

The Technician



Published Weekly by the Students of
North Carolina State College

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WILL YOU FORGIVE US?

All reading matter in this issue of the Technician with the exception of this editorial and the enclosed news matter on the front page, is of a fictitious and imaginary character, existing only in the diseased and twisted minds of Technician staff members. It is, dear reader, our contribution to April Fools' Day—a day when all fools are common brothers and thus endowed with the happy privilege of playing childish pranks upon one another.

The task of editing a college newspaper, at best, has much of the monotony and little of the glamour commonly ascribed to journalistic work. Our news is usually rather aged when set in type. We run our little legs off in a vain attempt to get it before the chin whiskers appear, only to be faced with the dismal fact that it cannot be printed until, say, three days hence. In other words, patrons, we get a bit tired each year; we grow fidgety and become afflicted with acute cases of "jitters"; professors begin to get on our nerves and we think, unhappily, that the president should be hung. We thus become anti-social and unfit for human society.

This April Fools' Edition is our safety valve. We let off the steam. We become exhausted. And we thus become peaceable.

The prominence of the persons affected was the only criterion by which the news stories were written. It should be clearly understood, then, that none of the articles was written out of malice and spite. This issue is published in a spirit of fun; we hope it will be accepted in the same spirit.

Although we again wish to make it clear that all matter is fictitious, we cannot forego the comment that this is an admirable opportunity to write the truth and escape unscathed.

THE PROBLEM OF THE OVER-WORKED STUDENT

Although the Technician makes no pretense at crusades and reforms—having found some time since that it doesn't do so much good—we feel it is peculiarly fitting that the problem of the over-worked student should be examined and remedied, if possible.

With scholastic standards at this West Raleigh institution so high that none but the best students may be admitted, it is virtually impossible for even the most brilliant student to make presentable grades. This unhappy condition not only leads to over-work, but it also leads to some of the bitterest disappointments felt by men. The college is even frowned upon at times when the news leaks out that only 124 students were accorded honors on the annual scholarship day.

Students, in an effort to attain scholastic honors, frequently destroy the very end for which they are working—a long and fruitful life. With health impaired, eyes ruined, and liver functioning only half-time, the ambitious student soon finds himself in a vicious circle. Excessive drinking, dancing all night, and seeking solace in the arms of some beautiful lassie—all these are a direct result of over-work. The student feels he must have some escape from the grinding toil of academic life. He must laugh and forget. He must examine the innermost recesses of a maiden's eyes. And he must look on the wine when it is red.

Every Sunday school teacher and Y. M. C. A. worker in the country will tell you this is wicked—that it not only ruins one's health, but it also soils one's soul. They can quote statistics without end that conclusively prove you will die before you can help name your first grandchild. Depressing photographs and heart-rending testimonials prophesy your fate only too well.

Having your interest at heart and wanting to serve you until the end of the year, we counsel caution. If the college refuses to lower the standards, then you must take steps to save your health and your soul. And if you doubt the wisdom of lightening your scholastic burden, take a look at those photographs sometime.

OUR POLICY

The new editor, becoming aware of the weighty responsibility that bears upon his frail shoulders, wishes to take this opportunity to acquaint his readers with the editorial policy.

We shall, unless death, illness, or scholastic failure intervenes, fight the devil in all his forms. Communists, Socialists, free-thinkers, and insurance salesmen will be subjected to a withering onslaught of diatribes, innuendoes, epithets, invectives, milk bottles, and worn-out typewriters. Every law of decency and good taste will be recklessly violated. Homes will be wrecked; lovers will be torn apart; old friends will become estranged; and new friends will shoot each other on sight.

We hope you'll like it.

THE TRAGEDY OF PERRY'S DISMISSAL

Sadder news can hardly be imagined than that which informs us of Major Perry's abrupt and unfair discharge—information that came, so to speak, out of a clear sky yesterday, bringing disappointment and sorrow to the many students of this admirable teacher.

It is sad enough, of course, to realize that Major Perry has left us; but the Board of Trustees, by its action, has frightened every worth while teacher on the campus. For who knows what professor will be the next victim of a policy and a power so unfair and so wicked that honest men blanch with fear?

It seems unnecessary to review Perry's case. His innocence of incompetence and laziness is so obvious that even the student council is acquainted with it. But as a matter of belated courtesy to him and as a concession to our less alert readers—of which, Heaven knows, there are many—we beg your indulgence while we review the case.

Professor Perry was formally charged with failure to teach his class the principles and concepts of industrial management, as conceived by the admirable Frederick W. Taylor and used since his day by a variety of lesser intellects. Does not even the most casual reader detect the flaw in the charge? What if Perry *did* fail to teach industrial management? Does that condemn him? Before an impartial world we ask: Does not a teacher have the right to choose his subjects? Is he to be circumscribed by a textbook so narrow and so shallow that it insults the intelligence of even the teachers who are forced to use it as a guide? We need hardly say that the answer to all these questions is a most emphatic and a most final, No!

In the Board of Trustees' meeting, before that motley collection of small-town lawyers, store keepers, quack doctors, and money-grubbing manufacturers, they had the brass and the gall to condemn him for discussing the unemployment work of the American Legion. He discussed irrelevant telegrams, they charged; he showed a personal letter to the class, they taunted; he appropriated class time to dwell upon speeches he had made, they jeered. Heaven above, did Christ suffer more!

Yet, through it all he sat unmoved. Attentive, yes. Bored, no. Merely a respectful silence. The attitude and the demeanor of a martyr.

We submit the facts to a candid world. That teacher is best who interests his class most. The mere fact that students register for industrial management presents not one scrap of evidence that they wish to know anything about the subject.

But the teacher who is interesting can break down this wall of apathy. And Professor Perry did it.

By keeping the class informed of the number of radio speeches he had made, the class's interest in radio was heightened. By passing around that personal letter, the boredom of sitting still was relieved—and neck-cranning is always good exercise. By telling his classes how he ran his office, how he put the fear of God in the entire local division of Western Union, how he made the girls conduct themselves in his office, how he used long-distance telephone instead of telegraph and saved twenty-nine cents in three months—by telling the class how he did all this, Perry obtained the undivided attention of all students and added to their store of knowledge.

But he failed to teach industrial management, they charged. What if he did? Who wants to know anything about time studies, flow sheets, variable costs, flexible budgets, or commodity summaries? Who had not rather listen to that exciting tale of the Western Union manager, who, on bended knee, pleaded to Perry for just one more chance to serve the unemployment committee of the American Legion? Is it not more comforting to know that Professor Perry has made a radio speech every day for 79 days than it is to know that inspection of machinery should be made periodically?

We began in sadness; we close in a rage. To the Board of Trustees we charge the loss of our finest teacher. To our departing friend, we bid a sad and heart-torn farewell. May microphones ever be at hand, and may telegraph office managers ever be penitent and humble.

Although we appreciate the value of Dr. Harrison's viewpoint, we have nothing but pity for a man who would take the chance of tearing his trousers simply to look in a window at Saint Mary's.

We offer the suggestion that Dr. Brooks' tale concerning his search for Octagon soap coupons is the most futile evasion ever offered a clear-minded court.

The Technician wishes to deny the rumor that William Randolph Hearst has acquired its control. We don't know this Mr. Hearst.

THE LOW-DOWN

By ROBERT BERRYMAN

IN WHICH A COLUMNIST BECOMES CONSTRUCTIVE IN A BIG WAY

Columnists are essentially iconoclasts, as has often been pointed out by those whose motto is: "Boost, don't knock." They ridicule their betters and tear to shreds all that is decent; never do they give honor where honor is due. This columnist, in an effort to reach the writer's ideal, originality, is going to do something absolutely unprecedented in the history of columnizing: He is going to select all the meritorious happenings concerning State College, and simply gush with praise of them!!!

Whattaman Brooks Comes Through!

First of all, let's hand President Brooks a bunch of wildcats. Dr. Brooks, it was mighty decent of you to reinstate Dr. Carl Taylor. It proved to the people of North Carolina that you are a big enough man to realize when you have made a mistake—and to promptly take steps to rectify that mistake, even though you must swallow your pride to do so.

The students and faculty now know just what kind of a person they have as the leader of their college—a big man, a man free from narrow-mindedness and prejudice—a man who will never let his personal animosities overpower his determination to treat every one connected with him in a fair and honest manner—a man free from hypocrisy, who does not call a spade a shoveling implement. Dr. Brooks, I again congratulate you. It was mighty white of you to reinstate Dr. Taylor!

"Let There be Light"

Toss an orchid to the Board of Trustees. Their action in removing the requirement that military training be compulsory is one of the most enlightening and intelligent things they have ever done.

Also throw some roses at the Y. M. C. A. Although for years it has been one of the cardinal platforms of the national Y. M. C. A. to oppose military training in colleges (see The Inter-collegian, official magazine) until this year, because of the powerful grasp military training had upon our college the "Y" has been afraid to speak out. Now, due largely to its courageous efforts, military training is no longer compulsory.

Ed. King, in your fight against compulsory military training, you have proved yourself a real Christian, for, as you yourself teach, the true soldier of the Lord retains his principles at all costs and fights the wrong wherever he finds it, regardless of popular sentiment against him. A weaker man than you may have pussyfooted, may have restrained from battle in order to keep peace with the high officials of the college. I am glad to see that you have not compromised with your conscience. You're a real man!

The military organization remaining, composed only of men who really want to take the training, will be more important. It will be able to hold up its head, look the world in the eye, and be no longer a mongrel that ruthlessly seizes objecting students to feed its iron mouth.

Potat—Master Potentate

Congratulations should be extended the Rev. E. McNeill Potat. Again this year he was able to swell his scrap-books with clippings of his picture and stories praising his actions from the front pages of Raleigh newspapers. This year, because of his familiarity with Chinese and Japanese problems, he was able to do the world an immeasurable amount of good by persuading his Sunday school class to declare a boycott against Japan. The effect of this heartening news upon China was at once apparent, and finally the Japanese were driven from Shanghai. Good work, reverend!

Last year, it will be remembered, the honorable gentleman heroically persuaded a hungry third of the sophomore class, immediately after the lunch whistle had blown, to pass a resolution "outlawing liquor." (The reverend, having spent so much time in China, undoubtedly had not heard of an act called the 18th amendment, which antedated his bill by some ten years or so.)

There are those who would term the hon. gentleman "a publicity seeker," and I must admit that the afternoon of the day his famous prohibition act was passed, I saw him emerging from the office of the News and Observer, but, after all, what harm is there in a desire to see one's picture in the paper? We all have this desire, more or less; it is only in that some of us are more skillful and ingenious in accomplishing this desire that there lies a difference.

Come on, reverend, let us in on the secret: What humanitarian measure will you pass next year? May I suggest a resolution condemning cannibalism? Or, possibly, a bill bitterly condemning unemployment? I shall be glad to confer with you upon this problem.

—And In Closing—

I might add that Dr. W. C. Riddick ("Pap"—n.l. A soft food for infants or invalids—Webster) did his level best to abolish Sunday-night indignation among the customers of the bull hall. Tough luck you failed, Pap—better luck next time. . . . Henry Brock proved to his satisfaction (and everyone else's) that virtue in politics is virtuous, whereas, wickedness is wicked. Nice going, boy; congrats. . . .

Look For The Moral



Perspiring Reporter

One night during the early part of last week, the editor of this worthy scandal sheet was aroused from his sweet alcoholic dreams by an old geezer with long white whiskers, who claimed that he was a former member of the Technician Staff who was now out of work and desired to again try his skill at the keyhole art of reporting. The editor scratched his head, for try as he might, he could not recognize the apparition behind the mass of Spanish moss.

"Alas," quoth the old gentleman, "breaking into tears, 'you do not recognize me, and I used to be one of the most widely quoted members of your staff. I am none other than the 'Perspiring Reporter,' and it is my last wish that I be allowed to grace the pages of the Technician once more before I pass away."

The editor then recognized his former faithful cohort, and taking pity on one who had so evidently gone to pieces, offered to let him take his place on the editorial page for just one week. Overcome with joy, the decrepit creature cast away his false whiskers, and became once more the Perspiring Reporter of old, with the same eye for scandal, and the same nose for dirt.

"I shall do my damndest," he shouted, and rushed from the room, bent on asking different questions to various campus dignitaries and indignitaries. The first person who the Perspiring Reporter encountered was Pap Riddick, who was lounging in one of Little Doc Morris's soda nooks, reading a *Waltz King*.

"Do you think the price of cigarettes will come down?" our hero inquired. "I don't know," Pap answered, "and I am not very interested in the matter. I don't buy any anyhow." Whereupon he removed a small pair of scissors from his pocket, trimmed the cigarette duck he was smoking and returned both scissors and duck to his pocket.

Somewhat abashed, the Perspiring Reporter rushed out of Little Doc's and over to Pullen, where he found Bull Barnhardt parked in a swivel chair with his feet on his desk. "What do you think of the social situation?" our hero asked.

"I think that they ought to either abolish school for about a week, or abolish these dances one," quoth the Bull. "A good idea would be to give about three hours credit for these various dances, and then give the boys about a week off in which to recuperate from their hangovers. In this way we would show them that we wanted them to have a good time and at the same time give those dugans who are so overworked a chance to catch up on their studying."

Last Minute Flashes

Ten students were poisoned at the dining hall last night. "This is very unfortunate," Miss Finer, dietitian, is reported to have said.

The rumor that the Memorial Tower will be torn down and given to the unemployed by the ex-professor of industrial management has been authoritatively denied. "What would the unemployed do with the tower?" he asked when informed of the rumor. "But the American Legion is doing a great work for the unemployed," he concluded, happily.

NO FOOLIN'

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HUNEYCUTT'S LONDON SHOP

FOG HORN RHYME
D. K. Rhyme, senior in Science and Business, has been offered employment by the Cape Hatteras light house. The fog horn there will be removed when he begins work. Rhyme's voice being used in its stead.

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THURSDAY, APRIL 7

Admission 35c

Benefit Freshman Baseball Team

Greatest Basketball Team In History Released Today By Wrecknician

TRUSTEES DISCHARGE COACHES

ATHLETIC HEADS WERE CHIEF MEN IN VICE ACTIVITY

Surrender of Local Gang Believed to Eliminate Last of Law Evaders in This Section; Miller Able to Prove He Had No Connection With Vice Ring

Friends and family of the coaching staff of N. C. State College will be glad to note that the entire staff of tutors have been fired for possible connection with the vice ring recently uncovered in Smithfield, N. C. With the surrender of the gang here at the college, police believe to have completely conquered the last of the law evaders.

The vice-club which has controlled activities in this section of the State had its key subsidiary located here and complete control was given the former coaching staff for dealings in and about Raleigh.

These coaches indicted include: Head Coach Clipper Smith; his assistant, Frank Reese; Athletic chief, Dr. R. R. Sermon (the R. R. is for railroad as he was noted for his ability in getting across things); Shorty Lawrence; Robert Warren; and Bill Beatty.

Johnny Miller was not connected with the vice circle, as he explained, "I was too busy looking at my students' legs to enter whole-heartedly into the matter."

Another angle was unearched as part of the men's activities as it is reported that three of the suspects are dealers in White Slavery. This was not confirmed, however.

Didn't Want to Tell
The officer who made the arrests (name withheld by special request of the condemned men) said he had suspected this bunch for a long time but just hated to turn the boys up. But when they put the nix on duckets for football games I go sore and squealed.

It could not be learned for certain, but it was thought that Chief Allen (local night watchman about the campus who featured so prominently in the Kellenberger case last year) was with the officer when the arrest was made. He squealed because the graft money failed to come and he complained that he could not play poker (and other games) with the other night policeman on the campus, a Mr. Ferguson, while on duty, as he didn't want to spend his salary money in that manner.

Coch Charles "Chicken" Doak was also arrested. He was not convicted, however, as being a member of the first clan of coaches, but because he was operating his own private dog ring.

"The other boys wouldn't let me in

on their racket so I started one of my own," Charlie explained. "Why didn't you take up tennis as your racket," Doctor Brooks (who incidentally is president of the college) asked him.

"It is too stringy," the former baseball coach uttered in broken diamond language.

Here's Cue
The vice ring discovered when the married men, being away from home every night, told their wives they had to work, but the wives got wise.

Mrs. Sermon, wife of the beloved Doctor, said she thought her Ray was holding at on her and she began investigating. Followed by Local Boy Allan Nelms, she went to the gym one night last week and discovered the gang in the swimming pool making elaborate plans to disburse the last load brought in by Shorty Lawrence, the hawker of the band.

She immediately notified the police, and the local law, running on schedule, made the arrests exactly 10 days later. The law could have speeded the raid had not the cops lost their way coming to the campus, it was thought.

It could not be learned the exact date of the trial, but it was thought the preliminaries would be held two weeks from today. Dr. Brooks has promised the entire student body holidays during the trial and it was trying to be arranged for hot lunches to be served to the students as the trial progressed.

CHARLES ROMEO LEFORT, just president of the Student Body, issued the following statement to the Wrecknician today: "What we need is bigger and better vice rings among the faculty; if we are to be given holidays."

When asked for a statement from the condemned men they replied in unison, "We're regusted." From the tone and manner in which the vice leaders spoke, it was evident that long and tedious hours of practice had probably been held.

Wilson continued, "I usually rock little Arthur to sleep with the baseball bat, but my wife broke it on me yesterday, so I have to resort to this method for Junior."

Dr. Wilson seemed nervous and he went on talking in a rambling manner, with little meaning, much as may be heard in his classes, but when pressed by the Wrecknician reporter he continued on the sports subject.

It was learned from Wilson that a club had been organized to sponsor the new organization. Heading the list of members is Charles Romeo Lefort, president; vice president is Tubby Hanks; secretary is Willie Espey; and treasurer is Johnny Miller, Jr.

Johnny Miller, Jr. was chosen one of the officers due to the fact that he is still in the grammar grades and it is thought that young Miller can develop and promote this sport in the lower schools.

"The sport is not entirely new to students here at Carolina Cow College," Dr. Wilson explained, "but it has not heretofore been recognized by the Faculty Council. It is possible, but hardly probable since it has been against the law for students to ride, but now we see no reason whatsoever why the boys can not enjoy themselves while on classes and exams."

It is being planned to have regular practice, just as in football and other legitimate sports, but it could not be learned when rehearsals would commence.

EASTER BASEBALL TILT TO BE PLAYED TOMORROW

Annual Diamond Battle Postponed Due to Bad Weather; Set for 3 O'clock at League Park

The annual baseball classic between N. C. State College and Wake Forest, scheduled for Easter Monday but postponed due to inclement weather, will be played tomorrow at League Park, it was announced.

The game will start at 3 o'clock and mountmen scheduled to start include John Lanning, State, and Lefty Barnes for the Deacons. Coach Doak will probably use the following team in the field: Captain Gerock, first base; Wood, second base; Duke, third base; Brown, shortstop; Fuller, catcher; and Nelms, McQuage, and Morris in the gardens.

Principals In Vice Ring



Pictured above is the former N. C. Gate College Coaching Staff who featured so notably in the recent vice ring capture here. Reading left to right: Doctor R. R. Sermon, "Clipper" Smith, Frank Reese, "Chicken" Doak. Second row: Bob Warren, "Shorty" Lawrence, and Bill Beatty. The gentlemen in the third row were not directly connected with the Ring, but slipped in the picture while the photographer was not looking. They are Charles Cobb and "Doctor Pepper" Snowden, who are prominently known in athletic circles here. "Pepper" Snowden sneezed just as the picture was taken. "X" marks the spot where most of the vice was found and the paper Smith is holding is last week's Wrecknician.

UNIQUE BASEBALL GAME PLAYED BY STATE-HILL

Dicks Hill and Staters Engage in Diamond Tilt With Score Left to Reader

SERMON IN HERO ROLE SCORE STANDS 41-40

Other State Luminaries Perform in Queer Game Played on Thompson's Health Resort; Former State Athletics in Line-up for Dicks Hill; Fifth Inning is Spectacular

Special to the Wrecknician
Raleigh, April 1.—State College and Dicks Hill had a love feast yesterday in Cow Pasture Wallow, located between South Dormitory and the Frank Thompson health resort. But really, the love feast was a baseball game. The score, as you have heard, was 41-40. Which ever team you wanted to win made 41 runs. The other one made 40. But the score was 41-40.

Doc Sermon was water boy for the sister institution—Dicks Hill. He played the hero role. The inmates needed a pinch hitter—Sermon filled in and struck out, 1, 2, 3.

The hefty collegians had their hands full in keeping the wild and woolly inmates in check. The Dicks Hill team composed such former State College stars and coaches as John M. Van Liew, Charlie Cobb, Clipper Smith, Frank Reese, Johnny Miller, Bud Rose, John George Gurneau, William "Red Pepper" Espey and Local Boy Nelms, more than once put on a scoring spree that would put them away in the lead. But, when such leads were gained, the inmates would start playing ping pong and let the collegians catch up.

The game was a shorter from start to finish. Music was furnished by Daddy Price's wash pan orchestra and cows situated in the lower extremity of the field.

Willie Duke of the Duke Powder Company started on the mound for State. Local Boy Nelms opposed him. Ten runs in the first inning sent Duke to the Insane Asylum side. Nelms fared better. He died of heart failure when a ball hit him in the waist basket and destroyed his vocal chords. E. C. Brooks relieved Nelms on the mound for the inmates and after striking out Bob McQuage and Snake Eye Morris, got puffed up over his success and let the collegians score nine runs before Chick Doak popped up to Ginger Als Reese, who made a finger nail catch of the ball.

Changed to Fifth
The big inning came in the lucky fifth. Both teams scored 30 runs—the collegians made 29. It was a beautiful inning. The score keepers got tired

and went home. The sun went down, night followed and lightning bugs came out to light up the field. Spectators snored and dreamed, inmates fell in love—others cried for milk. Pitcher after pitcher walked to the box, signed his name in the dust, threw a ball and came back to go to bed.

The players talked around a camp fire they had built on the field, and mice fought terrible battles under the bleachers—stars blinked in the darkened sky, the big dipper continued to be a big bear, the seven sisters fussed over who should have Orion—rain fell and snow followed, the sun was shining and the owls hoisted. The moon challenged the sun to battle—the sun accepted and the moon, the big cheese, melted away when the sun got too sunny. Sonny Boy climb upon my knee—Blair Chapman.

The game was called by the referee at ten, two and four, who had to have him Dr. Pepper. The score was 41-40 in favor of Dicks Hill or the Collegians—the game is over, the fight is on between the fly and the spider and April fool only comes once in a year—believe it or not.

Ed King, secretary of the Y. M. C. A., has at last consented to review the regiment, according to a news dispatch from the propaganda department of the R. O. T. C. The clothing of Mr. King will be searched for rotten eggs, over-ripe grapefruit, and notes for an anti-war speech.

S-T-A-T-E
Monday—Tuesday—Wednesday
MAURICE CHEVALIER
in
"One Hour With You"
With Jeannette MacDonald
Also
MICKY MOUSE CARTOON
NOVELTY ACT NEWS
Thursday—Friday—Saturday
JOHN AND LIONEL BARRYMORE
in
"Arsene Lupin"
Also BARE EUTH ACT
NOVELTY AND NEWS

WILSON'S COFFEE SHOP
THE BEST 45¢ MEAL
107-109 W. Hargett St. 210-214 S. Salisbury St.
Middle of Block Look for Coffee Pot S. Salisbury St. Near State Capitol
"Wilson's Sandwiches Are Delicious"

Johnny Miller Interviewed On Gymnasium Class Routine

O'REILLY PICKS BASKETBALL TEAM

Flat Foot Artist Makes Careful Selection After Round of Cage Camps

NO TWO COLLEGES PLACE MORE THAN ONE PLAYER

O'Reilly Not in Town for Comment On National-Picked Team; Reported Living Gratis on State of North Carolina; Ex-editor Makes Statement

The sports department of the Wrecknician, weakly college home wrecker, has finally released its all-mythical, all-time, all-composite basketball team for the season 1932. The delay was due, according to reports received here today from J. Rupert O'Reilly, athletic editor, who is now enjoying gratis room and board from the State, to extensive and expensive time spent in surveying the cage camps for suitable material.

J. Rupert, known the states over for his flat feet, has visited every school personally and the following teams chosen are believed by experts to be the best selected and capable group of men possible to handle a basketball.

The teams are as follows:
First team
Center — Secretary of State (also captain)
Forwards — Fountain of Penn and Lock of Yale
Guards — Bully of Tufts and Car of Auburn

Second team
Center — Lion of Pitt
Forwards — Palste of Colgate and Mud of Mississippi
Guards — Dare of Virginia and Traveler of Arkansas.

Mr. O'Reilly could not be reached for a statement concerning the release of his team due to his close confinement; however, his assistant (name withheld by request) made the following comment: "Owie, what a bank-ruppie." In commenting upon the excellent teams just picked, ex-militant edition Hoppie-Toddie (no kin to Jivrotto) Wilson said: "We've got a swell team, boys. In Secretary of State as captain of the team, none better could have been picked because he can handle the bottle (pardon dear reader, Mr. Wilson means the ball) as well as anybody." The fiery former student remarked.

These Boys Good, Too
Mud of Mississippi must have been chosen so the lads from N. C. State College would feel at home when witnessing such a contest played between the above mentioned teams. Traveler of Arkansas is good at traveling, and since that has become an art of the cage sport he evidently was picked.

Wrecknician's Joe Bobbie Writes Feature Article on Physical Ed. Subject

MILLER ADVANCES REASONS WHY STUDENTS TAKE GYM

Veteran Physical Training Chief States He Likes Student's Legs; Course Not to Build Body Nor Develop Coordination as Previously Thought

By JOE BOBBIE
(Editor's Note: The following article is printed not because we believe all of Mr. Bobbie's views but because he is the highest paid sports columnist on the Wrecknician staff.)

In an interview granted your expiring reported by Brother Johnnie Miller, various views which have long wondered the student body have been revealed in this feature chat with the physical education head.

Brother Miller, in condensing his statements concerning gym classes here at State, stated that "gym is not given the student because we feel that they will be benefited in any material way, not because it will develop any coordination of the muscles and the mind (we don't believe students have any mind), and not because it will develop their bodies to large, healthy gentlemen (there are no such persons here); but (mind you, he is now going to give the reason) I just like to see the students walk all the way down here to the gym and I think the boys look so cute in their little gym pants."

More Low Down
Upon further questioning and grilling by Sportsman Bobbie, Brother Miller finally admitted that another reason for the gym classes was to keep he lads away from the "Mop-Up" so (Please turn to page four)

To MEN only!

NO NEED to park a "Girls Keep Out" at the top of this advertisement. They'll shy off quick enough when they find out what it's about.

For it's a strictly masculine privilege—solace, satisfaction, retreat, call it what you will—the joy of smoking a pipe!

It's the smoke "for-men only," any girl will agree—one of the few rights the women haven't crowded us on. And the only smoke for men, many a thoughtful smoker calls it. For the deep consolation and rare comradeship of a mellow, richly aged pipe are something every man does well to know.

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STATE HORSEMEN READY FOR WORK

Dr. A. J. Wilson, Interviewed While Rocking Junior to Sleep, Enthusiastic

As the sharp pruning knife of the athletic department cut several activities from the sports calendar of N. C. State College, it was announced by Dr. A. J. Wilson, Faculty Athletic Chairman, that an entirely new sport had been organized.

"The new sport is riding, or pony contests," Dr. Wilson explained as Arthur, Junior climbed upon his knee to be rocked asleep. "Getting away from the new sport a moment," Brother

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5¢
AT 10-2 & 4 O'CLOCK

HENRY "Y" BROCK COMMITS SUICIDE BY FIRING BULLET THROUGH DISEASED BRAIN

Popular Lad Disappointed Over Reception Accorded Watauga Article

USES U. S. ARMY RIFLE TO SNUFF OUT OWN LIFE

Three Weeks Previous to Horrible Death, Student Wrote Article Condemning Campus Politics, Upon Which He Meditated and Brooded Until Mind Became Diseased; Writer Draws Parallel Between Local Tragedy and Abernethy's Downfall

Henry Y. Brock, Jr., senior student at State College, committed suicide last night, three weeks after the publication of the fourth issue of *The Watauga*, by putting a bullet through his brain. Discouragement at the reception of an article he published in the college magazine insinuating that dirty politicians were at work upon the campus is given as the reason for his act.

Brock's body was found cramped up in a telephone booth in the college Y. M. C. A., where he was accustomed to repair when he wished to meditate upon his disillusionments. An army rifle, belonging to the R. O. T. C. of State College was also found in the booth. In his right temple was a deep and terrible wound. No inquest was considered necessary.

Brock, a faithful worker in the ranks of the local Y. M. C. A., was inclined to brood over the world's imperfections and humanity's weaknesses. This culminated in an article ruthlessly declaring that virtue in politics was virtuous, whereas, corruption was wicked. Discouragement at the ribald manner in which his well-intended remonstrance was received led him to the taking of his life.

A parallel to this sad case may be found in the Abernethy affair of two years ago. Milton Abernethy, like Brock, a dreamer and idealist, was also shocked at the amount of vice running rampant upon the campus. Instead of brooding upon it in silence, he also made the mistake of putting his findings regarding dishonesty into print. Abernethy, however, did not commit suicide; he enrolled as a student at Carolina.

ALUMNUS CLARK WRITES MUCH ACCLAIMED BOOK

Ex-student of State College Author Of "How to Fire a College Professor"

David Clark, alumnus of State College, has just released his newest literary contribution to a waiting world. Heralded near and far by liberal leaders, this writer has now burst into a blaze of glory with his "How to Fire a College Professor."

Working in a practically unworked field, the writer has achieved the distinction of performing the standard work of the age. Bound in durable leather binding and gold embossed, the volume presents a beautiful picture to the eye.

In firing college professors, Mr. Clark writes, a variety of methods are followed, some of which are efficient, but most of which are stupid and crude. One of the best means, he contends, is the alignment of one's cause with that of the Church. After this happy condition obtains, the work is practically finished. Once a professor is convicted of heresy, his course is run. Radicals, free-thinkers, and Socialists are dangerous men and should be removed from society; or else, ah in the case of teachers, they will propagate their beliefs to the tender and impressionable minds of youth. This, he says, makes it imperative that such teachers be removed.

The book is written in that crude and illiterate style so characteristic of Mr. Clark. But, like the San Francisco fire or the Lisbon earthquake, it presents food for thought.

Cloyd Sees Queer Animals On Night Visit To Peele

Dean of Students Whistles "Somebody Loves You" and Animals Dance; Sprinkled With Hair Tonic, They Shrink to Small Size; Night Owl Places Them in Pocket, But Unable to Find Them Next Morning; Prexy Believes Story

Dean E. L. Cloyd made an interesting discovery late Thursday night when he visited Pullen Hall in a search for his glasses which he had mislaid some hours before.

"You can imagine my surprise," declared Cloyd, "upon switching on the lights and finding two large, ungainly beasts, each having tusks and a trunk, pink in color. I whistled a few bars of 'Somebody Loves You' and they gambled down the aisle and playfully rubbed against me. I sprinkled them with some hair tonic that I was carrying to a sick friend and they immedi-

Watauga Hall Will Be Home Of State Co-Eds Next Year

Board of Trustees' Action Follows Petition of Prominent Women Students; Superintendent of Buildings Caustic in Denunciation of Change; First Floor to be Immense Parlor for Co-eds' Visitors

Watauga Hall, one of the most popular dormitories on the campus, will be the home of all out-of-town co-eds next year, according to a ruling made by the board of trustees this week.

This action closely followed the petition, signed by seventy-five women students, praying that they be allowed to live on the campus. The petition was circulated by Leah Godwin, Maude Schaub, and Gertrude Hamilton, two of which are rather popular with the boys.

The dormitory will be renovated during the summer, all interior walls torn down, bath-tubs installed, and each room fitted with clothes-lines. Two-room suites will result from the tearing down of the interior walls.

The entire first floor will be turned into an immense parlor, in which the co-eds may tell jokes, play bridge, manicure their nails, and have dates—if any. Lovers' seats, bridge lamps, and cuspidors will be supplied by Hunsbry's London Shop, which will hereafter cater to the co-eds entirely. However, they will still have to go to the

library to smoke, the trustees stipulated.

When asked to comment upon the proposed change, Mr. Wellons, superintendent of buildings, smiled wily and indicated a desire to be left alone, saying he wished a bit of time for humiliation and prayer. "If the board of trustees is determined to make a fool of its collective self, I see no reason to comment upon its idocy. I sometimes wish my mother had trained me to be something other than a superintendent of buildings."

Orders have already been sent to Mr. Wellons, ordering him to remove all shades from the windows. Upon receiving these instructions, the superintendent of buildings is reported to have brightened visibly, although he is still rather morbid.

Warnings have been issued to students living in First Dormitory. Shades are to be kept lowered at all times, searchlights are to flood the dormitory, and armed guards will patrol the grounds in order to discourage feminine visitors.

good mouse traps, too. Where many technicians would halt, he has gone further. He has actually given instructions for baiting his mouse traps. Further comment on a man, who would go to such ends to educate mankind, seems unnecessary.

Finally, jokes in this issue, aside from one or two I failed to understand, are excellent examples of clean, wholesome, original American humor. I present the following as an example: Friend: Who was that lady I saw you with last night? Husband: That wasn't any lady; that was my wife.

JAP COMMANDER PRAISES STATE MILITARY PLAN

(Continued from page one) training the soldiers in machine gun, poisonous gas, bayonet, aircraft, and artillery drill. Since these are the methods generally used in modern warfare to dispatch the enemy, military leaders there take the narrow view that soldiers should be trained accordingly.

"Military leaders at State College, on the other hand, wisely realize that the power of machine gun bullets and high explosive projectiles is sharply limited. They have, therefore, chosen a method that works invariably. 'They intend to make the enemy

Reluctantly, I come to the end of the magazine. Time and space permitting, I should like to dwell on the above; but tide waits on no man and it is a wise child that knows its own father. I must, therefore, type a short paragraph concerning Dean Brown's 'How to Make a Mouse Trap So Good That the Whole World Will Beat a Path to Your Door,' and then end with a few comments on the jokes and illustrations—if I may be permitted to refer to such works of art with the prosaic word 'illustrations.'"

Aside from mastering the technique of building mouse traps, Dean Brown has added another sparkling offering on the altar of skillful writing and clear thinking. With a logic so clear that it pierces your soul and soils your underwear, the Dean has given explicit instructions for making mouse traps—

stately shrunk to such a small size that I was able to put them in my pocket. However, they must have slipped out in some way because the next morning when I looked for them they were missing.

When told of the adventure, President E. C. Brooks suggested that probably the animals had escaped from an itinerant side show or circus. "However," he declared, "you can put implicit faith in the story Dean Cloyd tells, for I, myself, have seen similar animals, and some much more monstrous, running about the campus at late hours of the night."

Society JOHN NYCUM, Editor Phone 9415

Moo Moo Moo

Moo Moo Moo, the newly organized dairy fraternity at the college, was host at a bee-oo-tiful brawl in the college cow barn Wednesday night, honoring cows and other guests from the entire social realm of the college. The barn was dee-lightfully decorated with spider webs and delicately appointed stacks of hay.

Just preceding the figure, Rev. Hanks, widely known prohibition worker and president of the fraternity, led the members in a number of the latest dance steps which he acquired while visiting in Tennessee with Mark Wilson, noted pioneer moonshiner of that neck of the woods.

"B. O." Moore and his Five Fearful Hot Shots then struck up an unusually discordant tune and the figure began. As the elaborately decorated barn doors swung open the lanterns were dimmed and the guest of honor, "White Britches" Perry was led in by a large lawn-colored cow, bearing the large insignia of the American Legion. He was assisted in the figure by the remaining charter members of the organization.

During the evening a novel course of cracked ice and fresh milk was served to the guests present, while the cattle enjoyed a light course of hay and fresh greens.

Pi K. A. Brawl

Members of the Pi Kappa Alpha Fraternity were hosts, Monday night, at the twenty-sixth of their annual Easter Brawl, which is held each year

on their legs," Bobbie came back at him. Mr. Miller refused to answer the question. It is rumored that Mr. Miller thinks that legging will do more to developing a beautiful pair of legs on a person than any other exercise.

Three students were flunked out of the School of Education last term. Since this is the first time anyone has ever flunked out of this school, Dean Brown is reported to be most saddened by the event. "This is the one school on the campus," he said with a catch in his voice, "where a student can register and be immune from failure. I shall investigate the records of these three co-eds, and shall re-late them, if possible. If worst comes to worst—and such a condition seems to prevail—the teacher who failed them will be dismissed."

The Millennium "In ten or twelve years we expect to work out an efficient system of registration," W. L. Mayer confessed in a ten-second interview. "We haven't got so awfully much sense, you know."

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"Well," said Johannes as he reached in his right-hand top drawer and procured a match and striking same to light his pipe, "it all depends on the particular mood I'm in on the particular day. Sometimes I like the first, while on other days I prefer the last type, and on still other days the fussy ones will pass."

"Then they boys are graded entirely

on the basketball floor of the college gymnasium.

All those attending, including guests, with the exception of the women, wore the usual formal evening clothes, including shoes and a tie. The girls wore various colored dresses, usually called evening gowns, which blended unusually well with the cigarette smoke which hung in a pale blue cloud just beneath the central arch of the ceiling.

The most noticeable part of the dance was the figure led by Jimmy Carter and his girl and assisted by Stamps Houston and his girl and several other boys with their girls were in the figure too. No refreshments were served, which was partially due to the depression and also because there were too many people there for everyone to get some. Instead cocoa-colas were sold in the little gym for ten cents apiece.

Many boys and girls from out-of-town were there and also several boys and girls from Raleigh were present to see what would happen during the evening. The gymnasium looked good, it really did, and several people were heard to remark on it during the evening. Quite a few colored streamers were placed in various corners and two or three hung from the ceiling too.

The usual long line of Deans and Professors, acting as chaperones, were there.

Jack Baxter and his orchestra furnished lots of music during the evening and quite a number of people were seen dancing during the evening. All in all it was a real good dance.

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MILITARY VALUE OF R. O. T. C. WORK SHOWN IN BATTLE

Whitehurst and Stevens Lead Opposing Forces in First Sham Battle of Year

The true military value of R. O. T. C. training at State College was conclusively demonstrated in the sham battle of that organization held Friday afternoon, when real bullets were substituted for the blanks commonly used in these exercises.

Battalions one and two combined in a charge on battalion three which was entrenched just beyond the small stream running through Pullen Park. For thirty minutes the charging force led by Colonel John (Pansy) Whitehurst vainly attempted to break down the resistance of the defending forces commanded by Captain Graham (Cracker) Stevens.

The fight was declared a draw at the end of a thirty-minute hell of flying bullets, neighing horses, and braying officers. Each side was allowed 5,000 rounds of rifle ammunition, 100 hand grenades, and three completely-equipped machine guns.

Following is a complete list of casualties:

Dead: None. Wounded: Colonel Whitehurst, self-inflicted saber wound in cheek. Captain Walter Sharp, sprained ankle resulting in fall from horse. Sergeant Hippo Ahman, kicked from the rear by own men.

Ed King (non-combatant), struck by firing horse-shoe. Colonel Robert McAdams, William McClees, John McCormick (not the singer), William McCullen, and Otho McCullers, blisters.

Lieutenant-Colonel Bruce Magruder, Captain W. R. Watson, and Lieutenant Carraway, serious cases of Housemaid's Knee. Major Henry A. Ricks, halitosis. Major Frank W. Gorham, "B. O." Major Neno Gross, athlete's foot. Corporals Robert Ruffner and H. M. Jernigan were court-martialed and sentenced to two bull tusks each for discarding their rifles and inflicting real damage to the enemy with their flats.

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TRIAL OF CAPPS TO BE HELD TOMORROW NIGHT

Former Librarian Charged With Experimenting With Ten Commandments

Charged with stealing from the poor box, absenting himself from Sunday School, and experimenting with the Commandments, Frank Capps, former librarian of State College, will be tried tomorrow night before a tribunal consisting of W. C. Riddick, William Hande Brown, Jr., and Oliver Max Gardner, a fresh upstart who thinks Technicians editors should apologize to him.

The specific charges have not been made public, but it is felt in authoritative circles that Mr. Capps will be acquainted with them before the trial. Witnesses from adjoining counties, including the entire police force of Cary, have been summoned to appear in his defense.

In the event that he is convicted, Ed King will have made another convert.

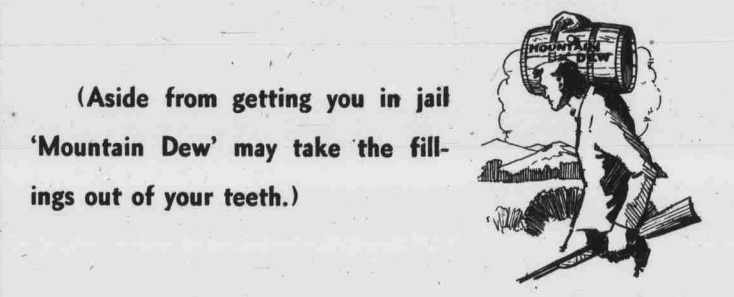
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