutely necessary, money for buildings and apparatus has been appropriated by the Legislature from time to time. The college met with opposition at first from some quarters, as it was thought to be antagonistic to the University and the other colleges of the state. But as it pursued its way it became evident that it did not antagonize other colleges, but simply supplied what could not be obtained there. The men who were guiding it held it strictly to its proper sphere. It stood then, it has always stood, for strictly technical education. This fact was at last clearly recognized, and all opposition to the institution died a natural death.

As time passed students were graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Science and Bachelor of Engineering. These young men were eagerly employed by different industrial concerns in this and other states. The young graduates stood the test of commercial life and made their marks as men trained and worthy. The eyes of the people were opened. They saw that what had been ridiculed as an experiment had been tried and not found wanting. They saw the great need over the whole country for educated industrial workers. They saw the harvest reaped by men able to do the world's industrial work. They saw the great opportunity presented to their sons and eagerly took advantage of it. Since that time the College has been crowded and its capacity taxed to the uttermost. To meet this growth great expansion became necessary. The corps of five teachers in a few years became a faculty of eleven professors, assisted by nineteen subordinate instructors; where one building stood, thirteen now proudly lift their heads, among them some of the best in the state. The one first constructed—the main building, as it is called, being about the center of the group—is still used for class rooms, laboratories, and the upper floors for dormitories. Primrose Hall (named in honor of Mr. W. S. Primrose, one of the founders of the institution, whose wise counsels and fidelity have contributed so greatly to its success) is a two-story building with modern appliances, containing the Horticultural department. This building with its greenhouses adds much to the beauty of a very attractive campus. The Mechanical and Electrical buildings are plain and substantial, containing laboratories, shops, drawing and recitation rooms. The dairy and barn are frame buildings, admirably adapted to their purpose. The Textile building, just completed, is a modern, up-to-date cotton mill, containing all modern machinery.



## THE AGROMECK



The infirmary is a two-story building, equipped with all the best appliances, and under control of an efficient matron and nurse. The boiler-house is immediately back of the main building, and contains the boilers, fire pump and the machinery connected with the steam heating plant. There are also four very good, but small, dormitories to the left of the main building as you face it.

At present two buildings, which will add much to the College, in appearance and usefulness, are nearing completion. The new Watauga, which is a very handsome, well-equipped dormitory, rises from the ashes of the old which was burned on Nov. 30, 1901. The fire originated in the culinary department, which then occupied the



VIEW LOOKING NORTH

lower floor, and some of the students barely escaped with their lives, losing all their possessions. A few instances of heroism connected with this fire may well be mentioned here: Some students, awakened by the flames, went from room to room, rousing the inmates and dragging them from their beds, where they would soon have been suffocated by the smoke and heat. These young men thus saved many lives, while all their own worldly goods fell a prey to the flames. Others formed a bucket brigade; others climbed on the roofs of adjoining buildings and heroically fought the flames in the bitter November winds. Many other instances might be mentioned, but these



show of what material the A. & M. boy is made, and the spirit such a college fosters.

The loss of this building was a heavy blow to the College, but out of great evils sometimes arises great good. A larger dormitory was needed for the rapidly increasing number of students, and this need the new Watanga supplies. The new structure contains sixty rooms, well lighted, well ventilated and well heated, the dangerous kitchen being removed to other quarters where there will be no danger of the catastrophe being repeated.

The other new building is Pullen Memorial, named in honor of the benefactor, R. S. Pullen. This building will add materially to the comfort and well-being of the students, since it fills the "long-felt want" of a large auditorium, a commodious dining room, and a spacious library and reading room.

This increase in the number of buildings has been made necessary by the unexampled increase in the number of students. In 1889 there were fifty students; today five hundred stalwart young men strut about the College grounds in the grey in which their fathers fought and died. Instead of a few boys loitering in the evening on the campus, the ground now trembles beneath the measured tread of a battalion of six companies. At the last State fair the "boys in gray" drilled so well that they received a continuous ovation along the whole route, and many were the compliments received by our able faculty on their bearing and deportment.

The object is now, as it has always been in the past, to conduct an institution in which young men of character, energy and ambition may fit themselves for useful and honorable work in any line of industry in which training and skill are requisite to success. It is intended to train farmers, mechanics, engineers, architects, draughtsmen, machinists, electricians, miners, metallurgists, chemists, dyers, mill workers, manufacturers, stock raisers, fruit growers, truckers and dairy men, by giving them not only a liberal but also a special education, with such manual and mental training as will qualify them for their future work.

It offers practical and technical education in agriculture, horticulture, animal industry, civil engineering, mechanical engineering, mining engineering, metallurgy, chemistry, dyeing, textile industry and architecture. It also offers practical training in carpentry, wood turning, blacksmithing, machinery work, mill work, boiler tending and road building. Although the leading purpose of the College is thus to furnish technical and practical instruction, yet other subjects essential to a liberal education are not omitted.

How can we judge of the future except by the past? With a glorious past we must and shall expect a glorious future. We can say what Webster said of Massachusetts, "the past, indeed, is secure." Not only can we say that the past is secure, but also reasonably say that the future is also secure. Our institution has had a short but honorable past, marked from the beginning by a steady and promising growth, but we cannot expect and do not wish a phenomenal growth such as that achieved by the University of Michigan, which in a few decades after its establishment had three

## THE AGROMECK

thousand students, for "what comes easy goes easy." In Michigan, at the founding of the University, there were only one or two poorly-equipped colleges, and the founding of the University, with a princely endowment, naturally attracted to it all those young men in the state who had hitherto been compelled to go to other states for a higher education.

The A. & M. was not so fortunate. It was founded in a state where there are scores of other well-equipped colleges and schools. There were thousands of graduates from these colleges who naturally wished their sons to attend the college from which



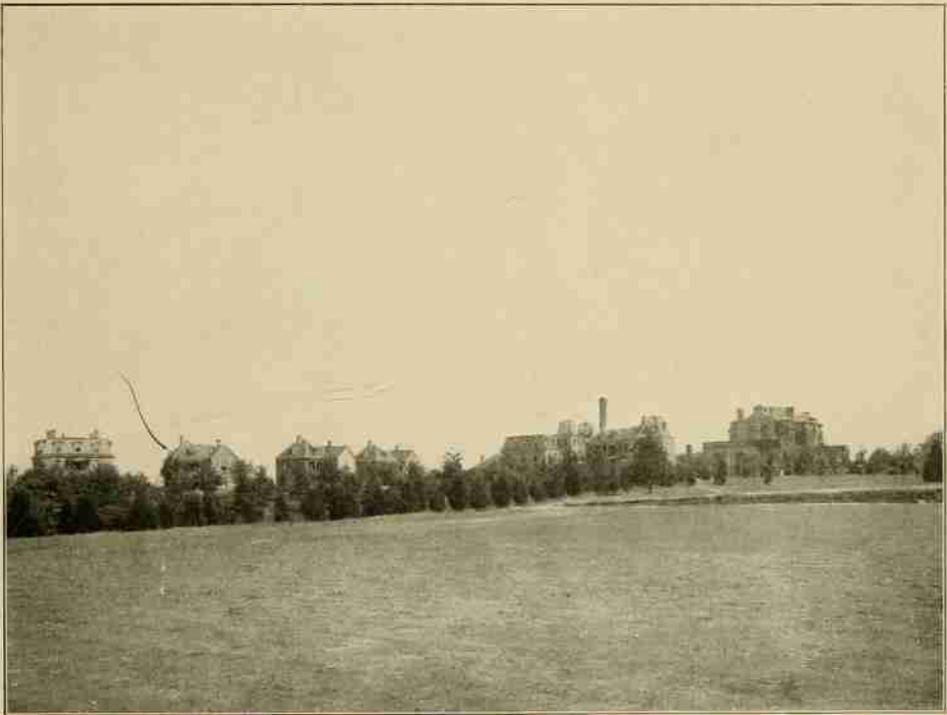
VIEW LOOKING SOUTH

they had their diplomas. The revenues are so small that the college cannot be run on the broad basis which was intended. In spite of these difficulties and disadvantages, which have to some extent retarded the progress of the A. & M., we have good reasons to believe the College has a great future before it. These reasons are:

1. The A. & M. is free. It is under no obligation, as are denominational colleges, to maintain and observe creeds and confessions. It stands for morality and right, and high living, but not, of course, for sectarianism.
2. The second ground for hope of a great future for the A. & M. is the *nature and*



*extent of work it is now doing for the state.* North Carolina is becoming a great manufacturing state. Already it has more cotton mills than any other state in the Union. We must have men to run our cotton mills, our factories and our other industries, and the A. & M. is furnishing these men. It gives a boy a practical and technical education, enabling him to become a "great master of industry" if he has the ambition. What kind of boys are receiving this education? Not the rich men's sons who wish to enter some "honorable profession," but mainly poor boys, among the best, the manliest boys in the state, for the expenses are reduced to the smallest possible minimum, and



VIEW FROM ATHLETIC FIELD

it is in reach of all. Since we will be a manufacturing state, it is these boys on whom the future of the state depends.

The pettifogging lawyer cannot run a cotton mill; the doctor cannot harness the great water power of this state; the politician cannot design railroads, bridges, saw mills, etc. The men for this work have been furnished by other states, but it now remains for the A. & M. graduate to take these places. The college is so bound up with the best life of the state that we must grow with its growth and strengthen with its strength. The new knowledge taught at the A. & M. is so important and practical,



## THE AGROMECK



and contributes so directly "to the relief of man's estate," that the people of North Carolina are bound to hold in appreciation and honor the agencies by which it has been brought home to them.

Every student and alumnus of this institution can rest assured that a great future, commensurate with the greatness of the state, awaits their Alma Mater. She commands the elements that command success. All hail to the glad day which is dawning, and may each student feel that on him lies the responsibility of hastening the happy hour when the Agricultural and Mechanical College of North Carolina shall stand at the head of all Southern colleges.





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A. B. Davidson College '83; A. M. ditto '85; Cornell University, Fellow in Agricultural Chemistry '88-'90; Assistant Chemist North Carolina Experiment Station '84-'88; Chemist since '97; acting Director and State Chemist '97-'99; State Statistical Agent U. S. Department of Agriculture '95-'02; Fellow American Association for the Advancement of Science; member American Chemical Society; vice-president; ditto '01-'02. X Φ; Ξ Ξ

DANIEL HARVEY HILL, A. M., *Professor of English.*

A. B. Davidson College '80; A. M. ditto '84; Professor of English in the Georgia Military and Agricultural College for nine years; present position since opening of College in 1889.

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A. B. University of North Carolina '85; C. E. Lehigh University '90; with Roanoke Navigation & Supply Co. K A

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U. S. Military Academy at West Point '70; assigned as Second Lieutenant 8th U. S. cavalry, then in Mexico; First Lieutenant 8th U. S. cavalry '79; retired from active service April, '91, by reason of disabilities contracted in line of duty; served in Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, Colorado, Indian Territory, Kansas, Nebraska and



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B. Sc. Ohio State University '95; M. Sc. Ohio State University '98; Ph. D. Lima '00; Assistant in Agriculture Ohio State University '95-'98; Agricultural Editor Ohio State Journal '96-'98; Assistant Professor of Agriculture New Hampshire College '98; Professor of Agriculture ditto, '98-'01; Agriculturist New Hampshire College Experiment Station '98-'01; Special Agent, Division of Agrostology, U. S. Department of Agriculture '01. A Z, K  $\Sigma$ .

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V. S. Ontario Veterinary College, Toronto, Canada, '85; assistant State Veterinarian of Iowa and President Iowa State Veterinary Medical Association; Professor of Veterinary and Physiology and Veterinarian to the Agricultural Experiment Station Mississippi Agricultural and Mechanical College; Inspector Bureau of Animal Industry U. S. Department of Agriculture; President American Veterinary Medical Association; State Veterinarian and Professor of Veterinary Science and Veterinarian of the Agricultural Experiment Station, Nasau State Agricultural College.

FRANK LINCOLN STEVENS, M. S., Ph. D., B. L., B. S., *Professor of Biology; Biologist of Experiment Station.*

B. L. Hobart College '91; B. S. Rutgers College '93; M. S. Rutgers College '97; Ph. D. University of Chicago '99; Assistant in Experiment Station Rutgers College '91-'93; Professor of Natural Science at Racine College '93-'94; Teacher of Biology Columbus North High School, Columbus, Ohio, '95-'98; Fellow in Botany University '98-'99; Sanitary Analyst for Chicago Drainage Canal Board '99-'00; Travelling Fellow in Botany to University of Chicago '00-'01; Instructor in Biology N. C. College of A. & M. Arts '01-'02; Fellow of American Association for the Advancement of Science; Associate Botanical Society of America; studied at Bonne Hall and occupied the Smithsonian table at the Naples Zoological Station.  $\Phi K \Psi$ .

BENJAMIN WESLEY KILGORE, M. S., *Lecturer on Soils and Fertilizers.*

B. S. Mississippi Agricultural and Mechanical College '88; M. S. ditto '91; Johns Hopkins University '95-'96; Assistant Chemist Mississippi Agricultural and Mechanical College '88-'89; Assistant Chemist North Carolina Experiment Station '89-'97; Professor of Chemistry Mississippi Agricultural and Experiment College and State



## THE AGROMECK



Chemist '97-'98; State Chemist North Carolina '99; Director North Carolina Agricultural Experiment Station since '01; President of the Association of Official Agricultural Chemists '00-'01.

ROBERT EDWARD LEE YATES, A. M., *Assistant Professor of Mathematics.*

Prepared for college at Fray & Morson's Male Academy, Raleigh, N. C.; A. M. Wake Forest College '99; special course in Higher Mathematics University of Chicago '01.

GEORGE STRONACH FRAPS, B. S., Ph. D., *Assistant Professor of Chemistry and Assistant Chemist North Carolina Experiment Station.*

B. S. North Carolina College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts '96; Ph. D. Johns Hopkins University '99; fellow Johns Hopkins University '98-'99.  $\Phi$  B K.

CHALMER KIRK McCLELLAND, B. Sc., M. S. A., *Assistant Professor of Agriculture.*

B. Sc. (Agr.) Ohio State University '98; M. S. A. Cornell University '02. A Z.

CHARLES BENJAMIN PARK, *Superintendent of Shops.*

Raleigh Male Academy; served a number of years as carpenter and contractor; entered Allen & Cram's machine shops '84 as apprentice, served five years; Superintendent Hygeinic Plate Ice Factory, Raleigh, N. C., until destroyed by fire; with S. A. L. Machine Co. as machinist; with S. A. L. as road engineer when present position offered; present position since '91; director in Mechanics Dime Savings Bank since organization; auditor of N. C. Building & Supply Co.

WILLIAM ANDERSON SYME, B. S., *Instructor in Chemistry.*

Raleigh Male Academy; B. S. North Carolina College of A. & M. Arts.

THOMAS ALFRED CHITTENDEN, B. S., *Instructor in Mechanical Drawing.*

Apprentice with Straight Line Engine Co.; B. S. Michigan State College of A. & M. Arts '98; served with McIntosh & Seymour Engine Co., Auburn, N. Y.; State Normal College, Albany, N. Y.

VIRGIL WILLIAM BRAGG, *Instructor in Wood-Working.*

Graduate and Post Graduate of Miller Manual Labor School of Virginia.

THOMAS NELSON, *Instructor in Weaving and Designing.*

Technical School, Preston, England; Lowell Textile School '99, Lowell, Mass.; Richard Goodair Springfield Mill, Lancaster, England; Wilding Bros., Alexandria, Lancaster, England; Instructor of Weaving Lowell Textile School, Lowell, Mass.

CHARLES LEMUEL FISH, B. S., *Instructor in Civil Engineering.*

B. S. Worcester Polytechnic Institute.  $\Sigma$  A E.

FRANKLIN SHERMAN, JR., B. S. (Agr.), *Instructor in Entomology, State Entomologist.*

Entered Maryland Agricultural College '94; Assistant Entomologist of Maryland '97; B. S. (Agr.) Cornell University '99; taught in Summer School of Nature

THE AGROMECK

Study at Cornell University '00; member American Association of Economic Entomologists; member American Association for Advancement of Science; corresponding member Washington Entomological Society; fellow and member N. C. Academy of Science; Secretary N. C. State Horticultural Society,  $\xi \Xi$ .

EDWIN BENTLY OWEN, B. S., *Instructor in English.*

B. S. N. C. College of A. & M. Arts '98; Harvard Summer School '01-'02; Librarian N. C. College of A. & M. Arts, '99-'02.

HARRY CASPER WALTER, B. S., *Instructor in Electrical Engineering.*

B. S. Worcester Polytechnic Institute '00; with General Electric Company '00-'01.  $\Phi \Gamma \Delta$ .

OLIVER CARTER, *Instructor in Forge and Machine Shops.*

North Carolina College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts.

JOHN CHESTER KENDALL, B. S., *Assistant in Dairying.*

B. S. New Hampshire State College '02.  $K \Xi$ .

SAMUEL EDWARD WEBER, JR., B. S., *Assistant in Mechanical and Freehand Drawing.*

B. S. Pennsylvania State College '02.

PHILIP ROLAND FRENCH, B. S., *Instructor in Chemistry and Dyeing.*

B. S. Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

CARROLL LAMB MANN, C. E., *Instructor in Civil Engineering and Mathematics.*

B. S. North Carolina College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts; C. E. ditto; Instructor of Mathematics, ditto; with Isthmian Canal Commission as Assistant Engineer on the Nicaragua Canal '00; Assistant Engineer Seaboard Air Line '01-'02.

AUSTER GARDEN HOLMES, B. S., *Instructor in Mathematics.*

B. S. South Carolina Military Academy '97; Principal of Pendleton Public Schools, Pendleton, S. C.; Instructor in Mathematics Suwannee Grammar School, Suwannee, Tenn., '01-'02.

MRS. ADELINE C. STEVENS, *Instructor in Zoology.*

University of Chicago.

MARSHALL DeLANCEY HAYWOOD, *Librarian.*

ARTHUR FINN BOWEN, *Bursar.*

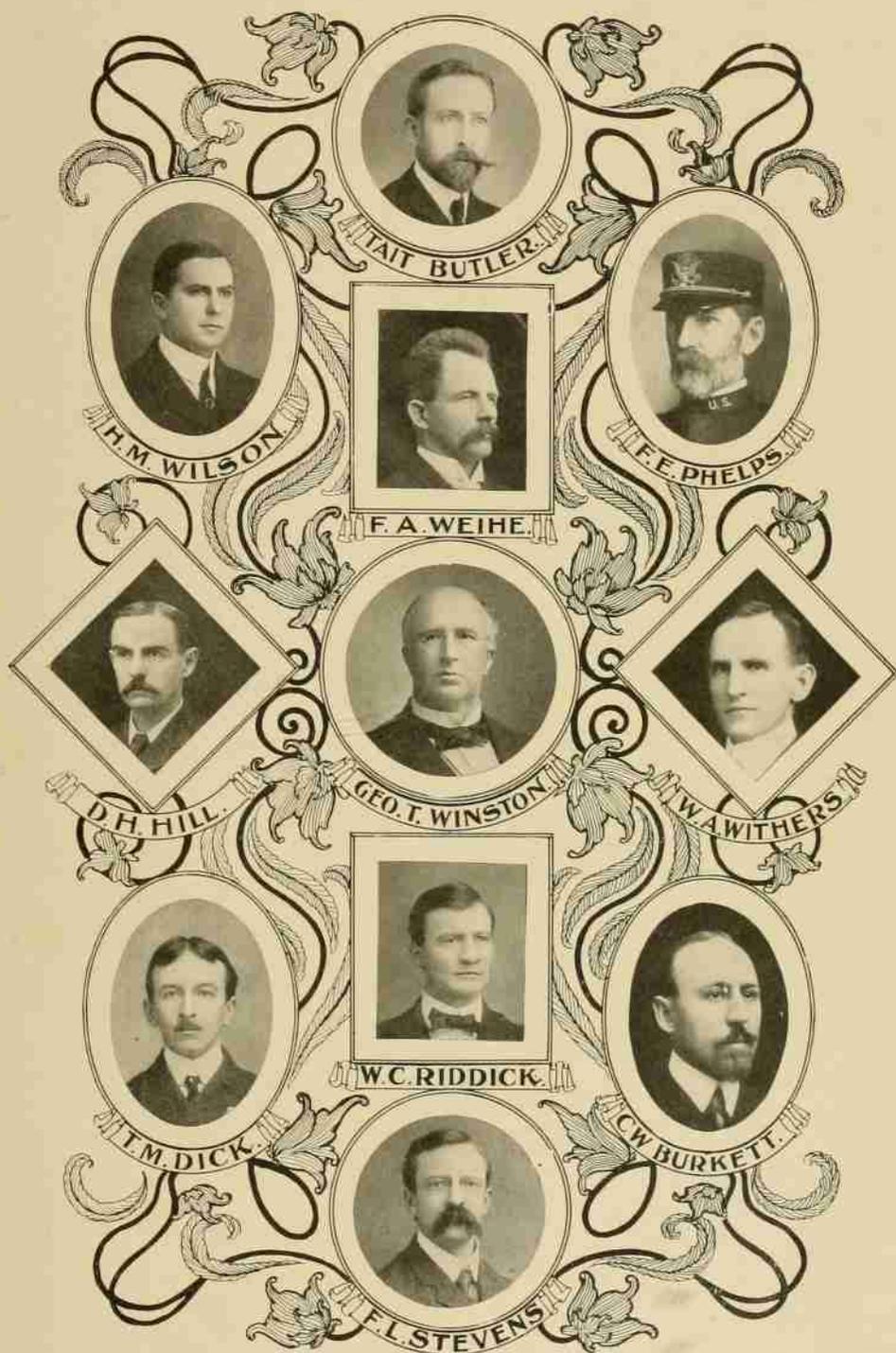
FREDERICK ERASTUS SLOAN, B. S., *Registrar.*

B. S. Civil Engineering North Carolina College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts '99; with Roanoke Navigation & Water Supply Co. '99-'01; Standard Oil Co., Jacksonville, Fla., '01-'02.

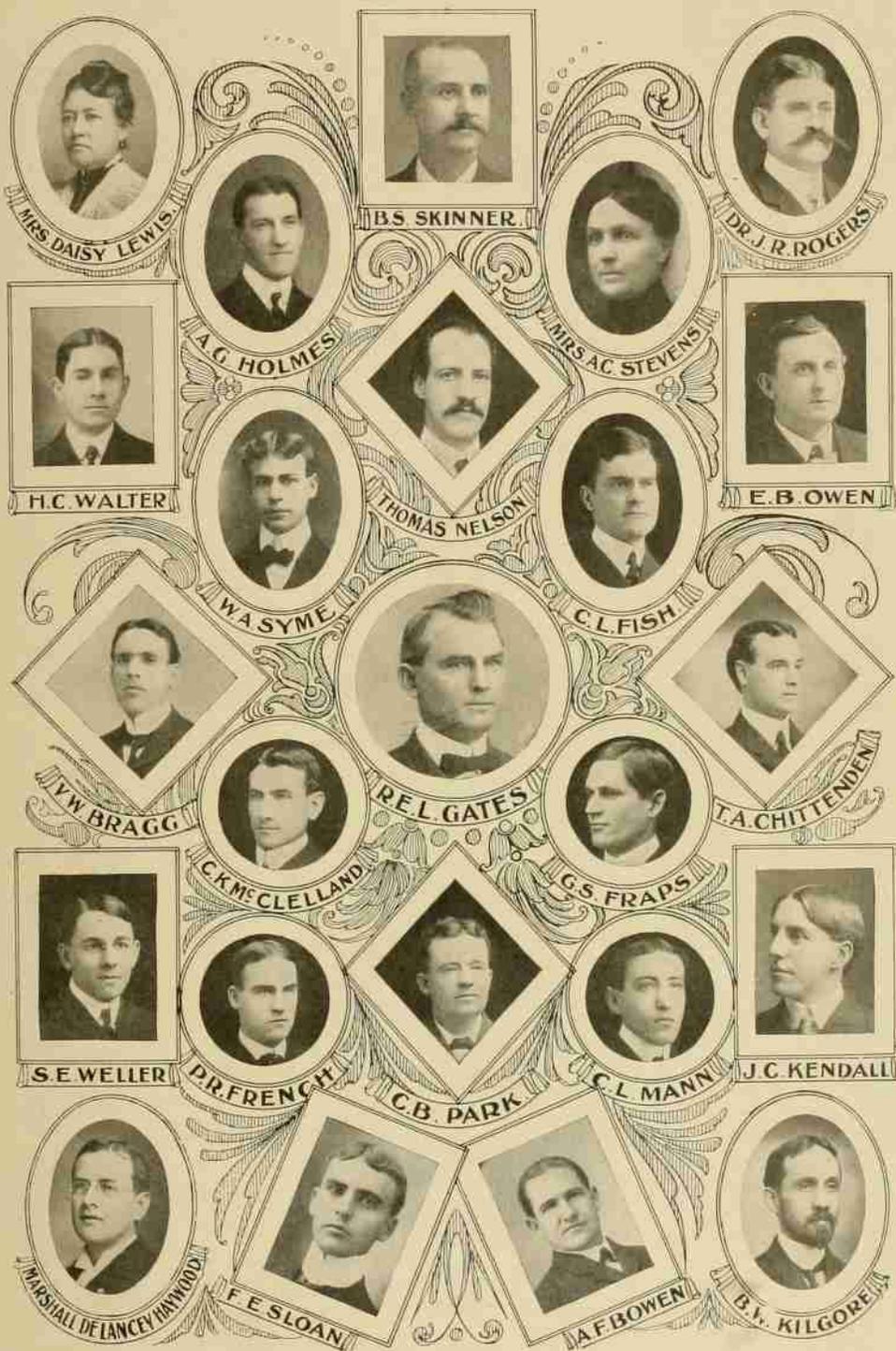
BENJAMIN SMITH SKINNER, *Farm Superintendent and Steward.*

DR. J. R. ROGERS, A. B., M. D., *Physician.*

MRS. DAISY LEWIS, *Matron.*







INSTRUCTORS AND ASSISTANTS



SUSAN COLWELL CARROLL

In Memoriam

Susan Colwell Carroll.



**W**HEN the A. & M. College was founded in 1889, Mrs. Susan Colwell Carroll, of Sampson county, was elected matron, having charge of the Cadet Hospital and the dormitories.

Rugged in person, in health and in character, blunt in speech, kindly of heart to the extreme, impressive and commanding, she was the right woman in the right place. Her heart was big, her sympathy unbounded. Many a home-sick lad, away from home and friends for the first time, ready to give up, wept out his misery on her shoulder, and, being comforted and strengthened by her words, buckled on his armor again and fought the battle out. To those who came under her administration in the hospital she was patient and untiring, sitting up night after night. She encouraged the weak, and when the end came the dying boy clung to the hand that had nursed him and listened to the kindly voice that bade him put his trust in God.

Her memory for names and faces was wonderful. At a moment's notice she could tell what room a man was assigned to, who his room-mate was; and in the many efforts to confuse and puzzle her she was always triumphant; and then how she would laugh at the crestfallen boy who had attempted to prove that "Mrs. Carroll sometimes made mistakes."

Completely wrapped up in the success of the College, growing in usefulness as the College grew, she became a power for good, and when on the evening of Sept. 6, 1901, without a moment's warning, she died—as she had always wanted to die—in harness, at her post, God took her.

The students of the A. & M. have placed on the wall of the Cadet Hospital a beautiful marble tablet to her memory, bearing, besides her name, this simple tribute so worthily won:

"THE STUDENTS' FRIEND."

## The Alumni Association



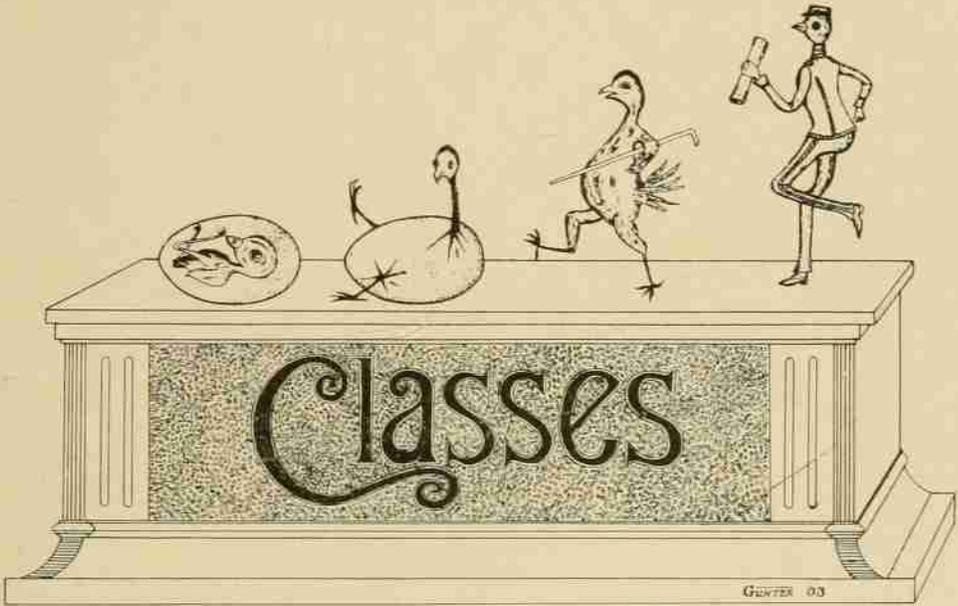
**T**HE Alumni Association of the North Carolina College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts was organized in June, 1895, two years after the graduation of the first class. The charter members, fifty in all, are, therefore, members of the classes of '93, '94 and '95. The first president of the Association was Mr. C. D. Francks of Onslow county, with Mr. Charles Pearson, now of Hattiesburg, Miss., as vice-president. Mr. E. S. Darden, of Wilson, was its first secretary-treasurer. The following gentlemen have served as president: Charles Pearson, J. A. Bizzell, C. B. Williams, G. S. Fraps. At present Mr. David Clark is president; Mr. C. D. Welch, vice-president; Mr. E. B. Owen, secretary-treasurer; Mr. S. E. Asbury, statistical secretary; Mr. C. B. Williams, chairman of the executive committee. The Association now numbers 158. Three graduates have died.

The object of the Association, as set forth in its by-laws, is: "To further the interests of the College, to promote technical and scientific education in North Carolina, and to keep alive a fellow-feeling among the graduates of the institution." Members of the Association meet at the College on commencement week of each year, hold a business meeting, and attend the annual banquet. Monday evening is given to the Alumni, when one of the number delivers a public address on some subject relative to technical education. The Association each year contributes to a loan fund for needy students.

In addition to the work of the Association already mentioned, it has done good service for the College. The idea of a textile school was first suggested and discussed in the Alumni Association. The Watauga Club and other strong friends of the College soon took it up and gave their encouragement and aid. Only a few years later the idea materialized in the textile school, of which the whole state may justly be proud.

As new classes graduate, the Association becomes stronger and better able to be of service to our Alma Mater. Ten years ago the College sent out its first graduates. Then technical education in North Carolina was but an experiment. Today its success is doubly assured. It is announced that an effort will be made to bring together at our next commencement the nineteen successful young men who ten years ago received the first diploma issued by the College.

These ten years have been years of proving the men and the training that have gone out from the A. & M. College. None can gainsay the value of technical education to the old North State. The Alumni are widely scattered and are engaged in many occupations, but they are reflecting credit upon the College and the state.





THE AGROMECK



Class of '03



MOTTO: Nil Desperandum.

COLORS: Baby Blue and White.

FLOWER: White Rose.

YELL

Kippo Kiro, Bumbo Siro!  
Kumbo, Kiro, Kippo!  
Hiro Giro, Zip Rah Zee!  
A. & M. Seniors, 1903.

OFFICERS

O. MAX GARDNER.....	PRESIDENT
E. H. RICKS.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
J. H. GLENN.....	SECRETARY
CHARLES B. ROSS.....	TREASURER
WILLIAM F. KIRKPATRICK.....	HISTORIOGRAPHER



## Senior History



**H**ISTORY is a simple systematic statement, or written account, of facts. So, dear reader, look not here for the neatly-turned phrases, the pretty word pictures, the beautiful and the sublime, which you will find elsewhere in this book; only remember that you are reading plain and simple truths concerning a body of young men upon whose escutcheon there is no blot, and in whose wake there follow no signs of defeat.

To mention every barrier we have burned, to recount all our noble achievements, to depict the stately character of each member of this illustrious band, would be utterly impossible. The purpose of this humble history, therefore, will be to submit only a partial sketch, an unfinished portrait, of the present Senior class since first they entered their Alma Mater.

'Twas the summer, or early autumn, of 1899. One hundred and thirty-two boys had decided to come to Raleigh to their State College in an effort to solve the following problem: Having given one thousand dollars and four years of the best part of one's life, how can a person get an education? (And right here let us turn aside for a moment to say this to the "Fresh"—if you would obtain a correct solution of the above problem, if you would say on the day of your graduation, "Veni, vidi, vici," then follow in our footsteps, for we have been more than victorious in this four years' career of conflict and strife.) We exposed our ignorance of the rules and regulations on the first Sabbath after our arrival by marching to the Tabernacle Church under the leadership of Sergeants Person and Lougee and Corporal Norman. Of course, we were humbled, humiliated—yes, degraded (as we thought at the time)—by this practical joke, which was heralded throughout the state by the daily newspapers. But to us, as to every one else, was given the opportunity of retrieving in the future the losses of the past, and so, long before our Freshman course was run, we had fully demonstrated to the Faculty that we were students in the truest sense of the word.

Passing on to our Sophomore year, the writer feels safe in saying that we became more self-confident on learning that Freshman examinations were things of the past—only memories. Indeed, we began to take issue with the learned astronomer who said,

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,  
How I wonder what you are."

For at all times and everywhere we were diffusing the philosophy,

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,  
We know EXACTLY what you are."

There was a "falling off" of numbers, but a "picking up" in determination in



this our second year at college. Perhaps we did not see ourselves as others saw us at that stage of the game, but we know now that the period in question could not have been dispensed with, since it prepared us so well for the propositions which were to confront us in our Junior year.

On re-entering college for the second time, our air and aspect—so late arrogant and aggressive—became more affable and agreeable. We imagined ourselves no longer “obnoxious to the charms of womankind”; our fancy had lightly turned to thoughts of love. Coming into possession of Junior liberties (visiting Raleigh on Friday and Sabbath nights), we thought to cultivate the friendship of the gentler sex; and some of us, perhaps, spent much time, precious time, in discussing that branch of natural history sometimes called feminology, when we should have been trying to solve the great problem given at the outset.

Up until this time we had been so successful in all our undertakings that maybe we were over-elated; grant that we were even conceited, this feeling certainly all disappeared when such terrors as Analytics and Mechanics loomed up just ahead. They had the appearance of castles locked and barred; there was one way around, but apparently no way through; so frightful did these objects look that some of us inwardly wished to turn back, others to “change their course.” Our intention to proceed, however, was not to be balked by these hinderances; not for a moment did we entertain the idea of being sidetracked here; so we fought hard and stubbornly for an entrance, and with almost no avail, until one among us conceived the happy idea of writing to Hinds & Noble. This well-known firm agreed to supply us, at a minimum cost, “Keys” guaranteed to fit anything from the pantry lock to calculus. You may well guess that we experienced no further trouble along this line. Not only was the transition from arithmetic to higher mathematics, from the forge shop to Industrial Chemistry, from bookkeeping to Bridge Design, made easy, but along the journey we enjoyed such an immense amount of mince pies, peanuts and canned peaches that we feared the ill health of some of our members.

Our Junior year completed, the strangely-new burden of Senior dignity was placed upon our shoulders, and we stepped forth robed in those garments which make one heedless of danger and fearless of opposition, those garments which lead one to disdain injustice and revenge and to act and sacrifice for noble objects. Be it yours to decide whether or not we have demeaned ourselves according to our standard. Something is usually said in papers of this sort about the unity of the class. Let us say concerning our own that it has never been a unit; we have had differences and disagreements, fights and fusses, from start to finish; we attribute such a state of affairs, however, to the fact that “the course of true love never did run smooth.”

Our class being considerably larger than any preceding us, it is not at all unnatural that our influence in athletic circles has been strongly felt; for the same reason we have had more representatives on both the football and baseball teams. We are sorry to say that our boys have never yet indulged in intercollegiate tennis; no doubt our successors will in the not distant future.



## THE AGROMECK



Through the instrumentality of the Seniors, Greek letter fraternities were introduced into the College during the current year. We trust and believe that these organizations will be beneficial not only to their members, but also to the entire College.

We have endeavored to save some of the best things to the last. Although a part of the following data may not strictly concern the Senior class, we feel justifiable in placing it here, since ours is the first Annual in the history of this College. We have witnessed the total number of registered students increase from in — '99-1900 to — for the scholastic year just ended. We have seen the erection of an electrical laboratory, a textile building, Pullen Memorial Hall, and a new Watauga Hall; in addition to these, many lesser improvements have been made. The curriculum of the College has been broadened and its standard raised since we entered the A. & M.

During our Junior year the College and its students suffered two great losses—losses that were incomparable with each other, however, since one was measured in dollars and cents, while the other was measured in affection and esteem.

Watauga Hall was burned to the ground the night of Nov. 29, 1901. The College authorities were somewhat puzzled at first, but with their accustomed readiness for any emergency, the President and his able supporters had soon perfected arrangements, and classes were met as usual, with only one day out of College. On the sixth of September, of the same year, the Angel of Death touched our tenderest feelings, and severed one of the closest ties of friendship, by calling Mrs. Susan Carroll from time to eternity. Mrs. Carroll was matron of this College from its founding in 1889 to her death. She was not only an esteemed and beloved friend of this class, but a worthy friend of the entire student body; she was one of those sweet and noble women whom none knew but to love; whom none named but to praise.

In our Sophomore year a new Commandant of Cadets joined us in the person of F. E. Phelps, retired captain of the U. S. army. "Cap'n," as we all call him, has seemed quite fond of the boys, by whom he is respected and honored.

So many new and sensational things developed in our Freshman year that we cannot recount them all just here.

This class and the administration of Dr. Geo. T. Winston began together. For the former the time has been profitable, indeed; let us hope that it has been at least pleasant for the latter, and we wish him a long and successful term.

If anything upon these pages has been said amiss, be gracious enough, gentle reader, to consider it our misfortune and not our fault; think that no remark has been made through colossal conceit, but rather through pardonable pride.

Now, ere we close, let us ask the overruling Deity to guide and guard the fortunes of these young men safely into the harbor of prosperity. May the friendship begun here as college boys grow and ripen into maturity as they become men of the world. God grant that each one of these thirty-nine shall so live and so act as he will wish he had done when he comes to render in his account at the great and final day of judgment.

### With the Class of '03

With the class of '03 will our hearts ever be,  
Where'er we may drift upon life's troubled sea;  
No matter where our lots may be cast  
We will live again in our class's past.

We can hardly remember the time we first met,  
Days filled with longing, heart-achings, regret;  
Nights filled with bitterness, solitude, tears,  
Our lonely hearts missing the friendships of years.

Our loneliness vanished with friendships new,  
While the love for our class and our classmates grew;  
Friendships stronger than all others we have formed here;  
Bonds that ne'er will be broken; ties we all hold dear.

We have been four years together struggling side by side;  
What one had as much another's, nor was aid denied;  
We have learned to prize our classmates, each and every one;  
Strangely dreaded future when each must stand alone!

We will think of our class in the years to be,  
When life loses its zest and drags drearily;  
We will call the roll of our class and fear  
The silence of each gun, unanswered here.

We will think of our class in life's autumn cold,  
When our years have passed as a tale that is told.  
One thing we shall cherish while life shall last—  
The love that we bear for this life of the past.

With the class of '03 will our souls ever be,  
In Heaven or Hell through eternity;  
And perish together our souls, swear we,  
With the loss of our love for the class of '03.



# CLASS STATISTICS



"Beautiful and childlike is he."

SYDNEY WOODWARD ASBURY,  
BURKMONT, N. C.

*Mechanical Engineering.*

Capt. Co. C '02-'03; 1st Sergt. Co. B '01-'02; 1st Corp. Co. B '00-'01; Varsity football team '01-'02; Varsity baseball team '01-'02; Capt. baseball team '03; best class athlete '03; Capt. Freshman baseball team '00-'01; scrub baseball team '00; secretary Athletic Association '01; business mgr. *Red and White* '01-'02; marshal Leazar Literary Society.

Weight 135 lbs.; height 5 ft. 6 in.; age 20 years.

*S. W. Asbury*

"And they gazed, and still the wonder grew,  
How one small head could carry all he knew."

WILLIAM MORTON BOGART,  
WASHINGTON, N. C.

*Mechanical Engineering.*

1st Lieut. Co. A '02-'03; 2nd Sergt. Co. C '01-'02; 4th Corp. Co. D '00-'01; pres. Pullen Literary Society '02; treas. P. L. S. '01; winner of medal public debate P. L. S. May '02.

Weight 110 lbs.; height 5 ft. 6 in.; age 19 years.



*W. M. Bogart*



"Better late than never."

LESLIE NORWOOD BONEY, K Σ.  
WALLACE, N. C.

*Textile Engineering.*

Major '02-'03; 2nd Lieut. Co. A '01-'02; 4th Sergt. Co. B '00-'01; treas. Athletic Association '02; asst. editor *Red and White* '01-'02; sect. Leazar Literary Society '00-'01; capt. eastern team L. L. S. '00-'01; whip eastern team L. L. S. '02-'03; public debate L. L. S. '02; Marshall Commencement L. L. S. '00; pres. Junior Class '01-'02; asst. editor AGROMECK '02-'03; pres. Y. M. C. A. '01-'02-'03; sect. and treas. A. and M. C. German Club '02; sect. Thalerian German Club '02; chief ball mgr. Commencement '03; Dramatic Club '01-'02-'03.

Weight 152 lbs.; height 5 ft. 11 1/4 in.; age 22 years.



*L. N. Boney*

"Of modest mien and graceful in his gait."

JNO. SAM. PINKNEY CARPENTER,  
LINCOLN, N. C.

*Textile Engineering.*

Third Lieut. Co. D '02-'03; Varsity football team '01-'02; class football team '99; business mgr. *Red and White* '03; Leazar Literary Society; committee on cuts for AGROMECK.

Weight 180 lbs.; height 6 ft. 2 in.; age 23 years.



*J. S. Carpenter*



"One may smile and smile and be a villain."

WALTER CLARK, JR.,  
RALEIGH, N. C.

*Mechanical Engineering.*

Day student; entered Sophomore '00;  
3rd Lieut. Co. A '02-'03; asst. editor  
AGROMECK '02-'03; orator public entertain-  
ment L. L. S. Feb. '03.

Weight 145 lbs.; height 5 ft. 11 1/4 in.;  
age 17 years.

*Walter Clark, Jr.*

"A venerable aspect"

JOHN ELIOT COIT,  
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

*Agricultural Course.*

Leazar Literary Society; winner of essay  
medal, public entertainment L. L. S. '01;  
Y. M. C. A.; pres. Rural Science Club  
'01-'02; pres. Biological Club '02-'03; vice-  
pres. Biological Club '01-'02.

Weight 145 lbs.; height 5 ft. 10 1/2 in.;  
age 23 years.



*J. Eliot Coit.*



*Summey C. Cornwell.*

"You told a lie; an odious, damned lie;  
Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie."

CHAS. L. CREECH, K Σ.  
GREENSBORO, N. C.

*Chemical Engineering.*

Capt. Co. D '02-'03; Sergt. Major '01-'02; 5th Sergt. Co. D '00-'01; 1st Corp. Co. B '00; pres. Athletic Association '03; mgr. football team '02; asst. mgr. football team '00; asst. mgr. baseball team '01; sect. Athletic Association '01; asst. mgr. *Red and White* '01-'02; vice-pres. Leazar Literary Society '02; marshal L. L. S. '00; orator L. L. S. Feb. '03; debater L. L. S. May '02; vice-pres. German Club '02; pres. Sophomore Class '00-'01; vice-pres. Dramatic Club '01-'02; class liar.

Weight 140 lbs.; height 5 ft. 8 in.; age 20 years.

"Oh, then, renounce thy impious self-esteem."

SUMMEY CROUSE CORNWELL, K A.  
DALLAS, N. C.

*Civil Engineering.*

Capt. Co. E '02-'03; 1st Sergt. Co. C '01-'02; 2nd Corp. Co. A '00-'01; treas. Athletic Association '01-'02; pres. Leazar Literary Society '02; censor L. L. S. '00; public debate L. L. S. May '02; marshal L. L. S. Feb. entertainment '00; marshal L. L. S. May entertainment '01; chief-marshal commencement '02; business mgr. AGROMECK '02-'03; vice-pres. Junior Class '01-'02; sect. and treas. Sophomore Class '00-'01; pres. Hoplite German Club '01; treas. Hoplite German Club '01; pres. Thalerian German Club '02; final ball committee; pres. Civil Engineering Society '02-'03.

Weight 120 lbs.; height 5 ft. 5 in.; age 21 years.



*C. L. Creech*



*E. E. Culbreth.*

"Music is the height of my ambition."

EUGENE ENGLISH CULBRETH, K  $\Sigma$   
STATESVILLE, N. C.

*Electrical Engineering.*

Capt. Co. A '02-'03; 2nd Lieut. Co. D '01-'02; 2nd Sergt. Co. D '00-'01; vice-pres. Athletic Association '02; treas. Athletic Association '01; vice-pres. Tennis Club '02; treas. Leazar Literary Society '02; public debate L. L. S. '02; 1st sub. marshal commencement '01; pres. Electrical Society '02; sect. Electrical Society '01; Old German Club '01-'02; vice-pres. Thalerian German Club '02; Dramatic Club '01-'02-'03; treas. Dramatic Club '02; junior editor *Red and White* '01-'02; business mgr. *Red and White* '02-'03; AGROMECK board '02-'03.

Weight 130 lbs.; height 5 ft. 8 in.; age 22 years.

"With what a graceful tenderness he loves."

WALTER LEE DARDEN, K  $\Sigma$   
GOLDSBORO, N. C.

*Textile Engineering.*

Entered Sophomore '00; Capt. and Adjt. '02-'03; 2nd Sergt. Co. D '01-'02; pres. Athletic Association '02; auditor Athletic Association '00; Varsity football team '01-'02; vice-pres. Leazar Literary Society '02; public debate L. L. S. '01; winner of medal public debate L. L. S. '02; 1st orator L. L. S. Feb. '03; 1st sub. marshal commencement '02; honor roll '00-'01; German Club '01-'02-'03; sect. German Club '01; vice-pres. Thalerian German Club '02; final ball committee; editor-in-chief of AGROMECK '02-'03; junior editor *Red and White* '01-'02; sect. Dramatic Club '01-'02; vice-pres. Dramatic Club '02-'03; sect. Junior Class '01-'02.

Weight 153 lbs.; height 5 ft. 10 in.; age 20 years.



*W. L. Darden.*



"Long, slick, slim, slender, sapling."

JUNIUS FRANKLIN DIGGS, K A.  
DIGGS, N. C.

*Chemical Engineering.*

Capt. Co. F '02-'03; 1st Sergt. Co. D '01-'02; 1st Corp. Co. A '00-'01; Athletic Association; Tennis Club; Leazar Literary Society; marshal L. L. S. May entertainment '02, asst. business mgr. AGROMECK '02-'03; vice-pres. Hoplite German Club '02; treas. Hoplite German Club '01; pres. Thalerian German Club '02; leader fall germans '02; treas. Thalerian German Club '02; vice-pres. Liebeg Chemical Society '01-'02.

Weight 140 lbs.; height 5 ft. 11 in.; age 19 years.

*J. Diggs.*



"Full big he was of brawn, and oek of bones."

THEOPHILUS THOMAS ELLIS,  
BEAR POND, N. C.

*Electrical Engineering.*

Third Lieut. Co. A '02-'03; treas. Electrical Society '02.

Weight 190 lbs.; height 6 ft.; age 25 years.

*T. T. Ellis*



"Glancing an eye of pity on his losses."

EDW. EVERETT ETHERIDGE, K A.  
ELIZABETH CITY, N. C.

*Electrical Engineering.*

Second Lieut. Co. C '02-'03; vice-pres. Athletic Association '02; Pullen Literary Society; marshal commencement P. L. S. '01; German Club; Tennis Club; Electrical Society.

Weight 155 lbs.; height 5 ft. 10 in.; age 21 years.

*E. E. Etheridge Jr*

"I am growing wise; I'm growing—yes—  
I'm growing old."

JOHN DANIEL FERGUSON,  
BLADENBORO, N. C.

*Electrical Engineering.*

Capt. Co. B '02-'03; 1st Sergt. Co. A '01-'02; 1st Corp. Co. C '00-'01; sect. Athletic Association '02; treas. Athletic Association '02-'03; Leazar Literary Society; marshal L. L. S. May '02; Y. M. C. A.; associate editor *Red and White* '02-'03; asst. editor AGROMECK '02-'03; pres. Electrical Society '03; librarian Electrical Society '03.

Weight 138 lbs.; height 5 ft. 8½ in.; age 23 years.



*John D. Ferguson*



"All hell will boil for this."

HUGH P. FOSTER, . . . . . VANCE, N. C.  
*Mechanical Engineering.*

Capt. and Quartermaster '02-'03; Quartermaster Sergt. '01-'02; 3rd Corp. Co. C '00-'01; Leazar Literary Society; Y. M. C. A.

Weight 148 lbs.; height 5 ft. 9½ in.; age 22 years.

*H P Foster*

"Conceit may puff a man up, but never prop him up."

OLIVER MAX GARDNER, S N.  
SHELBY, N. C.

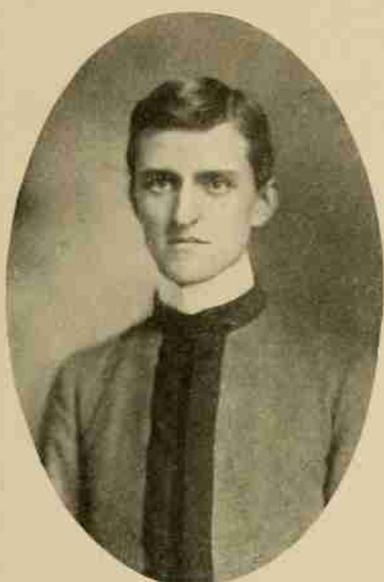
*Chemical Engineering.*

First Lieut. and Adj. (resigned) '02-'03; Color Sergt. '01-'01; 2nd Sergt. Co. B '00-'01; vice-pres. Athletic Association '03; sect. Athletic Association '01; auditor Athletic Association '01; mgr. baseball team '03; asst. mgr. baseball team '02; mgr. class baseball team '00-'01-'02; capt. football team '02; vice-pres. Pullen Literary Society '03; orator commencement P. L. S. '03; winner orator's medal P. L. S. '02; winner debater's medal P. L. S. '01; chief marshal commencement '01; marshal P. L. S. '00; sect. P. L. S. '01; sect. Dramatic Club '02-'03; junior editor *Red and White* '01-'02; asst. editor *Red and White* '02-'03; asst. business mgr. *Red and White* '00-'01; vice-pres. German Club '02; pres. Liebeg Chemical Society '02; asst. editor AGROMECK '02-'03; pres. Senior Class '02-'03.

Weight 215 lbs.; height 6 ft. 1¼ in.; age 20 years.



*Omax Gardner*



"He was the mildest mannered man  
That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat."

LAMAR CARSON GIDNEY,  
SHELBY, N. C.

*Electrical Engineering.*

Second Sergt. Co. A '01-'02; 4th Sergt.  
Co. B '00-'01; 5th Corp. Co. A '99-'00;  
sect. Electrical Society '02; Librarian Elec-  
trical Society '03.

Weight 130 lbs.; height 5 ft. 10 in.; age  
19 years.

*Lamar C Gidney*

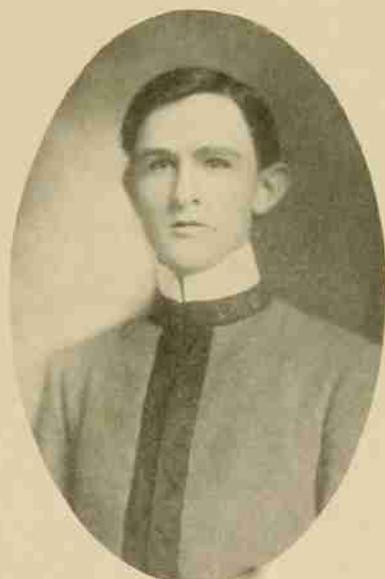
"You have too much respect upon the world."

JOHN HOWARD GLENN,  
CROWDER'S CREEK, N. C.

*Mechanical Engineering.*

Third Lieut. '02-'03 (resigned); 4th  
Sergt. Co. B '01-'02; 4th Corp. Co. C  
'00-'01; honor roll for scholarship '01-'02;  
honor roll for punctuality '01-'02; sect.  
Leazar Literary Society '02; sect. Senior  
Class '02-'03; treas. Y. M. C. A. '02-'03.

Weight 145 lbs.; height 5 ft. 11 in.; age  
21 years.



*JH Glenn*



*Emil Gunter.*

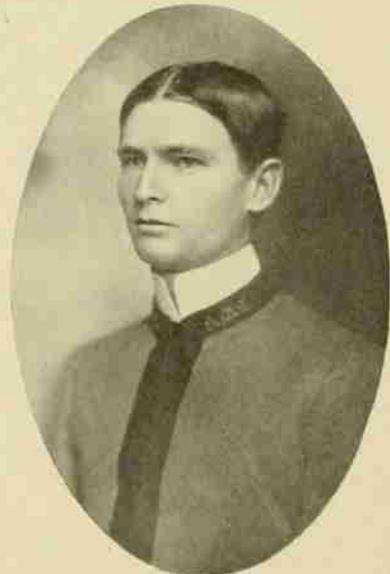
"Men of few words are the best men."

EMIL GUNTER . . . . . PIERSON, FLORIDA.

*Electrical Engineering.*

Lieut. Co. A (resigned) '02-'03; 2nd Sergt. Co. B '01-'02; 2nd Corp. Co. B '00-'01; sect. Leazar Literary Society '02; honor '00-'01 and '01-'02; librarian Electrical Society '01-'02.

Weight 140 lbs.; height 5 ft. 8½ in.; age 19 years.



*Eugene Colistus Johnson.*

"I know not why I am so sad."

EUGENE COLISTUS JOHNSON,  
INGOLD, N. C.

*Mechanical Engineering.*

Third Sergt. Co. C '01-'02; 4th Corp. Co. C '00-'01; Leazar Literary Society; treas. Y. M. C. A. '02-'03.

Weight 150 lbs.; height 5 ft. 9 in.; age 22 years.



"His only labor was to kill the time."

JAMES MATTHEW KENNEDY,  
McCLAMNY, N. C.

*Textile Engineering.*

Second Lieut. Co. A '02-'03; 5th Sergt. Co. D '01-'02; 3rd Sergt. Co. D '00-'01; Varsity football team '01; sub. football team '00; class football team '99; Leazar Literary Society; declaimer's medal '00; sect. debater's contest '02; committee on cuts for AGROMECK '02-'03; vice-pres. Y. M. C. A. '00-'02-'03; sect. Y. M. C. A. '00-'01.

Weight 155 lbs.; height 5 ft. 6 in.; age 22 years.

*J. M. Kennedy*

"His talk is like a stream that runs,  
With rapid change from politics to puns."

WM. FRANKLIN KIRKPATRICK, K. A.  
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

*Electrical Engineering.*

Entered Junior Class '01; 3rd Lieut. Co. D '02-'03; auditor Athletic Association '01; pres. Leazar Literary Society '03; orator public entertainment L. L. S. Feb. '03; debater L. L. S. May '02; marshal L. L. S. Feb. '02; Thalerian German Club; final ball committee; class historiographer; 1st associate editor AGROMECK '02-'03; pres. Tennis Club '03; vice-pres. Electrical Society '01-'02.

Weight 132 lbs.; height 5 ft. 10 in.; age 22 years.



*W. F. Kirkpatrick*



*Bennett Land, Jr.*

"The healthy huntsman with a cheerful horn,  
Summons the dogs, and greets the dappled morn."

BENNETT LAND, JR.,

ELIZABETH CITY, N. C.

*Civil Engineering.*

Athletic Association; Leazar Literary Society; Society of Civil Engineers; historian C. E. Society '02-'03.

Weight 150 lbs.; height 5 ft. 9 in.; age 24 years.

"God made him and therefore let him pass for a man."

JOHN THOMAS LAND,

POPLAR BRANCH, N. C.

*Civil Engineering.*

Third Lieut. Co. B '02-'03; Athletic Association; Leazar Literary Society; capt. oratory section eastern team L. L. S. '02-'03; capt. technology section eastern team L. L. S. '01-'02; vice-pres. Civil Engineers Society '02-'03; historian Civil Engineers.

Weight 140 lbs.; height 5 ft. 9 in.; age 20 years.



*John T. Land*



"A plain blunt man."

EDWARD SHAW LYTCH,  
LAURINBURG, N. C.

*Electrical Engineering.*

First Lieut. Co. D '02-'03; 3rd Sergt. Co. A '01-'02; 3rd Corp. Co. D '00-'01; vice-pres. Electrical Society '02; Leazar Literary Society.

Weight 170 lbs.; height 6 ft. 1½ in.; age 23 years.

*Ed S Lytch.*

"Too good, too pure, for this bad wicked world."

JESSE JOHN MORRIS, . . . NORFOLK, VA.

*Civil Engineering.*

Second Lieut. Co. F '02-'03; Athletic Association; sect. Pullen Literary Society entertainment '02; A. & M. German Club '00-'02; Thalerian German Club '02-'03; Civil Engineers Society.

Weight 138 lbs.; height 5 ft. 9¾ in.; age 20 years.



*J. J. Morris.*



"He loves to wind his mouth up and then let it go again."

DAVID STARR OWEN,

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

First Lieut. Co. C '02-'03; 4th Sergt. Co. C '01-'02; 2nd Corp. Co. D '00-'01; pres. Leazar Literary Society '02; vice-pres. L. L. S. '02; censor L. L. S. '00; pres. oratorical entertainment L. L. S. '03.

Weight 140 lbs.; height 5 ft. 9 in.; age 19 years.

*D. S. Owen*

"His nature is too noble for the world."

JOHN HARVEY PARKER,

HILLSBORO, N. C.

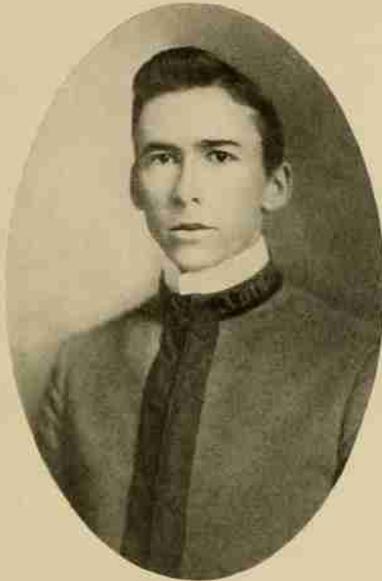
*Electrical Engineering.*

First Lieut. Band '02-'03; 1st Sergt. Band '01-'02; Athletic Association; Tennis Club '02-'03; full back Electrical football team; Thalerian German Club; capt. declamation section Leazar Literary Society '01; treas. Electrical Society '03; pres. Glee Club '03.

Weight 160 lbs.; height 6 ft.; age 19 years.



*J. H. Parker*



"I have not loved the world nor the world me."

JOEL POWERS . . . . . METHOD, N. C.  
*Mechanical Engineering.*

Day student; Leazar Literary Society;  
Y. M. C. A.

Weight 130 lbs.; height 5 ft. 7 in.; age  
24 years.

*Joel Powers.*

"But let me play the fool."

EDWARD HAYS RICKS, K Σ.  
ENFIELD, N. C.

*Mechanical Engineering.*

Second Lieut. Co. E '02-'03; Athletic Association; treas. Leazar Literary Society '01-'02; chief marshal L. L. S. Feb. '03; 1st sub. marshal L. L. S. '02; Dramatic Club '01-'02-'03; treas. German Club '02; vice-pres. Senior Class '02-'03; Y. M. C. A.; vice-pres. Glee Club '00.

Weight 130 lbs.; height 5 ft. 9 in.; age  
21 years.



*E. Hays Ricks*



*Gaston W. Rogers*

"He was as fresh as is the month of May."

GASTON WILDER ROGERS, K A.  
RALEIGH, N. C.

*Electrical Engineering.*

Day student; 1st Lieut. Co. B '02-'03; 4th Sergt. Co. A '01-'02; marshal Leazar Literary Society '02; associate editor AGROMECK '02-'03; honor roll '00-'01; Thalerian German Club; Electrical Society; pres. Automobile Club.

Weight 140 lbs.; height 5 ft. 11 in.; age 19 years.

"Do others or they will do you."

CHARLES BURDETTE ROSS,  
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

*Textile Engineering.*

Entered Sophomore '00; 2nd Lieut. Co. D '02-'03; Athletic Association; Varsity football team '01; Tennis Club; Leazar Literary Society; marshal L. L. S. Feb. '01; vice-pres. Hoplite German Club '02; leader Thalerian German Club '02; class rogue.

Weight 160 lbs.; height 5 ft. 8 in.; age 20 years.



*C. B. Ross*



"Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world like a colossus."

JNO. HOUSTON SHUFORD,

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

*Dyeing Course.*

Second Lieut. Co. C '01-'02; 5th Sergt. Co. A '00-'01; Athletic Association; editor-in-chief *Red and White* '02-'03; Leazar Literary Society; orator L. L. S. Feb. '02; custodian annual trophy in oratory L. L. S. '01-'02.

Weight 150 lbs.; height 5 ft. 8 in.; age 26 years.

*Jno. H. Shuford*

"He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one."

HOWARD SIMPSON,

SIMPSON'S STORE, N. C.

*Mechanical Engineering.*

First Lieut. Co. F '02-'03; 5th Sergt. Co. C '01-'02; sect. Athletic Association '01-'02; pres. Pullen Literary Society '02; sect. P. L. S. '01; librarian P. L. S. '01; censor P. L. S. '00; orator P. L. S. May '03; public debate P. L. S. '02; marshal P. L. S. '01; chairman program committee P. L. S. '02-'03; Y. M. C. A.

Weight 138 lbs.; height 5 ft. 9 in.; age 21 years.



*Howard Simpson*



*Ed Roe Stamps*

"There's a brave fellow! There's a man of pluck!"

EDWARD ROE STAMPS, K A  
RALEIGH, N. C.

*Textile Engineering.*

Day student; 2nd Lieut. Co. B '02-'03; 4th Sergt. Co. B '01-'02; Leazar Literary Society; honor roll '00-'01; Thalerian German Club; vice-pres. Automobile Club.

Weight 130 lbs.; height 5 ft. 10 in.; age 19 years.

"Hath a lean and hungry look."

GEORGE YATES STRADLEY,  
ASHEVILLE, N. C.

*Civil Engineering.*

Third Lieut. Co. B '02-'03; Athletic Association; Pullen Literary Society; pres. A. O. M. J. T. Club.

Weight 150 lbs.; height 5 ft. 10 in.; age 23 years.



*George Yates Stradley*



"Not always actions show the man."

CHAS. EDWARD TROTTER,  
FRANKLIN, N. C.

*Chemical Engineering.*

First Lieut. and Hospital Steward '02-'03;  
4th Sergt. Co. D. '01-'02; class baseball  
team '01; Pullen Literary Society; critic  
P. L. S. '01; Biological Club.

Weight 135 lbs.; height 6 ft.; age 18  
years.

*Chas. E. Trotter*

"His worst fault is to be in love."

JONATHAN WINBORNE WHITE,  
GREENVILLE, N. C.

*Dyeing Course.*

First Lieut. Co. E '02-'01; 3rd Sergt.  
Co. B '01-'02; 3rd Corp. Co. A '00-'01;  
Leazar Literary Society; sect. Liebeg  
Chemical Society '01-'02; treas. Liebeg  
Chemical Society '02-'03.

Weight 155 lbs.; height 5 ft. 9½ in.;  
age 19 years.



*J. White*



Edwin S. Whiting

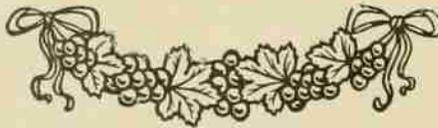
"Great wits are sure to madness near allied,  
And thin partition do their bounds divide."

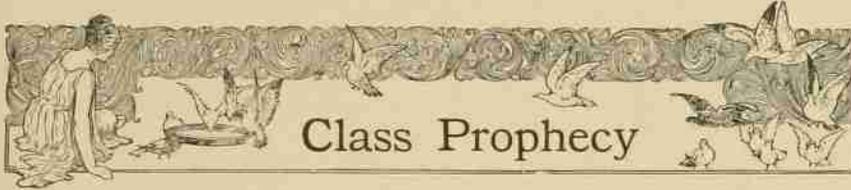
EDWIN SEYMOUR WHITING,  
HAMLET, N. C.

*Textile Engineering.*

Fourth Sergt. Co. B '01-'02; 4th Corp. Co. B '00-'01; honor roll '00-'01; Leazar Literary Society; essayist L. L. S. May '01; vice-pres. L. L. S. '01-'02; orator Feb. entertainment L. L. S. '03; comic and exchange editor *Red and White* '02-'03; asst. editor *AGROMECK* '02-'03.

Weight 150 lbs.; height 5 ft. 7 in.; age 20 years.





Class Prophecy

Once upon a midnight dreary,  
 While I pondered, weak and weary,  
 O'er the future that's before us,  
     What it has for us in store,  
 Suddenly there came a vision,  
 Mocking me in sheer derision,  
     Showing things I'd never seen before.

Through all hell with lava burning,  
 Never blessing, ever "durning,"  
 There to seek what lay before us,  
     Passed my wretched, trembling soul,  
 There I found a fearful warning  
 Of the future that is dawning,  
     Of what soon will be our goal.

With hell's flames upon me glowing,  
 Boiling vapors 'round me floating,  
 Diving in hell's molten lava,  
     There I saw what was before—  
 Saw what fate had long decreed us,  
 What the devil would concede us;  
     Only this and nothing more.

"Prophet," said I, "God of evil,  
 Lord of sin from time primeval,  
 By the flames that roar around us  
     By all good that we deplore,  
 Tell me, Evil One, discerning  
 What our fate is while here burning,  
     Tell me; tell me, I implore."

And the devil, gravely sitting,  
 Never for a moment quitting,  
 Not for one brief second leaving  
     His throne o'er a furnace door,  
 Told me I could see my class-mates  
 Following his royal dictates;  
     This I saw and nothing more:

ASBURY

Swathed in iron's hot fluid plaster,  
 Gathered fast and gathered faster,  
 O'er hell's awful diamond racing,  
     One whom I had seen before,  
 Never from his pastime turning—  
 In his heart no other yearning—  
     He played baseball evermore.

BOGART

O'er a drawing board reclining,  
 One frail youth I saw designing  
 What the devil had assigned him,  
     "M. E!" sighed the youth, and swore;  
 Then I knew in joy unending,  
 Life and soul alike expending,  
     He would draw forevermore.

BONEY

In that awful, ceaseless burning,  
 Still upright and evil spurning,  
 Did another lead good orders,  
     Though all hell conspir'd to turn him—  
 Him that mimicked goodness ever,  
 Satan would with torture clever  
     Through eternity burn him.

CARPENTER

There was one who loved to revel  
 In coarse jokes that shocked the devil,  
 Who His Majesty did rival in his sphere,  
     Through hell's vastness ever roaming,  
 In hell's darkest caverns hid'd 'g,  
 In its depths forever biding,  
     He would be 'til time's deep gloaming.



## THE AGROMECK



### CLARK

Not all evil much enjoying,  
 Not himself with sin destroying,  
 Was another in torment's abyss,  
     Never knew I why he came there;  
 Yet he was in hell consuming,  
 Ever damning, ever dooming  
     All things which had brought him there.

### COIT

Doomed was one to useless farming  
 On a hired hillside charming;  
 Loudly in their echoes rang his prayers for  
     rain,  
     Heard but never granted, prayers in hell.  
 Now as ever lived the farmer hand to mouth,  
 Fiercely raged forever hell's unending  
     drouth,  
     And rain long prayed for never fell.

### CORNWELL

One with heaven made connection,  
 Maybe some former predilection  
 Of his own had earned him this;  
     Or why forever should it be his doom  
 To have within his hearing heaven's bliss,  
 Mayhap some lovely angel's cool-lipped  
     kiss,  
     And yet be sunk in hell's deep gloom.

### CREECH

In that roaring, ceaseless fire,  
 His own lies his funeral pyre,  
 Was one soul eternally consumed;  
     Truthfulness forever shunning,  
 All things true for aye denying,  
 Hell's worst imps himself outlying  
     In his fiendish, matchless cunning.

### CULBRETH

One, His Majesty the devil had decreed  
 Should at once report each vile misdeed,  
 Where'er committed in his realm;  
     In this failing, tortures ever  
 Were to meet this luckless wretch;  
 Tortures worse than pen can sketch  
     Would be his forever.

### DARDEN

Never cringing, never quailing,  
 Never writhing, never wailing,  
 One was sternly silent ever.  
     There forever doomed to be,  
 So fair angels far above him  
 Never brought to know and love him  
     Could from mortal love be free.

### DIGGS

Kept from marring heaven's beauty,  
 Chained in hell to irksome duty,  
 One soul struggled to be free,  
     Longed for what could never be;  
 Welded molten hot around him,  
 Fast his shackles ever bound him  
     Throughout all eternity.

### ELLIS

One who feared not any man  
 From the very first began  
 To fear the devil.  
     To him hell's horrors multiplied  
 From spectres, phantoms, goblins all,  
 Which the devil did to his mind recall;  
     Him the devil ever terrified.

### ETHERIDGE

With his luck forever failing,  
 Endless loss himself entailing,  
 One would bet and lose eternally.  
     And the devil much would taunt him,  
 Show him chances fair to lure him;  
 'Gainst all losses would insure him;  
     In the end let losses haunt him.

### FERGUSON

There was one old soul, it seemed,  
 Even by the devil much esteemed,  
 Who with good advice and counsel fraught  
     Aided the devil his sole lord.  
 Not with other demons played he;  
 Ever plans and projects laid he.  
     Much the devil loved this ward.



## THE AGROMECK



### FOSTER

Then another, this man's brother  
 In his manner,—since no other  
 Ties—not even years—could make them so,  
     Ever gave himself to labor;  
 Ever strained his burdened mind;  
 And grew a grim, relentless grind,  
     Knowing not his nearest neighbor.

### GARDNER

Given to eternal wooing,  
 Ever vainly love pursuing,  
 One whom I had known of old;  
     Fate could not have been more cruel;  
 Ever doom'd to disappointment,  
 For his heart no healing ointment  
     For the wounds from Cupid's duel.

### GIDNEY

Ever struggling over-loaded,  
 While his temper oft exploded,  
 Under the vast weight he bore.  
     So commanded, one pale youth did drag  
 'Round with him an extraordinary  
 Supply of things and stationary,  
     Which he was ever forced to "jag."

### GLENN

There I saw one who in pureness,  
 Modesty and shy demureness  
     No one ever yet excelled.  
 What if he had virtues rare?  
 Because he did not love the fair  
     The devil him a hostage held.

### GUNTER

Learned, studious, quiet, profound,  
 As any that dwelt under ground,  
 The devil's wise chief engineer;  
     Him the devil tortured lightly;  
 He set hell with light to glowing,  
 Over hell his arc lights throwing;  
     His work pleased the devil might'ly.

### JOHNSON

One there was forever trailing  
 For success, and ever failing  
 To win what he had striven for;  
     Him the devil much was taxing;  
 Ever struggling, never gaining;  
 Ever losing, ne'er attaining,  
     Never from his task relaxing.

### KENNEDY

There was one perpetual dead-beat  
 Sweltering in that awful hell-heat,  
 There to lounge forevermore;  
     Fated thus to idling ever,  
 Always in that same place sitting;  
 Never it a moment quitting;  
     From his pastime moving—never.

### KIRKPATRICK

One soul was striving to convince  
 The devil of his innocence—  
 To prove himself unjustly doomed;  
     Him the devil ever routed;  
 Every stand from him he outed,  
 Every proof of his he doubted,  
     And his best pleas ever scouted.

### LAND, B.

One there was the devil naming  
 As beyond his own harsh taming,  
 Breaking all hell's regulations,  
     As was his wont to do before.  
 With his hounds forever straying,  
 In their hoarse, deep-echoed baying  
     Joyed his soul forevermore.

### LAND, J.

One unhappy youth was smoking,  
 On an endless "three-for" choking,  
 Doomed to puff it for all time;  
     And the devil ever eyed him,  
 At his torture ever railing;  
 Had him smoke and flames inhaling,  
     Had all rest for aye denied him.

 THE AGROMECK 

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**LYTCH**

From one's lips there came no token,  
Ever they one word had spoken;  
To be ever silent was his doom.

    Off his lips in agony would open  
Moving mutely as to speak,  
As in horror loud to shriek;  
    Close in silence never broken.

**MORRIS**

Plans for roads and tunnels laying,  
In the devil's realm surveying,  
Was another youth employed.

    Hell he found a bit informal,  
Though the devil much did love him,  
Prized no other slave above him;  
    Punished him with torture normal.

**OWEN**

There was one forever roasting,  
Ever bragging, ever boasting  
Of what things he'd done before.

    For his part had the devil cast  
That he should ever roam hell o'er,  
And unto death each demon bore,  
    While long eternity should last.

**PARKER**

Then came one of great position,  
High in rank,—hell's chief musician;  
Ever played he on his molten horn.

    He thus for once warm music made,  
Wailing notes each vast gulf filling,  
And each soul with horror thrilling;  
    Anything but music—what he played.

**POWERS**

Ever rushed and ever hurried,  
Ever overworked and worried,  
One, as ever, seemed to be

    Doomed all pleasure to forego.  
O'er him ruling care imperious  
Seemed to make him far too serious,  
    And the devil made him more so.

**RICKS**

Into one rapt circle glancing,  
There I saw forever dancing,  
Following a painful pastime  
    Eternally one soul would be;  
And the music never ceasing,  
Not a moment him releasing,  
    Tortured him eternally.

**ROGERS**

One there was in his opinion  
Fit to rule that vast dominion,  
Though the devil knew far better;

    Ever mouthing, ever growling,  
In that roaring conflagration,  
Subject to vile degradation,  
    Would he be forever howling.

**ROSS**

Not all tortures, fearful, awful,  
Not all means and mandates lawful,  
Could ever force one soul to work;

    For the devil long had tried him,  
And, the devil once defeated,  
Though in agony entreated,  
    Ever had all sleep denied him.

**SHUFORD**

There I saw a late class-mate  
Struggling 'gainst relentless fate,  
Where time was not, was always late.

    He as ever in time long past  
Ever hurried, ever scurried,  
Ever rushed, ever flurried,  
    And in the end was late at last

**SIMPSON**

There was one soul whose self-conceit  
Was ever chilled by grim defeat,  
Which ever dragged him farther down,

    In his course often changing;  
To higher class always aspiring,  
To lower classes oft retiring,  
    Was his soul forever ranging.

STAMPS

Shrieks and yells and howls demonian  
 Doubled hell's hoarse pandemonium,—  
 Issuing from one noisy demon,  
 A demon whom I'd seen before  
 Not a moment's surcease taking,  
 Ever hell with uproar shaking—  
 In that his doom forevermore.

STRADLEY

Kept forever there on duty  
 Was one smiling, youthful beauty,  
 Who was O. D. there forever.  
 Alone, sedate and solitary,  
 Trying ever to keep order,  
 On insanity's near border,  
 From endless duty military.

TROTTER

One whose name I cannot mention,  
 Ever moved by good intention,  
 Now not understood as ever,  
 Wrongly condemned, was sent to hell;  
 Sissy-like was hell's head matron,  
 Made so by his lordly patron  
 And given other rank as well.

WHITE

Never dying, ever dyeing,  
 Nothing else forever trying  
 Dyed one vain soul eternally.  
 Other's merits ever quelling,  
 High in his own estimation,  
 Higher in others detestation,  
 Ever his own praises yelling.

WHITING

One soul of fate did not complain—  
 'Twas him who ran the brimstone train,  
 Nor ever wished his place to change;  
 Ever laboring with a zest,  
 Never his wild run forsaking—  
 Ever some fast record breaking,  
 Forever wanting "eight hours rest."





## Junior Class



PRESIDENT.....	W. A. BARRET
VICE-PRESIDENT .....	
SECRETARY.....	R. P. REECE
HISTORIAN.....	HILL M. HUNTER

### COLORS

Purple and Old Gold.

### MOTTO

"To be, rather than to seem."

### YELL

Who! Rah! Roar,  
 Who! Rah! Roar!  
 A. & M., A. & M., 1904.

## Junior History



**T**O write a class history without running into the snares of repetition is quite a difficult task. Especially is this true of a College whose discipline is based on the military system, where the routine of life varies little.

During our three years of college life there have been few variations outside of our regular college work. The Watauga fire and the "Revolt" are the only incidents that have happened to disturb our otherwise peaceful lives.

We arrived here one bright morning in the early part of September and soon settled down to regular work. We learned a few things which were not mentioned in the Catalogue—some to our discomfort, others much to our pleasure.

The class of 1904 upon entering numbered seventy. Our ages averaged higher than those of most of the classes that had heretofore entered. This was probably due to the standard having been raised the year we entered, our class being only a few months behind the class of '03.

Our first class president was Harding. We met soon after registering and elected our first class president without any outside help whatever.

The class of 1904 furnished the baseball team a pitcher—Miller, and the football team a quarter-back—Thompson, in our fresh year.

Our class returned in September, 1901, fifty-three strong, feeling our importance, for we were no longer Freshmen. However we lost a great deal of our pleasures as Sophomores by having such stringent regulations against "monkeying with the Fresh." The Booze-West Point hazing matter was before the public at that time, hence our inability to "polish" a few of the deserving. The only thing we could do was to whistle at a few of the most needy.

It was also during this year that we made our acquaintance with Mr. Holmes's interesting work on the "Steam Engine," and Mr. Thompson's enjoyable book, "Electricity and Magnetism." Several of us found these new acquaintances very unpleasant, especially Mr. Holmes's "Steam Engine." That first "steam" examination was the "real article," and many were they that were compelled to take the broad and easy road to 60—n.

Hedrick was class president, and we were represented on the baseball team—only by Miller and Gulley, and the football team by Council and Gulley.

At the beginning of this session we numbered forty, thirteen of our men failing to return. We missed the familiar faces of our old comrades, for we had fought A. and M. "mixture" and other minor battles side by side for two long years. We also had our pleasures together, and when they failed to return we all felt that we had suffered a loss as a class, and individually.

## THE AGROMECK

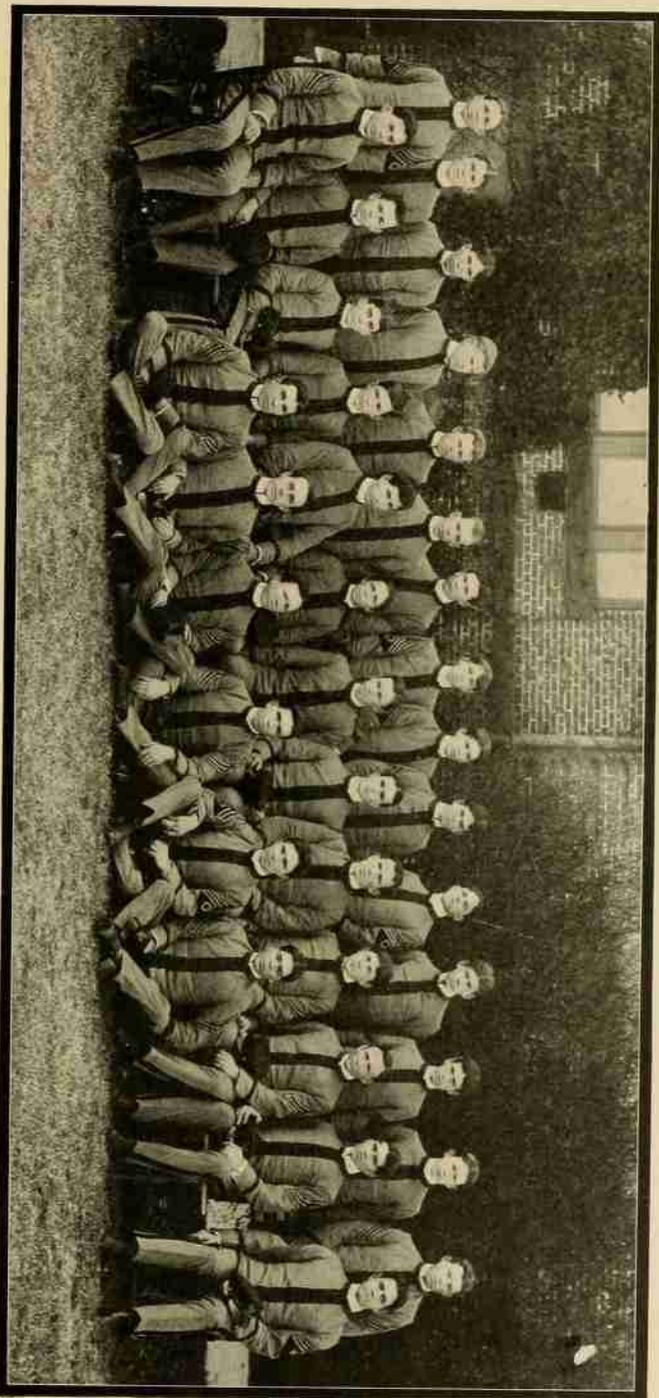
During the first term we lost three more good men. Hedrick decided to study medicine, and returned home the latter part of October. Rogers also left about the same time. Foster had to leave in November on account of the death of his father. We felt the loss of these men keenly, as they were all good fellows, and an honor to their college and class.

Gulley and Gaither represented our class on the best football team the College has ever had.

In the meantime we are enjoying Sunday liberty, which was granted us during the first term.

CLASS HISTORIAN.





JUNIOR CLASS





## Class of '05



### COLORS

Violet and White.

### YELL

Boom Rah! Boom Ree

Boom Rah! Boom Ree

S-O-P-H-M-O-R-E!

### MOTTO

"Honor by Devotion to Duty."

### OFFICERS

WARD SHANNONHOUSE.....	PRESIDENT
STERLING GRAYDON.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
JULIAN MEREDITH HOWARD.....	SECRETARY-TREASURER
CHARLES WIGG MARTIN.....	POET
WILLIAM MILLER CHAMBERS.....	HISTORIAN



## Sophomore History



**T**O relate all that has befallen us during our glorious existence since first we began our career as students at the North Carolina College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, would be simply impossible, and, accordingly, the purpose of this humble history will be to represent only a few of the grand deeds and paint but an imperfect picture of this imposing array of Sophomores.

As all class historians have done, I, too, shall begin at the time when we first entered college. Within less than a week after the beginning of our Freshman year, we were known as the greenest class that ever matriculated at the A. & M. But, in a short time, we had shown to the Faculty and the student body that we had in our ranks the material from which men are made, and that we were students as well as pupils. Stepping, by hard and steady work, from Freshmen to Sophomores, we displayed our real worth to the upper classes.

Out of a class of eighty-eight, only fifty returned (a few failed to make the required sixty on finals, but the majority had various good reasons), to assist in making the history of the Sophomore class. At the beginning of the year our number was increased by twelve or fifteen new men, who have proved themselves competent to rank with the old members. Our class was organized early in the first term, the best and strongest men being chosen as officers. Under their leadership we have worked together as one man. Our class spirit and college patriotism have become proverbial. Although our existence here has been but short, we are recognized by the student body as the strongest and most closely united class in College.

In athletics we are well represented. On A. & M.'s best football team we point with pride to Hadley, who, as centre, met the rushes of the opposing team like a stone wall; while Shannonhouse, as half-back, always took the ball for good gains. Both these men played their positions well, and to them is due much credit for the fine record of the Varsity team. Our class team was the strongest in College. We challenged each class separately for the championship, but each in order returned our challenge and regretted being unable to play us on account of their inferior strength. Failing to get a game with the Senior, Junior, or Freshman class, we then agreed to play any eleven men in the College—the Varsity team excepted—and when this challenge was not accepted we justly claimed the class championship in football. We also have a number of men whose prospects are good for making the "Big Nine." Shannonhouse and Hadley played excellent ball last season and are almost sure to make the team again; besides these, several other Sophomores have the odds in their favor for positions on the College team. In baseball we expect to

## THE AGROMECK

keep up our established reputation and win the spring championship.

Those of us who could not actually play ball performed our duty faithfully on the side lines by cheering and encouraging the men of the Varsity team. In this way we helped to make the game with the University of North Carolina a draw. Our systematic rooting club—an organization never before known at the A. & M—was a distinct feature of all the games played here.

In celebrating ball victories the Sophomores were always in the lead from the start; we were chief builders of bonfires and leaders of processions down town, and always had ready a suitable class song.

Heretofore, the Second Year Short-Course men have been counted as Sophomores, but we, not pleased with such a reckoning, came out and separated ourselves from them; so that now our class is composed of only the regular four-year Sophomores.

In our studies we are not behind the record of preceding classes. In fact, we are further advanced in some of our work than the Sophomore class of last year; and, if we successfully pass Chemistry and Electricity and Magnetism—the stumbling blocks of all Sophomores—our record will indeed be a bright one.

We now come to the greatest event of the year, the Sophomore Banquet. About the first of November, we decided to have a class dinner and appointed a committee to make the necessary arrangements. To this committee we are largely indebted for the success of that memorable occasion. On the evening of November 14th the class met on the campus just in front of the main building and went in a body to the Yarbrough House, where the feast was spread. At 8:30 o'clock we marched into the brilliantly-lighted dining hall, where plates were laid for fifty-six of our members and for President Winston and Commandant Phelps, whom the class had invited. Captain Phelps made the address of welcome, after which came that part of the evening's program which made glad the heart of every Sophomore present. We had a fifteen-course dinner served in the usual elegant style characteristic of the Yarbrough House. Two short hours were spent in enjoyment becoming the occasion; and in passing, let us pause a moment to say that our dinner differed much from a meal prepared by "One Billings." The remains of the cheese and coffee taken away, cigars were lighted and the following toasts proposed by the Toastmaster: Football, response by C. A. Seifert; Baseball, response by S. Graydon; Class of '05, response by W. M. Chambers. President Winston's closing complimentary remarks ended the long-to-be-remembered Sophomore Banquet, and, since we had nothing stronger than coffee, we experienced no trouble in finding our way back to the "Hill" and to our quarters. We do not wish to appear egotistical; but we do want to give honor to whom honor is due. To the present Sophomores, therefore, we give the honor of being the first to establish the custom of annual class banquets at the A. & M.

I am indeed sorry that the space here allotted me will not permit an elaborate and full individual history of this noble body of illustrious and far-famed Sophomores.

HISTORIAN.



## Why I Love You

Is it because your eyes so blue,  
With softly radiant twinkling light,  
Alone to you my heart hold true,  
And thrill my soul with gentle might?

Perhaps your dimpled cheeks aglow  
With flush like roses crimson red  
In some way make me love you so,  
Nor love some other girl instead.

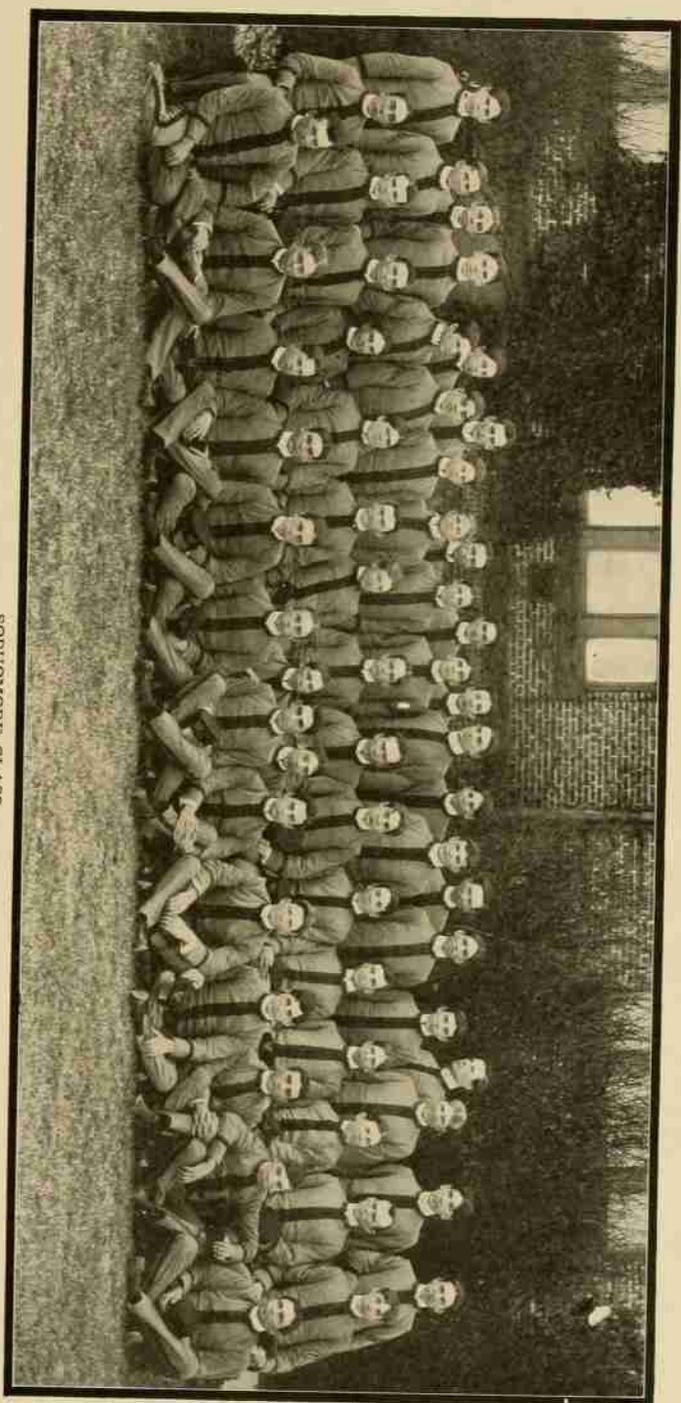
It may be that your mouth so sweet,  
Like luscious fruit well formed and ripe,  
My taste, if not my lips, may meet—  
But why of all lips choose one type?

It may be true that nothing save  
Your manner, care-free and so gay,  
Or, sweetly serious when 'tis grave,  
My heart holds fast in tyrant's sway.

It may be beauty, graces rare,  
Which other girls seem not to own,  
Combine to make you doubly fair,  
And make me love but you alone.

Still, other girls have eyes as blue,  
Have dimpled cheeks that flush and glow;  
Sweet are their lips and manners, too;  
Yet I love only you, I know.

W.



SOPHOMORE CLASS





## Freshman Class



### MOTTO

"Wisdom is power, therefore get wisdom."

### COLORS

Purple and Old Gold.

### YELL

Hulla Baloo, Ge-he, Ge-hix,  
We're the Class of 1906.

### OFFICERS

A. W. GREGORY.....	PRESIDENT
P. H. ASBURY.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
D. W. ROBERTSON.....	SECRETARY-TREASURER
S. H. CLARK.....	HISTORIAN



## Freshman History



**T**HE Entrance Examinations over, the Class of "'06" entered upon its long journey in search of the much-valued sheepskin.

Our class is one of the largest ever known in the annals of the College, and brighter prospects for success were never so marked; for among our ranks are athletes, students, and boys with determination written on their brows.

The personnel of the class stands very high, for our boys are sons of eminent judges, lawyers, physicians, ministers, progressive farmers, and successful business men.

Our class is composed of comparatively well-built young men, their ages ranging anywhere from fifteen to twenty-four years, and with the college training they will receive should develop into strong, healthy and learned men.

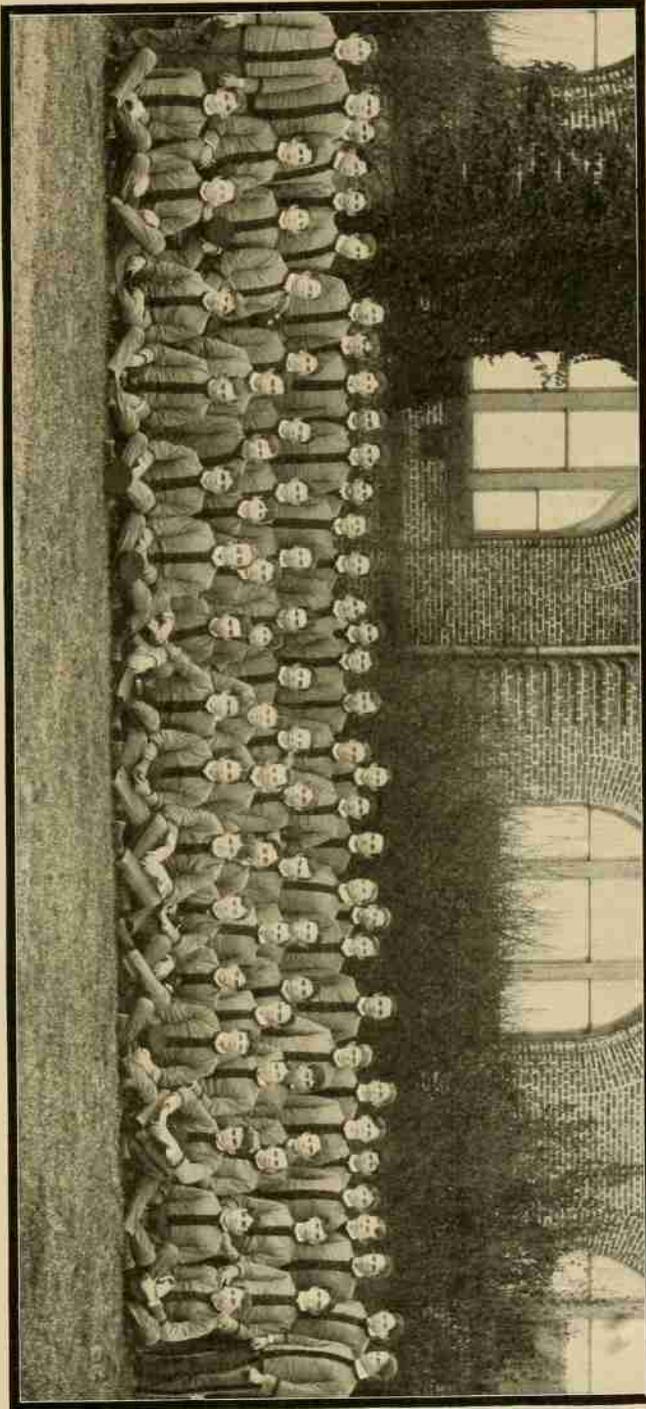
As usual, Captain Phelps, our commandant, presided over the first meeting and nominated Turner for president, who was temporarily elected for thirty days, as were Tomlinson, vice-president, and Tillman, secretary and treasurer. At the expiration of that time, Gregory, president, Asbury, vice-president, and Robertson, secretary and treasurer, were permanently elected and the class organization was complete.

Like their predecessors, the Freshmen this year learned to drill very quickly and in a short while the battalion had six well-drilled companies.

The majority of the new men joined the Literary Societies and show much enthusiasm in participating in their programmes. They also joined the Athletic Association and gave it and the football team their earnest support.

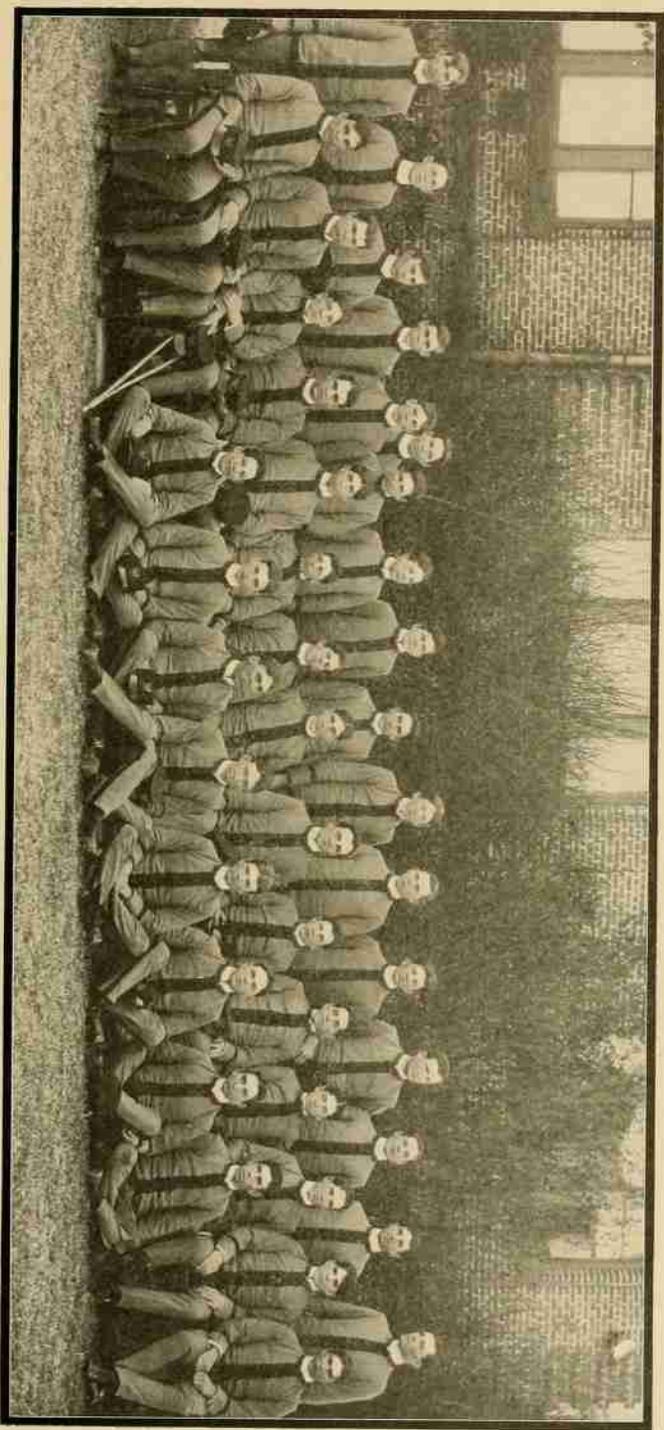
Most of our boys are gifted with a patriotic spirit, and every afternoon the athletic field is lined with interested spectators. We have representatives both on the first and scrub teams who reflect credit upon their class. In the spring we are confident of having several men on the baseball team who will do their share toward lowering the banner of our old rival.

One of the most enjoyable days during the first term was Thursday of Fair Week, and will be remembered by all as one of the pleasant days of their Freshman year.



FRESHMAN CLASS





TWO-YEAR FRESHMEN





## A Tale of the Civil War



ALL day long I had trudged up and down across the autumn-browned sand hills. All day long my dog had hunted hard all over those hills. I was tired; so was the dog.

It was a cold, wintry afternoon. Almost since mid-day the sun had been hidden by leaden gray clouds that stretched everywhere as far as the eye could reach. In a little while darkness would help the clouds to drive away what light was left. Unconsciously I quickened my steps. We were homeward bound, the dog and I. At intervals the dog would make a short detour as if he thought there might be birds near. Not finding any birds he would come back with mute apology in his soft brown eyes.

Now and then a sparrow would start from where it had nestled for the night, or some lone bird would fly swiftly past. Except for the swish of my feet in the thick wild-grass, the silence was unbroken. After some time we came to a large clearing.

In the middle of the clearing stood a house, deserted years before, and falling fast to ruin. A moment of hesitation, and I turned toward the house.

The house was of the old Colonial style, squarely built with spacious rooms and halls and wide verandas. It was but a tottering relic of its former glory.

Upon its weather-beaten sides the storms and rains of years had left their mark. The pillars beneath the house were crumbling slowly to dust. The floors of the wide porches trembled under my step. With never a hand to stop them some of the blinds swung open or closed as the wind blew them. Long before all the window-panes had fallen out. The house itself shivered under the fierce gusts of winter winds. Seen from the outside the house was a picture of desolation. Impelled by curiosity I slipped inside.

Inside were the same signs of ruin and decay. The plastering had cracked and fallen from the walls. Some of the doors had fallen flat upon the floor. Under my slight weight the stairway swayed and creaked ominously. I wandered through each bare, deserted room. In a rear room upstairs there was an opening to the attic, which I did not explore for fear of its ghostly darkness and silence.

Wild animals might have been hidden there. Who knows what might have been hidden there? The loneliness of the old house haunted me. Starting at every squeak of the unsafe stairway, I hurried down and slipped outside. I was as glad to be off again as my dog was.

As we walked along in the gathering gloom, I could not help thinking of the deserted mansion. I wondered who had lived there in time long past—what revels youth and beauty had had within those spacious halls. My mind was taken up with



these reflections when, coming to a road, I met a very old negro who was driving my way in his ox cart.

"Have a lift, sah?" he asked, moving aside to make room for me.

With grateful thanks I accepted his offer. When I got settled I asked, "Uncle, do you know who used to live in that old house back yonder?"

"Yes, sah. Deed I does, deed I does," the old negro replied. Then he waited respectfully before saying more. He was of the old type.

His grizzled beard brushed low upon his massive chest. From under his shaggy eye-brows his eyes, keen but kindly, like the eyes of a good dog, looked straight at me. When he spoke it was with slow deliberateness and occasional weighty pauses.

Impressed by the old man's air; and urged by my own curiosity, I begged him to tell me all he knew. Then the old man began his story:

"Long, long time ago, befoh de wah, Ole Marse Everitt own de place. Ole Marse he come from way cross de big water somewhere. He rich, very rich. He used to keep de finest place around dese parts. I doan 'member how many niggers he had, heap of 'em, dough. Dey had quarters where you see dem ole chimbleys crumbled down, out from de big house.

"Whole heap of white men Ole Marse have workin' for him, gettin' out timber an' turpentine. Mos' all de land around here was his. Big Powhattan, the mill pon' you pass back yonder, was his. Little Powhattan, dat little pon' back from de head of de big pon', he use for his fish pon'. Dem times dey keeps me 'round de house to run errons an' such like.

"When Marse John was a little bitty chap Ole Marse gives him to me an' tells me to tek care of him. From dat time on I looks out for Marse John. Soon as he's big enough we go huntin' an' fishin' together. I doan stan' back from doing anything Marse John wants done, an' Marse John he jes' gives me anything I wants. W'en he growed up to be a man he could outswim, outride an' outshoot anybody 'roun' dese parts. Marse John was much of a man. I believe he was de bes' lookin' man I ever saw; an' everybody likes him.

"Well, Marse John falls in love wid Miss Emily—she was Ole Marse's partner's daughter. She sho' was a pretty woman. She had blue eyes an' wavy hair. W'en she laughed it was like water ripplin' an' gurglin' in de branch. She was plump an' full of fun. Lor', how she could sing an' dance! Marse John goes a plum fool over her, but you couldn't tell 'cept by her eyes what she thinks o' him. Dey leads all de big dances at Ole Marse's house. It keeps on 'til Marse John gets more fool over her dan ever. Den come de war.

"Marse John say he mus' go. Miss Emily she doan want him to go. Ole Missus jus' cries an' doan say anything. Ole Marse chokes an' great big tears comes in his eyes w'en he says, 'Go, boy, it's your duty!'

"I follows young Marse to de war. I was in de camp lookin' after his things for him. He says for me to keep way from de battlefiel'. I doan see him fight; but I



## THE AGROMECK



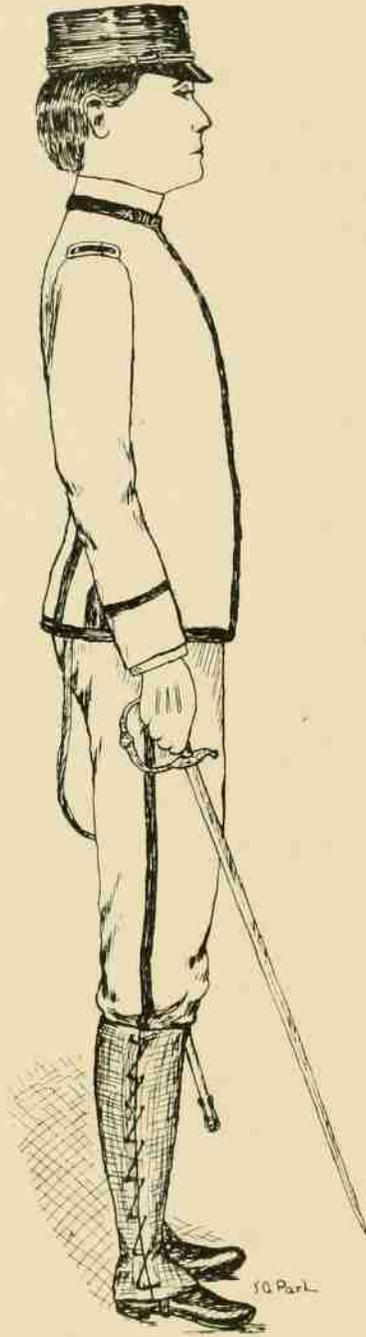
hears men talk of Marse John. Dey say he fights terrible; an' our men ain' 'fraid w'en dey followin' Marse John. After awhile he gets to be Cap'n of his company. Often Miss Emily writes to him. Sometimes w'en he reads her letters he cries—de only time Marse John ever cry.

“One day, I forgets de name of de place, but de Yanks and Rebs had fought like debils for three days; an' de evenin' of de last day Marse John is missin'. Some of dem say de last dey see of him he was fightin'; an' fightin' harder dan dey ever see him fight. W'en night comes I wanders over dat awful fiel' of blood an' death, lookin' for Marse John. After awhile I comes to where a ghoulish bendin' over somebody. I looks over his shoulder; an' it was Marse John he was robbin'; it was de gold locket, wid Miss Emily's picture in it, he was takin'. I knocks de ghoulish in de head wid de butt of my gun, quick an' strong like I'd strike my axe in de butt of a big swamp gum. He falls widout a groan. Wid my own han's I buries Marse John. Den I makes my way back here.

“When I gets back I find dat Ole Missus an' Miss Emily done taken sick an' pine away an' die—Ole Marse the only one left; an' he doan seem like he used to be. Long, long time I look after Ole Marse. He was jus' as good to me as he could be; but somehow Ole Marse ain' never happy again.

“One day he sits on de front porch a long time readin' a book. I goes out once to see if he wants anything. 'Pears like to me Ole Marse sorter quiet. I goes up an' looks over his shoulder. Where he was readin' was a picture of a battlefiel'—I reckon where Marse John fought. On de picture two big tears was slowly dryin'. Ole Marse mighty still, seem like. I leans over an' looks in his face; an' befoh God, Ole Marse was dead.”





# THE BATTALION.

## Military Department



**W**ITHIN the last few years the Military Department of our College has made rapid advancement. It can be safely asserted that any student taking a degree in one of the regular courses, and having pursued in the meantime the course in military science, both theoretical and practical, will be as well prepared for the duties of an army officer as a graduate from the highest institutions of our country, barring West Point.

The growth of this department has not been spasmodic, but in keeping with the remarkable development of the College. When first introduced, in 1895, military discipline was not pressed to any great extent. Uniforms were worn only on drill, the 7 and 10:30 inspections were unheard of, and from all that we can learn the students were comparatively free. They visited when the slightest opportunity presented itself, and observed study hours only when "chased in" by the night watchman. As years passed hurriedly times and manners changed and more attention was paid to military instruction. The Freshmen of today see only their portion of the city, being allowed to visit Raleigh Saturday afternoon and Sunday morning and evening.

In the fall of '99, when the class of '03 entered College, Mr. N. R. Stansel, a former graduate, was made commandant, and to those of us who knew him it is useless to say he ruled wisely and made many friends. His patience was put to the most severe tests in the performance of his duties, but in spite of all these trials he was not found wanting. He served a very successful term of one scholastic year in the Chair of Military Science, and we were sorry to lose him in the fall of 1900, when he entered Cornell University to complete his course in Electrical Engineering.

He was succeeded by Captain F. E. Phelps, of the United States Army. Captain Phelps has been in every way an ideal commandant, popular in every respect and loved by the whole battalion. In the performance of his duties, even though it be putting a noisy rat under arrest, he never loses his temper, but orders arrests and assigns demerits with a stern countenance that sweeps the most daring Freshman off his feet. And it is to Captain Phelps more than anyone else that we owe the remarkable advancement of this department. The great growth and universal popularity of this department is shown very strikingly in the interest manifested by people of Raleigh and the young ladies of the various female colleges in the city. They come out in scores time after time to see our battalion drills and dress parade.

The *News and Observer*, in speaking of our parades, said in substance: "They are among the most interesting and attractive things at the College. There are six companies in the battalion this year, two more than has been necessary in previous

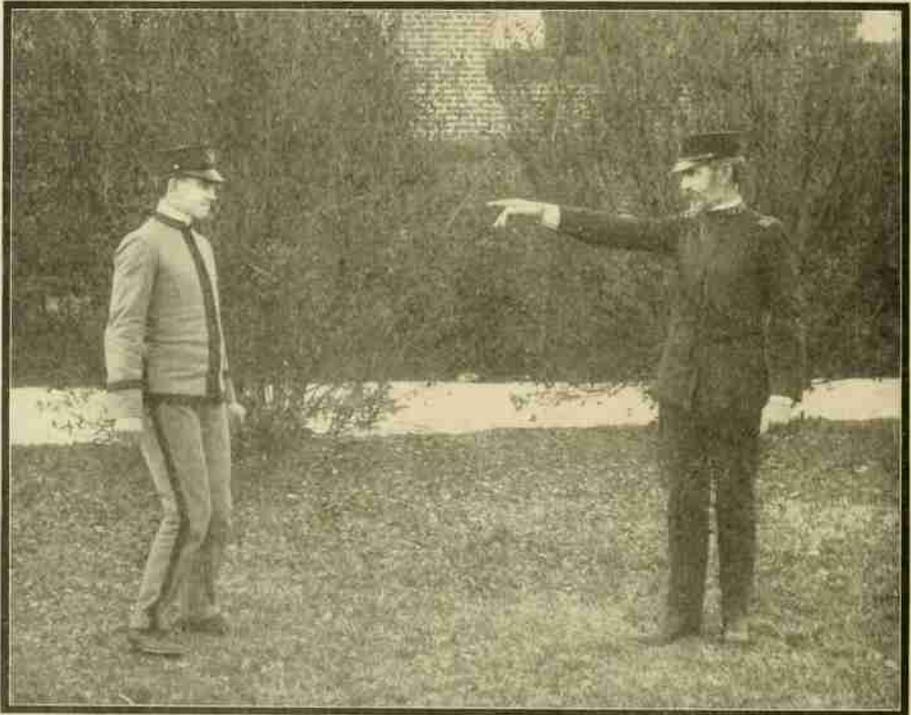


## THE AGROMECK



years; and it is with pride and love, coupled with admiration, that we look upon those strong, manly cadets, uniformed in the 'Grey' that is so dear to the South and its history."

A look at the long array of manly and hopeful faces in our corps makes us feel proud of our College; proud of the prominence it has attained in military circles; proud of our president and commandant, and proud of being numbered one of the many which constitute such a congenial whole.



"WHERE WERE YOU LAST NIGHT?"



MISS MARY HAYWOOD ANDREWS

SPONSOR BATTALION



## Commandant's Staff



Captain F. E. PHELPS, of U. S. Army, Commandant.

- L. N. BONEY, '03. . . . . Cadet Major of Battalion
- W. L. DARDEN, '03. . . . . Captain and Adjutant
- H. P. FOSTER, '03. . . . . Captain and Quartermaster
- C. E. TROTTER, '03. . . . . 1st Lieut. and Hospital Steward
- J. B. HARDING, '04. . . . . Sergeant Major
- P. S. GRIERSON, '04. . . . . Color Sergeant
- W. J. PATTON, '04. . . . . Quartermaster Sergeant



COMMANDANT'S STAFF





MISS ADA LEE BOYER

SPONSOR COMPANY A

## Company A



Captain E. E. CULBRETH

### LIEUTENANTS

First.....		W. M. BOGART
Second.....		J. M. KENNEDY
Third.....		W. CLARK, JR

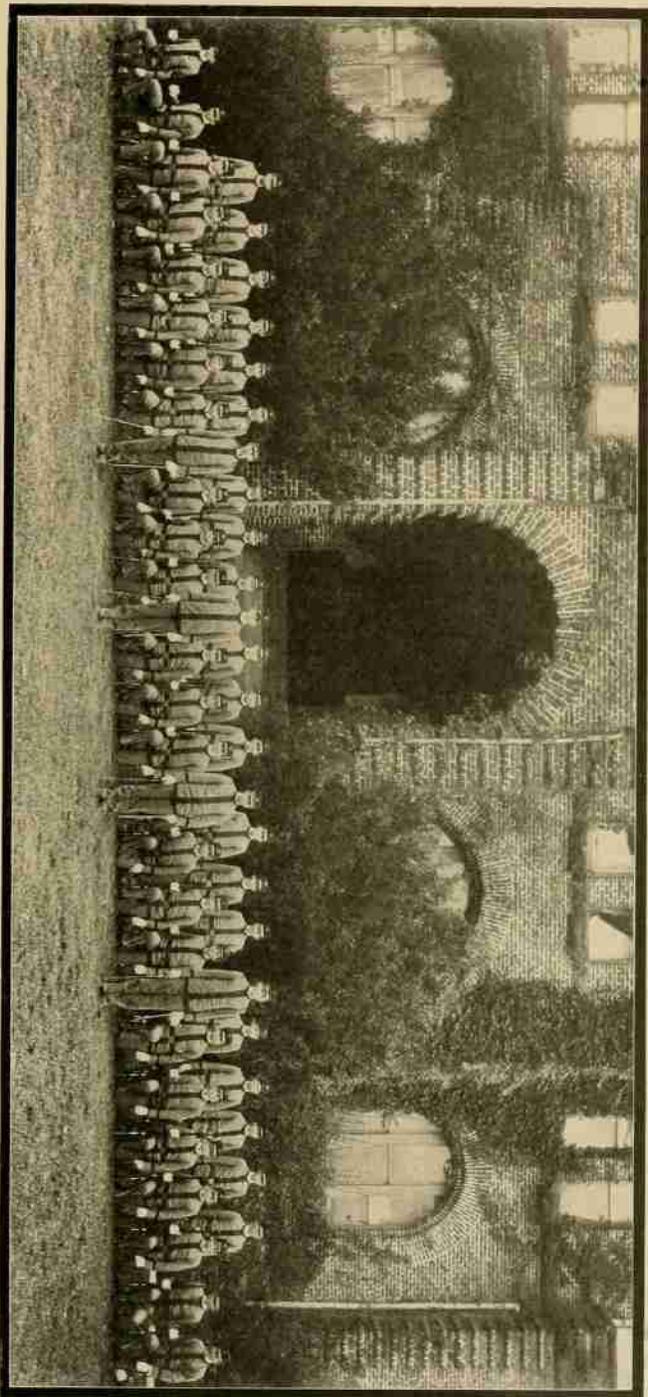
### SERGEANTS

First.....		E. C. PHELPS
Second.....		J. A. MILLER
Third.....		JAS. McKIMMON
Fourth.....		W. M. McKINNON

### CORPORALS

First.....		B. A. BROOM
Second.....		A. C. LEHMAN
Third.....		E. W. HADLEY
Fourth.....		R. H. HARPER

Barrett, W. A., Beebe, H., Bell, N. E., Black, K. L., Bostain, J. A., Cox, D. A., Collins, M. H., Davis, C. M., Dixon, A. M., Eldridge, T., Gaither, E. W., Hall, C. A., Henderson, O. H., Hanks, W. W., Isler, L., Kennedy, P. D., Lytch, C., Lynch, G. G., McGirt, M. R., Miller, F. E., Myatt, G. P., Page, W. E., Quickel, D. R., Satterwhite, S. J., Scott, R. W., Sellers, W., Smith, C. M., Turner, H. M., Watts, W. W., Williams, J. H., Young, C. F.



COMPANY A





SPONSOR COMPANY D.



# THE AGROMECK



## Company D



Captain C. L. CREECH

### LIEUTENANTS

First.....	E. S. LYTCH
Second.....	C. B. ROSS
Third.....	W. F. KIRKPATRICK

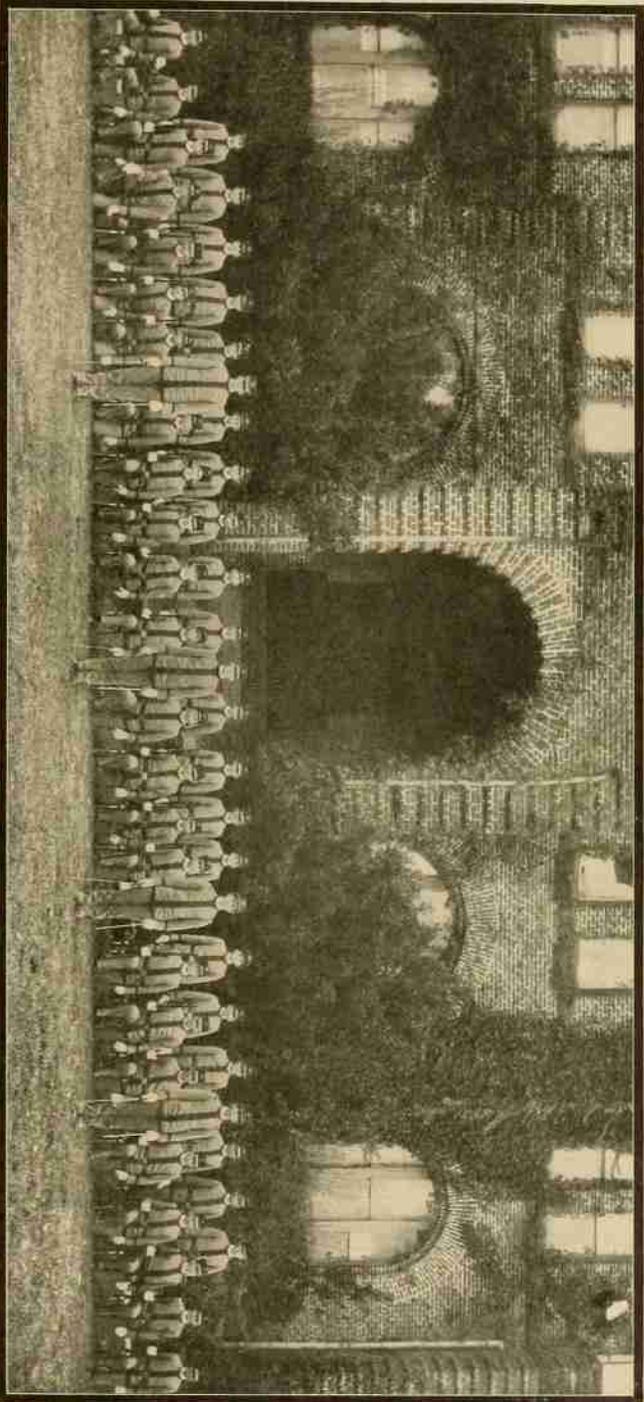
### SERGEANTS

First.....	WM. RICHARDSON
Second.....	W. W. BARBER
Third.....	JESSE M. HOWARD
Fourth.....	A. C. WHARTON

### CORPORALS

First.....	W. E. CHAMBERS
Second.....	E. G. PORTER
Third.....	W. G. FINCH
Fourth.....	

Allen, R. T., Abernethy, L. F., Boddie, S. G., Buys, W. A., Broughton, N. R., Bullock, J. W., Cline, S. G., Clardy, C. C., Clayton, L. C., Etheridge, W. C., Haigler, W. M., Harrell, C. C., Hardesty, G. R., Herritage, J. R., Koon, J. H., Kelly, W. E., Knox, W. G., Knight, W. T., Lockhart, A., Lipe, M. P., Norwood, W. J., Newland, B. A., Nivens, L. A., Mooreman, W. B., McLean, A. L., Nichols, C. G., Pittman, W. G., Squires, J. H., Tart, L. A., Tillman, R. H., Venable, C. T., White, D. L.



COMPANY D





MISS-BESSIE-POE-LAW

SPONSOR COMPANY B



# THE AGROMECK



## Company B



Captain JOHN D. FERGUSON

### LIEUTENANTS

First.....	G. W. ROGERS
Second.....	E. R. STAMPS
Third.....	J. T. LAND

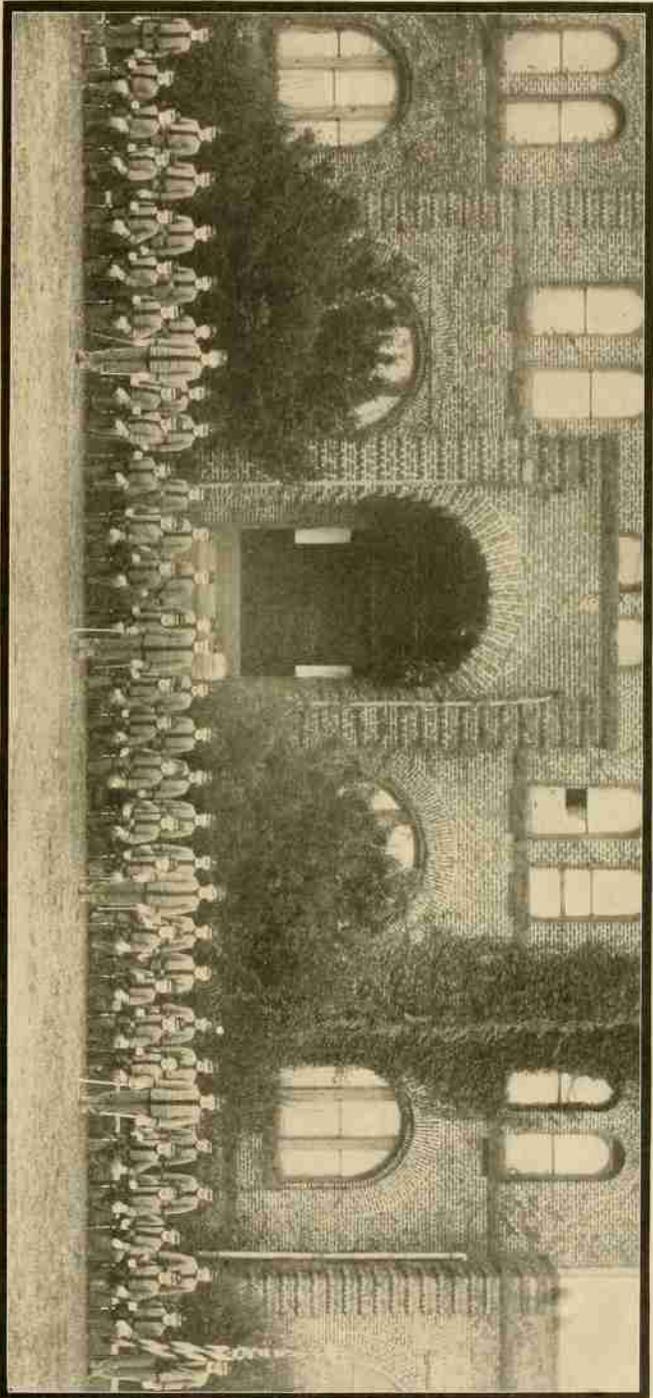
### SERGEANTS

First.....	H. M. HUNTER
Second.....	J. P. GULLEY, JR
Third.....	J. C. BARBER
Fourth.....	H. M. FOY

### CORPORALS

First.....	JULIAN M. HOWARD
Second.....	STERLING GRAYDON
Third.....	A. T. KENYON
Fourth.....	J. H. PIERCE

Asbury, G. P., Barnes, E. H., Benson, Z. T., Boddie, S. G., Bonniwell, J. G., Brown, H. P., Brown, W. A., Bynum, J. N., Carter, R. H., Cherry, J. L., Chesbro, M. H., Clark, S. H., Coffin, A. G., Cole, G. C., Cromartie, A. D., Crump, W. O., Dove, C. B., Drake, J. S., Duckett, A. F., Ewart, J. B., Hackett, C. W., Hardesty, G. C., Hevlin, H. W., Hewlett, C. W., Hoffman, W. H., Howle, E. B., Kendrick, Koonce, Likes, L. G., McMillan, A. P., Mathews, I. C., Morgan, J. T., Murr, L. A., Myrick, J. C., Nicholson, H. B., Paschall, A. L., Proctor, E. M., Smith, G. E., Smith, J. R., Summerville, W., Talton, F. J., Tucker, R. C., Tate, C. S., Thigpen, B. J., Walker, W. T., Watson, G. M., West, J. L.



COMPANY B





SPONSOR COMPANY C



# Company C



Captain S. W. ASBURY

## LIEUTENANTS

First.....	D. S. OWEN
Second.....	E. F. ETHERIDGE
Third.....	T. T. ELLIS

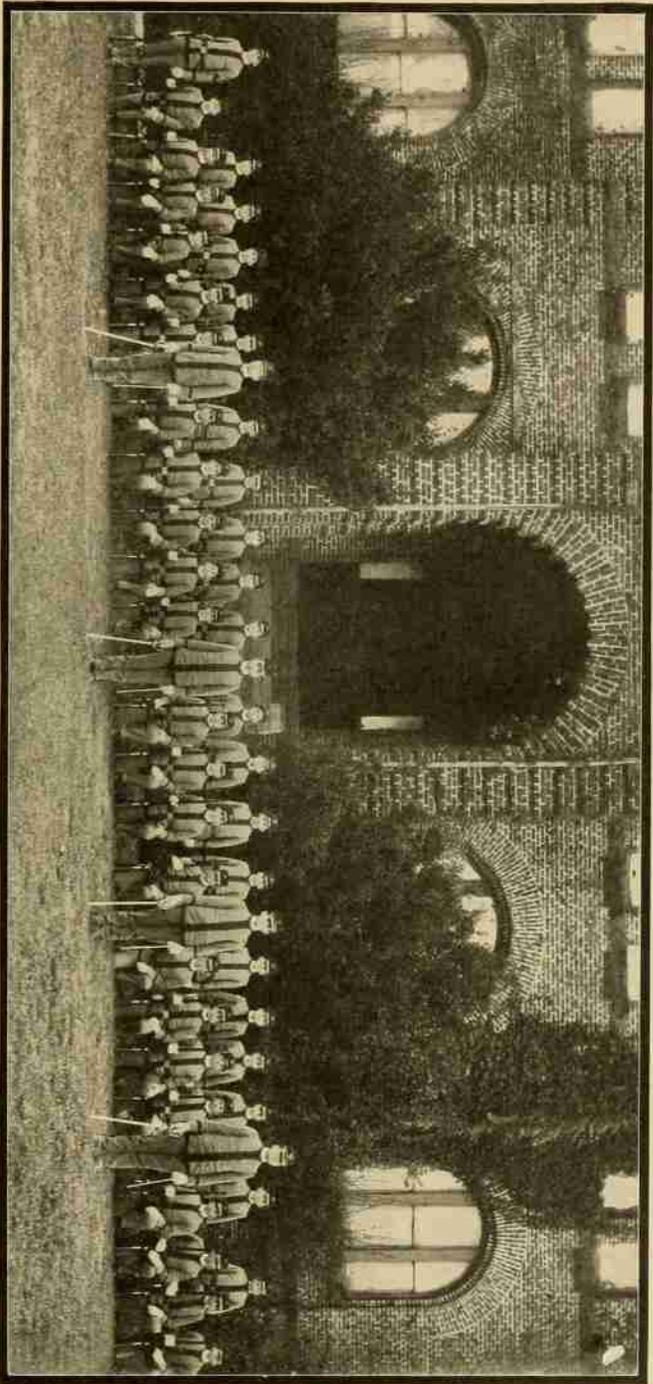
## SERGEANTS

First.....	E. P. BAILEY, JR
Second.....	E. E. LINCOLN
Third.....	G. W. FOUSHEE
Fourth.....	R. R. KING

## CORPORALS

First.....	W. SHANNONHOUSE
Second.....	S. T. WHITE
Third.....	J. R. SECHREST
Fourth.....	

Allison, R. V., Blackmer, P. P., Coffin, A. G., Cunningham, N. E., Edens, E. V.,  
 Farnior, J. W., Fowler, E. V., Gardner, B. F., Gregory, A. W., Howle, E. B.,  
 Ireland, S. C., Jordan, L. L., Koonce, J. H., Lee, E., Lockhart, S. S., Lyon, J. A.,  
 McCaskill, D. T., McLachlin, W. E., Moore, J. E., Neese, A. A., Payne, C. L.,  
 Peschau, W. A., Presson, W. B., Ranke, G. E., Smith, F. R., Smithwick, A. D.,  
 Spoon, J. R., Taylor, B., Tull, R., Turlington, H. T., Wilson, R. O.



COMPANY C





SPONSOR COMPANY E



## Company E



Captain S. C. CORNWELL

### LIEUTENANTS

First.....	J. W. WHITE
Second.....	E. H. RICKS
Third.....	J. S. P. CARPENTER

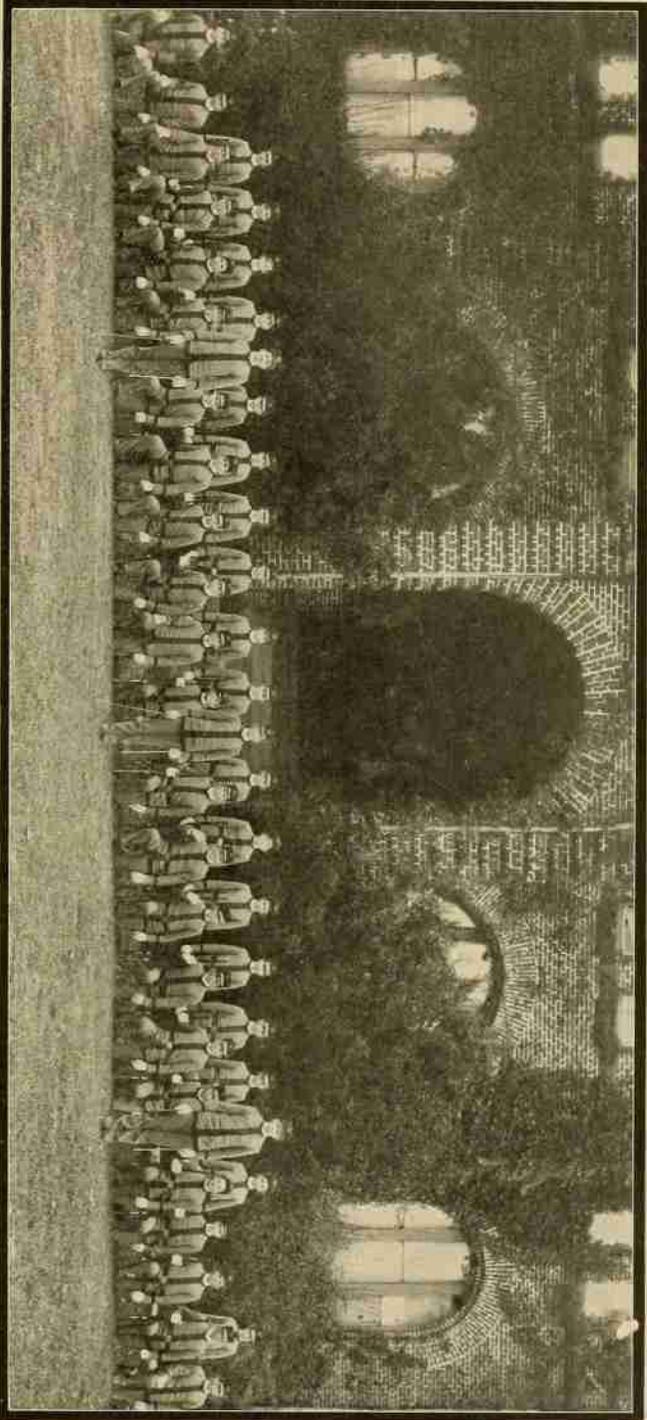
### SERGEANTS

First.....	G. H. HODGES
Second.....	R. P. REECE
Third.....	N. ADAMS
Fourth.....	W. W. RANKIN

### CORPORALS

First.....	R. R. HOLT
Second.....	S. D. WALL
Third.....	C. A. SIEFERT
Fourth.....	S. N. KNOX

Allen, G. G., Buie, P. D., Clark, D. M., Clark, J. W., Cole, G. E., Crump, W. E., Edwards, L. V., Forbis, R. E., Gant, E. W., Gibson, J. L., Hamilton, G. P., Herritage, W. D., Johnson, C. W., McIntyre, W. H., Maury, S. S., Middleton, W. B., Morgan, J. E., Myrick, J. C., O'Berry, J. C., Pinkus, J. L., Piver, A. B., Reynolds, F., Roberson, E., Roseman, W., Stack, E. D., Thornton, L. A., Tomlinson, S., Valear, P., Vaughan, L. L., Warren, R. L., White, A., Whitehead, E. M.



COMPANY E





MISS · LOUISE · LINTON

SPONSOR COMPANY F



# Company F



Captain J. F. DIGGS

## LIEUTENANTS

First .....	H. SIMPSON
Second .....	J. J. MORRIS
Third .....	G. Y. STRADLEY

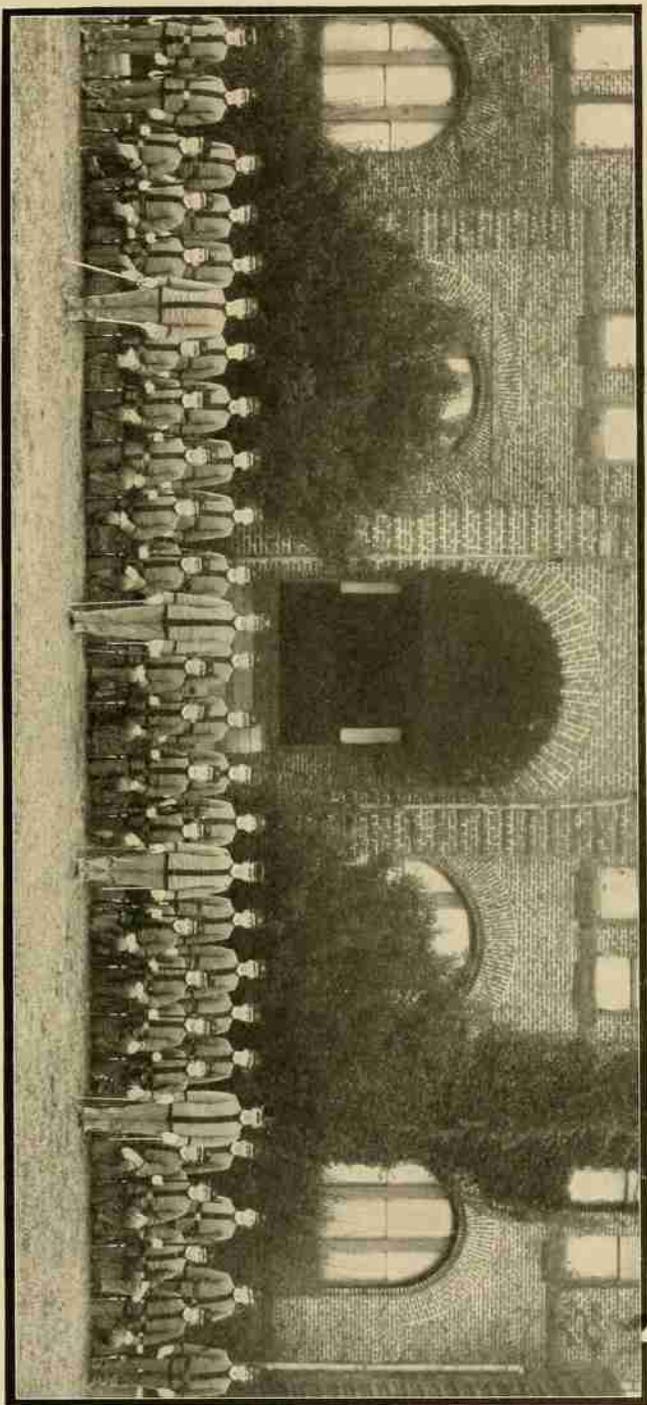
## SERGEANTS

First .....	L. A. NEAL
Second .....	M. E. WEEKS
Third .....	W. F. MORSON
Fourth .....	W. W. FINLEY

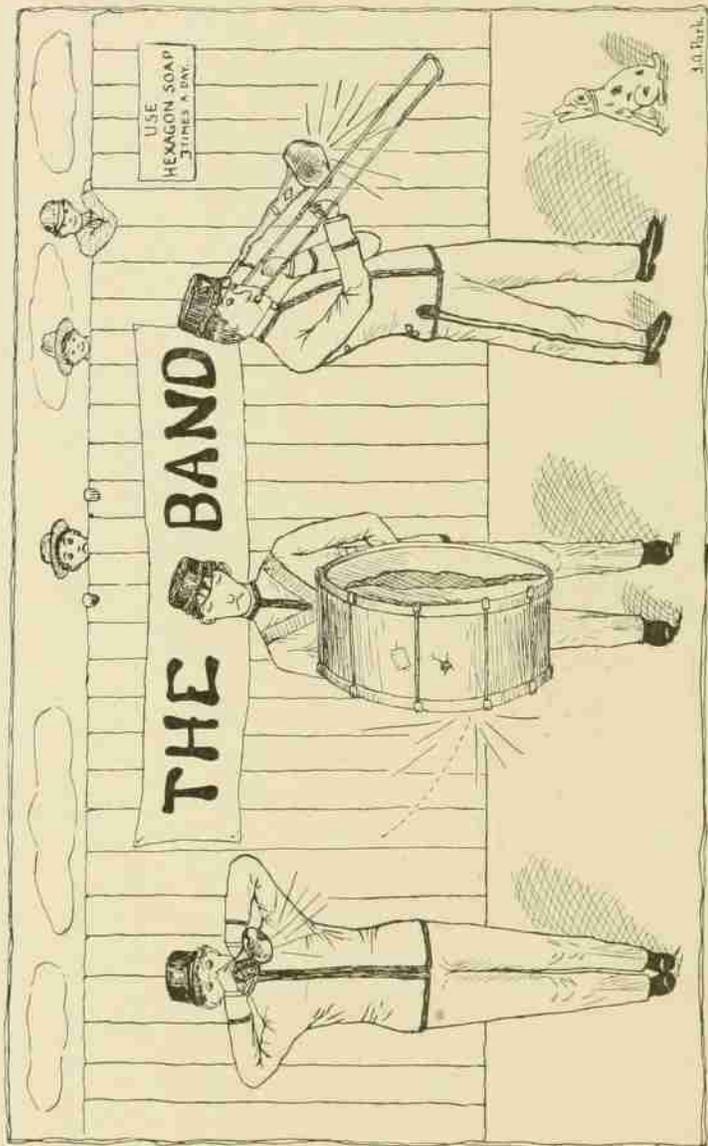
## CORPORALS

First .....	L. M. HOFFMAN
Second .....	O. L. BAGLEY
Third .....	J. D. SPINKS
Fourth .....	W. L. SMITH

Barnes, E. H., Baldwin, J. G., Brock, W. F., Brown, H. P., Brown, W. A., Carter, R. H., Courts, F. J., Clark, J. D., Drake, J. S., Hamilton, C. M., Hamilton, H. L., Hanselman, J. F., Hodges, C. W., Hubard, W. C., Lykes, T. M., Maxwell, R., Pepper, C. R., Primrose, H., Roberson, D. W., Ross, C. V., Sigmon, W. H., Tillet, L. R., Tuttle, J. C., Winston, L. T., Wilkinson, A. C., Waitt, J. K.



COMPANY F





MISS MARY LACY

SPONSOR BAND



## The Band



Captain and Instructor E. T. ROBESON

### LIEUTENANTS

First .....	J. H. PARKER
Second .....	H. G. ALDERMAN

### SERGEANTS

First .....	B. F. HUGGINS
Second .....	H. B. CARTWRIGHT
Third .....	E. C. BAGWELL
Fourth .....	J. F. McINTYRE

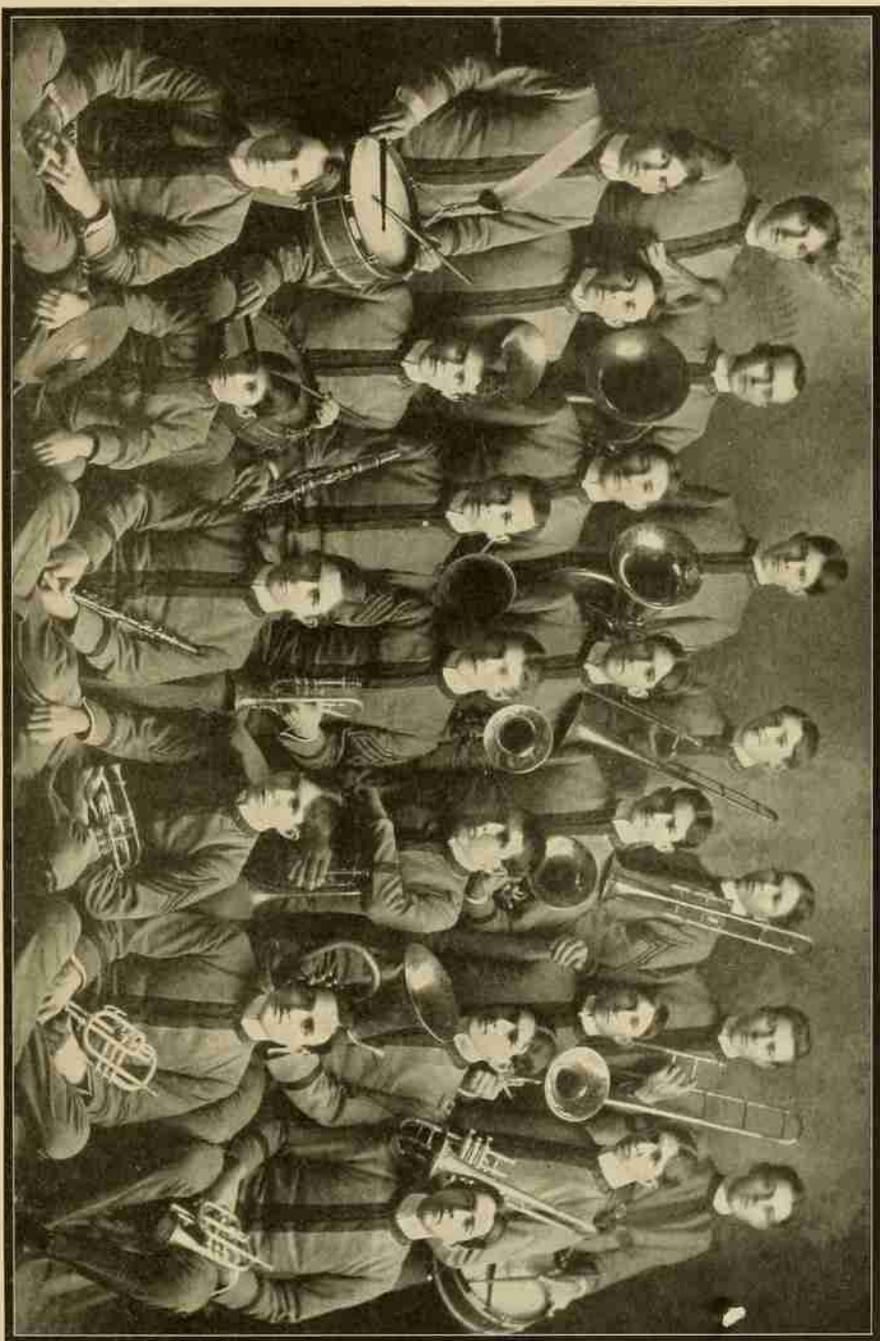
Principal Musician, J. P. ROSE.

### CORPORAL

First .....	L. M. PARKER
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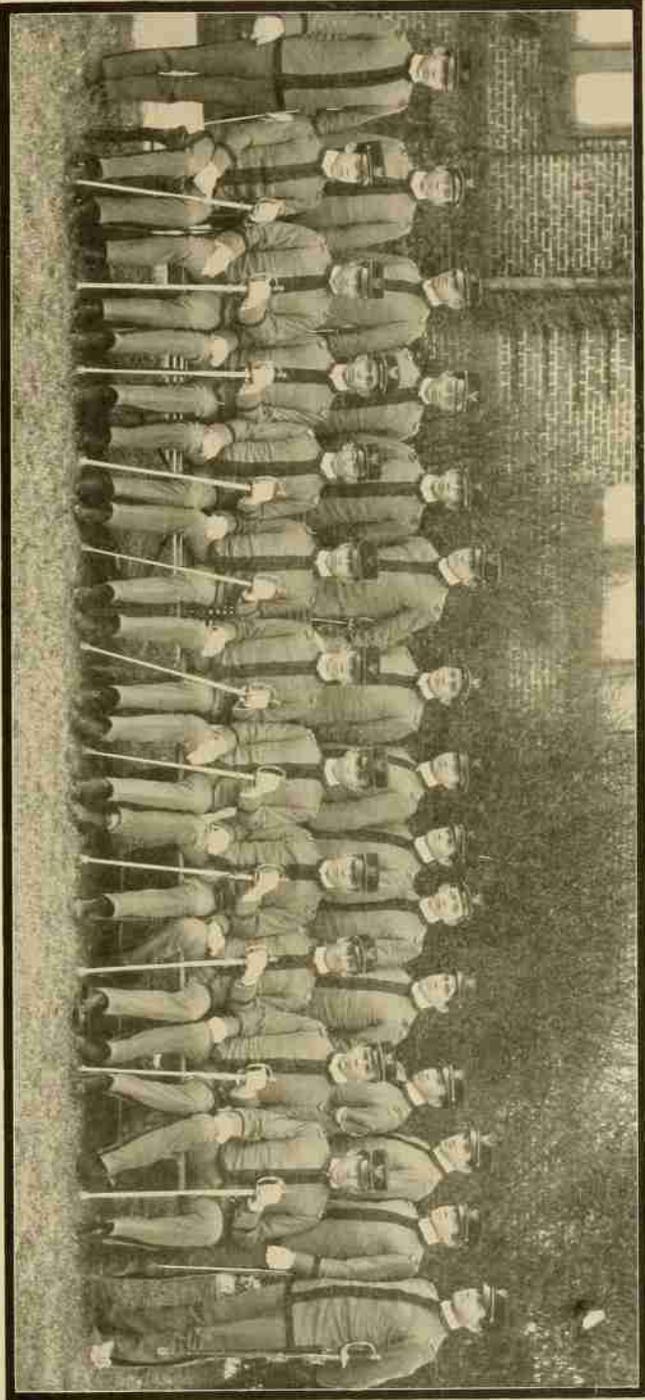
### MEMBERS

Deal, P. G., Uzzell, R. P., Odén, L. M., Parks, J. A., Piver, W. C., Fisher, S. M., Higgs, James, Lougee, L. E., Williams, J. E., White, T. W., White, E. E., Lilly, H. M., Ogburn, T. J., Bray, A. O., Hardison, J. G., Clinard, E. C., Smith, R. H.



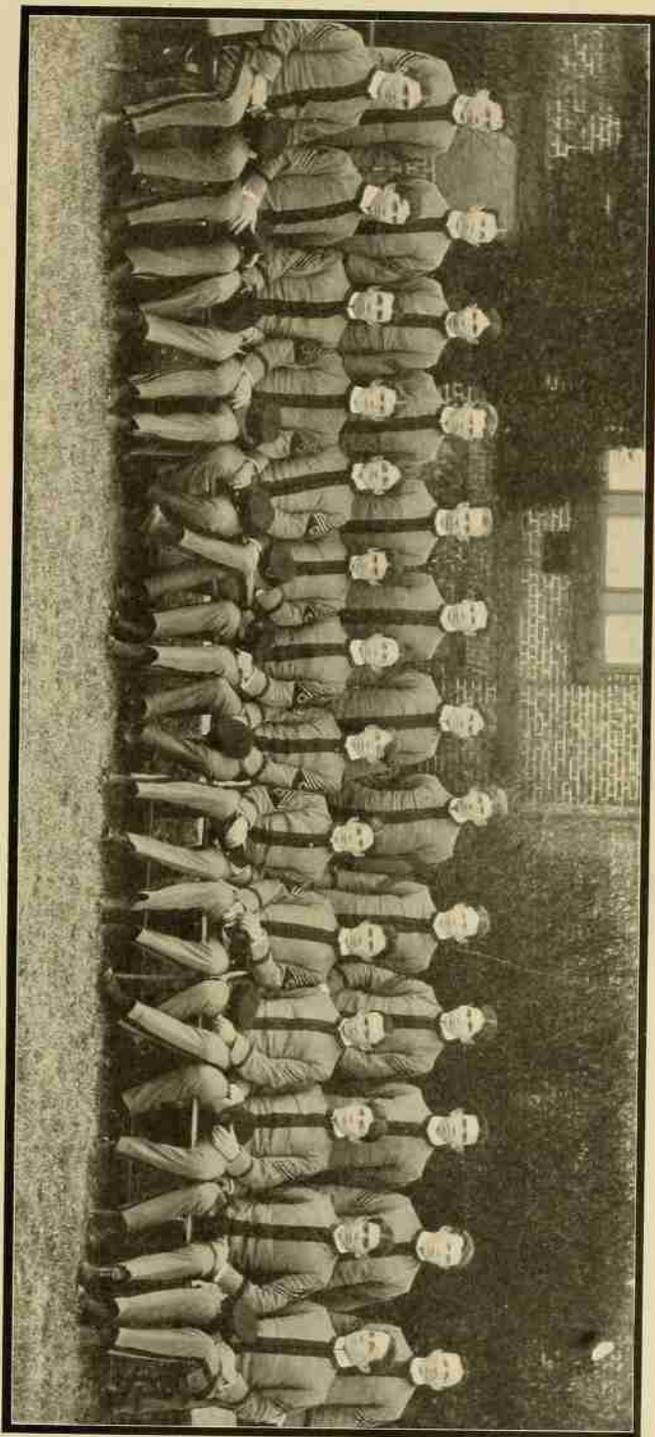
BAND





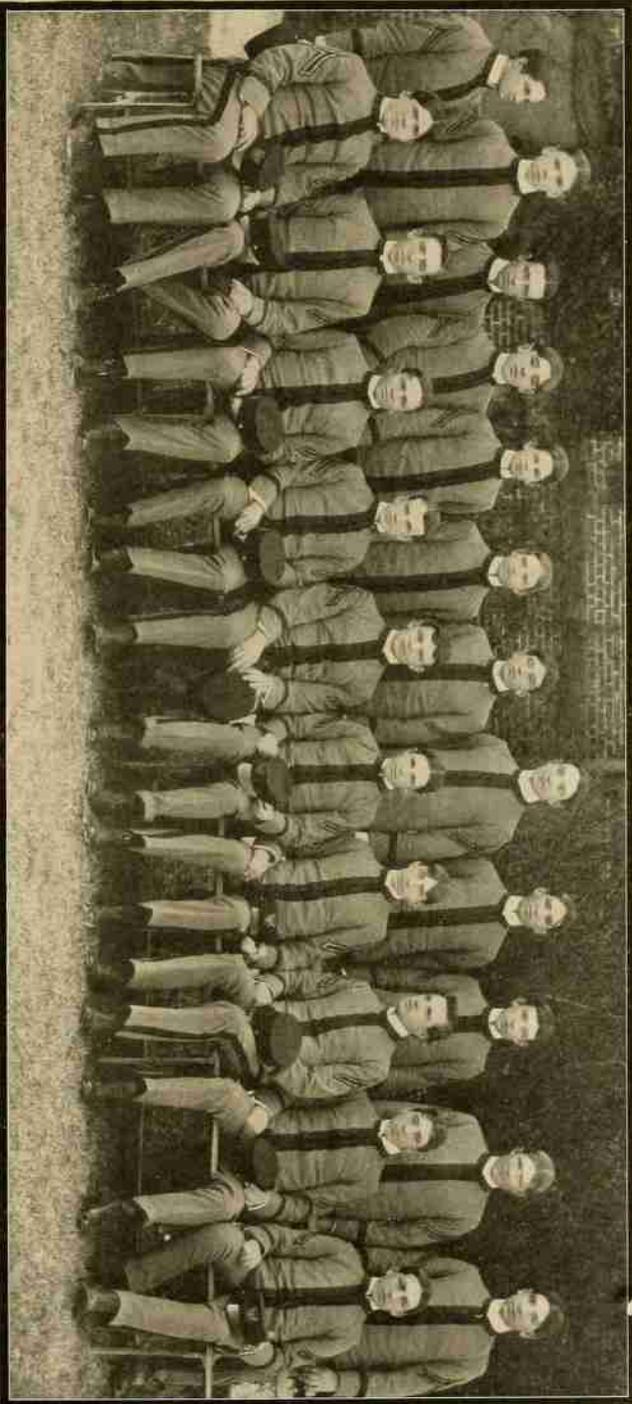
COMMISSIONED OFFICERS





SERGEANTS





CORPORALS





A TEST OF DISCIPLINE



## A Fable



ONCE there was an innocent-looking country lad who lived near the little village of Foxtown. This boy's youth was very happily spent, but he did not get on to the Fact until in after years. He used to work fourteen hours a day among the corn rows for his Board and Clothes, and his only Dissipation was going to Goldsboro once a year on Show Day to see Adam Forepaw's big Street Parade.

Leke's education was obtained at a near-by country school called Hogskin. The only book he ever really enjoyed reading was Webster's Collegiate Dictionary. Leke thought the plot simply Grand, and he had studied the Story so thoroughly that he could do a Big Word Stunt on the slightest provocation, and would repeat the Offense indefinitely if anybody seemed the least bit amused.

By and by this boy moved to town, where he learned to wear Store Clothes and High-up Collars; he soon acquired the White Vest Habit and began to put Oil on his Hair. Leke was something Swell; he had everything in Foxtown skinned a mile. Every semi-occasionally he got invited out to some sort of a Function, at which everbody has such a charmingly delightful evening, and at the same time is almost Bored to Death.

Along about now an old Uncle down in the Sand-hills passed up his checks and left Leke a little roll of Currency. The Skate immediately imagined himself a Financial Heavy-Weight, and could see the "Mile-stones of his busy Life strung back across the Valley of Tribulation into the Green Fields of Childhood." Right here he made up his mind to spend a year at the A. & M. College, not to learn anything—for Leke knew it all—but just to blow himself, have a Big Time, and exercise that Huge Vocabulary of his. On the quiet, this Guy didn't have enough Horse Sense to tell a Bass drum from a flock of Wild Geese.

Leke knew it would be dead Easy to push into society. He ordered a five-dollar Cap and a fawn-colored Raglan, with pearl buttons about the size of Milk Biscuits. He wore gray Gloves and Patent Leather Shoes all the time, and bought a large 22-karat Ring for his little finger.

Before a week had passed, Leke tagged on all this Paraphernalia and proceeded to parade the streets of Raleigh that he might view the Aristocrats. He thought the girls were as Easy as shootin' fish; so he Chased himself up to a pretty Blonde and tried the Old Acquaintance gag on her, but it didn't work; then he tried that Kind Assistance business, and it failed; finally, he met one of those open-hearted girls who doesn't care if Tooth picks are a dollar apiece.

Next day Leke wanted to demonstrate to her that he was Fine and Fancy, the



## THE AGROMECK



Real Sure-enough Thing, so he wrote her something like this: "May I have the extreme and exquisite beatitude of escorting your sweet little corporal system over the elegantly-paved street intervening between your parental domicile and the house erected for divine worship? With your gracious consent, we shall commence this awfully short, but highly pleasing and delectable journey, after the dialuminary has sought his nocturnal resting-place behind the occidental horizon and the city has become artificially lighted with that wonderfully subtle fluid called electricity. I certainly trust you have no previous injudiciously-contracted engagement."

The girl replied simply, "Mother's illness keeps me at home to-night"; but between the lines one might have read, "What sort of a fool can Leke Bluster be?"

Leke knew that, as a debater, he had Eddie Burke completely petered; so he tackled the tariff question one night in society, with the following for his Introduction: "In promulgating my psychological observations or articulating my superficial sentimentalities, I invariably endeavor to let my conversation possess a clarified conciseness and a coalescent consistency. I never make extemporaneous descantings and unpremeditated expatiations; I seduouly avoid all polysyllabic profundity, pompous prolixity, ventriloquous verbosity, and——" here some member interrupted with a motion that all the *sesquipedalian* Fools keep quiet, and Leke sneaked out of the room like a crawfish gettin' back in his hole.

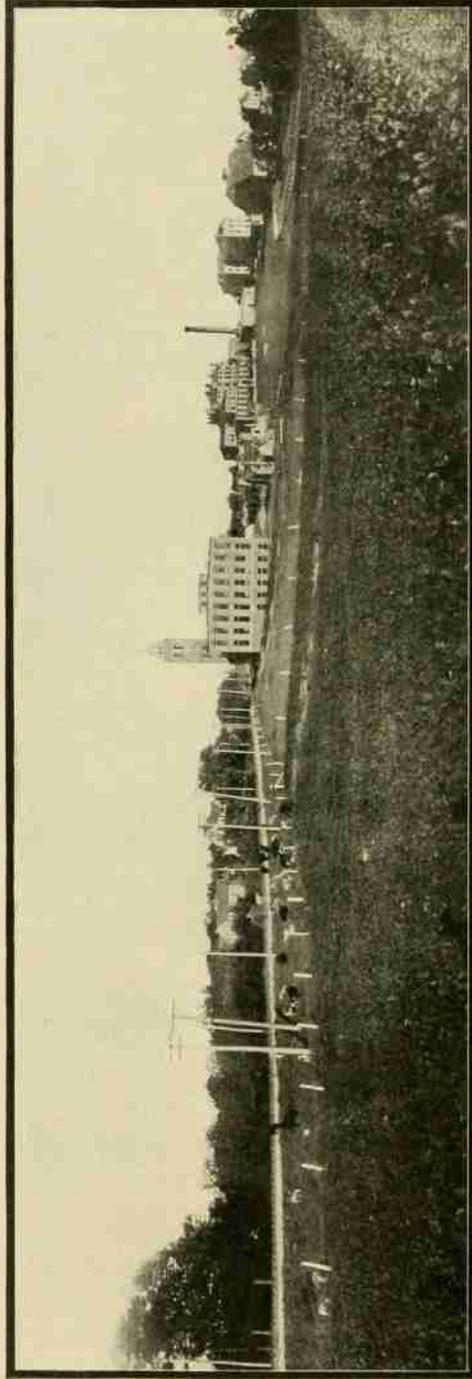
The first girl to whom Leke was Legally introduced he learned to love faster than powder'll burn. He did a Fountain Pen specialty by writing her that "the honor of her acquaintance had placed him in that state of indefinable ecstasy and inexpressible bliss which was allowed only to the inhabitants of the infinite meadows of Heaven, where 'blossom the lovely stars, the Forget-me-nots of the Angels'; that if she would only be governed by the law of reciprocity and consent——." Here the girl stopped short, and wrote Leke that the only Kindness she asked was to be Scratched off his List.

This fellow was too Foxy for anything. He couldn't follow an interference, and always blocked his own plays.

At the end of three weeks, Leke Bluster counted up his Uncle's Collateral and found that he had left only enough to get home on.

Moral:

"A little learning is a dangerous thing;  
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring."



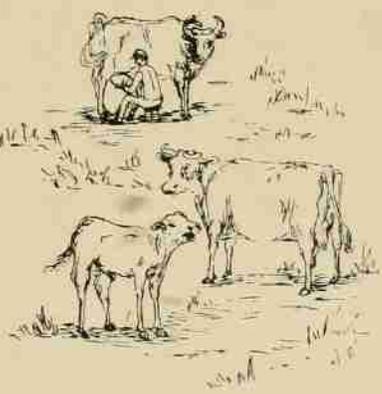
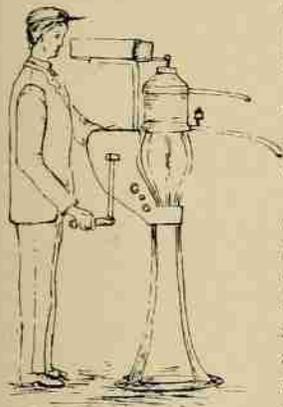
VIEW FROM THE WEST

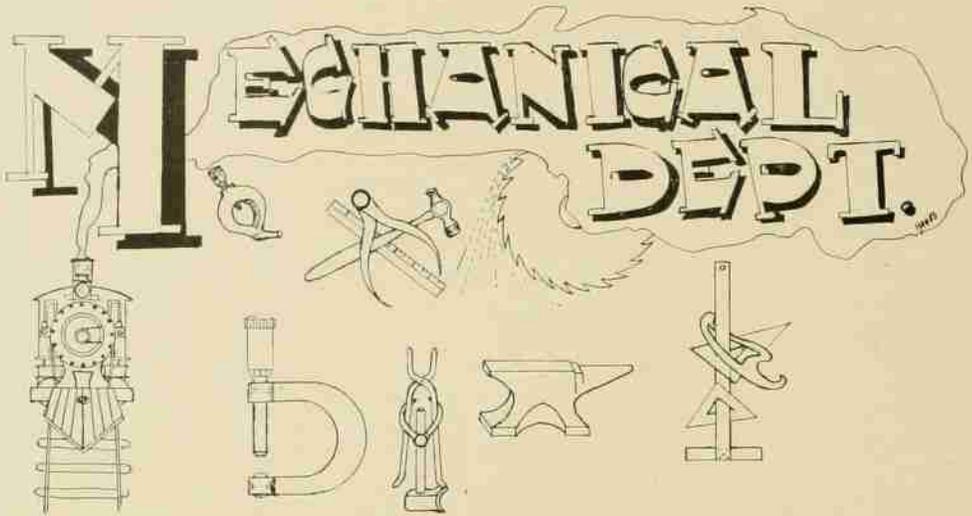


For several years after the establishment of this College the Agricultural course was weak and could boast of but few students. But within the past two years a great change has come, and the Agricultural course, no longer a pigmy, proudly takes rank among the largest and best instructed courses at our College.

The growth in the number of students has been phenomenal. Two years ago the number of our students was less than twenty; this year our number is 127. The teaching force has been increased from five to eight.

Although the present equipment of the course is sadly inadequate to the needs, still there has been great improvement along this line. The dairy herd has been nearly doubled; there is an additional herd of eighteen Aberdeen Angus cattle. Two new barns and innumerable new implements have been added. Several new separators and an outfit for making cheese, two good teams, new apparatus for bacteriological work in the biological laboratory, new electric stereopticon for illustrating the conformation of live stock purchased, new soil apparatus has been ordered, and various other improvements have been made. Although these things have materialized, the future is brighter still. Already we see looming up in the near future the massive walls of the Agricultural building, a building well suited to house the College of Agriculture. This building is the gravest need of the Agricultural course today, and its erection will be a tremendous step towards the improvement and encouragement of agriculture throughout our state.





**W**HEN we were approached some time ago by the editors and asked to contribute a short article to the Annual on the Mechanical Department, we looked with considerable trepidation on the task. We realized the vastness of the subject on which we were requested to write and knew the small number of pages to which this Annual is limited. We tried to offer these as excuses for remaining steadfast to our time honored custom of declining to sing our own praises. But, no! the song was forced upon us. Now we hope that other departments, knowing that this is done against our will, but who, of course, all realize our greatness, will pardon us for any cruel statements that may seem to belittle them, and we will refer them to the immortal Shakespeare for our justification,

"This above all; to thine own self be true."

Someone who, though he lived a long time ago, knew what he was talking about, sent down to posterity a remark about blowing your own horn, as no one else will blow it for you. We shall use a very little horn only and give a very gentle blast on it—just enough to sound the glories of this greatest department of a great college.

Our institution bears the name "College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts." To some of the misinformed, it may seem from this that the Mechanical part is a secondary one. This is a grievous error, and we trust that you misguided ones will make haste to right yourselves. The name is arranged thus as a matter of courtesy only to agriculture, as agriculture is a little older than mechanic arts, and age before beauty always. There are records that agriculture had its beginning as early as the third day of the year one, and it was therefore given a good start, but was handicapped by being put in the ground—where it still is—and it is now far outstripped in the race, and cannot possibly hope to reach the zenith toward which the mechanic arts are



soaring. Modern potatoes are no bigger than the potatoes of ages gone by; apples, even North Carolina apples, as we find them, are inferior, certainly, to those of the Garden of Eden; but the mechanic arts, as with a magic wand, have changed Noah's ark into the mighty Oceanic, the cow path of the Garden into the Southern Railway of today, and so on *ad infinitum*. When it is fully understood, then, how wonderful and progressive a part in the world's development has been played by Mechanic Arts, is it strange that we call attention with pride to one of the mightiest factors of the twentieth century's coming achievements, the Mechanical department of this College?

When the College opened its doors in 1889, among the Faculty was Prof. J. H. Kinealy (now Professor of Mechanical Engineering at Washington University, and a noted heating expert) as Professor of Mathematics and Practical Mechanics. His department was then housed in the south end of the present main building, but the Board of Trustees at once saw that for such a department a new and separate building would be necessary, and the Mechanical division of the class entering in 1890 was cared for in the handsome building which had been erected during the summer, and which the department still occupies. This class was also the first to come in contact with the genial Prof. Park, without mention of whom no tale about this department could be complete.

In 1894 it was again necessary to furnish more room for this rapidly growing department, which at this time included Civil Engineering, and the present wood and forge shops were built. By 1895 it had been found necessary to devote the whole of this building to a Department of Mechanical Engineering, which separate department was then established, with Prof. N. R. Craighill in charge, and the Department of Civil Engineering and Mathematics was sent to seek other shelter. From then until now the growth of the Mechanical Department has been rapid. It is now pushed almost out of its building by the number of students that try to crowd into it for instruction. Thirty per cent. of the boys who this year applied for admission into the machine shop courses alone have been turned away on account of lack of room and of equipment. By next year it is confidently expected, however, to have the line shafting strung across the campus and lathes and planers pleasantly located under near-by shade trees—in which case no one will be turned away from our doors.

Of the Freshman students of this year, numbering about two hundred and fifty, fully two hundred of them are receiving one-third of all of their instructions in this Department. Through the higher classes also a large number of Mechanical students are to be found. The importance and value of the instruction given in this department may be better appreciated when it is known that every student of every department of the College is, at some period of his four years, sent over to this great fount of knowledge to get a drink, or drinks.

It is hardly necessary to mention the mental qualifications of the students in this Department. The positions secured by its graduates tell better than words what good material has passed through the mill, and a glance at our present classes shows where



## THE AGROMECK



the flower of the student body has cast its lot. As this Annual is, however, a monument to the glory and honor of the Class of '03—and being the first of its kind ever attempted here, is more than ever a credit to this great class—it may not be amiss to mention a few of the particular qualifications of the Mechanical members of '03. Each man is, of course, a student of renown, a joy to his teachers and a stranger to the word "condition." But each man is also a master of one or more very select specialties—Asbury, for instance, the great diamond and gridiron fiend; Bogart, an expert in playing adjutant; Clark, tall and handsome; Foster, the "Boy Carnegie"; Glenn, author of "How to Make 100 on Exams."; Johnson, a quiet and deep thinker; Powers, a Joel at all trades and good at all of them; Ricks, songster, harpist, actor, talker, dancer (and many others); and Simpson, last but not least, "the last shall be first and the first shall be last."

More might be told of the glories of this great nine. They add much to the achievements of the Class of '03, and to the honor of the College, but it is the same with all the Mechanical students, and to keep on writing it would be but repeating an old story.



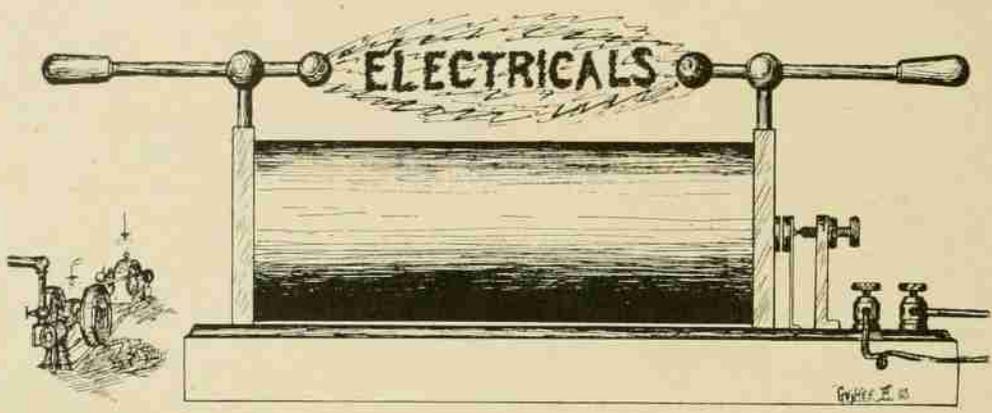


### A Student's Toil

Why is it that from yonder tower  
The student's lamp is burning still,  
Tho' it is past the midnight hour;  
And sleep is brooding on the hill?

Is it for old historic lore,  
Or modern science he would seek;  
Or strives he now his mind to store  
In order that conditions he may defeat?

'Tis not the wisdom of the sages,  
Nor science fair that him enchants;  
An earthless task his time engages;  
He's sewing buttons on his pants.



### “The Electrics”



**I**N attempting to chronicle the events which have marked the course of the Electricals it is with varied emotions that the historian makes his bow to an expectant public. He not only appreciates the honor, but fully realizes the grave responsibility entrusted to him.

We are struggling against the great forces of the world which are irresistable and impalpable; we cannot grasp or fathom them, and though they are real enough they have the appearance of being unreal. Electricity is as subtle as it is mighty. It eludes the hand of the most skillful philosopher, “Fausty,” who vainly endeavors to fathom its mysteries and gain knowledge of its laws; in view of this fact it is well for the average man not to venture too deeply into its intricate mysteries.

“Emile Zola” and “Willie D.” are perhaps the quiet men of this division. The first is an Edison, and has fame in view, or better still, “A Franklin Gas Engine”; but if he is not careful a “Gater” will get him. “Willie D.” hopes to do something, but Dr. W. thinks growing “Asparagus” would suit him better. He hopes some day to complete his storage battery, and then you will see him supremely happy.

“Logger-head” and “Big’un” carry the weight of this section. They are both fine fellows and no doubt will be missed from home, as they were chief plough-boys when there. They will enter the arena of life to deliver messages on board moving trains or flash into dazzling splendor the city thoroughfares. We predict that “Logger” will live in close proximity to the “Seaboard Air Line,” and “Big’un” will never understand “why the fire blew out,” or “why the belt came off.”

It would take pages to tell of “Gene” with his “God bless her sweet soul,” as he endeavors to draw those B. & H. curves which the professor thinks so necessary.

 THE AGROMECK 

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"Bit" comes along with his original wit, who will operate countless automatic devices, originate all kinds of home comforts; he will fan himself when heated, warm himself when cold, treasure up all available bulletins, and hand down his Weinshurst machine to his future generations.

We introduce to you "my dear Gaston," a veritable "Adonis" of gentility, who, if not careful "vill do someding smardt or funny." We cannot prophesy that he will ever find the "philosopher's stone," but if he ever does we hope that he will telegraph the news to the other electrics. "Adonis" is one of the few men of our class without whom some of the professors couldn't get along, and he is going to take a post course next year just to please them.

"Kirk" and "John" are so reserved and noncommittal that we have not been able to gather much of them. "Kirk" is generally the first on hand at the laboratory, or, more correctly, the engine, of which he has such a fondness. He doesn't "just see why" some things are, but delights the class with the force of argument. "John" will graduate just to get away from the A. & M., but before he does he is going to complete his motor (?) and take it with him to the Philippines.

Ned at last comes to our notice; we hope no worse fate will befall him than that of the others. To him we owe our existence during these four long years; without him we would have been a dead note. He is a quiet, innocent-looking chap, but looks are deceiving even in "magnetic blowouts."

In the language of the old hymn we can say, "Our days are gliding by," and there is not one of us who does not wish he could "detain them as they fly."

Our College course is nearing its end. May the friendships we have formed be ever firm and true, and despite whatever vicissitudes we meet, may we ever be noble and loyal sons of A. M. C., and honorable men of the class of 1903.



## The Civils

**T**HE history of the Civils of 1903 of the A. & M. College really begins with their Junior year, for up to that time we were known simply as Engineering students, with nothing but our good looks and great intellectual ability to distinguish us from the horde of our uncivilized classmates.

When the parting of the ways came at the beginning of our Junior year, nearly all of the class wanted to take the course in Civil Engineering, but Professor Riddick had evidently made up his mind not to be bothered with any but the best; so he selected only six of us as capable of civilization. To the others who applied he depicted the horrors of the course in Civil Engineering with such vividness that they concluded that discretion was the better part of valor, and decided to take one of the minor courses—Mechanical, Electrical, Chemical, or Textile.

When the six of us—Cornwell, Land, B., Land, J., Love, Morris, and Stradley—found that we alone of all the applicants had been selected, we were highly elated, and started in to prove ourselves worthy of Professor Riddick's confidence. We soon realized the greatness of the work whereunto we had been called, for Professor Riddick began at once introducing us to his friends—Mr. Baker, the stone mason; Messrs. Merriman and Brooks, surveyors; Mr. Searles, and many others, whom he represented to us as pleasant and approachable gentlemen. It must be confessed, however, that we found them not at all disposed to allow any very intimate acquaintance on the part of most of us, and after a year's association we were only slightly acquainted with them.

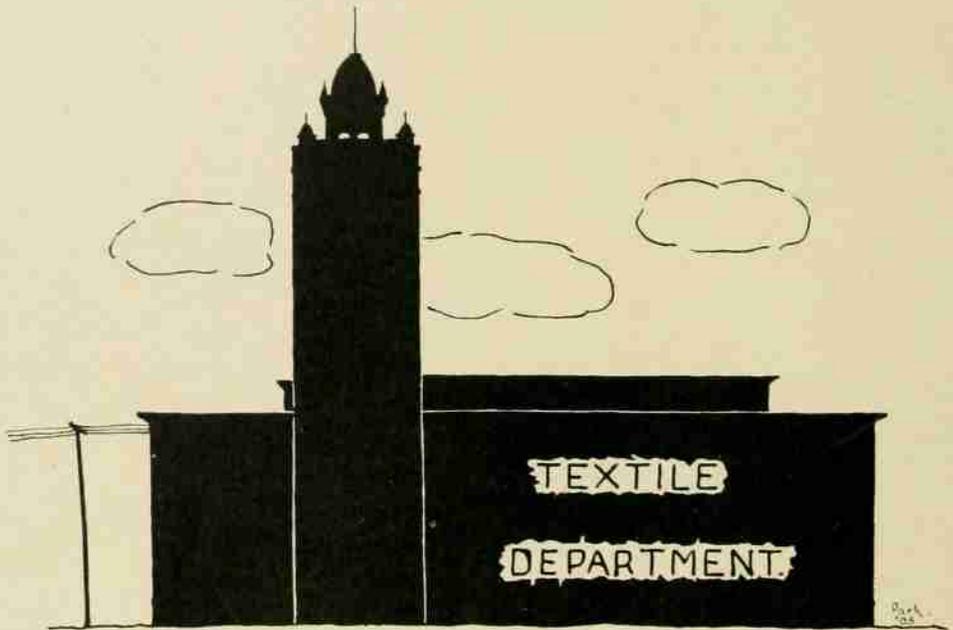
One of the most important events of our history was the arrival of P. F. Darden, who came to us during the fall term, fresh from a lumber camp down East. He came with the aroma of the pine forests, and some say with a tinge of its verdure still clinging around him. He soon convinced us all, including our teacher, that he was an engineer by experience and intuition, and that all formulæ and rules, except the slide-rule, were to him but folly.

A most pleasant incident of our Junior year was our week of camp life while we were assisting Professor Riddick and the Senior class in the survey of a railroad to connect the Neuse river with the Seaboard Air Line Railway. The Seniors said we were taken along to wait on them and to keep us out of mischief; but we have good reason to believe that Professor Riddick took us because he was afraid to risk the Seniors with the work, and subsequent events showed his wisdom in taking us. We enjoyed three days of hard work and three nights of camp life, then struck tents, and returned to the College only to find ourselves overwhelmed by examinations.

Our Senior year, so far, has passed without any startling incidents except the failure of some of our brother civils, who were forced to spend the Xmas holidays at the College, studying to get off conditions. Also, in this year, we lost one of our most brilliant members—Love, who finding our progress too slow for him, withdrew from College to accept a position with a western railroad company.

On class one day, while studying Railroad Curves, Darden discovered by accident that he had used 2-t, instead of t, in his work before coming to A. & M., for the first offset in the method of "Offsets from the Chords Reduced." He was so mortified when he found out that he had been making mistakes heretofore, that he declared he would go back and correct them. We all hated to see him go, and have missed him from among us very much, and wish him success wherever he may go. The remaining five are here awaiting graduation.

**THE AGROMECK**



HENRY M. WILSON, A. B. .... Professor in Charge  
 THOMAS NELSON ..... Instructor in Weaving and Designing  
 PHILIP R. FRENCH, B. S. .... Instructor in Chemistry and Dyeing

**SENIOR CLASS**

BONEY, L. N.	CARPENTER, J. S. P.	DARDEN, W. L.
ROSS, C. B.	STAMPS, E. R.	KENNEDY, J. M.
	WHITING, E. S.	

**JUNIOR CLASS**

HARDING, J. B.	HUNTER, H. M.
FOUSHEE, G. W.	McKIMMON, J. M.

**SOPHOMORE CLASS.**

DIXON.	HUFFMAN.	WATT, W. W.
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**SECOND YEAR SHORT COURSE**

CARRAWAY, E. C.	McKINNON, W. N.	MAUNEY, Z. C.
ISLER, LEROY.	PAYNE, C. L.	HOWARD, JESSE M.
	ROSE, J. P.	

**FIRST YEAR SHORT COURSE.**

HAIGLER, W. M.	HALL, C. A.
DURHAM, C. H.	RANKIN, F. B.



HIS has been styled the "Textile Department" for the reason that the different courses of instruction in this College are grouped under the head of "Departments."

In some other places it would be called a Textile school; and this has been frequently referred to as the North Carolina Textile School. The special field covered by the instruction here is cotton manufacturing, since cotton is the chief textile fiber and the most important agricultural product of the South. In some of the Textile Schools of this country instruction is also given in the manufacture of certain other textile fibres, such as wool and silk. But until these shall be produced more extensively in this country it is probable that the work here will be entirely in cotton.

Instruction in manufacturing cotton, as a distinct subject, was first given in this College during the term of 1899-1900, although, previous to this, some lectures on cotton machinery had been given. The first class numbered four students. There was no equipment and the work was entirely theoretical and carried on under very trying conditions, as would be any practical subject where there was no opportunity for demonstration. But good seeds had been planted, which were destined to have a healthy and vigorous growth. The next College session, that of 1900-1901, found the Department installed in the Chapel of the College, in the main building, which Dr. Winston had given over "to the voice of the spindle and the loom." The equipment was the nucleus of the present one. It consisted of enough machinery to demonstrate the mill operations from the card to the loom. Arrangements had been made for its operation, but from the lack of necessary electric power it remained idle during that year.

The State Legislature, during its 1901 session, made provision for a continued growth of both Department and College. The sum of \$20,000 was appropriated to erect and equip a Textile Building, with the necessary machinery. Work on this building was begun in July, 1901, and it was completed the following winter. Then began the work of machine installation. It was a never-to-be-forgotten time for the classes of that year. There was no heat in the building, and the machinery was as cold as the weather outside. But, much to the credit of the students, these difficulties and obstacles were overcome. Machine after machine was hoisted with block and tackle and placed in position. Literally, the installation of machinery was made by the students, directed by the erectors sent from the different machine shops. This was hard work, of course; but it was a valuable experience, combined as it was with the other instruction. The work was pushed along during the summer, so that the opening of the present session of College found most of the equipment installed and ready for operation.

The work of this Department is sub-divided into the following:

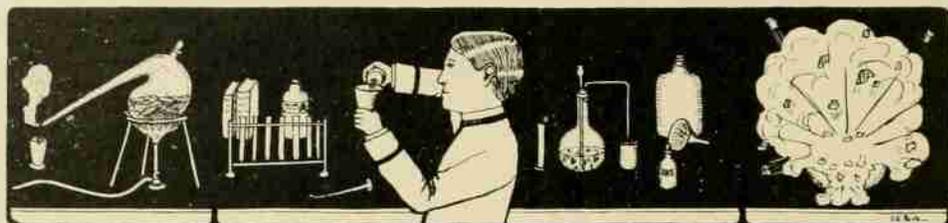
First—Carding and spinning. This embraces "Yarn Manufacture," producing thread from the bale of cotton.

Second—Weaving and Designing. Here the yarns are woven into various styles and designs of cloth.

Third—The Dyeing or Coloring of the yarns and cloths.

In each division of the work the equipment for instruction is installed as in a cotton mill. The instruction is carried on in as practical a manner as is possible with the proper theoretical teaching of the nature of the processes and the manipulation of the machinery to perform these. In short, the graduate of this Department should have a good working knowledge of every class of machinery in a cotton mill and the work that is performed by each. When he goes into the mill to begin his career he will be familiar with the technical or theoretical part of the work. He can devote himself then to a more thorough mastering of the practical details of his work, which is an essential feature of every manufacturing business.

HENRY M. WILSON.



## Chemical Department



**T**HE Chemical Department was equipped and has been conducted under the direction of Professor W. A. Withers, who, with a single exception, is the only member of the present Faculty who has been connected with the College since its opening, fourteen years ago. Messrs. H. L. Miller, S. E. Asbury, C. B. Williams, J. A. Bizzell, and H. W. Primrose have assisted Professor Withers in conducting this Department in the past, and at present Dr. G. S. Fraps, Mr. W. A. Syme and Mr. P. R. French are doing so.

The Department was originally assigned a place in the north wing of the main building, but it has since been assigned additional space on the first floor and in the basement of the main building, and also in the textile building. But even with this enlargement, the Department has not sufficiently large laboratories to permit the admission of all students desiring to take chemical instruction. The Visiting Committee and Trustees have therefore very properly recognized that a Chemical Building is one of the pressing needs of the College.

The importance of chemistry in agriculture is shown by the fact that a majority of the Agricultural Experiment Station Directors, before their elevation, were chemists; that there are about as many chemists connected with Experiment Stations as all the other scientists put together; and that many, if not a majority, of the agricultural books, are written by chemists. The so-called modern ideas of farmers' institutes, popular bulletins, bringing the farmers to the Agricultural College in the Summer time, etc., were all advocated about sixty years ago by Justus von Liebig, the father of agricultural chemistry.

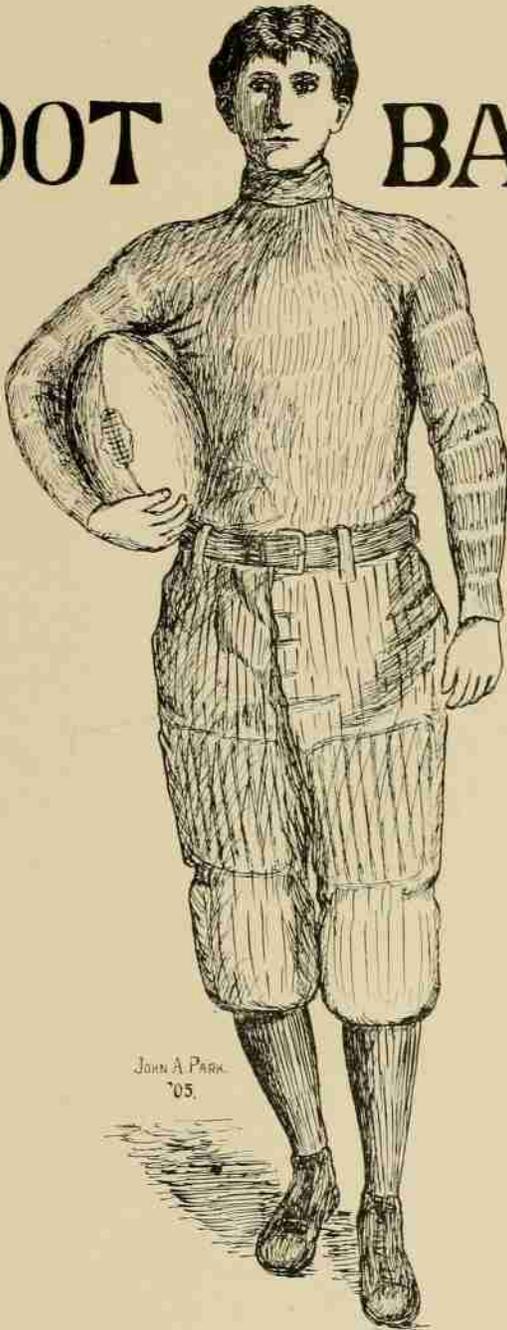
All students, before graduation at this College, are required to take a course in general chemistry. After that the chemical work depends on the course the student is taking, the agricultural students devoting their time to the chemistry of soils, fertilizers and feed stuffs; the engineering students to industrial chemistry; the mining students to metallurgy, and the textile students to dyeing. The laboratory work is planned similarly.

Of the 161 graduates of the College, twenty-two—about one-eighth—are engaged in chemical work, and each one of these is employed in an agricultural or manufacturing institution, which is a very striking fact, and illustrates forcibly the demands along this line, and the success of the Department in the great cause of industrial education which the College was established to advance.

The chemical graduates are employed in Agricultural Colleges, Agricultural Experiment Stations, State Departments of Agriculture and Textile Schools; in the manufacture of fertilizers and gas; in the metallurgy of iron and copper; in dyeing; in the refining of lard, manufacture of tobacco products, etc. They have taken fellowships at Cornell and Johns Hopkins, have been referees in the Association of Official Agricultural Chemists; are leading officials in the North Carolina section of the American Chemical Society, and one of them enjoys the honor of being the only American to prepare a text-book on Dyeing.

The chemical students formed the Berzelius Society, which is now the Local Chemical Society of Raleigh, and they now maintain in the College the Liebig Chemical Society.

# FOOT BALL



JOHN A. PARK  
'05.



## Football



C. F. CREECH, Manager.

O. MAX GARDNER, Captain.

ARTHUR DEVLIN, Coach.

**T**HE football season has but lately passed away, and with it many of the happiest and bluest days of our college life have slipped into the past; nor is there error in speaking of our college days and football as being inseparably bound together. There is no other game which appeals to the emotion and college spirit of students as does football. It is pre-eminently the college game.

The gridirons of all the large colleges in the Atlantic or Eastern States have in the season past been the scenes of a great many surprises. Probably never before in the history of the game have so many unexpected happenings crowded themselves into a short season of two months. We, here in Raleigh, have had our share of these surprises. There were unexpected victories; there were unexpected reverses. In looking over the past season, there seems a great deal to regret, but a great deal more to remember with pride and pleasure.

The prospects for a strong team at the opening of College was comparatively bright. With a mixture of confidence and fear as to what might be the final outcome, those best informed on football and its many requisites, entered into the work of turning out a good football team. They might well have doubts, for at the opening of the season only six Varsity men of the '01 team were present. These were the six left to form the nucleus of the team of '02: one guard, one tackle, two half-backs, one quarter, and one end. The team drew some good material from the Freshman class and one half-back from the Sophomore; then there was A. & M. grit which afterwards proved a big factor. This, then, was the make-up of our team when, on September 10th, football uniforms were donned for the first time. Our coach, Arthur Devlin, from Georgetown, arrived a few days later. He brought with him a great reputation as a player; and, as events have shown later, his coaching ability is equal to his playing. The first game of the season was at Clemson, against the veterans of Clemson College. The game was played in a perfect downpour of rain. At the end of two twenty-minute halves, the score was 10 to 6 in their favor. This same Clemson team defeated U. N. C., '01, in Charlotte, 21 to 5, so we considered our stand against them encouraging.

On the following Monday we played Furman University, in Greenville, S. C. This game, and that of a week later, were our greatest surprises. In the Greenville game we carried the ball from one end of the field to the other, time after time, twice coming within one foot of scoring, only to lose the ball on a fumble. At the end of two twenty-minute halves the score stood nothing to nothing, with the ball in Furman territory.

## THE AGROMECK

Our next game was with Furman, in Raleigh, on October 13th. This game was a repetition of the first, in that we outplayed the sand-lappers at all stages of the game; but the Baptist brethren seemed unconquerable; and we just could not beat them. Three times A. & M. fumbled when on Furman's two, five and three-yard line. The Furman full-back kicked a difficult goal from the twenty-five yard line, making the score 5 to 0. In the second half A. & M. scored a safety, making the score 5 to 2 in favor of Furman, after two twenty-five minute halves.

On the 18th of October we played V. P. I., one of the foremost football teams in the South. After riding all night and a part of next day, we played the Virginians to a standstill. Four minutes before the game was over the score was 6 to 5 in our favor. Ah! Those fatal four minutes lost the game for us. The ball was kicked to our full-back and advanced to our fifteen-yard line, from where we tried to farther advance it. In the first rush our half-back made five yards, but some one took the ball out of his hands on our twenty-yard line; and with Carpenter, of V. P. I., hitting over line, they gained the coveted touchdown just as time was called.

We played St. Albans in Roanoke on the following Monday. In this game the team work of A. & M., was especially commendable, though frequent fumbling did much to offset an otherwise brilliant game. St. Albans had just tied V. M. I.; and had been beaten only 15 to 0 by the University of Virginia, so St. Albans thought that we would be dead easy. Poor St. Albans! How wretched they looked after that game I am afraid posterity will never quite imagine. When they found that they could not score on A. & M., they entered into a pugilistic encounter with the "Farmers." It would have been better for the St. Albans team if it had been satisfied with the results of the football contest. When the referee blew his whistle, the score stood, A. & M., 10; St. Albans, 0.

On the 31st of October, in Raleigh, we played Guilford in the presence of from four to five thousand people. In this game A. & M. ran rough-shod over Guilford, beating them 29 to 5. This was a triumph of united action against individual effort.

Our next game was to stand out as an epoch in the annals of our College. This game was with the University of North Carolina. For the first time A. & M. kept Carolina from crossing the goal line. Carolina looked rather dangerous when she took the field that afternoon. But in the heart of each man on our eleven was a grim determination to hold his own—the kind of resolution that makes men battle unflinchingly with the impossible. After the game commenced we knew that, from the start, we were in the game. The A. & M. had subordinated all her games before this for the one crucial test; and how well she held the University down is known to eight hundred onlookers there that raw and chilly afternoon, and to Captain Foust and his men from Chapel Hill. The *News* and *Observer* of the following day says: "It was unquestionably the greatest game of football ever seen in Raleigh, or in the State, for that matter." The University had the advantage in weight, strength and experience, while the Farmers were imbued with the characteristic just mentioned, a



grim determination to win. At the end of two twenty-five minute halves, the score was U. N. C., 0; A. M. C., 0, which we consider as virtually a triumph for A. & M.

In the game with the University of Virginia, the University of North Carolina played Virginia to a standstill, both sides scoring twelve points and Carolina coming within five yards of scoring again. Since the team that tied Virginia could not cross the goal line when playing against A. & M., then our team must rank among the first in the South.

After our game with the University, we were intoxicated by our success. Then were we to go up against Davidson. Now, the University beat Davidson 28-0; we tied the University. We would wipe Davidson's team from the face of the earth. When we came to go up against Davidson, we were like the drunken man who was bent upon beating his mule.

The man had vaguely decided that fence rails properly broken upon the mule would also break the mule. He was applying the fence rail cure when his wife appeared.

"Oh! Billy, come away, come away; the mule will kill you," she begged.

"What," said he, "that damn little mule kill me? He couldn't do it to *save* his life."

The next day loving friends kindly adjusted the upper half of his head to the lower half, and laid him to rest.

\* \* \* \* \*

The score was: Davidson, 5; A. & M., 0. We were over-confident; they had caught us off our guard, and we had lost. It is true that our team was made up largely of substitutes, but that is not why we were beaten. It was purely the result of over-confidence on our part. The lesson we learned at Davidson was apparent when we played Richmond College in Raleigh on the following Thursday. By the way, we have another explanation why we were beaten by Davidson:

"De Possum whip de Coon,  
De Dog he whip de Possum;  
En de Coon eat up de Dog.  
Brudderin', how you gwine reconelle  
Dese things on Judgment Day?"

Richmond College had beaten Randolph-Macon, 30-0; and had reason to be a little confident against us. Thursday was an ideal day for a football game; and the men seemed to have good spirit. The game began at 3 p. m. There were two twenty-five minute halves. It was apparent from the first that A. & M. had a walk-over for the Richmond men could not stop the terrific rushes of our guards' back formation. It did not take the spectators long to see that the game was ours; and it was then a matter of argument how much the score would be in our favor. At the end of the second half, the score was, A. & M., 30; Richmond, 5, Richmond making a drop after five trials. Every time their full-back would try for a drop, an A. & M.



## THE AGROMECK



man would break it up; and each time a Richmond man would fall on the ball. Finally, the half-back succeeded in sending it across. The game with Richmond closed what is considered by all the most successful season we have ever had. In spite of its misfortunes and reverses, it is a season that ought to make every student proud of his College, every graduate proud of his Alma Mater.

I wish to render my thanks to the Cadet Battalion for the spirit shown from the beginning of the season; and for the way in which they so generously contributed to the several calls for cash subscription.

And to Captain Phelps we give our most sincere assurance of appreciation for his efforts in behalf of athletics. What he has done for A. & M. since he has been with us is now a matter of history. While we have Captain Phelps to back us, nothing but a first-class team will represent us.

To Bill Devlin: Bill, you left many a staunch friend behind you when you left A. & M. As a coach and a player you have few equals and no superiors. Nothing would make us quite so sure of a successful team for next year as to have you with us.

Also, to Professor Hill we express our most sincere appreciation for the great interest he has always shown in the athletics of the College.

And last, but not least, to Dr. Charles Burkett we extend our hearty thanks for the generous support, financial as well as moral, which he has always given; not football alone, but athletics in general.

In closing, we would urge the student body always to give football their heartiest support. Football is essentially part of a man's college training. It is a game which develops perseverance and coolness, combined with quickness of decision—traits which the player will find useful in after life. A properly-uniformed player has no risk of being seriously or fatally hurt. It is a game that gives strength, physical endurance, manliness. It is a game that is peculiarly adapted to a military institution. The season of '02 has passed; it belongs to a year that is dead. The old must give place to the new; other men must take hold of the work. Let them strive to place the laurels of A. & M. in the very front rank.

We of the old year take with us many good men whom the team of '03 will miss. But we leave behind us the nucleus of a team which may hope to surpass all previous records in our history of athletics.

To the team of '03 we will say that we wish as much for their success as we once wished for our own. We hope that next season will be one which you may look backward to with pride and pleasure. As our hearts have been, will our hearts ever be, with A. & M. athletics.



## The Varsity Football Team



### YELL

Kil-Li, Ki-Lit,  
 Rah, Rah, Zit, Zit,  
 Ha, Ha, Yah-Hoo,  
 Bam-Goo, A. M. '02.

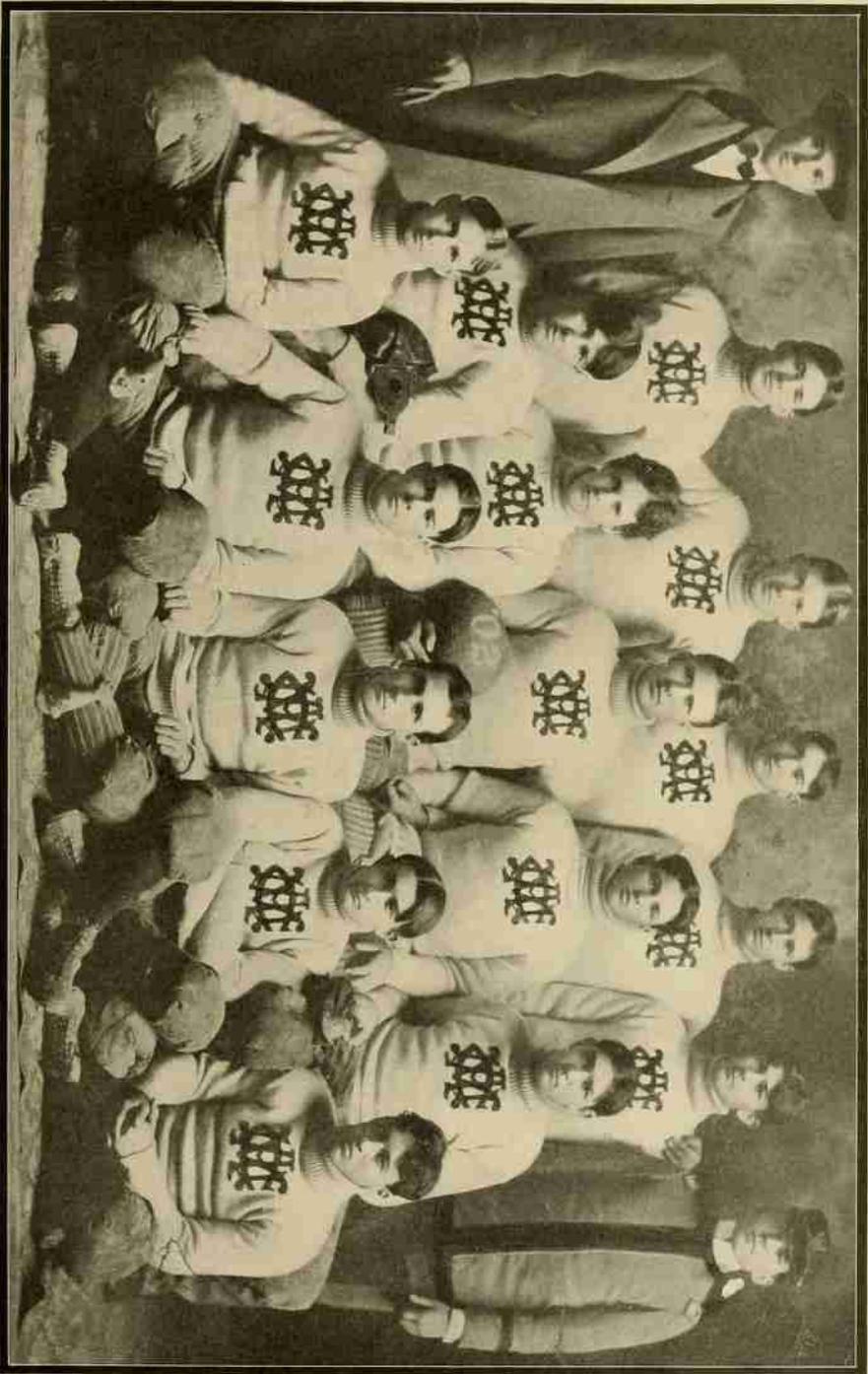
C. L. CREECH, '03. .... Manager  
 O. MAX GARDNER, '03 ..... Captain  
 ARTHUR DEVLIN..... Coach

TUCKER, '06 (160 lbs.)	Left End
GARDNER, '03 (215 lbs.)	Left Tackle
CARPENTER, '03 (182 lbs.)	Left Guard
HADLEY, '05 (185 lbs.)	Centre
BEEBE, '06 (195 lbs.)	Right Guard
NEAL, '05 (185 lbs.)	Right Tackle
GULLEY, '04 (156 lbs.)	Right End
DARDEN, '03 (155 lbs.); ASBURY, '03 (140 lbs.)	Quarter Back
WELCH, '02 (160 lbs.)	Right Half Back
SHANNONHOUSE, '05 (165 lbs.)	Left Half Back
ROBERSON, '06 (155 lbs.)	Full Back
GATHER, '04 (175 lbs.)	Substitute Guard and Centre
KOON, '06 (175 lbs.)	Substitute Half Back
MILLER, '04 (150 lbs.)	Substitute Half Back

*Average weight 173.9 lbs.*

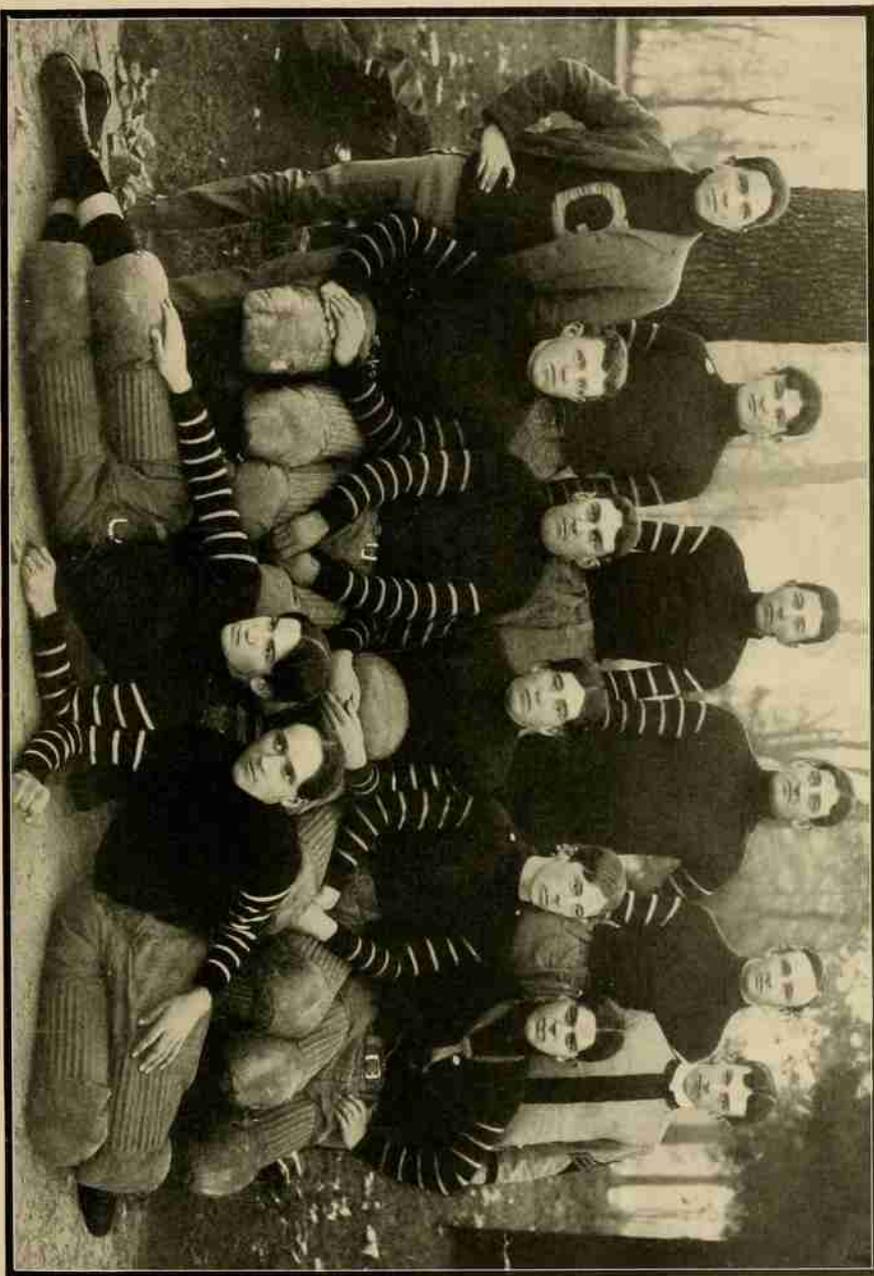
### GAMES PLAYED

	A. & M.	Opp.
October 4th—Clemson College at Clemson, S. C.	6	10
October 6th—Furman University at Greenville, S. C.	0	0
October 13th—Furman University at Raleigh, N. C.	2	5
October 18th—Virginia Polytechnic Institute at Blacksburg, Va.	6	10
October 20—St. Albans at Roanoke, Va.	10	0
October 31st—Guilford College at Raleigh, N. C.	28	5
November 8th—University of North Carolina at Raleigh, N. C.	0	0
November 19th—Davidson College at Greensboro, N. C.	0	5
November 27th—Richmond College at Raleigh, N. C.	30	5
Total.....	83	vs. 40



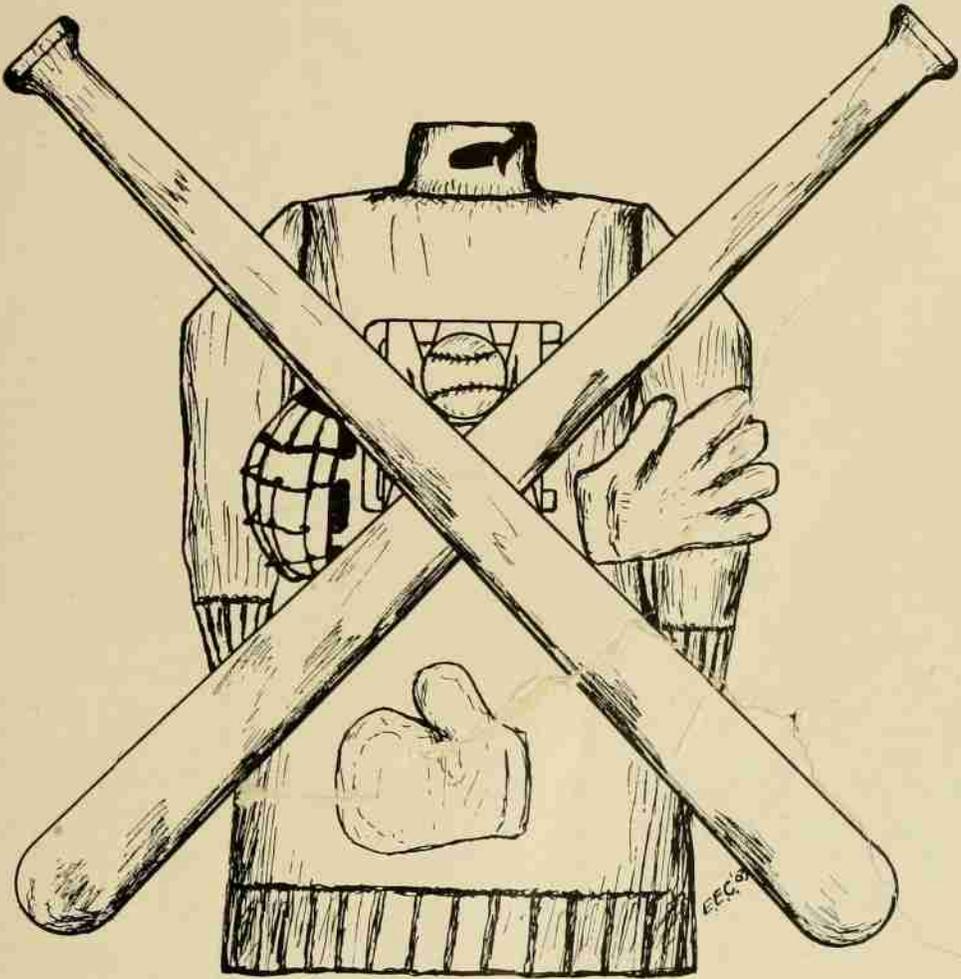
VARSITY TEAM





SCRUB FOOTBALL TEAM







# Baseball



O. MAX GARDNER, Manager

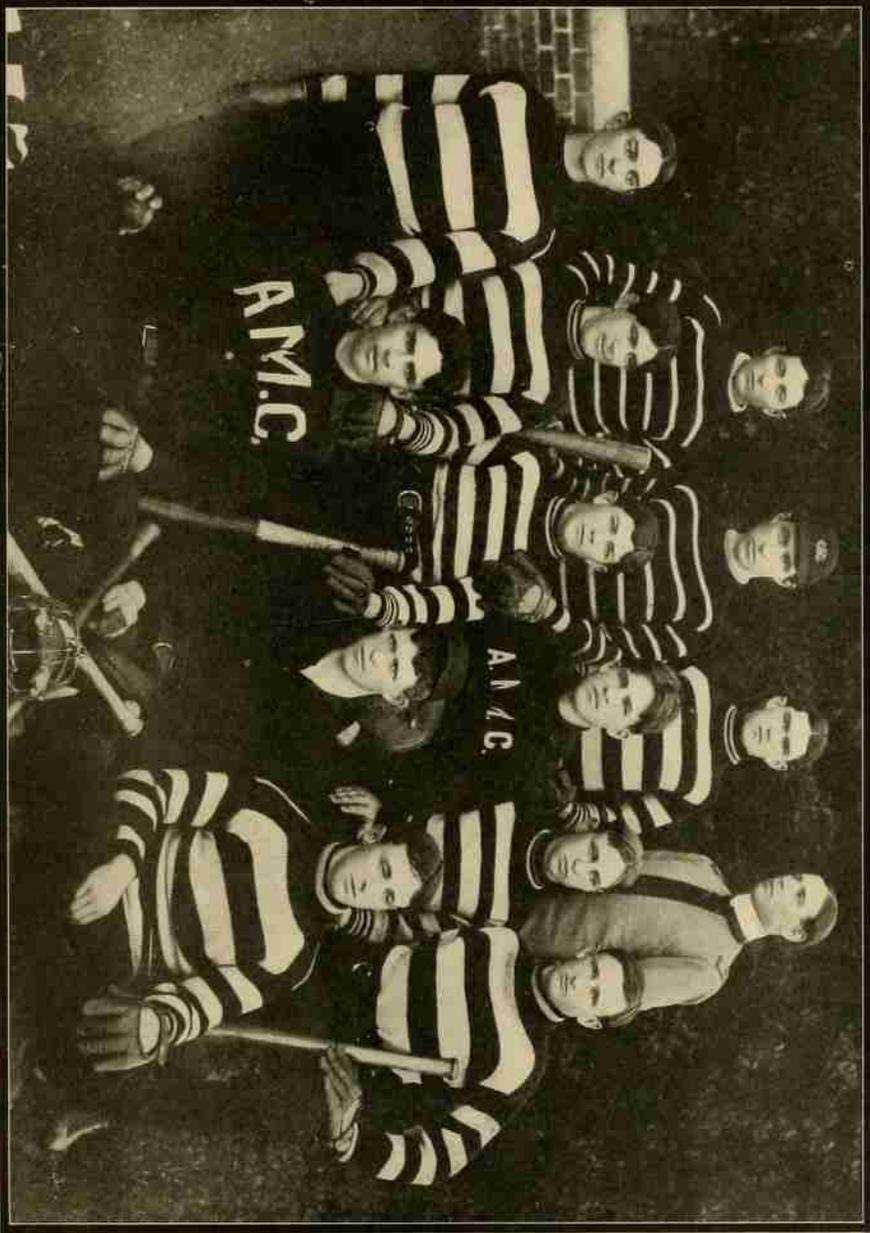
S. W. ASBURY, Captain

**T**O those who are interested in the national game we can give encouragement as to our future. Of course it is a little premature just now to speak of our baseball prospects; but now, just before the season begins, we have plenty of good material, and everything tends to show that we will have a rattling good team. What we want is a good schedule with good college teams, so that we can have something to play for; and then more interest will be taken in the game.

Baseball has always been an attractive game to Raleigh people, and it is in a large measure due to them that we owe our good record and financial success. We hope to give the citizens of Raleigh an excellent opportunity of seeing good, fair, straight baseball this spring. The cadets are supporting the Athletic Association well, which certainly indicates that we will not be lacking in college spirit. Asbury, our Captain, is well qualified for his position, and we predict for him and his team a successful year.

## SCHEDULE FOR '03

	A. & M.	Opp.
March 23—Bingham School at Raleigh		
March 27—Trinity High School at Raleigh		
April 1—Sharp's Institute at Raleigh		
April 6—Trinity College at Raleigh		
April 8—Oak Ridge at Raleigh		
April 13—Horner at Raleigh		
April 15—Red Springs at Raleigh		
April 17—Wake Forest at Wake Forest		
April 23—Danville Military Institute at Raleigh		
April 27—Furman University at Raleigh		
April 29—Davidson College at Raleigh		
May 2—Wake Forest at Raleigh		
May 6—Guilford College at Raleigh		
May 8—Syracuse at Raleigh		
May 11—Horner at Oxford		
May 15—Red Springs at Red Springs		



BASEBALL TEAM



## A Short Vacation



HIS quick trip home, between the winter and spring terms, I had gone over many times in my mind. Now the brief long-looked-for time had come. There were a few hurried preparations made, the usual good byes and good wishes exchanged between my classmates and me, and I was off.

The ride had nothing of interest about it except the anticipation of being at home again. Soon the journey was nearly over. Looking through the car window, I saw trees which I knew grew near home. A few minutes later, the train glided past woodland haunts where I had often hunted. Then the train began to slacken speed. With ill-concealed impatience, I left my seat and went out upon the platform.

The little town was much the same. Some changes had been made; and these I noted as with eager, restless eyes I viewed my birthplace. At the depot were new faces, but most of the people I knew. In the crowd somebody touched my elbow, and, turning, I saw the old negro who usually looked after my trunk. I spoke to him, gave him my check, and, seeing no one there to meet me, started for home.

Once at home, I was kept answering and asking questions until supper time. At supper the old cook came in with a plate of well-browned biscuits in one hand and a plate of crisp ginger snaps in the other. "Chile, you ain't been gettin' nothin' much to eat," she said to me. "Dat is, you ain't been havin' no home eatins'. I make dese here especially for you." I took her at her word.

I need not recite to the average college youth how we all talked until late that night, and began the talking early the next morning. As I wanted to take in the town, I soon gave my folk the slip, and set out. During the day I found plenty of things that interested but did not tire me. Yet, as the day wore on, I became dissatisfied. I wanted to see somebody who lived across the way on a hill overlooking the village. Because of some fleeting memories of a girl friend near the distant college, I at first thought that I did not care to see my fair neighbor. This feeling soon wore away. By that afternoon I had firmly made up my mind to call, for I had to leave early the next morning. Just after supper I went over to see her—to greet her, and to say good-bye.

As the night was mild and warm, we sat on the porch. It was more inspiring to be in the moonlight. In the little village below us the houses seemed covered with silver-coated roofs. Far away in the distance, tall pines were boldly outlined against the sky. Here and there, upon the distant rolling hills, patches of white sand gleamed like snow. Yet all this was not what I saw. All I could see was a pair of bewitching brown eyes that sparkled beautifully in the moonlight.

Finally, with many *real* regrets that I must leave, I arose to go. She held out her hand, and said nothing for an instant—just let her eyes flash softly into mine, as if they read my thoughts, and said, "I dare you to." But I wanted that good-bye kiss so badly that I could not resist the impulse. She drew back a little, for I was going to dare. I leaned forward, farther, farther, farther, until my face shadowed the brown eyes in front of mine. Then I stopped suddenly. My vacation was at an end. After all, it was only a dream, and my imaginary vacation had lasted, perhaps, a second.



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'02-'03.

## Tennis Club

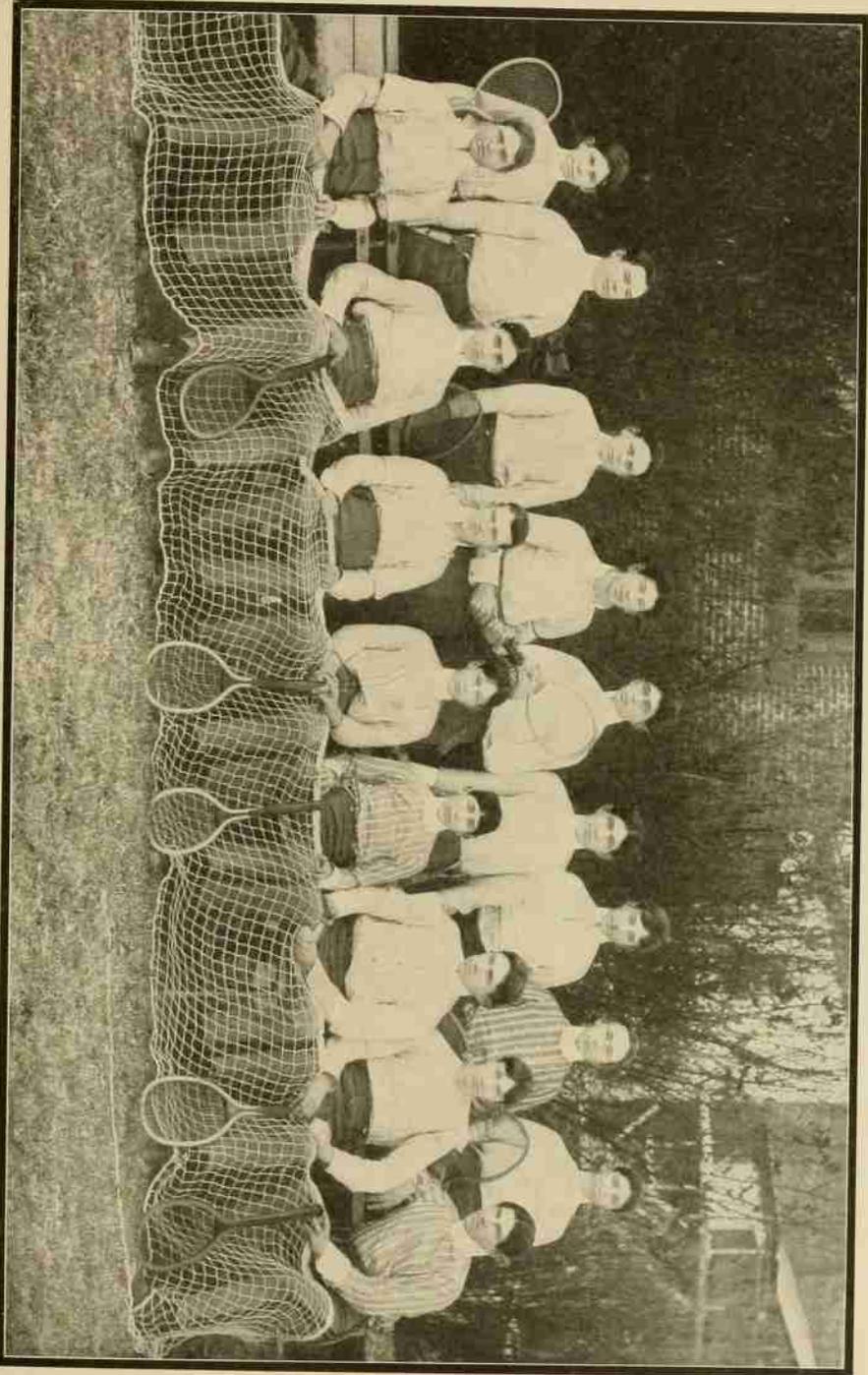


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TENNIS CLUB



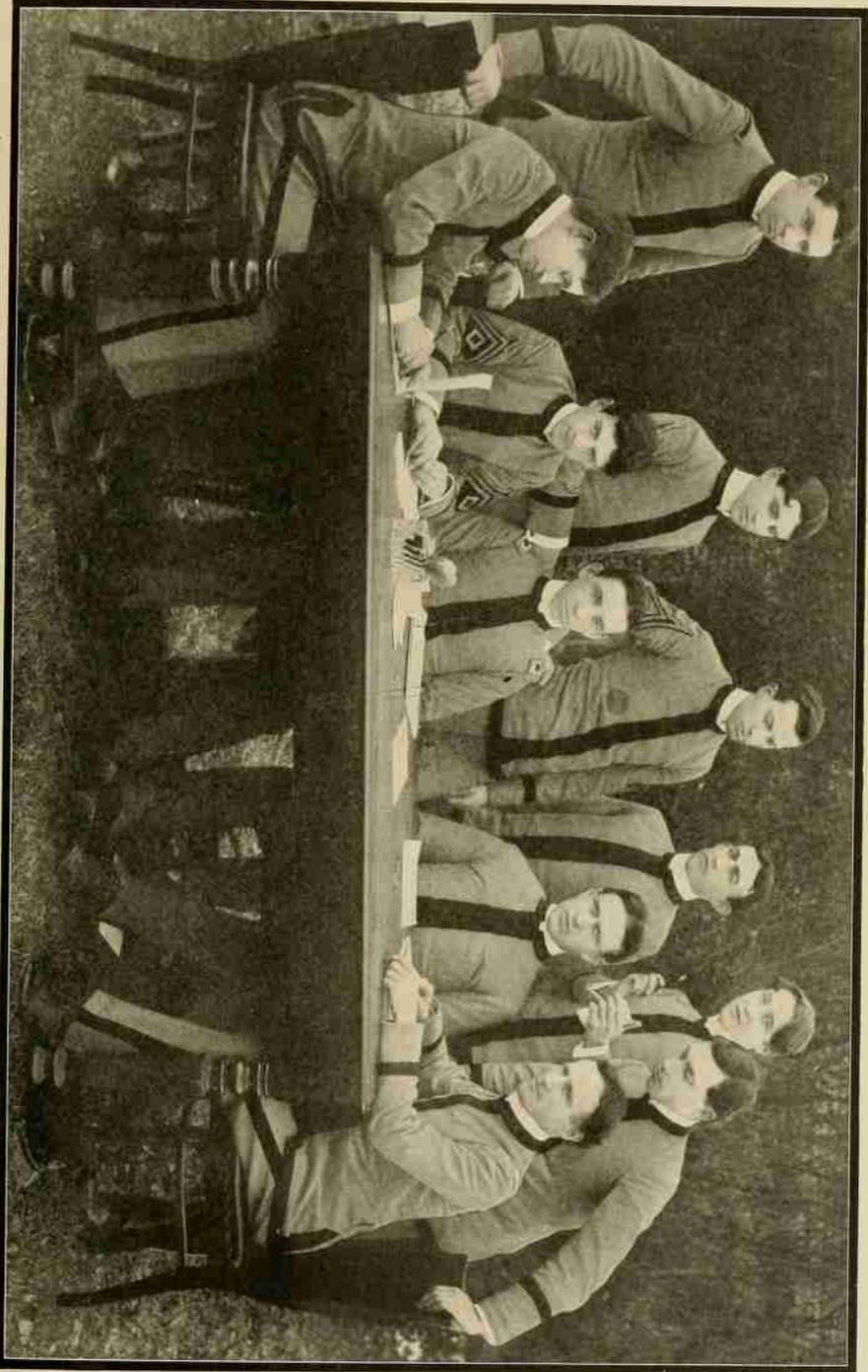
## Red and White

Organ of the Athletic Association. Published Semi-Monthly.

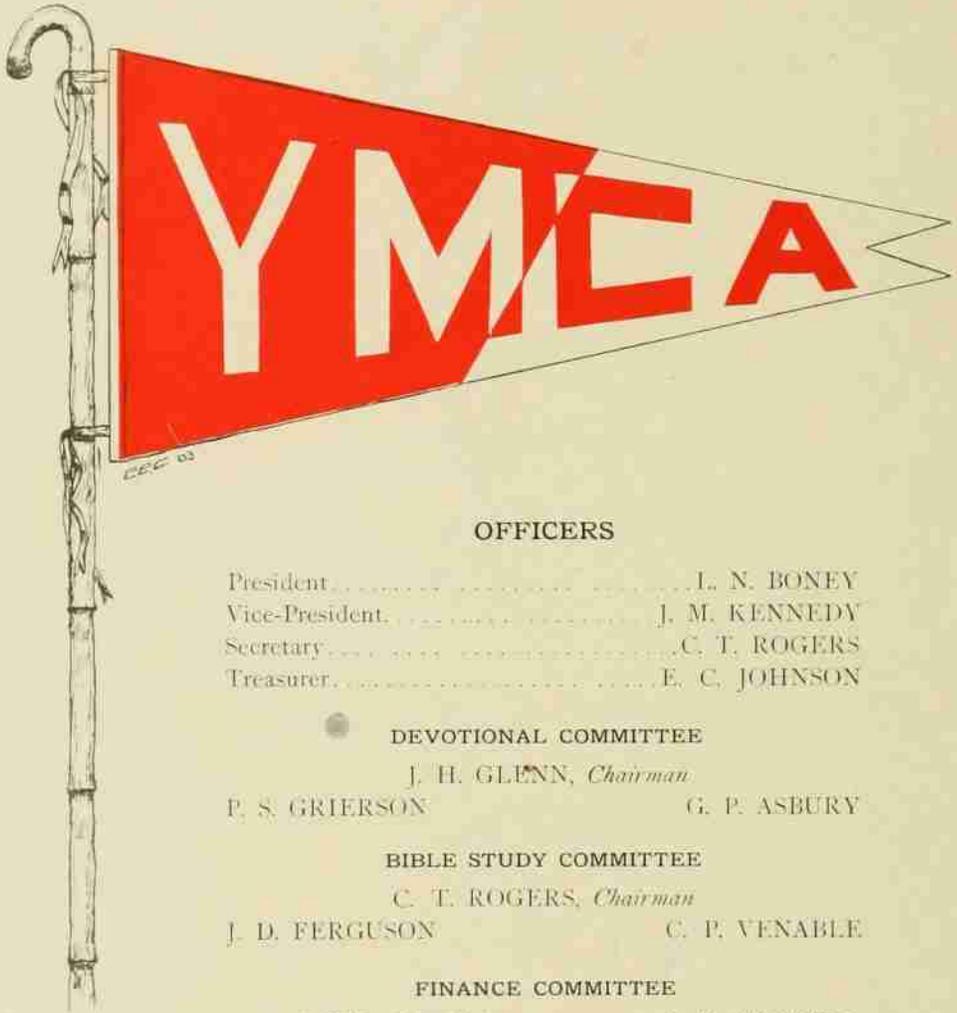


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RED AND WHITE STAFF



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L. N. BONEY, *Chairman*



## A Senior Recitation



T was one of those bright, sunny spring mornings, just at 8 o'clock, when the class of '03 assembled in the Doctor's room, prepared to give one of those typical recitations for which they were so famous. The Doctor was seated behind his desk eyeing the boys as they lolled in one by one.

Nearly all of the boys had assembled. Even Jim and Charlie were in. They had come early this morning, and had settled down snugly in their seats, and were now enclosed in the embracing arms of Morpheus. Down the hall, in the far-off end, could be heard the ungodly laugh of J. S. P. C., mingled with Ed. Roe's sparkling wit and humor and my dear Gaston's never-ceasing "blow." Next came Leslie, and then the Doctor knew all were in, and ordered the door to be shut. He then proceeded to call the roll and found all present except "the late Mr. Simpson." After waiting fifteen minutes, Mr. Simpson made his appearance in great haste, and was cheered by all except Jim, John, Leslie and Charlie, who now composed the body of slumberers.

"Late this morning, Mr. Simpson?" asked the Doctor.

Mr. Simpson—"I was asleep over in my room, Doctor," and failed to hear the bell.

Then followed a fifteen-minute lecture on punctuality. "Now, you must all learn to be punctual. This is the first principle of Political Economy. You can never accomplish anything if you are always late."

"Now, to our lesson; take for next time from page 126 to page 263. This is a short lesson now, and I want you all to know it. Well, Mr. Stamps, what is our lesson about today?"

Ed Roe—"Sir!—Oh, yes, sir—I don't know, sir."

Doctor—"Mr. Gardner, can you tell us?"

Gardner—"Doctor, I'm mighty sorry, but I wasn't on class last time, and some of the boys gave me the wrong lesson, and, er—I studied the wrong lesson."

Charles—"He went over to B. F. U., Doctor."

Foustie—"I can tell you, Doctor."

Doctor—"Well, let's have it."

Foustie reads the subject out of the book.

Doctor—"That'll do. Now, Mr. Ferguson, can you tell us what is capital?"

John D—"Raleigh."

Doctor—"Mr. Kennedy, can you tell us?"

Jim—"Capital is wea—l—th sav—e—d—er—er," (and Jim could get no farther before he fell back again in solemn bliss).



## THE AGROMECK



Jesse—"What's the question, Doctor?"

Doctor repeated the question and ended by asking Jesse.

Jesse—"I don't know, sir."

Everything was quiet now, and not a sound could be heard except the Doctor explaining the lesson and an occasional thump of a head hitting against the back of a bench.

Doctor—"Now, Mr. Trotter, will you please tell us what credit is?"

Trotter—"What what is, Doctor?"

Doctor—"Credit; did you never hear of credit?"

Trotter—"Never did, sir."

Doctor—"Well, I will have to ask you what the monkey did the bear, 'Whar wuz you raised?'"

At this juncture, the Doctor branched off on a discussion of the defects of women, and this time was listened to very attentively by Whiting and "Judge Clark." So much time was consumed by this discussion that the bugle blew for the next hour and found the Doctor still on this engrossing subject; so the Doctor very hastily concluded, and commended the class on their very imposing recitation. "Now, gentlemen," says the Doctor, "we will have a preliminary on this subject next time, and I hope you all will do equally as well then as you have today, and I believe you will. Class dismissed."

Whole class (aside)—"Amen; thank de Lord."





## The Leazar Literary Society



**T**HE best epitome of the history of a successful organization is its present condition, both as to material well-being and principles of action; and, so, rather than use the allotted space in inadequate narrative, this article will attempt to give the ideas that govern the Leazar Literary Society of today.

This Society has chosen to be more than the regular old-line literary societies. That it may be more, the word "Literary" in its title may become a misnomer; but, strictly speaking, there has always been a misuse of the word, as, for instance, when applied to the old-line literary societies themselves; these are, correctly speaking, defined as "elocutional"; and when choosing thus to be more rather than less, the Leazar Society but puts itself in line with the universal movement of democracy. The Leazar Society is more when the curriculum is increased; is more when, with really catholic standards, every mode of expressing thought by word or action is admitted; is more, when by this enlargement of curriculum a means of unification is obtained, more complete, more natural, and more lasting than ever was obtained in the best days of the old-line literary society.

Instead of a competitive position among many small organizations, the Leazar Society becomes the foster mother of these special societies, by giving opportunity and incentive for the expression of each smaller society's mode of thought. It is true, when this is done, there is a seemingly invasion of the fields for the smaller special society; but since these are calculated to sap the old allegiance, they must not complain when met by countermeasures. They are not destroyed, but correlated. By this recognition they are brought upon equality with all the historical old-line modes of expression.

The Leazar Society, during the last ten years, has become thoroughly committed to the independent system; that is, to its own self-sufficiency, for offering adequate field of competition and incentive for all the energies of its individual members, originally imposed by the College authorities because of the intensity of a bitter feeling after a great victory for the Leazar in an inter-society contest. This independent system has become the fundamental principle of her policy. To that end, a steady movement of endowment has become in progress; by the investment of interest-bearing trust funds, her founders maintain an independent oratorical contest; following the founders, a long line of her alumni members have sustained her in this independent system by innumerable gifts of medals, trophies and other property.

It is true, the Leazar Society, with its membership of between 250 and 300, is probably the largest College Society in North Carolina. These members carry with them suggestions of unwieldiness; but its system of simultaneous meetings, its division into three political and geographical parties, carrying on incessant contests, its division into fourteen or more sections, which give instant as well as permanent reward by large systems of trophies and medals; its existing and many projected public contests—all these open wide the door of opportunity and measure unto all richest rewards.

Our motto, "Labor omnia vincit" expresses the facts—the Leazar Literary Society is a democracy of opportunity, creating an aristocracy of merit.



## Programme

DEBATE, MAY '02



PRESIDENT: J. L. PARKER  
 SECRETARY: J. M. KENNEDY

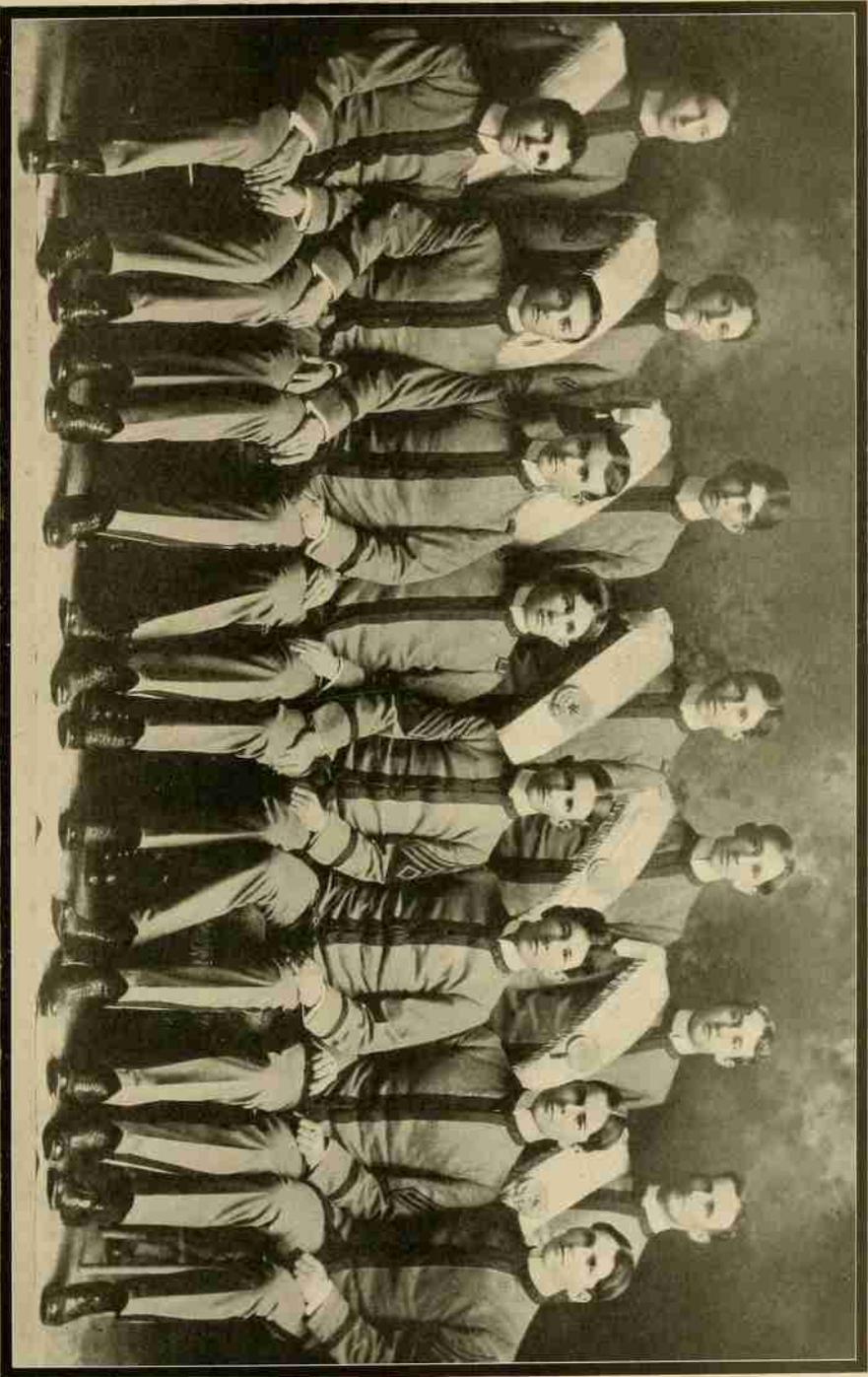
Query: *Resolved*, "That our National Government should make annual appropriations to assist the states in the construction and maintenance of good roads."

### DEBATERS

L. N. BONEY	S. C. CORNWELL	C. L. CREECH
E. E. CULBRETH	W. L. DARDEN (Medal)	W. F. KIRKPATRICK

### MARSHALS

	V. Y. MOSS, CHIEF	
J. F. DIGGS	E. P. BAILEY	F. G. HARPER
J. D. FERGUSON	C. W. MARTIN	W. A. BROWN



DEBATERS, MAY '02



# Programme

FEBRUARY '03



PRESIDENT.....D. STAR OWEN  
 SECRETARY.....J. B. HARDING  
 REPRESENTATIVE OF THE L. C. C. M. A.....W. McN. LYTCH

## ORATORS

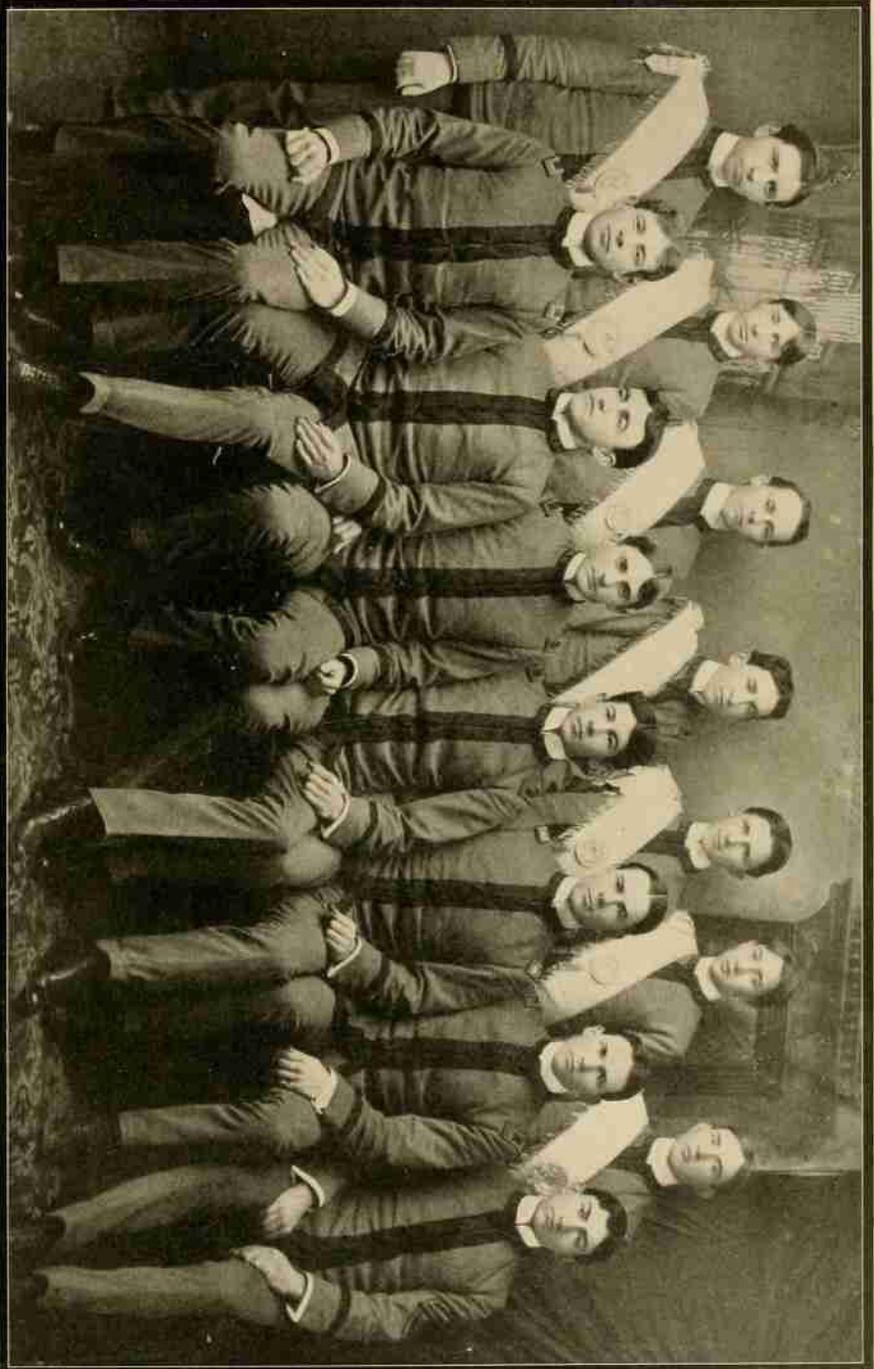
E. S. WHITING  
 W. F. KIRKPATRICK  
 C. L. CREECH  
 WALTER CLARK, JR  
 W. L. DARDEN (Medal)

## JUDGES

GOVERNOR C. B. AYCOCK  
 SENATOR H. A. LANDON  
 SENATOR J. S. DURHAM

## MARSHALS

WM. RICHARDSON, JR  
 M. E. WEEKS  
 E. H. RICKS, CHIEF  
 C. W. MARTIN  
 E. G. PORTER  
 P. G. ASBURY  
 H. M. TURNER

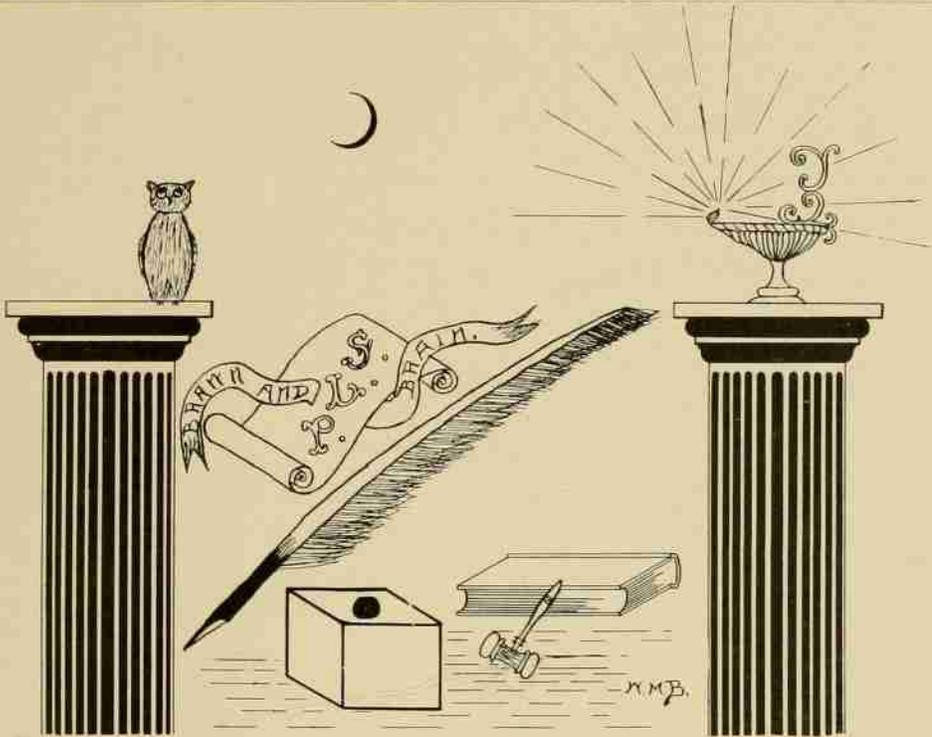


ORATORS, FEBRUARY '03









## Pullen Literary Society



### OFFICERS '02-'03

#### FIRST TERM

PRESIDENT . . . . . W. M. BOGART  
 VICE-PRESIDENT . . . O. MAX GARDNER  
 SECRETARY . . . . . H. M. HUNTER  
 TREASURER . . . . . JULIAN M. HOWARD  
 LIBRARIAN . . . . . L. V. EDWARDS

#### SECOND TERM

PRESIDENT . . . . . HOWARD SIMPSON  
 VICE-PRESIDENT . . . . H. M. HUNTER  
 SECRETARY . . . . . J. H. SQUIRES  
 TREASURER . . . . . JULIAN M. HOWARD  
 LIBRARIAN . . . . . W. G. FINCH

The Pullen Literary Society is the oldest student organization, whether secret or literary, in our College. A few weeks after the first formal opening of the College, on October 1, 1889, some of the students organized a society having for its object a thorough training in parliamentary law, in composition, and in debate.

Named in honor of the late Mr. R. S. Pullen, of Raleigh, the donor of the College site, the Society has kept pace with the growth of the College, increasing from the charter membership of thirty-five to its present position of influence and power in a collection of five hundred of North Carolina's best citizens.

Besides the training referred to above, the Society is an influence for good in another direction of equal importance. It is teaching its members that they do not



come to College for the exclusive purpose of learning things out of books; they learn how to get along with their fellow men; how to study each other; how to do the thing that are worth while. By associating with other students and brushing against them in debate, or in competition for places of honor, they learn to bring all the faculties of the mind into play, and the desire to excel is stimulated. Thus the literary society gives a man something that he cannot get anywhere else—it turns him out *terus atque rotundus*.

The Society also works in another part of college life. In the absence of fraternities their place is supplied in a measure by societies. The young man who came from home to college for the first time, and found himself suddenly transplanted from home life to college life, without that self-confidence, which can be acquired only at college, found in the societies a friend indeed, and pledged his everlasting devotion to those who comforted him in his dire distress.

In all its literary exercises, both private and public, the Pullen Society endeavors to maintain a high standard of excellence. As a stimulus to greater exertion, two medals are given for proficiency in certain branches of the literary work during each year by members of the alumni.

Frequent debates keep the members in touch with the live questions of the day, while the benefit derived from the writing of essays, declamation, reading, and extemporaneous speaking is inestimable.

It is the custom of the Society to hold an annual public entertainment in Raleigh on the first Friday evening in May. The program consists of four debaters and two orators, who compete for medals given by the Society.

The program for May, '02, was as follows:

PRESIDENT.....R. E. SNOWDEN  
 SECRETARY.....J. J. MORRIS

**ORATORS**

O. M. GARDNER (Medal)—Subject: "Sane Citizenship."  
 J. S. CATES—Subject: "Some Effects of the Application of Machinery to Agriculture."

**DEBATERS**

<b>AFFIRMATIVE</b>	<b>NEGATIVE</b>
E. C. BAGWELL	W. M. BOGART (Medal)
H. M. HUNTER	HOWARD SIMPSON

*Query:* "Resolved that the passage of the Ship Subsidy Bill would be to the best interest of the farmers and manufacturers of our country."

**MARSHALS**

J. L. FEREBEE (Chief).

**ASSISTANTS**

J. A. MILLER	W. M. CHAMBERS
W. L. GRIMES	A. S. MANN

In conclusion, we believe that the Society is the most potent influence for culture in our curriculum; that its value is recognized, and held in grateful remembrance by our alumni, is shown by their giving the medals referred to above. And here we avail ourselves of the opportunity to express our appreciation for their continued interest in our work.



## Election Returns



**P**ERHAPS we may safely say that the election was the most interesting feature connected with THE AGROMECK. Throughout the meeting there was no restless scraping of feet that wanted to go to town. No one grumbled at being kept from doing so and so; no one got up and bravely maintained that a motion for adjournment was in order at any time. Everybody was laughing or smiling all the while, except the elected, and they could not help grinning.

The President called the meeting to order. Everyone came to order except Rogers. He, of course, had something to say. Just then several benevolent members choked him into silence and the business commenced.

"Gentlemen," said the President, "as I understand it, the object of the meeting is to elect various celebrities, as the Biggest Liar, the Ugliest Man, and so on in the class."

After some discussion, it was decided that the candidate receiving the highest number of votes should be elected; that we should have a standing vote.

The first nomination was for the Most Popular Man in the class. In some indefinable way, Kirkpatrick had suavely convinced the class that he was the most popular man; at any rate, he was elected.

Darden got the next highest number of votes; and very judiciously moved that to the former motion be added an amendment that the name of the man getting the next highest number of votes be recorded. The motion was carried. We put this in for fear Darden would be disappointed.

Cornwell was also nominated. It is probable that he would have been elected if he had had the support of Owen and his adherents. Due to some temporary grievance, Owen did not give his support to Cornwell. The result was Cornwell's inevitable defeat.

The next nomination was for the man with the Most College Spirit. Etheridge was the man to get the place. No one better deserved it. He has often said at the ball games:

"My purse, my person, my extremest means,  
Lie all unlocked to your occasions."

His is the college spirit, undaunted by the most unfortunate losses.

Following this, the President, with a bland and confident smile, opened the way for the nomination of the most conceited man. Jack or Gene deserved the place, but the class insisted that we give it to Gardner. When the nomination was announced for the Ugliest Man, Diggs smiled compassionately upon the rest of the class.

"Too soon dejected and too soon elate," Diggs was elected unanimously.



Afterwards, he said that he had one consolation—his picture would be in the Annual. We refer the reader to his picture.

At the nomination for the Laziest Man in the class, a stampede seemed imminent. Later, it was shown that, while Ross, Kennedy and Morris were present, no one else was in danger of being elected. Each of these most deserving candidates received nine votes. They were too lazy to rise and vote for each other, and by mutual agreement they remained seated.

When the Biggest Bore was to be elected, Owen was the one candidate.

"Owen, alone of all our mates is he,  
Who stands confirmed in full stupidity."

Here Cornwell returned good for evil, and gave Owen his staunch support. Later, it was said that he and Cornwell found themselves the only members of "*A Mutual Admiration Society*."

When the house was opened for the nomination of the Best Officer, all the Captains looked down compassionately on the rest of us, for each one of them knew that he was going to be elected. But Darden had that day reported a drove of "rats" for being down the street, so he was elected by a small majority over Ferguson.

Everyone was afraid that he would be elected the Freshest Man, but when the voting began we found that our fears had no foundation, for Rogers was easily the victor, Trotter being able to draw but three votes.

Lytch led by a large majority in the election of the Best All-Round Cadet. Cornwell and Rogers did a lot of leg-pulling, but to no avail, for the class knew what it was about.

The election of Creech for the Biggest Liar was the case of "the survival of the fittest."

By careful nomination and vote-buying on the part of one nominee, Doc Boney was elected the Greatest Growler.

For the Hardest Student, Mr. Glenn was easily elected.

For his outlandish size and general appearance, Ellis was elected the Biggest Bum. His constituents forced from him a speech.

To have elected any one member, or to have omitted any one member, as the Biggest Bluff of the class, would have been grossly unjust to the rest of the class. Finally, the whole class was elected.

To the utter humiliation of Diggs, Morris was elected the Best Looking Man in the class.

Clark and Gunter tied for the Most Intellectual Man.

Ross was elected the Biggest Rogue. We don't know why he was unless it was his ability to steal time.

Asbury stood the best all-round chance for the Best Athlete.

Governor Foster well deserved to be elected the Swellest Ladies' Man.

As a burlesque, the class elected White the Most Fickle Man.

Stamps was nominated as the Loudest Man in the class. As one man, the class arose and roared, "Mr. President, we move to elect him unanimously."

There being no further business, the President, rather worn out and flurried from the long meeting, moved that we "stop discontinuing" the meeting, and so it ended as it began, in uproar and merriment.

## From the Heart of a Liar



A. & M. COLLEGE, *West Raleigh, N. C., Oct. 15, 1902.*

*My Dear Louise:*

Nothing is more pleasure to me than writing to you. You seem to think that I have drifted away from you. How can you misjudge me so cruelly? Ever since I was a little bit of a boy you have owned my undivided heart. You know this as well as I. Why do you taunt me so? How well I remember when to each other we were the only two in the world. I still would have it so.

\* \* \* \* \*

There is the bell for class. Adorable tyrant, would that I had time to write you a whole volume. Anyway, I'll see you soon, when you come to the Fair; and will have volumes to tell you.

Unalteringly yours,

LEONARD.

A. & M. COLLEGE, *West Raleigh, N. C. Oct. 16, 1902.*

*My Dear Nellie:*

Of late I miss you, if anything, more than ever. We are having such lovely moonlight nights here. After supper tonight I took a stroll around the campus. It is a beautiful night. "On such a night as this," how longs my heart for you.

Really, you cannot imagine how much I regretted your moving away from our little village. Every summer I miss you ever so much. There is really no one else there whom I care to see. Sometimes in dreamland I meet you. A breath, a wild heart beat, a shifting of my idle, sleepy mind, and you are gone. My room-mate says that sometimes I cry in my sleep. Perhaps I do.

Very, very often I think of you, "and I wonder if you sometime think of me." Please do not keep me waiting such a distressingly long time for my answer.

Undeniably yours,

LEONARD.

A. & M. COLLEGE, *West Raleigh, N. C., Oct. 20, 1902.*

*My Dear Emmie:*

I was overjoyed to hear from you again "after the lapse of centuries." Pardon my writing again so soon: because, I can not help writing. You see there is little for me to look forward to except your letters, which are delightfully entertaining. I enjoy them more than I dare say.

You must have had a splendid time on the hay ride. How I envy Mr. Waltham—"Juvenis Damnablestissimus"—there, I did not mean to shock you.

By the way, when you have your picture taken will you send me one? In your last letter you said something about having taken some photographs of yourself. I would treasure your photograph as a heathen would his god.

We shall see each other but little after this. This year I finish, and go back again, away from the world, away from civilization, worst of all, away from you. Please grant me this much to treasure in remembrance of you.

Awaiting your answer, I am as ever,

Devotly yours,

LEONARD.

A. & M. COLLEGE, *West Raleigh, N. C., Oct. 21, 1902.*

*My Dear Lucile:*

Yes, I am enjoying life, or rather trying to enjoy it. It is most difficult for me to be happy



## THE AGROMECK



since you have gone away. You don't know how I miss you when you're gone. Last night I went to an opera. It was very good. I ought to have been perfectly happy, for I love music and dramatics. The music was simply grand. The love scenes were—how they thrilled my heart with tremulous ecstasy! After it was all over I knew that in my sympathy with the actor I was as near the realization of my love as I could be. I went, away an unimportant, wondering, sorrow-stricken man. No, it isn't your sympathy I want, nor anybody else's—I despise sympathy. Yet further than to sympathize nobody ever has cared or ever will care for me. Tell me, is there hope? My pride would hold me back from this. It is my love that speaks. Save me the agony of long suspense.

Hopelessly yours,

LEONARD.

A. & M. COLLEGE, *West Raleigh, N. C., Oct. 25, 1902.*

*My Dear Mabel:*

No doubt you will be a little surprised to get this letter. We have not seen each other for several years—it seems as many centuries to me. It makes me feel right blue to think of the good times we used to have. I often wonder if you have forgotten. I'm sure I never shall forget.

Do you remember that night you said I could not kiss you, not even if I tried. Believe me, that was the most exciting tackle I ever made. An another time, one summer night, we were eating grapes in our front yard. You were outrageously pretty that night. That part of my life I'd like to live over and over again.

When you went away you left the world to loneliness and me. If you will write, it will be a source of pleasure inexhaustible to me.

Eternally yours,

LEONARD.

A. & M. COLLEGE, *West Raleigh, N. C., Oct. 27, 1902.*

*My Dear Mamie:*

True to our compact of last summer I have already written you once. Perhaps it seems a long interval for two letters. There has been something or other going on all the while to take up my time. After writing you the first letter I kept waiting for you to write. No answer came; and I hardly knew what to do. It may be that you did not get my letter. You may be sure that no one else would exact such sacrifice from me. Well, when it comes to you, you are not like anybody else. I had rather have your friendship than any other girl's love.

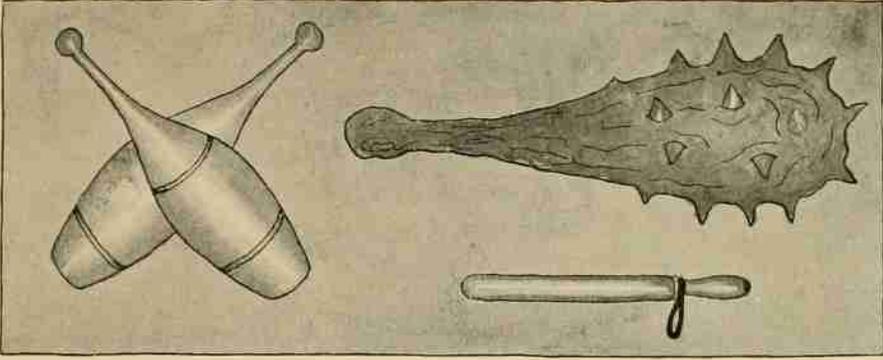
I'm a most unlucky boy. I haven't that aptness for falling in love and falling out again that most boys have. It is rarely that I love; and when I do I am sure to love some one who doesn't care for me.

There, I did not mean to write such a dismal letter. Next time I'll write in merrier vein.

Please write.

Loyally yours,

LEONARD.



♣ CLUBS ♣

*John A. Park,  
'05.*





## Thalerian German Club



### OFFICERS

FIRST TERM	SECOND TERM
PRESIDENT.....S. C. CORNWELL	PRESIDENT.....J. F. DIGGS
VICE-PRESIDENT.....W. L. DARDEN	VICE-PRESIDENT.....E. E. CULBRETH
SECRETARY.....L. N. BONEY	SECRETARY.....H. M. HUNTER
TREASURER.....E. H. RICKS	TREASURER.....L. A. NEAL
CENSOR.....E. E. CULBRETH	CENSOR.....L. T. WINSTON
LEADER.....J. F. DIGGS	LEADER.....C. B. ROSS

The Thalerian German Club was organized September, 1902, by the union of two clubs that existed in College the previous year.

These two clubs, "The Old German Club" and "The Hoplite Club," thinking it best to have only one club in College, appointed committees to confer, and an agreement was reached that the two clubs should unite under a new organization and name. Many names were suggested for the new club, and after much discussion the name which the club now bears, "The Thalerian," was chosen.

The monthly germans given by the club are looked forward to with much pleasure and those that have slipped by have increased the speed of the fleeing hours, and many an hour which would otherwise have been dull and unprofitable has been spent in mirth and happiness by the "trippers of the light fantastic."

Up to the present date the club has given six most enjoyable dances. The hours of dancing are from eight until eleven; this being the rule given the club by the College authorities.

The officers of the club are elected for terms of three months, and our dances are held in the Olivia Raney Hall in Raleigh.

### MEMBERS

J. G. ASHE	J. M. HOWARD	F. C. PHELPS
W. H. BROWN	H. M. HUNTER	H. F. PRIMROSE
PROF. BRAGG	W. F. KIRKPATRICK	E. H. RICKS
L. N. BONEY	PROF. KENDALL	F. ROBERSON
J. D. CLARK	T. M. LYKES	G. W. ROGERS
S. C. CORNWELL	D. LYKES	C. B. ROSS
E. E. CULBRETH	W. F. McCANLESS	W. SHANNONHOUSE
W. L. DARDEN	J. McKIMMON	L. M. SMITH
J. F. DIGGS	PROF. McLELLAN	E. R. STAMPS
A. M. DIXON	J. J. MORRIS	PROF. WALTER
E. E. ETHERIDGE	L. A. NEAL	PROF. WEBBER
A. W. GREGORY	D. S. OWEN	L. T. WINSTON
R. H. HARPER	J. H. PARKER	O. M. GARDNER



THALERIAN CLUB



## Biological Club



### OFFICERS

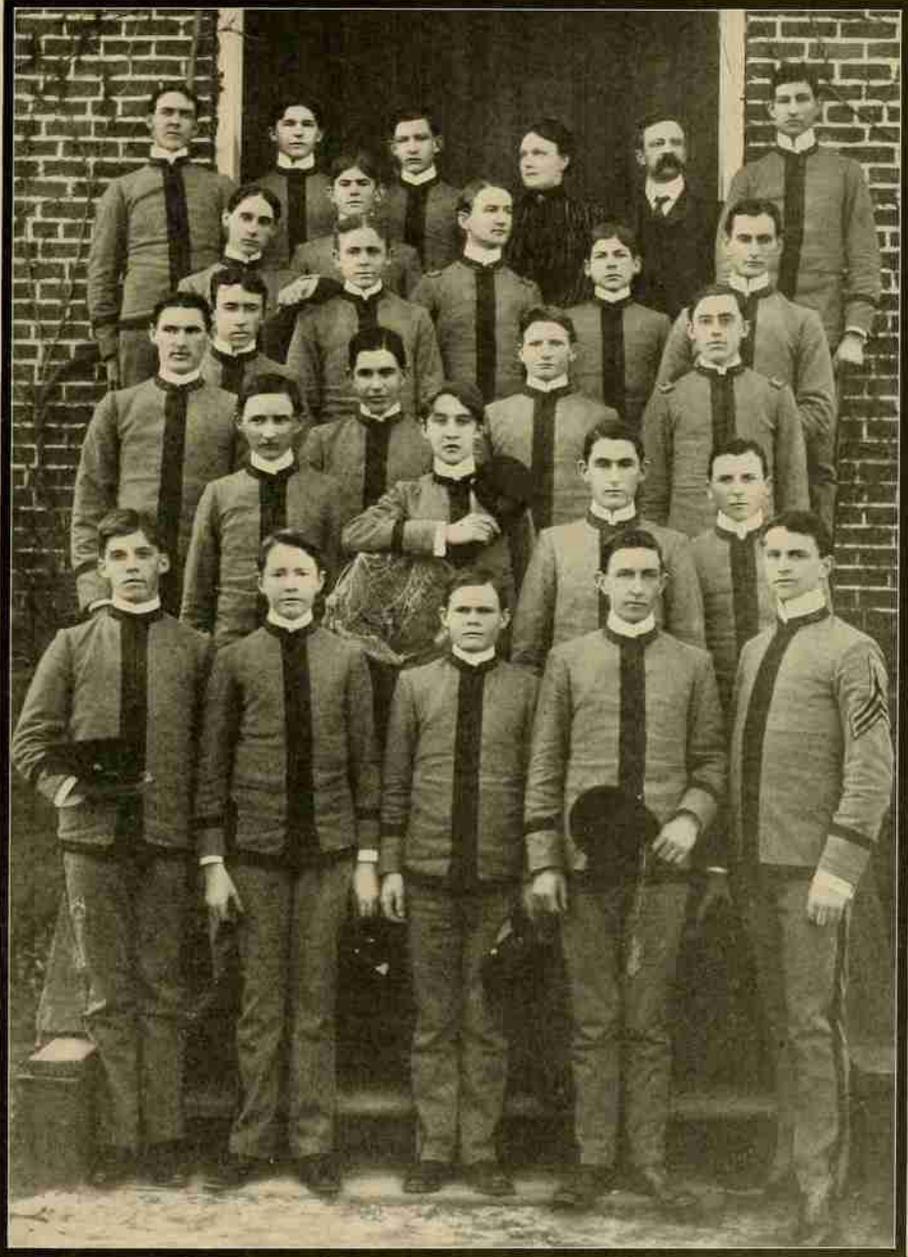
President.....	J. E. COIT
Vice-President.....	J. C. TEMPLE
Secretary.....	J. O. MORGAN
Corresponding Secretary.....	W. W. FINLEY

The Biological Club is an organization of agricultural students in College who are interested in biological studies.

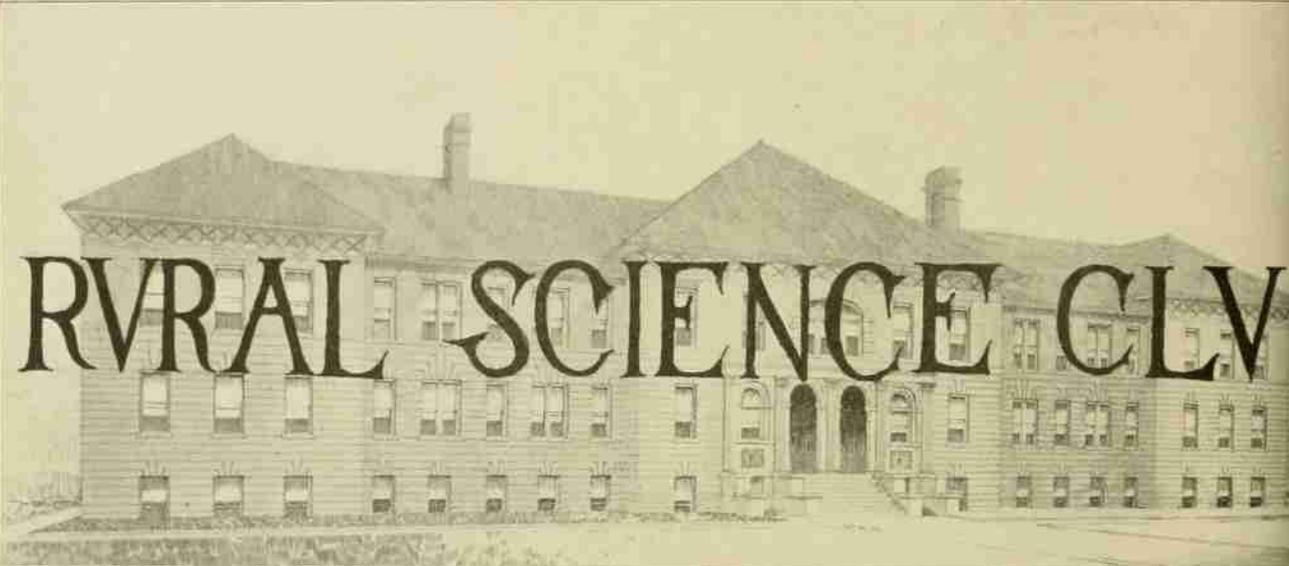
The Club was organized early in September, 1901, with eighteen charter members. From the first it has made rapid progress, its membership has increased to fifty-one, and it is now undoubtedly the premier scientific club in College.

During the past year the members have done excellent work in the field of biological study, and it is interesting to note that those students who are most prominent in the Club stand highest in their classes. Of the five men chosen to speak before the State Agricultural Society in October, 1902, all belonged to the Biological Club.

This Club was the first organization attempted by the agricultural students, and it has probably done more than any other one thing to make the agricultural course so popular. Its meetings are held bi-monthly in Primrose Hall. All of the meetings are public, and visitors are cordially welcomed.



BIOLOGICAL CLUB



# RURAL SCIENCE CLUB

## MOTTO

"Whoever can make two ears of corn or two blades of grass grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before renders most essential service to his country."

## OFFICERS

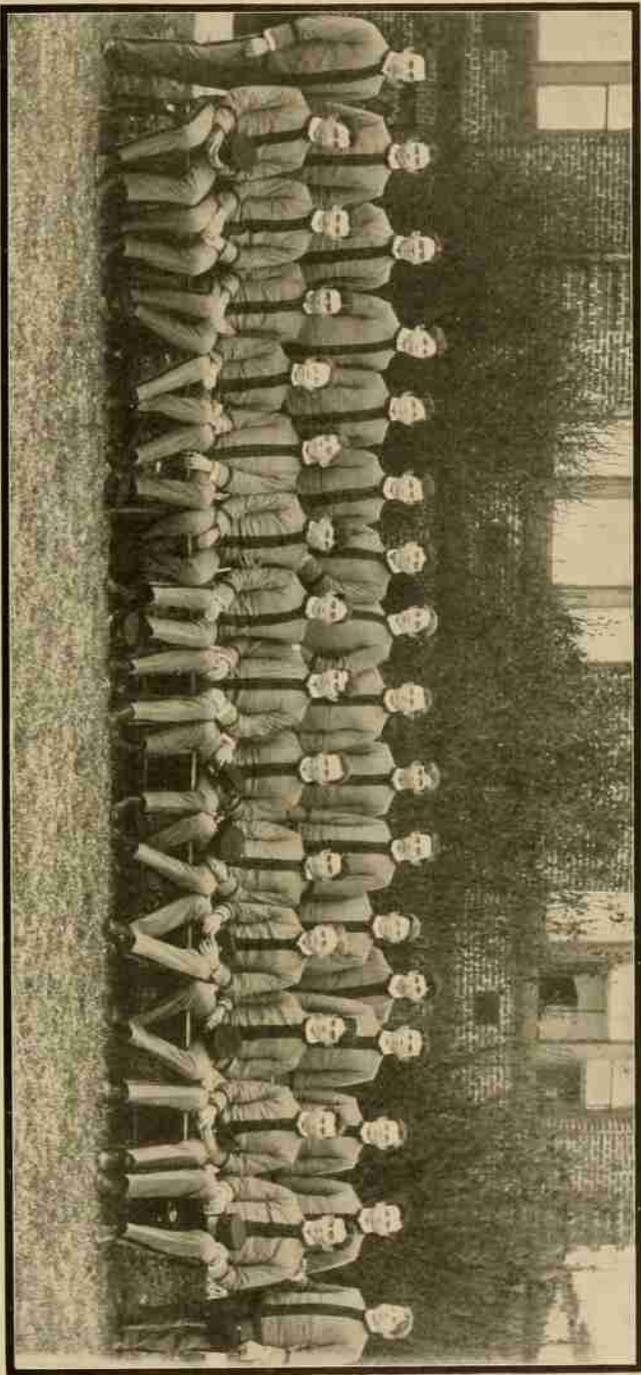
PRESIDENT.....	W. W. FINLEY
VICE-PRESIDENT.....	F. R. SMITH
RECORDING SECRETARY.....	M. H. CHESBRO
CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.....	R. F. WARREN

This Club was organized March 25, 1902, by the Agricultural students who were desirous of availing themselves of the great advantages to be derived from the united study and discussion of improved and progressive methods of work in practical up-to-date agriculture.

Twenty-eight students constituted the membership at first. This has been increased to sixty-three, and during the short period of the Club's existence it has done much for the advancement of its members. Regular meetings are held in Primrose Hall on the first and third Wednesday evenings of each month. Visitors are cordially welcomed.

Interesting papers are presented on agricultural subjects, such as Live Stock, Husbandry, Horticulture, Truck-Farming, and the cultivation and rotation of crops.

Special attention is attached to personal work and observation; one object of the Club being to foster a spirit of original investigation among its members, who will some day be the leaders in the agricultural advancement of North Carolina.



RURAL SCIENCE CLUB

# Liebeg Chemical Society

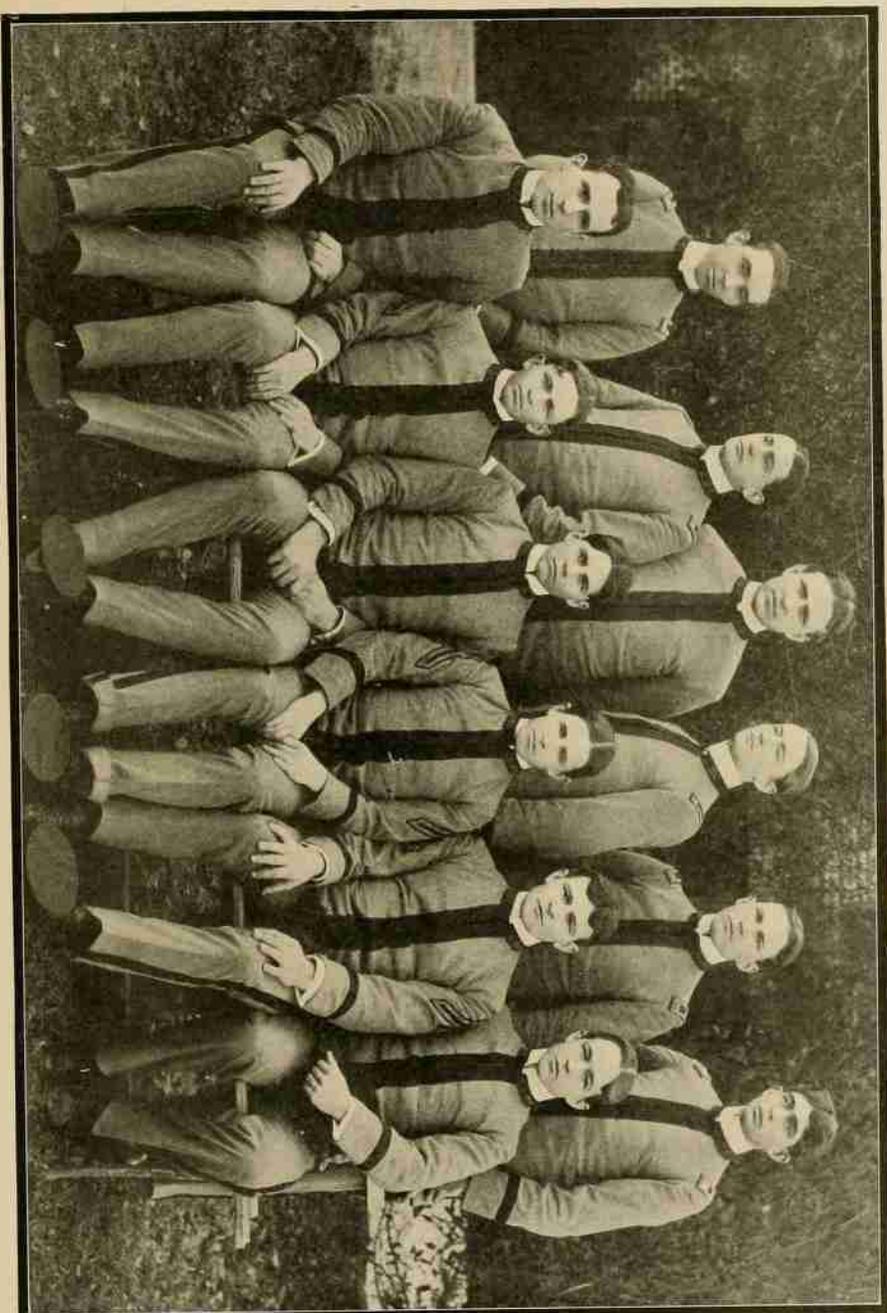


## OFFICERS

PRESIDENT ..... O. M. GARDNER  
VICE-PRESIDENT ..... J. F. DIGGS  
SECRETARY AND TREASURER ..... J. W. WHITE

## MEMBERS

J. H. SHUFORD	J. W. WHITE	O. M. GARDNER
C. E. TROTTER	C. L. CREECH	J. F. DIGGS
E. W. GAITHER	W. L. SMITH	W. H. McINTIRE
C. A. SIEFERT	R. LYKES	O. L. BAGLEY



LIEBIG CHEMICAL SOCIETY



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## The A. & M. College Dramatic Club

(THE STROLLERS)



**T**HE Dramatic Club represents the cultured and artistic development of the A. & M. College student.

The successful performance of Sheridan's immortal comedy, "The Rivals," last year is evidence sufficient to show that the students of the A. & M. College are clever, painstaking and artistic; that the finer qualities of mind and body are cultivated here in as great a degree as at any college in the land.

The Dramatic Club is the outgrowth of determination and enterprise; it is the giving of the spirit of the student to advance the College; it is the beginning of that kind of college spirit that will be lasting and traditional, making the college and the student life one of lasting memory and hopeful pleasure.

The training to be gained in the interpretation and detail reproduction of a character, is a training which the student gets nowhere else, and such an exercise is of lasting and incalculable value. "All the world's a stage," truly, and he who can best play his part receives the laurels. That there is a place in our college life for a dramatic organization, and that the "Strollers" have filled that place, has been abundantly evidenced by the hearty reception that has already been given to the Club's presentations. May the Club long live, and its standard never lower.

Whatever success may have been achieved, we should not forget to attribute largely to our young lady friends of the city, whose names have appeared in the cast. Aside, too, from sustaining their roles with more than credit, their presence has turned the drudgery of many long rehearsals into pleasant social events.

As to the painstaking carefulness and unselfish sacrifice of time and means by our director, Dr. Burkett, we can not fully express our high appreciation.

When the Club was born last October, the following officers were installed:

PRESIDENT.....	J. S. CATES
VICE-PRESIDENT.....	C. L. CREECH
SECRETARY.....	W. L. DARDEN
BUSINESS MANAGER.....	R. E. SNOWDEN

### MEMBERS

L. N. BONEY	J. S. CATES	C. L. CREECH
R. B. COCHRAN	E. E. CULBRETH	M. E. CARTER
W. L. DARDEN	J. L. FEREBEE	O. M. GARDNER
E. H. RICKS	R. E. SNOWDEN	C. D. WELCH

### DIRECTOR

Dr. CHARLES WM. BURKETT



# THE AGROMECK



## HONORARY MEMBERS

PROF. C. W. BURKETT	MRS. C. W. BURKETT
MISS DAISY ESTELLE MORING	MISS FLORA ELOISE CREECH
MISS ANNE MAUGER TAYLOR	MISS KATHERINE SKINNER
MISS ELEANOR VERTRESS WATKINS	

The first performance was given Easter Monday night, March 31, at the Academy of Music. The largest audience of the theatrical season was before the footlights to enjoy the performance. The costumes were brilliant, the stage setting handsome, and the acting clever throughout.

Below is cast of characters for the Club's first presentation:

Sir Anthony Absolute.....	Mr. O. MAX GARDNER
Captain Jack Absolute.....	Mr. MARTIN EARLEY CARTER
Bob Acres.....	Mr. CLEVELAND DOUGLASS WELCH
Sir Lucius O'Trigger.....	Mr. JUNIUS SIDNEY CATES
Faulkland.....	Mr. LESLIE NORWOOD BONEY
Fag.....	Mr. WALTER LEE DARDEN
David.....	Mr. CHARLES LESTER CREECH
Thomas.....	Mr. ROBERT BAXTER COCHRAN
Servant Boy.....	Mr. EDWARD HAYS RICKS
Lydia Languish.....	Miss DAISY ESTELLE MORING
Mrs. Malaprop.....	Miss FLORA ELOISE CREECH
Julia.....	Miss ANNE MAUGER TAYLOR
Lucy.....	Miss ELEANOR VERTRESS WATKINS

After the hearty reception of Easter Monday night the Club spent a most pleasant week on the road, playing Henderson, Goldsboro, Durham, Winston-Salem and Greensboro.

The Academy of Music has again been secured for Easter Monday night, 1903, and the presentation will be, "She Stoops to Conquer," by Dr. Goldsmith.

Below is the cast:

Sir Charles Marlow.....	Mr. JUNIUS SIDNEY CATES
Young Marlow.....	Mr. CLEVELAND DOUGLAS WELCH
Hardcastle.....	Mr. O. MAX GARDNER
Hastings.....	Mr. WALTER LEE DARDEN
Tony Lumpkin.....	Mr. EDWARD HAYS RICKS
Diggory.....	Mr. CHARLES LESTER CREECH
Roger.....	Mr. LEWIS WINSTON
Dick.....	Mr. EUGENE CULBRETH
Stings.....	Mr. LESLIE NORWOOD BONEY



# THE AGROMECK



Slang.....	}	MR. CHARLES MARTIN
Jeremy.....		
Mrs. Harcastle.....		Miss MARGARETT TRAPIER
Miss Neville.....		Miss HELEN PRIMROSE
Miss Harcastle.....		Miss CLAIRE STAINBACK

The following are the officers and members of the Club for season 1902-'03:

### OFFICERS

PRESIDENT.....	C. D. WELCH
VICE-PRESIDENT.....	W. L. DARDEN
SECRETARY.....	O. MAX GARDNER
BUSINESS MANAGER AND DIRECTOR.....	DR. CHARLES WM. BURKETT

### MEMBERS

L. N. BONEY	J. S. CATES	C. L. CREECH
E. E. CULBRETH	W. L. DARDEN	O. M. GARDNER
J. B. HARDING	B. F. HUGGINS	H. M. HUNTER
C. W. MARTIN	E. H. RICKS	C. D. WELCH
L. T. WINSTON		

### HONORARY MEMBERS

PROF. C. W. BURKETT	MRS. C. W. BURKETT	Miss CLAIRE STAINBACK
Miss MARGARETT TRAPIER		Miss HELEN PRIMROSE



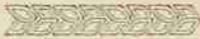


DRAMATIC CLUB





THE MEMBERS OF THE FIVE ARM STAR



## “The Goats”



### MOTTO

“When we butt, we butt hard,  
But we never butt a pard.”

### COLORS

Gourd green and fodder brown.

### YELL

Three bleats and two butts.

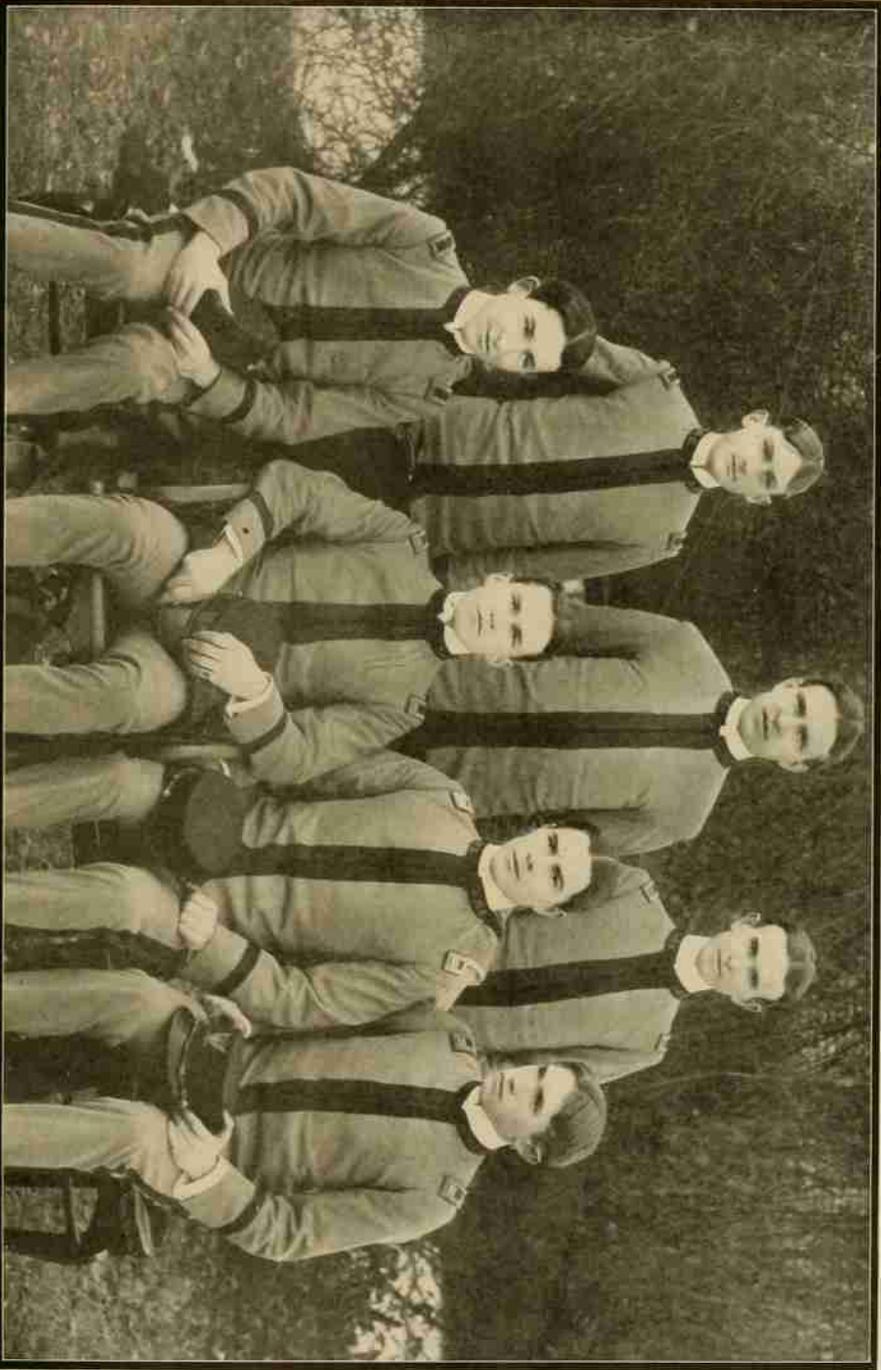


HERE was created within the A. & M. College, on the night of November 6, 1902, an important and reputable order known as Goathood. This order was established for the purpose of maintaining true manhood, virtue and integrity.

These quadrupeds, although very vicious, and with marked peculiarities, do not intend to oppose their brother orders, the Elks and Buffaloes, but to co-operate with them in their various work. Those who have so far been inducted into the mysteries of Goathood are as follows: C. D. Welch, better known as Dör, or Grand Master Bill. Like the billy goat, he will butt very furiously when made angry. O. Max Gardner, better known as Omega, or Chief Ram. Like the gorilla, he is especially fond of caressing women. L. N. Boney, better known as Alpha, or Senior Ram. This is a very delicate animal, and hibernates most of his time. C. L. Creech, better known as Sigma, or Junior Ram. This animal has a smirk on his face as if he smelled something odious. E. H. Ricks, better known as Gama, or Little Billy, is very troublesome and annoying, and is especially averse to artificial comforts of life, such as steam, etc. W. L. Darden, W. Clark, and E. E. Culbreth are the youngest of our tribe. They belong each to a species hitherto unknown. This trio alone would make a chamber of horrors justly famous the world over.

There are a great many orders of Goathood in the various universities and colleges. Hence, where an order of this kind is established, there is a gain of respect and moral rectitude. Further, a true spirit of union is developed and cultivated among members of a like organization. The sacred obligations which bind the members to this order are observed by us with the greatest fidelity. Each member considers the honor of this ancient order his own, and cherishes it not only as precious, but as sacred.

GOATS



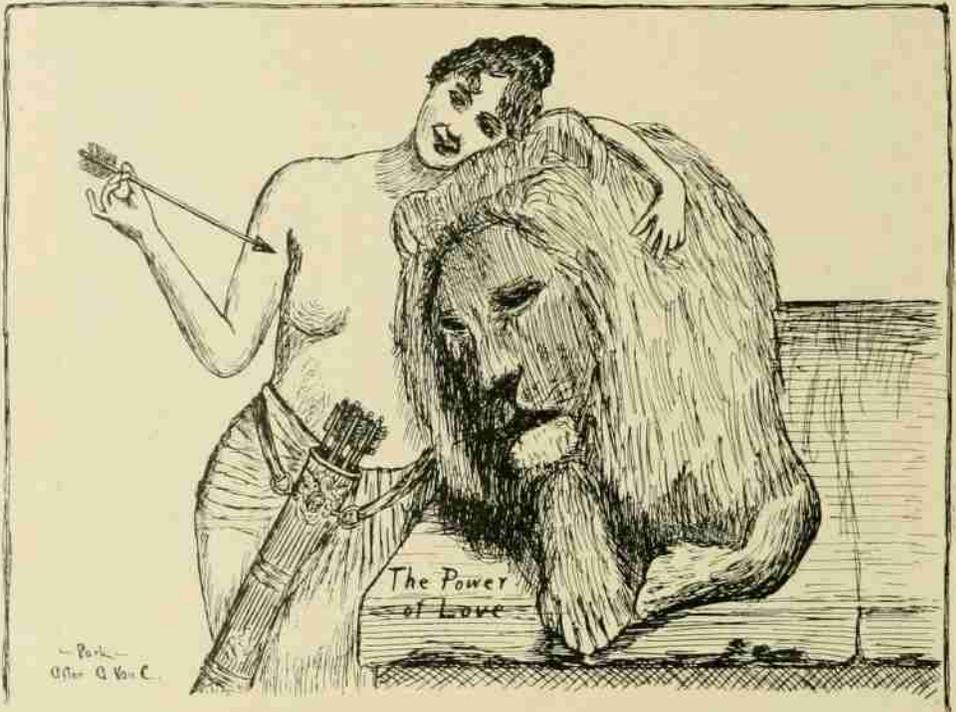




THE STAR AND CRESCENT



# THE AGROMECK



## Order of Lion's Head



### RULERS

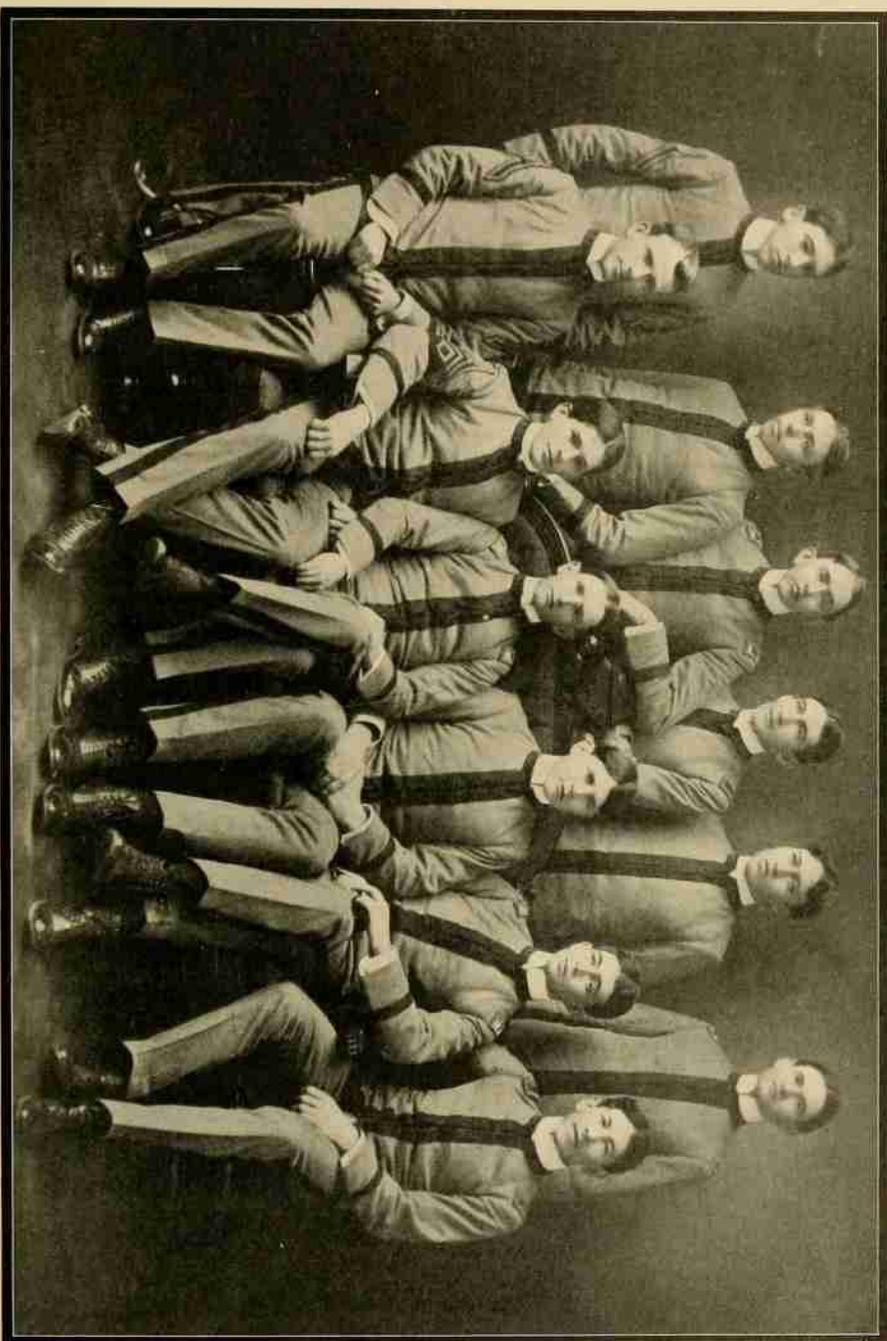
S. C. CORNWELL .....	I	F. ROBERSON .....	III
E. E. ETHERIDGE .....	II	J. F. DIGGS .....	IV
L. A. NEAL .....	V		

### MEMBERS

A. DICKSON	E. R. STAMPS	S. D. WALL	L. G. LYKES
G. W. ROGERS	W. F. KIRKPATRICK	L. M. HOFFMAN	

### COLORS

Olive Green and Old Gold.



ORDER OF LION'S HEAD



# Electrical Engineering Society



## OFFICERS

President.....	J. D. FERGUSON
Vice-President.....	E. S. LYTCH
Secretary.....	E. E. ETHERIDGE
Treasurer.....	J. H. PARKER

## MEMBERS

DR. F. A. WIEHE,	W. F. KIRKPATRICK.	G. P. HAMILTON,
PROF. H. C. WALTER,	D. S. OWEN,	H. L. HAMILTON,
E. E. CULBRETH,	G. W. ROGERS,	W. W. HANKS,
T. T. ELLIS,	WM. CHAMBERS,	H. M. LILLY,
L. GIDNEY,	R. E. CRUMPLER,	J. C. MYRICK,
E. GUNTER,	E. B. FOWLER,	L. R. TILLET,
	F. W. WHITE.	

The Electrical Engineering Society is a College organization, composed of the students of the Electrical Engineering Course. It comprises men from every class in College, but the Seniors are largely in the majority.

The Society was formed in September, 1902, the initial steps having been taken by a few Seniors, aided by Professors Weihe and Walter.

The object is to promote the welfare of the "Electricals" and to keep in touch with the rapid progress being made in electricity.

Meetings are held every alternate Thursday night in the rooms of the Society. These rooms are furnished with an extensive library, together with all the current electrical magazines and papers.

At the meetings papers are read on interesting subjects, lectures on the latest inventions given, and explanations made.

Much interest is manifested, and everyone works to make the meetings not only bright and interesting, but instructive



## Society of Civil Engineers



### OFFICERS

PRESIDENT . . . . .	S. C. CORNWELL
1ST VICE-PRESIDENT . . . . .	J. T. LAND
2ND VICE-PRESIDENT . . . . .	E. E. LINCOLN
SECRETARY . . . . .	L. A. NEAL
TREASURER . . . . .	G. V. STRADLEY
LIBRARIAN . . . . .	H. G. CARR
CORRESPONDING SECRETARY . . . . .	E. G. PORTER
HISTORIAN . . . . .	B. LAND, Jr

### MEMBERS

S. C. CORNWELL	H. G. CARR	P. F. DARDEN
A. T. KENYON	B. LAND, Jr	J. T. LAND
J. J. MORRIS	E. G. PORTER	G. V. STRADLEY
E. E. LINCOLN	J. K. WAITT	L. A. NEAL
	T. A. THORNTON	



TO A. & M.

I.

It is with regret that we go out from your walls,  
And leave behind these scenes we love so well;  
And in years to come when memory recalls,  
Our hearts with pride and gladness will swell.

II.

As we think of the good, good times we've had,  
And of the difficulties we've had to fight;  
But it matters not whether good or bad,  
We'll e'er be true to our "Red and White."

III.

We'll miss, oh! we'll miss it all,  
The teachers and boys and afternoon drills,  
In the early morn the bugle's call,  
And the bell that at night the noisiness stills.

IV.

And we hope some day in years to come—  
As we hope to attain that priceless gem—  
To all unite at this our home,  
The ever-dear College of A. and M.

V.

But now has come the time for us to leave,  
And while sad our souls and dim our sight,  
We'll suppress the sigh we want to heave,  
And sing "Forever live the Red and White!"



## Raleigh Club



### COLORS

Old Gold and Violet.

PRESIDENT.....	G. W. ROGERS
VICE-PRESIDENT.....	E. R. STAMPS
SECRETARY.....	W. CLARK, JR
TREASURER.....	J. McKIMMON
CENSOR.....	H. F. PRIMROSE

### MEMBERS

J. G. ASHE	E. C. BAGWELL	J. P. GULLEY
W. MORSON	L. M. PARKER	J. A. PARK
J. P. ROSE		J. K. WAITT



## Mecklenburg Union



### MOTTO

"Nothing ventured, nothing gained."

### FLOWER

Four o'clock (A. M.)

### RENDEZVOUS

Pantry, Bakery, and Store-room.

### COLORS

Blood Red and Coal Black.

### YELL

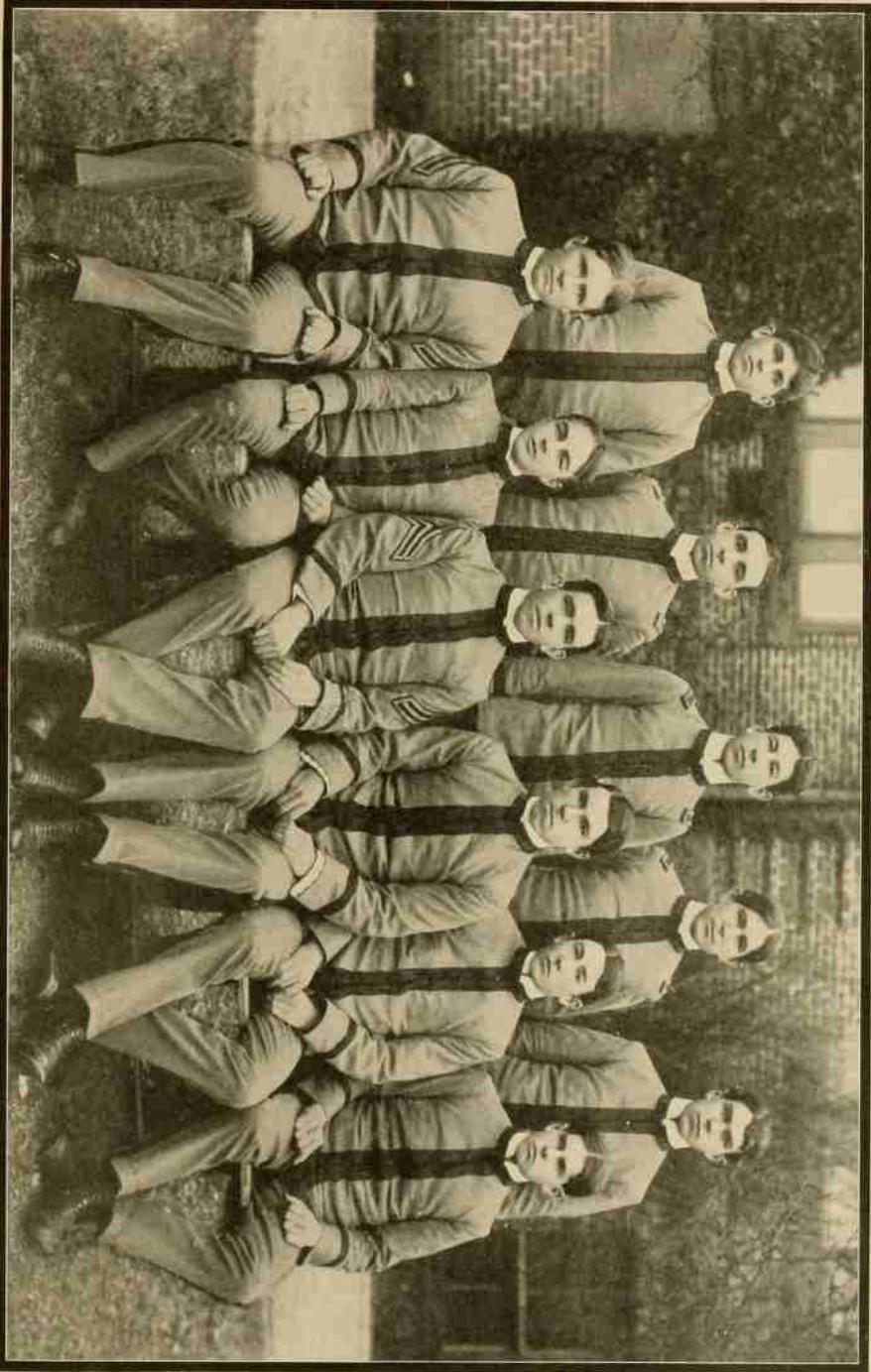
Boomer-lacka! Boomer-lacka! Bow-wow-wow!  
Chicker-lacka! Chicker-lacka! Chow-chow-chow!  
Boomer-lacka! Chicker-lacka! Whoop-sah-turg!  
All of us boys are from Mecklenburg.

### OFFICERS

LORD HIGH CONSPIRATOR.....	W. F. KIRKPATRICK
STEALTHY PURLOINER OF PIES.....	C. B. ROSS
GRAND RECORDER OF SCHEMES.....	W. SHANNONHOUSE
EXPERT REPLENISHER OF MATERIAL.....	W. W. RANKIN

### MEMBERS

"ALL KORRECT" ASBURY	"SEDATE NEWSBOY" KNOX
"HAPPY FELLOW" CHREITZBERG	"MALICIOUS PILFERER" LIPE
"RURAL POSTMASTER" GIBBON	"WEARY WILLIE" RANKIN
"COMING MAN" HAMILTON	"COTILLION BOY" ROSS
"GIRL PROTECTOR" HAMILTON	"WONGDOER" SHANNONHOUSE
"JUDICIOUS HYDROPATHIST" HELVIN	"JOLLY HABERDASHER" SHUFORD
"WARY FEIGNER" KIRKPATRICK	"WISTFUL WISHER" WAIT
"WILFUL GIVER" KNOX	"AUDACIOUS COURTER" WILKINSON



MECKLENBURG UNION



### Fair but False

“Have you forgotten”—soft I spoke,

“That night three years ago—

I coaxed you for a lock of hair?”

“Forgotten it? oh, no!”

“It was a lovely curl that played

About your forehead fair;

I have treasured it through all these years—

That little lock of hair.”

“Thro’ all these years I’ve kept it in

A pocket of my vest.”

“You really have kept it? so have I;

That is, I’ve kept the rest.”



### To My Pipe

Meerschaum, Meerschaum,

Born of the sea,

Dearest of all things,

Thou art to me.

Comrade, companion,

Better than shrine;

Thoughts leap from my heart

As smoke comes from thine.

Meerschaum, Meerschaum,

Aid to reflection,

Dissolve all my blues,

Remove my dejection.

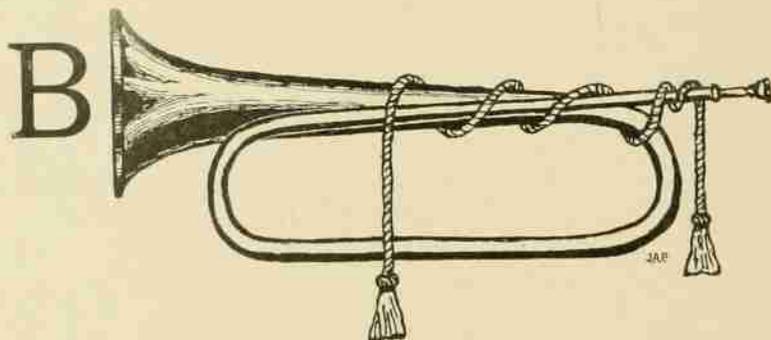
An A.M.C.  
Alphabet.



JOHN A. PARK - '05.



**A** is for **ALPHABET**,  
Which now we begin,  
To fathom its contents,  
To find what we've been.



**B** is for the **BUGLE**,  
That we hear every day:  
As it calls us to duty,  
And calls us away.



**C** is for the **CENIOR**,  
 Who on the fence sat,  
 Flirting with the girls  
 When down he fell flat.

C

**D** stands for **DINNER**,  
 No one will doubt,  
 That our friend, Mr. Skinner  
 Will always win out.

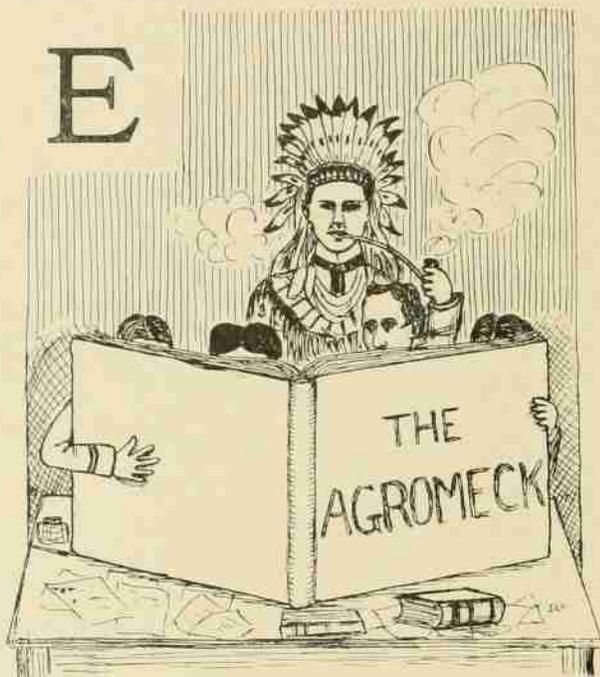
A. & M. COLLEGE... BOARDING DEPT.  
**• MENU •**  
 DINNER  
 A. & M. Mixture  
 Billings' Conglomeration  
 Waterproof KNO Biscuits  
 Sight (?) Bread  
 Ham Skin                      Beef Bones  
 Fried Rawhide                Pithy Pickles  
 Tomato Peeling Soup  
 Acidulated Jelly              Prune Seeds  
 Mince Pie (a la Junk-shop)  
 Ice Cream!  
 (once a year)

D

127

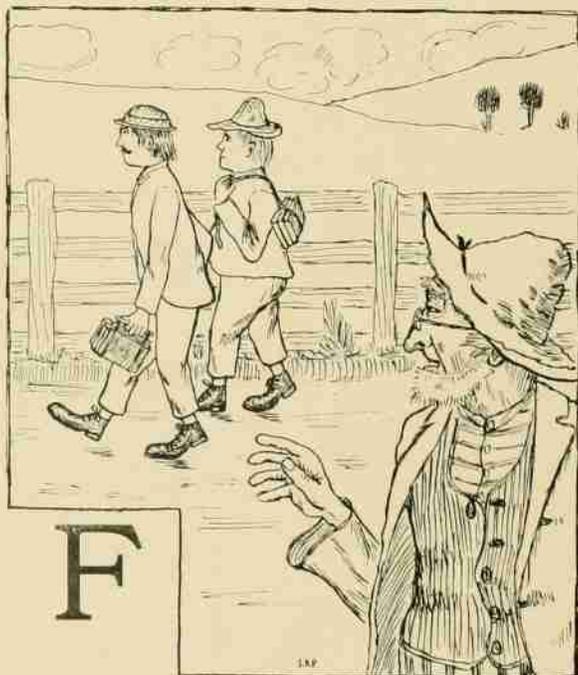


E

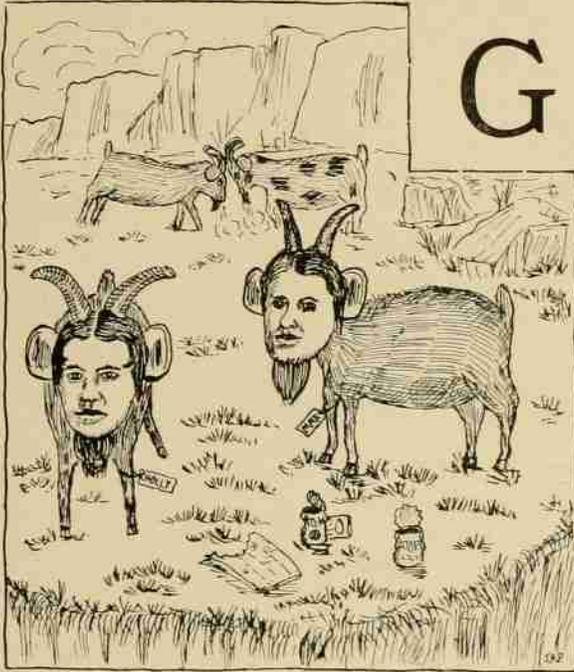


**E** stands for **EDITORS**,  
From last sub to chief;  
Against Learning's back-  
ground  
They stand out in relief.

**F** is for the **FARMERS**,  
Who say **F**arming's a fake,  
And they'll **F**arm no more  
**F**or no man's sake.



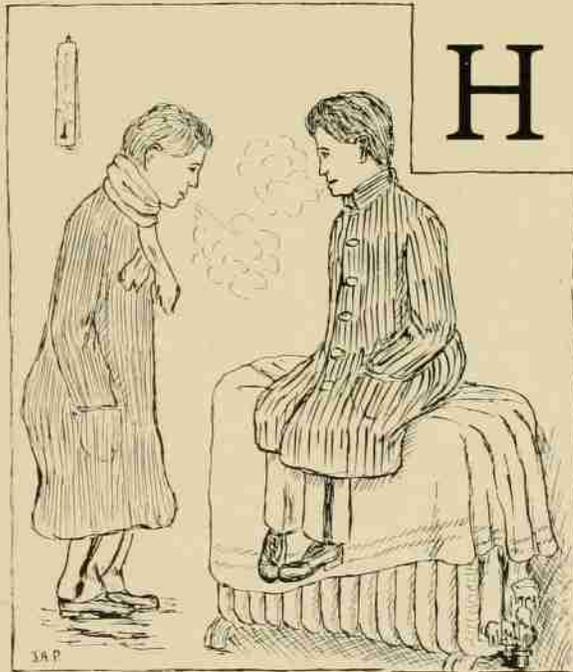
F



# G

**G** is for **GOATS**,  
 An order of Fame;  
 Which well illustrates  
 What's in a name.

**H** must stand for **HEAT**,  
 Say we who have to freeze,  
 Oh, words are incomplete;  
 We shiver and gasp and  
 sneeze.



# H



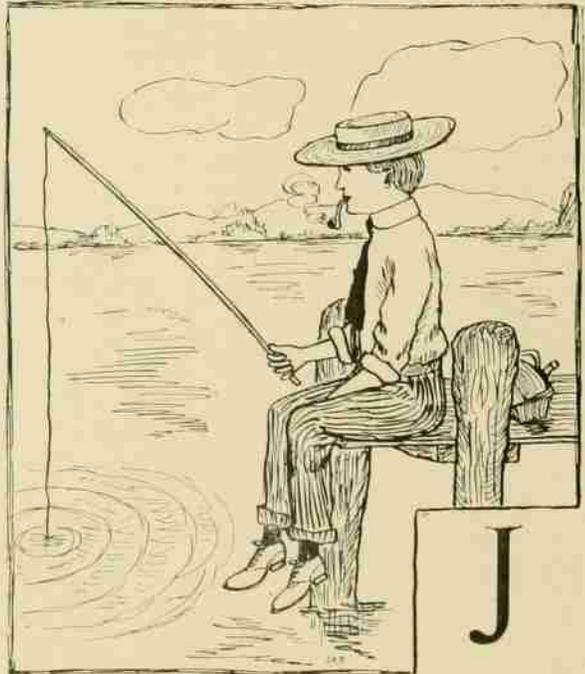
March 1903.

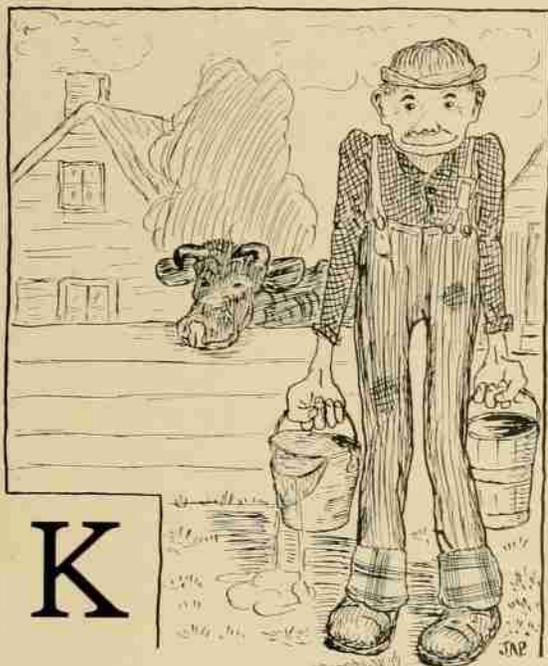
Board	—	—	\$8.00
Tuition	—	—	2.25
Medicine+Fee	—	—	9.45
Clubs+etc.	—	—	7.60
Dances	—	—	8.75
Incidentals	—	—	29.95

**I** is for **INCIDENTAL**,  
Which term we lend,  
To what is uncounted  
Of money we spend.

**I** - Father  
It is rather large, but please send me fifty to start on April.  
James.

**J** is for **JUNE**,  
The best month in the year;  
It can't come too soon,  
How we wish it were here.

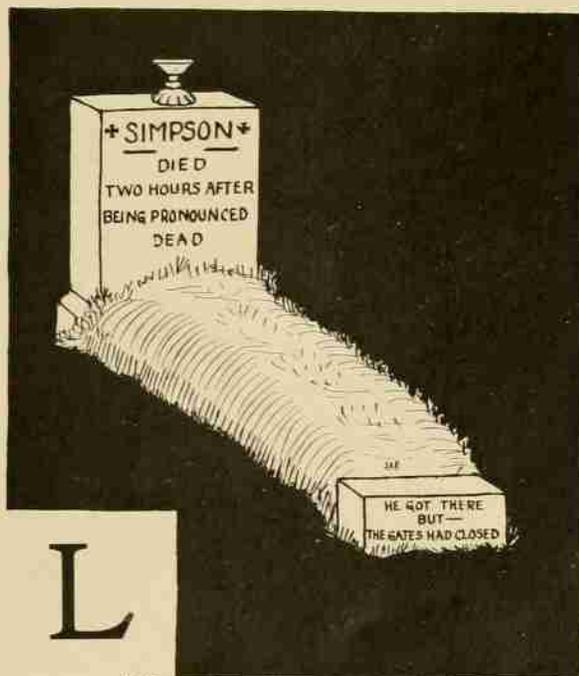




K

**K** stands for **KOW-  
PUNCHERS,**  
A variegated band,  
Where did they come from,  
Where in the land?

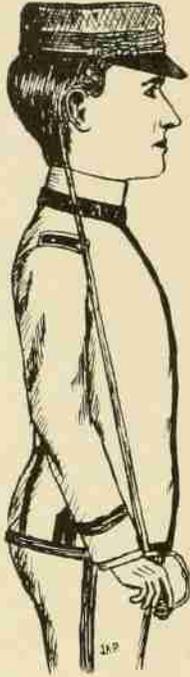
**L** is for **LATE**  
Ever to be in a hurry,  
Are some doomed by fate,  
Ever to be in a flurry.



L



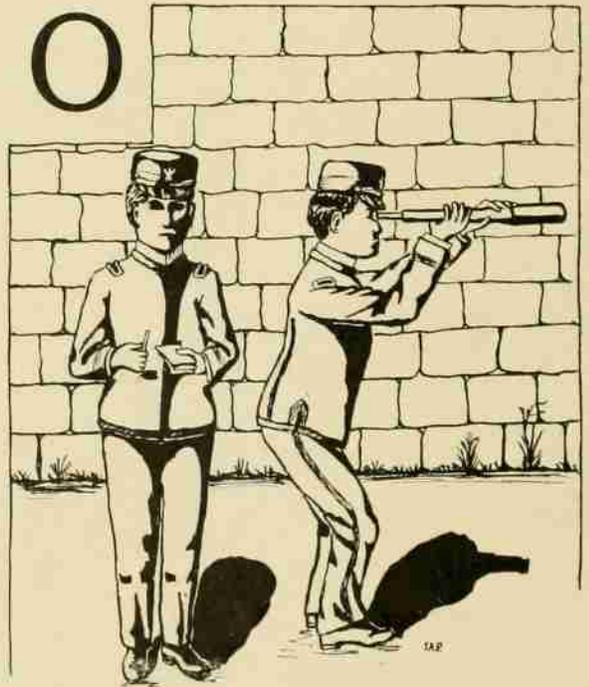
M



**M** is for **MAJOR**,  
The chief of our clan,  
With students and ladies  
A popular **Man**.

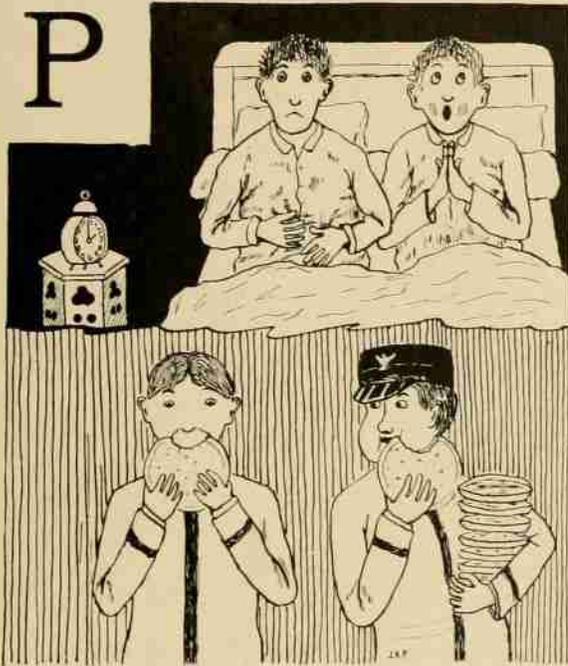
O

**O** stands for **OFFICERS**,  
Always on the watch  
To see all misdeed,  
And report all they kotch.





P

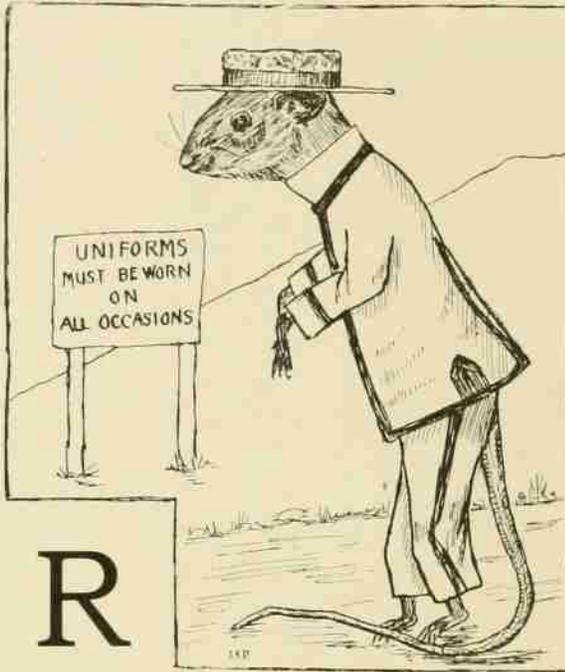


Here's **P** for **PIE**  
That the boys all **Pull**;  
They like it, you see,  
Until they are full.

**Q** is for **QUIZ**,  
Though they're simple, 'tis true;  
How we fail! Gee Whiz!  
Nearly all fall through.



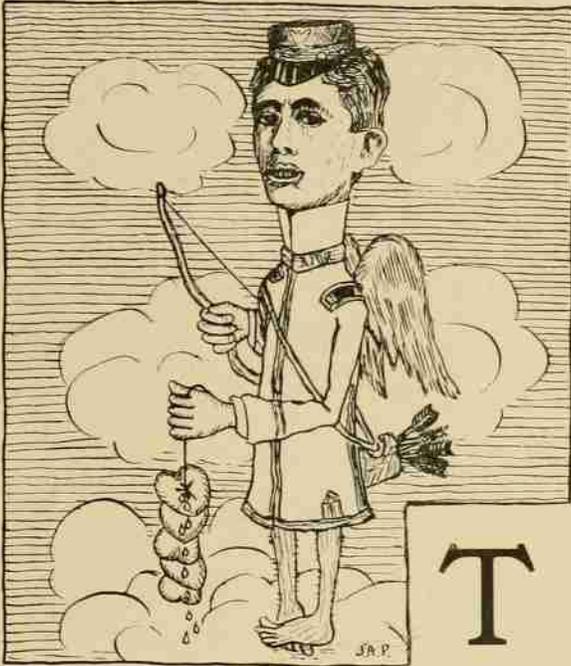
Q



**R** is for RAT,  
 Who fears to wear citz,  
 But wears a straw hat,  
 With uniform to fit (?)

**S** is the Collège SEAL,  
 As a Senior conceives it;  
 When he nightly doth kneel,  
 Let us hope he receives it.



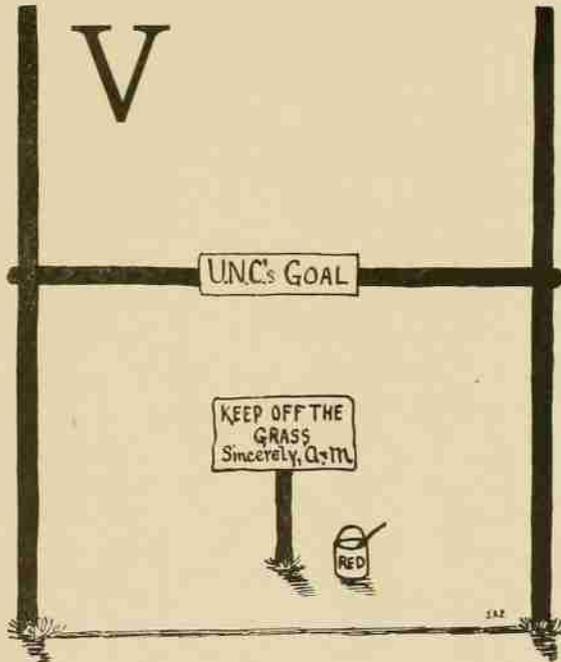


**T** is for **TOM**,  
A very great gun;  
The hearts of the fair  
He ever has won.

**T**

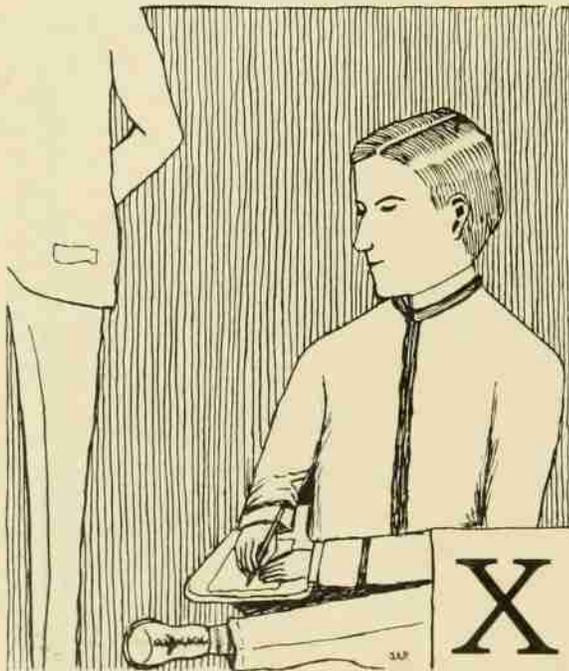
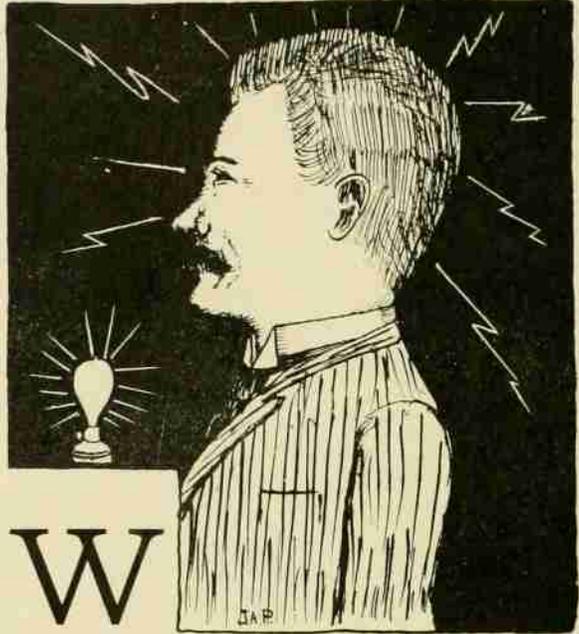
**V**

Here's to our **VARSITY**,  
Whose playing so fine  
Kept Carolina  
From crossing our line.





**W** is for **WEIHE**;  
 He has wonderful store  
 Of Electricity and Physics,  
 The students to bore.



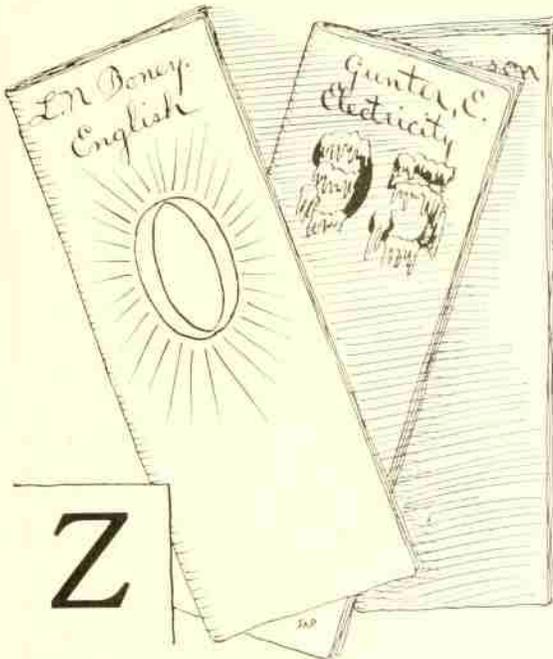
**X** is for **XMAS**,  
 That we crowd and cram  
 for,  
 But if we guess right  
 We don't care—anything  
 about.

**Y** is for **YELL**,  
 A horrible sound,  
 In its own mystic spell  
 All "rooters" are bound.



ONE-TWO-THREE-FOUR  
 THREE-TWO-ONE-FOUR!!  
 WHO IN THE H-LWE FOR?

**Y**



**Z** is for **ZERO**,  
 A very warm grade;  
 Needless to say, it throws  
 All other marks in the  
 shade.

**Z**



## A French Flirt



**T**HE firm of Norman, Steinert & Co. were doing business in New York and Paris. Being intimately connected with this firm, and understanding its business affairs thoroughly, it once fell to my lot to make a trip to Paris.

Having perfected every detail of my arrangements, I hurried down to the dock and took boat for Calais. When only a few hours out of New York, I was leaning against the rail watching a beautiful sunset, when I heard a sudden rustle of skirts. On looking around, my eyes fell upon a very striking form. The girl so pure, so simple, and yet so beautiful, also leaned against the rail and dreamily watched the sunlight die away in the western sky. The darkness was gathering fast and the air was damp and chilly. I noticed that she shivered and, presently, when our eyes met, I took occasion to ask, "Is it not too cool for you to be here?" She replied with a sweet smile, but didn't seem to understand my words. A second look told me she was no American girl. Then she spoke—a sweeter voice I had never heard, and never shall I forget how I felt that moment—but her words were as much a mystery to me as mine had been to her, for I knew not a word of French. Then and there I cursed myself for not having studied that "romantic" language when a boy. We turned and walked together, however, across the deck and she went below. I saw her no more that night. Whether from sea-sickness or some other sort of sickness, I cannot say—the fact is, I slept but little that night. I could only think of this

"Phantom of delight  
When first she gleamed upon my sight."

We met often on deck, but rarely succeeded in exchanging more than smiles and glances and warm hand-clasps. Verily, we were loving under difficulties.

We landed. My business was urgent. I took the very first train for Paris, scarcely believing that I would ever see my little French sweetheart again.

The next morning I had settled my affairs and thought to take a stroll down one of the principal streets of the city. When I had walked but two blocks, I came face to face with this lovely girl whom I had known so lately, and whom I immediately recognized. She halted me with an affable "*Comme vous portez-vous?*" which I afterwards learned was the French for "good morning," or "how do you do?" She then began what seemed to be a most pleasant conversation, but since I understood not a word, I tore off the back of an envelope, which I handed her, at the same time giving her my pencil. She knew at once what I wanted, so wrote a couple of lines, handed it to me and passed on. My first impulse was to follow her; then I thought that would be foolish.

Dear reader, you can never know how eager I was to learn what was written upon



## THE AGROMECK



that piece of paper. I hastened to my hotel, walked straight up to the clerk, and said, "Will you please tell me the English of this?" "Why, certainly," he replied, and took the bit of paper. His face took on a hard, stern look, as he said, "Excuse me a minute, but I must see the proprietor." In a few minutes he returned with an angry-looking old gentleman, who seemed greatly excited. This old man passed over my paper to me, and, with his stick drawn as if ready to strike me at any moment, said, "Get out of this hotel; I have already ordered your trunks sent down." I hesitated for a moment, but the proprietor was determined; so I took my leave at once, and started to another hotel.

Before registering, I thought to learn the contents of my note. I handed it to the clerk again, who in turn handed it to the proprietor. He asked me where I obtained the note. I replied, "That's my business; will you kindly tell me what is written there?" "No, confound you, get out of this house." I turned and walked away, with my curiosity at its height and wondering what was upon this bit of paper that should cause me such great inconvenience.

I went to a third hotel and registered, but had decided to try to get some one else to translate this piece of French, and not depend upon a hotel clerk. I took a car and reached my firm's office in the shortest possible time, the same office I had left only a few hours before. I found Mr. Norman alone, and immediately told him my business. He took the note rather carelessly, but his face soon flushed, and when he had finished, he said, with an oath, "Perhaps Mr. Steinert may wish to retain you with the firm in America, but our business connections in Paris must be severed at once." I returned to my hotel mystified. I secured my baggage and started for New York by the next vessel. Since I was aboard a French ship, I dared not show this piece of worn envelope which was worrying the very life out of me, for fear of being thrown overboard.

On landing in New York, I hastened to my partner's office and rushed in. He expressed some surprise at my early return; but without answering any of his questions, I brought out my note for him to read. In a firm but gentlemanly manner he said: "See here, we have been partners for more than ten years—today these relations must cease to exist; our affairs will be settled through our respective attorneys."

Sad, dejected, melancholy, I went to my home determined to tell my wife all, to beg her forgiveness if I had wronged her. I showed her the bit of paper. She threw up her arms and fainted. With a doctor's aid she soon regained consciousness, whereupon she telephoned for a cab, and wired her mother that she was coming home on the evening train. I cursed the fate that brought me into the life of this little French flirt.

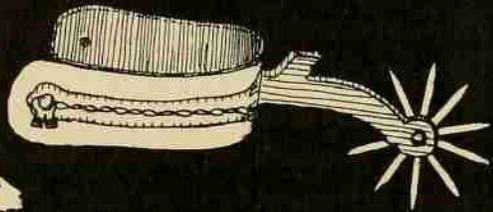
Although heartbroken, I was resolved to make one last effort to learn what was on this piece of paper, which made strangers, partners in business, friends, and even loved ones, turn away from me in scorn. I had a friend, an old school chum, in Washington, who was a splendid French scholar. He had often told me that I would

THE AGROMECK

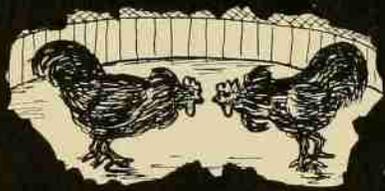
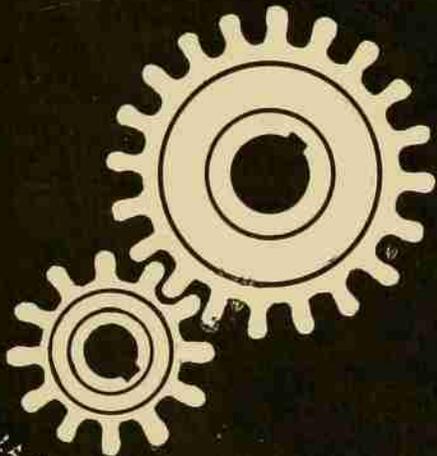
some day regret not having studied this beautiful language. That time had come.

As soon as I reached the Capital city, I looked up my friend, but could scarcely tell him my story, so great was my excitement. Finally, I stammered out, "Old boy, I don't want to sleep with you; I don't want to borrow any money; I don't care if you never speak to me again after I show you this letter; but I want you to swear by the gods, by the eternal friendship we pledged each other when we were boys, that you will tell me what is written on the piece of paper I have in my pocket." My friend promised. I reached into my pocket—then I thought he might do like all the others—so I made him swear over and over again that he would tell me. Satisfied with his promise, I reached into my pocket; again I hesitated; I felt again, and, behold, I had lost the paper!





# SPURS



J.A.K.





## SPURRED AGAIN



"I sometimes wish my dignity didn't keep me from swearing."—*Old Lady Glenn.*

"Knowest thou not me, the deep voice cried."—*Powers.*

"To what classic heights do some attain?"—*Ross.*

"O! Jove, in the next commodity of hair send me a beard."—*Land, B.*

"Friends, Professors and Janitors, I am no ordinary man."—*Simpson.*

"I have an immortal longing within me."—*Darden.*

"A little learning is a dangerous thing;  
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring."

—*Whiting.*

"He, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,  
And to politics gave what was meant for mankind."

—*Clark.*

"The ladies call him sweet."—*Land, J. T.*

"The fleece that has been by the dyer stained,  
Never again its native whiteness gained."

—*Parker.*

"Favors to none, to all he smiles extends."—*Stradley.*

*Professor*—"What were Dryden's two principal characteristics as a poet?"

*Morris*—"L'allegro and Il Penseroso."

Grammatically speaking, goats lay too much stress on the conjunction—*butt.*

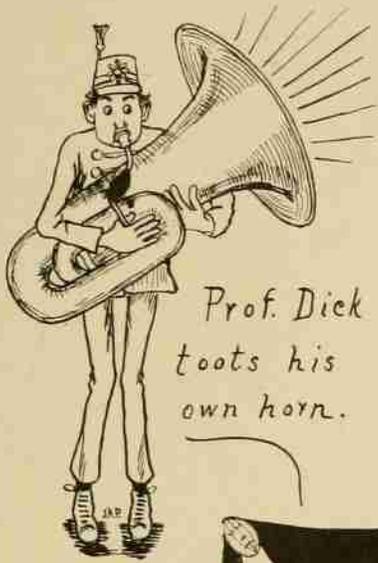
"A visitor from Virginia thought A. & M. was very queer;  
Said he, 'As far as I can make out, you have no tutors here  
I answered him severely, 'I would have you understand,  
We have tooters here a plenty; they are members of the band.'"

—*Huggins.*

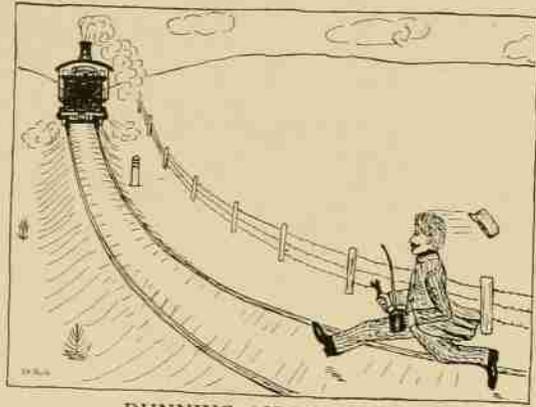
"A student named Stradley, whom all of you know,  
Had a photograph taken a short time ago;  
When he looked at the proof, he denounced it as rank,  
Because it displayed too much of the crank."

"You would kiss me, would you?  
No, you cannot, for last  
Week you left me, and I  
Found you living with another;  
Yet I will forgive you,  
But you cannot kiss me—  
You ran away—(my dog)."

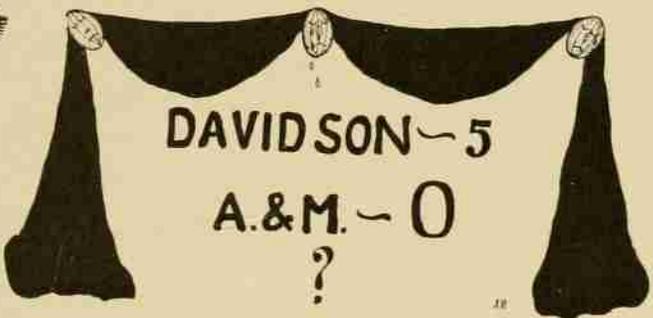
—*Land.*



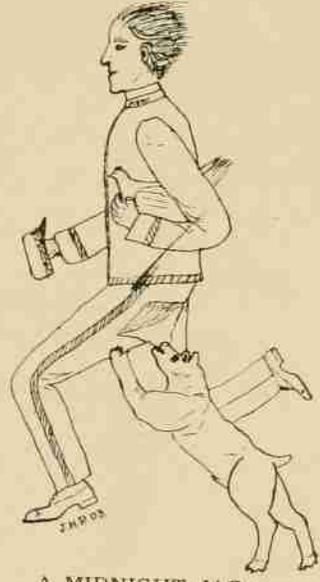
Prof. Dick  
toots his  
own horn.



RUNNING AN ENGINE



APPLIED FORCE



A MIDNIGHT JAG

**Gene's Ideal Girl**

My ideal girl must have a plump, symmetrical form like Digg's, a sweet, child-like face like Stamp's, a melodious voice like Carpenter's, a massive intellect like Kennedy's, delicate feet like Gidney's, a temper like Gunter's, a lively disposition like Glenn's, a veracity like Creech's, an on-time record equal to Boney's, hair like Clark's, a smile like Stradley's, and a gracefulness like Whiting's.

*Dr. Winston to the class*—"Who was the greatest orator among the Greeks?"

*Whiting (knowingly)*—"Cicero."

*Professor Hill on English*—"Somebody has made Boney a Senior; therefore, let him pass for one."

*Franklin*—"Do—er—er—er—you th—th—th—think it would do m—m—m—me any good to t—t—t—take those lessons?"

*Asbury, O. K.*, (who had been taking lessons for stammering): "Why, cer—cer—certainly! er—er—er you s—s—s—see its al—al—al—almost! ————cured me."

*To the Librarian from a "rat" in the Hospital*—"I am sick in bed; please send me 'Three Musty Tears.'"

"If, to his share some trivial errors fall,  
Look on his face, and you'll forget them all."

—*Catfish Ashe.*

*Neal to Phelps*—

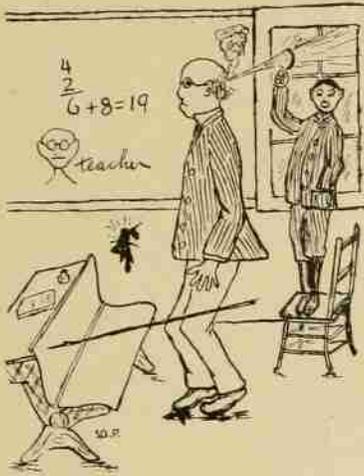
"But see how oft' ambitious aims are crossed,  
And careers contend till all the prize is lost!"

"Truth from *his* lips prevailed with double sway."—*Creech.*

"Lives of 'Owens' all remind us,  
We can make our lives sublime;  
And, by boasting, leave behind us,  
Footprints on the sands of time."

"Ye friends to truth, ye players who survey,  
An opponent's cards increase, and mine decay;  
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand  
Between a splendid and a winning hand!"

—*Etheridge.*



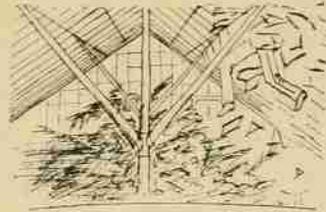
RADIANT ENERGY



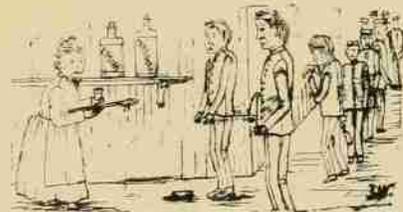
OUR STRENUOUS PROF. BURKETT



BEAVERS GAINING EXPERIENCE



HOW PASCHAL REPAIRS A  
BROKEN GLASS



GENTLE MINISTRATIONS



## It Is Really Amusing



- To hear F. Phelps whistle.  
To see Stradley smile.  
To see Joel Powers dance.  
To hear Bundy tell a lie.  
To see Darden on the stage.  
To see "Tom" Diggs blush.  
To see Etheridge get "hot."  
To hear Asbury, O. K., try to talk.  
To listen to Professor Hill's jokes.  
To view Bennett Land's aged whiskers.  
To hear Gunter and Gidney sing "Bill Baily."  
To see Culbreth trying to become an actor.  
To hear Darden, P. F., explain the "slide-rule" theory.  
To see little Higgs and O. Max boxing.  
To read one of John T. Land's love letters.  
To see Paschal engulfed in the smoke of a "Cubanola."  
To know where Jack White took his sword.  
To see the Y. M. C. A. President leading the final ball.  
To hear "Drag-leg" McCanness try to tell an interesting joke.  
To hear Dr. Weihe try to explain something to a class.  
To hear Owen "blow" about what a swell time he had.  
To take a long, lingering look at Kennedy—a "Senior Relic."  
To watch the "rats" and "cow-punchers" eat mess-hall hash.  
To see "Logger-head" Ellis and a bar of soap headed for the bath-room.  
To see Charlie Ross try to make the football and baseball teams.  
To read Whiting's stories about "the rich, rare, racy, russet robes of beauty."  
To hear John S. P. C. 'phone to three-one-two, and then laugh untiringly and forever.  
To see Captain Ferguson take in such friends as "Schlitz," "Wilson," "Old Henry," "Paul Jones," etc.  
To see "Smuck" matching for car fare and then arguing the sin therein—in case he loses.  
To hear "Prof." Sam Asbury discuss before the Leazar Society the problems of plutocracy, aristocracy, democracy, mobacracy, etc.  
To see a St. Mary girl's expression on being introduced first to Boddie, then Payne, Dye and Coffin.

## Some of the Newest Books



“CLOG DANCING,” by EDWARD H. RICKS.

This book is fully illustrated and extremely interesting, especially when one has the honor of the author's acquaintance.

“STORY OF A PIOUS LIFE,” by J. J. MORRIS.

In this little work of three volumes, the writer gives his personal experiences, and points out the vices and temptations which are likely to beset a college youth.

“VANITY *vs.* LYING,” by O. M. GARDNER and CHARLES L. CREECH.

These comparatively young writers have made quite a hit in this their first publication.

“GOLDEN SUN RAYS AND SILVERY MOONBEAMS,” by E. S. WHITING.

Five volumes, half leather.

NOTE—This book is of little interest and of no real value.

“WHY I FAILED ON CALCULUS,” by the “late” MR. SIMPSON.

Twelve volumes, cloth bound. A sad story well told.

“THE REASON,” a companion-piece to the above, by PROFESSOR RIDDICK.

A pamphlet of only two pages, very short and concise.

“WHAT BECAME OF THE PIES,” by ARCHIE BROWN and LEWIS WINSTON.

This book fully clears up the great pantry robbery, the deepest mystery in the history of the College.

“WHO STOLE THE BELL,” by “KID” SMITH and STERLING GRAYDON.

This detective story is rivalled only by Conan Doyle's “Sherlock Holmes.” A free copy was sent to the Commandant.

“CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS,” by E. E. ETHERIDGE and J. H. PARKER.

Although a greater part of this work is devoted to Architectural Drawing, the authors digress long enough to tell their experiences in the Philippines.

“HOW TO SELECT CHRISTMAS PRESENTS,” by L. A. NEAL.

This very useful book has had an enormous sale. For references as to its merit, inquire of certain young ladies in Raleigh, Marion, N. C., Rock Hill, S. C., Aiken, S. C., and Knoxville, Tenn.



THE AGROMECK



“IN ARREST AND CONFINEMENT,” by Foy ROBERSON, with introduction by CAPTAIN PHELPS.

The author also acknowledges the invaluable aid received from Hunter, Brown, Koon and others.

“TREATISE ON RELIGIOUS THEORIES,” by KIRKPATRICK.

This treatise is noted for its compact and syllogistic arguments (?); for its convincing and logical conclusions (?); noted more, however, for making readers wonder if Hell is not more bearable than nothingness.

“POPULARITY AT FEMALE SCHOOLS,” by GASTON ROGERS and ED ROE STAMPS.

The knowledge and experience gained by the gentlemen at St. Mary’s, B. F. U., and Peace, are enough to guarantee satisfaction to any buyer.

“HOW TO MAKE LOVE,” by J. F. DIGGS.

This entirely new (?) science is well developed by the author, who has filled his volumes with something so infatuating that one cannot but admire the work and love the writer.

“ISQUINOMICAL DEMONSIBILITIES,” by S. C. CORNWELL.

Four volumes, half leather, gilt edges.

NOTE—The first three volumes are taken up in an effort to explain the title.





### A Word for the Freshmen

"Speak one little word to me," he cried,  
And the beauty clasped her hands;  
"Speak but one, one little word, my love,  
And I will understand."

"I ask of you no sweet caress,  
As of lovers when they part;  
I am, for all, content to wait;  
Speak but one word, dear heart."

His mortar board he doffed and said,  
"My soul rests its faith in thee;  
It asks no solemn pledge of love,  
Speak but one word to me."

"Speak! speak!!" he cried, "and yet there is  
In my breast wild pit-a-pat"—  
The beauty looked into his eyes,  
And softly whispered, "Rats."



“SENIOR TABLE”

Name	Better Known as	Distinguished for	Lacks (Likes)	Highest Ambition	In Love With	Favorite Expression	Always	Favorite Drink
ASBURY	"Diddle"	Being Cute	Flanking Ability	To be Capt.	Mechanics	You're a liar!	Dodging Work	No Choice
BOGART	"Billy"	His Ability	Something	To please "Doc"	Work	By Gosh!	Talking	Chocolate
BONEY	"Doc"	Laziness	High Colors	To Sing	Everybody	Wait!	Late	Two glasses, please
CARPENTER	"J. S. P. C."	Modesty	Dignity	To get a job	That laugh of his	Bushes!	Kicking	Cocktail
CLARK	"Judge"	Youthful Appearance	Voice	To get 100's	C. Shop	Good Golly!	Rubbing	Rye
COIT	"John Elliot"	Retiring Manner	Energy	To Run a Hot House	Hospital	Agriculture	Dreaming	Extract of Roses
CORNWELL	"Cool"	Size	Girls	To Sport	A few	Oh, dear!	On hand	Wine
CRECH	"Charlie"	Beauty	Originality	To get drunk	Complexion	Well I'll be damned!	Lying	Diluted Water
CULBRETH	"Gene"	Small hands	Work	Music	St. Mary's	Damn it!	Reporting Rats	1/2 Pint
DARDEN	"Walter Lee"	Working Overtime	Sleep	Cotton Mill hand	Only one	Oh, fudge!	Doing nothing	Coffee
DIGGS	"Tom"	Shape	Religion	To lead German	Tom	Did!	Studying	Old Henry
ELLIS	"Big One"	Strength	Backbone	To get 60's	Electricity	Humph!	Asleep	Glass of spirits
ETHERIDGE	"Ned"	Luck	Judgment	To Bet	Drill	Oh, no!	Loafing	Ginger Ale
FERGUSON	"Willie D"	Beauty	A Tooth	Drill Battalion	Co. "B"	Get away now	Collecting	Same as Tom
FOSTER	"Gov."	Sobriety	Love	Stay in Hospital	Sisters	Let me see	On duty	Coco-Cola
GARDNER	"Smuck"	Appearance	Religion	To go to Shelby	Anybody	I'll swear!	Bluffing	Beer
GIDNEY	"Lamar"	Ability	Love of Calculus	To keep quiet	His Course	Oh, I'm tired	On good terms	Tea
GLENN	"J. H."	Form	Energy	To Work	Course	shucks!	Thinking	Haven't time



# THE AGROMECK



Name	Better Known as	Distinguished for	Lacks (Likes)	Highest Ambition	In Love With	Favorite Expression	Always	Favorite Drink
GUNTER	"Emile"	Being Smart	Electricity	To run Dynamo	Work	Sure!	Bashful	Hot Chocolate
JOHNSON	"E. C."	Meekness	Drilling	60	Y. M. C. A.	Not expressed	(Complaining	Not any
KENNEDY	"Jim"	"Running"	Everybody	To Sleep	"Senior Relief"	Walt!	Dreaming	Wine
KIRKPATRICK	"Kirk"	Quoting Poetry	A beard	To be Engineer	Tennis	Peetered!	Arguing	Don't Care
B. LAND	"Bernarr"	To be great	A dog	To get Diploma	Brother	Damn it!	With girls	Old Henry
J. T. LAND	"John"	Military Bearing	Being Left	To Drill	Course	Same as Bud's	On hand	Anything
LATCH	"Edward"	Silence	To Study	A Pass	"E. E."	Well——	Dreaming	Soda Water
MORRIS	"Jesse"	Beauty	A Friend	To Visit the Ladies	Jesse	The hell, you say!	Broke	Something Strong
OWEN	"Foustie"	Mouth	Everything	To Sport	Owen,	And all——	Talking	Old Henry
PARKER	"John"	Musical Talent	The Girls	To go with Jesse	Her	Oh, Shaw!	Hardy	Anything
POWERS	"Joel"	His Knowledge	Work	To tell you how	The Prof's	Go 'way now!	Drawing	Rye
BUCKS	"Shot"	Dancing	Failing Ability	To shut his eyes and sing	M. E. Course	That's me!	Playing the Fool	Stoutening
ROGERS	"My dear Gaston"	Superior Wisdom	Brass	To rule the World	Ask St. Mary's	Oh, God!	Blowing	Some more please
ROSS	"Charlie"	Learning	Off hours	A Pass	Drilling	Don't hurry!	Prepared	Orange Phosphate
SIMPSON	"Lieut."	Chasing Bats	A Girl	60	Who knows	Not prepared	On time	Salts
SHUFORD	"Star's Room Mate"	Ability	A Change	To Dye	Shuford & Owen	Damn it!	Smoking Zfers	Corn
STAMPS	"Ed, Roe"	Being bright	Tex. Course	To tease Henry	His girl	I do not care, neither do I give a damn	Skimming through	Pure Stuff
STRAPLEY	"G. Y."	Smile	Gravly	Kiss his girl	B. F. U.	Got 'em skinned	Eating	Moonshine
TROTTER	"Devil"	Work	Nothing	To be a Dr.	Chemistry	I'll swear!	Experimenting	A Mixture
WHITE	"Jack"	Reclactions	Time	To visit Hillsborn	Jack	He don't know	Bugging	Flattery
WHITTING	"Not known"	Benign Appearance	A Shave	To be Funny	Henry	Ribbs!	Arguing	Brandy

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PROPERTY LIBRARY  
N. C. State College

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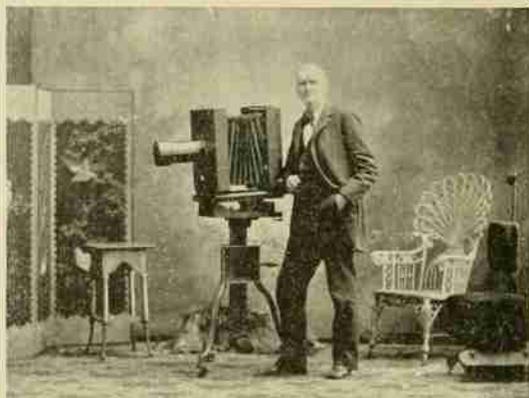
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H. W. Jackson, Asst Cashier

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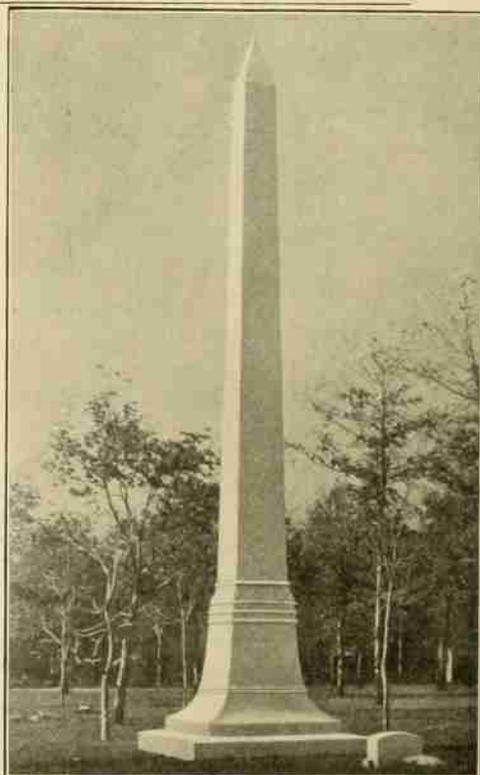
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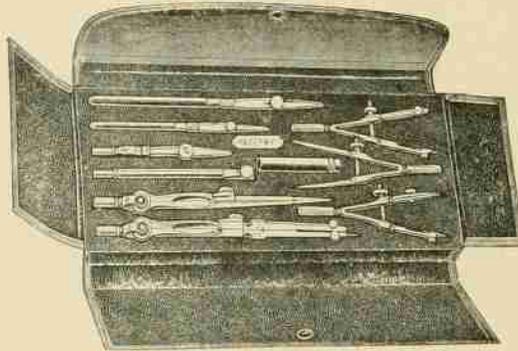
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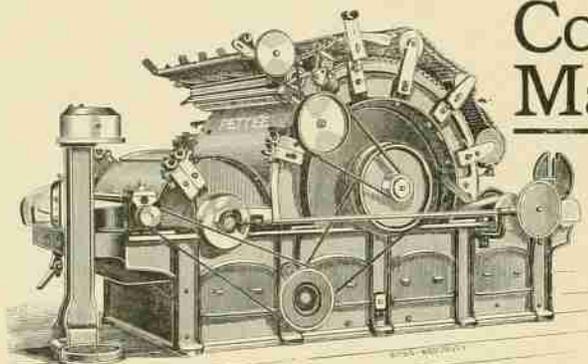
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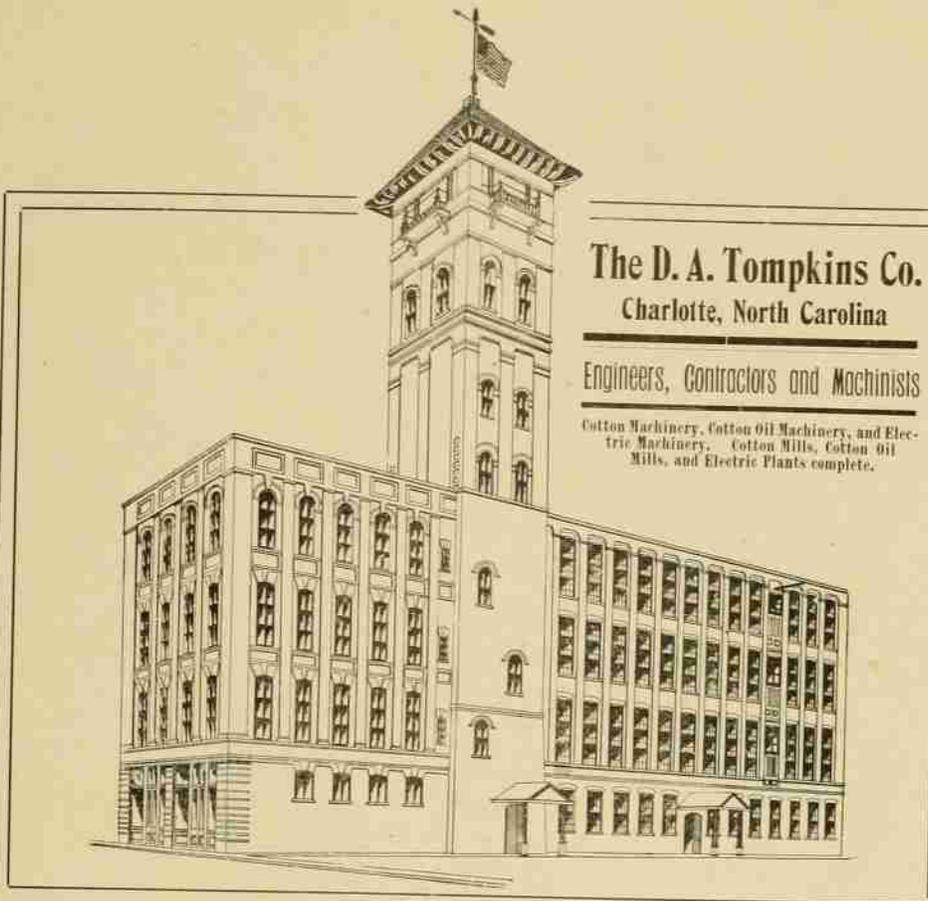
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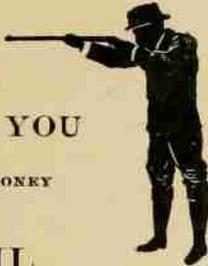
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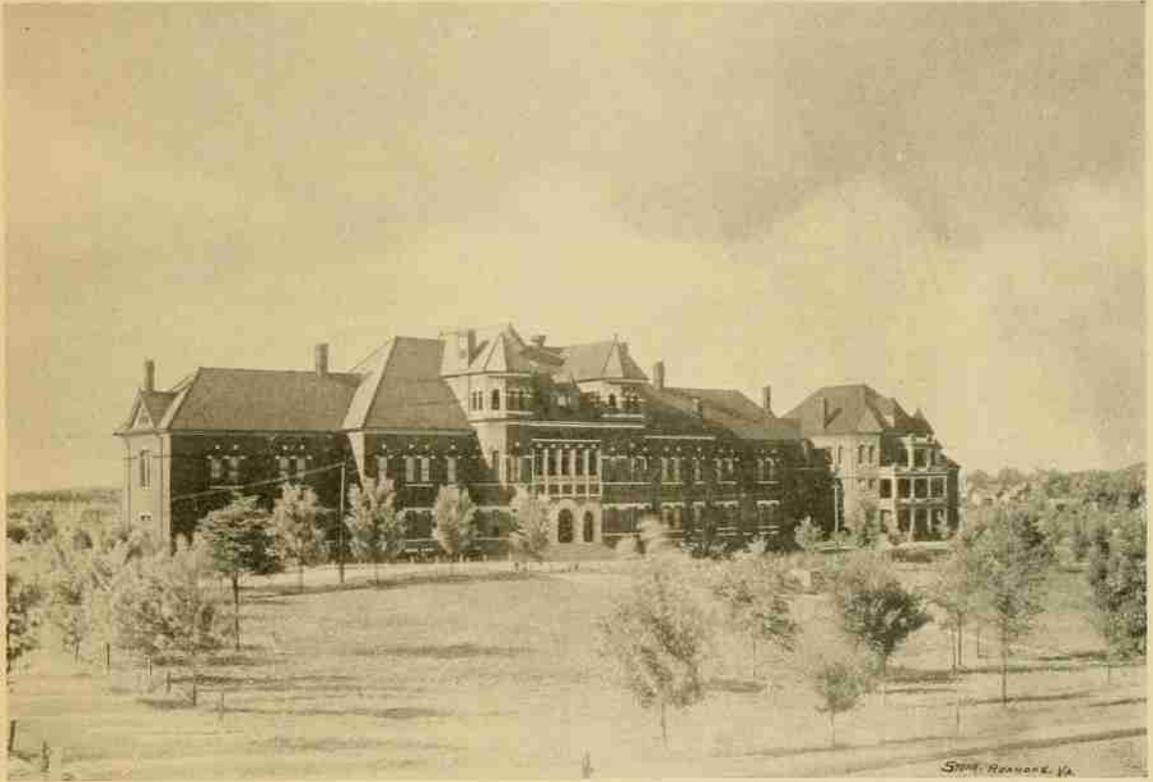
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