

A. J. Jordan
S. J. Jordan
City

MAINTENANCE

TECHNICIAN

Vol. I

West Raleigh, N. C., February 16, 1920

No. 2

Company G Wins Prize

Extract from a letter written by a man from Company G:

"You should have been here at the College last Friday. We had a big competitive drill—and Company G won the prize!

The bugles blew 'Assembly' at the usual time, and we all 'fell in' for what we thought would be a regular drill. But as rolls were being called the regimental sergeant major handed our battalion commander a sheet of paper and told him to report with his company commanders to Major Hulvey.

"When the lieutenant in charge of the company gave us 'at ease' we saw that something was brewing. All the battalion and company commanders were lined up in front of the commandant, who was talking to them. Pretty soon they all saluted and returned to their posts. Then Major Hulvey marched the regiment over to the drill field, and we formed so that each battalion was in line behind the preceding one, and the drill commenced.

"The First Battalion was called upon to execute several prescribed movements. When these were finished it marched around to our rear and halted. The Second Battalion moved off next and executed the same movements. We were standing at ease and noted with growing interest everything that went on in front of us. We saw the judges, Captain Rodney and Lieutenant-Colonel Harrelson, as they walked around and noted the good and the bad points of the movements executed. As the drill proceeded we were all filled with a desire to beat the two outfits that had gone before. When our time came to move off each man was ready and alert to do his best.

"Our battalion executed several simple battalion movements, after which we had a short drill in the manual of arms. In the latter various noncommissioned officers were called from the ranks to drill the company. Captain Peden called on Sergeant — first and instructed him to take charge. He stepped briskly from the ranks, saluted, and gave a few sharp commands. I could not turn my head in ranks, but I could hear the crack as the men slapped their pieces in executing the movement. It was thrilling to feel that I was a part of that organization, and to feel that I was doing my bit to help things along. Of course, there were mistakes, but each man was doing his level best, and mistakes don't last long with such a determination. We forgot the judges we were so intent upon hearing the sergeant's commands. After a few minutes Sergeant — was replaced by Sergeant —, after which we were marched to our place in line for parade. Colonel Worth then had the regiment pass in review. Before changing direction to pass in front of the reviewing officers we caught step with the company in front. Then we formed a line to the left and passed in front of

(Continued on page 2)

A Loyal and True Sport

The fellow who sticks his thumbs under the lapels of his coat and boasts of what he did when his home team wins is seldom the loyal and true man.

The guy who crows and yells and dislocates several parts of his anatomy in an effort to show to all the world his spirit over a little gain is usually a fake and a fraud.

The sport who bets on a cinch, talks about his "good money," and knocks the other side has about as much nerve as a "nigger in a graveyard" and is just about as welcome into a crowd of loyal supporters as a skunk is at a lawn party.

The gink who growls at and "cusses" his own college team because he lost some money on the game they did their best in ought to go "home to mama."

The real, true and loyal sport of the old school is the fellow who grins in victory and smiles in defeat; who congratulates the winners and sticks to the team that was the losers; who bets on equal chances and calls all bluffs. He never brags when he wins and never squeals when he loses. He is always with us whether we win or not. So let this be our motto: "Pull for the old team whether we win or lose."

A. L. WHITE, '20.

A New Hero of the Old Type.

(A Play in One Act)

Event: German Club Masked Ball.
Scene: Woman's Club Ballroom.

Enter the "hero" clothed in the garb of the prehistoric, consisting of a noted basketball player's jersey, with trunks and shoes of unknown origin. A gasp is heard from the chaperone's circle as this unknown figure grasps one of the city's fairest and glides forth to the strains of "Mammy o' Mine." Suddenly the "hero" is seized from behind by one of the 1919 football stars and rushed from the scene of gaiety into the cold and rain. A general sigh of relief is heard.

(Should any one doubt the term "hero" let him try going to a dance in the same costume.)

Contributed by W. W. CANTRELL, '22.

Excellent Plus

On a recent inspection of premises, dormitories and mess hall, the State College of Agriculture and Engineering was given the rating *Excellent plus*.

Alumni!

When you receive a copy of the *TECHNICIAN*, if you haven't paid for your subscription do so at the earliest possible moment. Back a good thing by sending in subscription price to T. N. Nissen.

State College to Have Part in Rehabilitation of Serbia

State College has responded to many calls of need and shown its generous spirit of giving in numerous instances, but never before was such a novel and interesting call heeded as that made by Dr. Reseleyss Morton in the dining hall on Sunday, February 8, when she asked that the students adopt two Serbian boys who have been rescued from their war-torn mother country and brought to America for education.

Speaking to the students in the dining hall at the noon meal (for the quarantine restrictions forbade a public gathering for the purpose), she stated the case simply and forebly, and finally asked every boy in College to contribute one dollar each toward the education of two of the sixty Serbian youths which she has brought to America in response to a plea made her by a dying Serb in a hospital on the firing line. Nearly every hand went up when she asked how many would contribute to this cause, and it was with a look of deepest gratitude that she promised that these two young men would be sent here by the first of March.

Dr. Morton, formerly a practicing physician in New York City, spent two years in a base hospital in Serbia, and it was there that she realized the needs of this little Balkan nation and determined to do something to help in the reconstruction of such a faithful country after the war was over.

In her address in the dining hall she dwelt upon the deeds of heroism of the Serbian soldiers and their sacrifices for the sake of humanity. She wears the decorations of many foreign governments in recognition of her great work on the battlefield. She is a native of Virginia and was a classmate of Dr. Delia Dixon-Carroll.

The two boys who are to come here are graduates of the schools of Serbia, are bright and energetic, and have for their aim the rehabilitation of war-stricken Serbia. It is hoped that every student will strive to make the work of these boys here as pleasant and as profitable as possible.

Our sister institution, the North Carolina College for Women, at Greensboro, adopted in a similar manner last spring, at Dr. Morton's request, two Serbian girls; and they have proved a blessing and a pleasure to the students there. The girls take much pride and pleasure in caring for these two girls who suffered the horrors of the world war and have been brought over to this country since peace was declared to be educated in America.

We are looking forward to the coming of our newly adopted brothers, and we feel sure that they will be as much of a delight to us as the two girls are to the students at "N. C. C."

He (feverently)—"A kiss is the language of love."

She (impatiently)—"Well, why don't you say something."—*Ga. Tech. Technician*.

Company G Wins Prize

(Continued from page 1)

Major Hulvey and his staff. Each man was on his toes and trying as hard as he could to help get a good line and hold it. Upon passing from the field we marched over to the assembly grounds in front of the mess hall.

"The regiment was formed again, facing Holliday Hall. No one knew who had won the prize, and each company was hoping that it had had the good fortune to be selected by the judges. Suddenly, as we were standing in line, the command 'Attention!' rang out from Colonel Worth. Every man stood rigid, talking ceased, and silence reigned over the regiment. Out of the corner of my eye I saw the colors borne by two snappy looking color-bearers coming from the commandant's office. As they advanced, Old Glory waving on the right and the flag of the Old North State on the left, I was filled with the thought of what they both stood for. There in the sunshine on the hill I thought I had never seen them look so beautiful. They advanced and halted behind Colonel Worth, and the command came to us 'Present Arms!' The salute was rendered, every man paying silent homage to his flag, while the bugle rang out in that thrilling call 'To the Colors!' Standing there in ranks I felt the joy that comes at no other time. Thoughts raced through my mind—'Old Glory! The United States! North Carolina! The best flag, the best country, and the best State!' Shivers of joy raced up and down my back as I realized what it all meant. I was glad that I could stand there, a small part of that good old regiment, and salute my flag—and my country. Inside my breast there welled up a fierce hatred of those men who are trying to do my country harm, and I made a silent resolution to do my bit to put them where they belong, even if it comes to shouldering a gun in another war.

"But all the thrill had not come. Imagine our surprise and joy when the bugle ceased to blow and the colors advanced to our company! Old Company G had won the prize! We were to be the color guard of honor. Captain Peden was excited, but he knew just what to do. With the rest of the regiment watching, we marched across the campus and escorted the colors back to their place in Major Hulvey's office. After that we were dismissed and gathered around one of the sergeants and gave Captain Peden a yell. From now until some other company achieves the impossible and wins the honor from us, we will guard the Colors in reviews and parades. In addition, we get an hour off from drill next week.

"The competitive drill taught us several things. One of them was the necessity for all of us to work together. I realized that the officers after all have only a small part in making a good outfit. It's up to us men in the ranks. The measure of a company, a battalion, a regiment, is determined by the pep, the snap, the fight that each man puts into the drill. Our company has felt the thrill of working together and although there are eight other companies whose hearts are set on winning the next competitive drill, they will have to go some to beat Old Company G."

Fooing the Hen

One of the most interesting experiments now being conducted at the N. C. State College experiment plant is placing the hens under fifteen hours light by artificial means. The experiment is being conducted on thirty-one Rhode Island Red pullets. These pullets are allowed fifteen hours each day in which to eat.

Just opposite this pen there is a control lot of thirty-one pullets. Both lots have the same housing and range and the same blood runs in both pens. The feeding and care is exactly the same. Both receive the same amount of morning and night scratch feed. The mash hopper is open at all times before the birds.

These two pens should lay approximately the same number of eggs during each month. As a result of the lengthening hours of feeding the pullets under lights have produced over four times as many eggs as the others. The following records will show the results obtained from each pen:

	Pen with lights	Pen without lights
November	253	80
December	460	119
January	527	148
Total.....	1240	297

The market value of these eggs on local markets has ranged from 80 cents to 90 cents per dozen. This makes an average of 85 cents per dozen. Figuring on this basis, we have 103 dozen for the lights and 25 dozen for the control, which at 85 cents gives \$89.45 for lights and \$21.25 for the control. The difference in returns here will be \$68.20 in favor of the lights. The pen under lights have eaten approximately 100 pounds of mash more than the control. This makes a small addition to the expense account of the light pen, but the increased production in eggs will cover both the mash and the electric light bill and then have profit left.

By fooling the hen with electric lights we can obtain eggs when they are highest in price, thereby making more profit on poultry. This is the first experiment with lights (as far as is known) to be conducted on a dual-purpose fowl. Other institutions have conducted experiments similar to this on leghorns and other egg-laying types of poultry. This experiment will run for three years. The results should be awaited with much interest to all who are interested in agricultural work.—D. H. HALL, Instructor Poultry Science Department, N. C. State College.

Sometimes it is impossible to print everything that reaches us through the "Suggestion Box," but if your article doesn't appear don't stop the good work—hang away again. We refrain from publishing some of the sketches, as they are too deep for us and we wouldn't want to hurt the TECHNICIAN by having the point sticking the wrong way. Don't be angry if your contribution is condensed or rearranged.

Popular athlete in dining room of a famous downtown hostelry, after studying menu card for some time, looks up and asks his fellow-diner: "What's this stuff here—Aspi-guss on toast?"

Flu at the College

The influenza epidemic has about spent itself at State College and most of the boys are well and meeting their classes again.

In severity and in numbers of cases, the epidemic was slight, compared with last year, but there were cases enough to fill the College hospital and it was necessary to use the Y. M. C. A. Building for the overflow.

The scarcity of nurses in North Carolina make the handling of an epidemic a problem. It looked for a while as if it would be a very serious problem with us. We were fortunate enough to secure nurses for the College hospital, but when the Y. M. C. A. hospital was opened the supply had been exhausted.

Mrs. W. C. Riddick, assisted by Mrs. C. A. Shore and Mrs. Frances, was in charge of the Y. M. C. A. hospital. It was decided to call on the College boys to volunteer their services to nurse their sick fellow-students. The response was splendid, and quickly the force was organized. Some of these boys had hospital training during the war and their services were invaluable. They were on duty in shifts of three, and the shifts were changed every six hours. Cheerful, efficient and untiring, these boys made wonderful nurses, and State College is proud of them.

The following is the nursing force: R. R. Robertson, William Cummings, A. A. Loftin, T. K. Roberts, D. E. Stuart, W. I. Pickens, C. H. Warren, M. L. Tatum, R. W. Davis, R. L. Mills, F. P. Huskins, R. B. Lee, E. Y. Floyd, O. K. Holmes, F. P. Montgomery, J. G. Olive, M. E. King, F. B. Meacham, H. E. McComb, C. F. Smith, A. L. White.

Parlor Football

The football game was over, and at the parlor grate

A maid and a long-haired youth were lingering rather late;

They talked of punts and drop-kicks, but found it rather tame

Till Cupid put his nose-guard on and batted in the game.

Quoth he, "It's rather funny if I do not arrange a match";

So he lined the couple up and made them toe the scratch;

The youth was growing nervous 'neath the weight of new-found bliss,

And he kind of thought the scrimmage ought to end up with a kiss.

He charged upon the center, he tackled left to right,

And the way they held that chair for downs was simply out of sight;

He tried osculation—just an amateur affair—

But lost it in a fumble, and instead it struck the air;

Then as he landed on her ear he heard the maiden say:

"You're penalized for holding, Jim, likewise for offside play."

With teeth set he tried another; this time succeeded fine,

For he scored an easy touchdown on the crimson two-yard line;

And as they sat there by the grate, communing soul to soul,

The parlor door swung open and her father kicked the goal.

—A Freshman.

A Play in One Act

Produced by O. De Witt.
Directed by Eld N. Humorre.
Scenario by J. M. Henley.

Time: 9:30 Monday morning, February 9, 1920.
Occasion: Class in Fertilizers.

ACT I—The curtain rises on a scene in 41 Patterson Hall. The room is a seething mass of chalk, erasers, books, chairs and Agricultural seniors, all of whom change their relative positions so often and so unexpectedly that Sunshine Herman wishes he had his trench helmet so he could get some real service out of it for once.

Enter Prof. Sherwin. (Bob Young knocks the ashes out of his corn cob into "Puss" Hancock's hat and the class convenes).

Prof. Sherwin calls roll and marks Hassel Warren absent by default of not answering to his name. Professor then opens book to assignment.

Sudden voice from way back: "Professor, Warren's here."

Prof. S.—"How's that?"

Voice (now recognized as Hassel's)—"I'm here, Professor."

Prof. S.—"Why, Warren, you must have gone to sleep rather early in the class this time."

(All laugh; class begins.)

Prof. S.—"Mr. Osborne, where do we find seaweed?"

Runt Osborne (who was overseas)—"In France, Professor."

Class proceeds. Prof. S. is telling the prodigious size and the fertilizing values of some seaweeds. "Deacon" Warrick (as usual) waxes exceedingly sleepy, and his head ceases rolling from right to left only long enough to take a violent dip backward and forward. A broad smile overspreads Pro. Sherwin's face and the class wonders.

Prof. S.—"Mr. Cooke, would you mind moving your chair up so you can hold Mr. Warrick's head? I'm afraid he is going to snap it off directly."

All laugh. Deacon rouses and puts on a foolish grin that reminds one of Sam Cooper. Whistle blows and class adjourns.

Moral: There is humor in life, even on Monday morning.

It's True, eh?

Fair maiden, to thee we doff our lids
And smile on you with joy;
With endless dreams you fill our heads,
As it's natural to a boy.

We try our hardest with all we get
To please in every way,
And wish for better times, you bet,
To come to us some day.

We build our castles high in the air,
They're filled with laughter and joy;
Yet soon we find our maiden fair
Is a dangerous, playful toy.

And Kipling was right when he wrote
those lines,
To a "Rag, a bone, a hank o' hair,"
For today, as then, a man soon finds
The same in his maiden fair.

—H. S. HILL, '22.

Berzelius Chemical Society to the Front

The passing of 1919 dropped the curtain on the most successful term ever completed by the Berzelius Chemical Society. The attendance was very good, and while the number of students attending the meetings may not have been as large as in some of the other technical societies, still if the attendance was figured on a percentage basis we feel safe in saying that the Chemical Society would be well toward the top, if not on the very top.

The society meets on the second and fourth Friday of every month. The program consists of one major topic presented by a member of the faculty and one or two minor topics presented by students. After each talk the society is thrown open to general discussion on that particular subject.

With the coming of the New Year a bigger and better program will be entered upon. A number of outside speakers will be brought in from other departments to speak on the chemical side of their own line of work. Then the society will endeavor to secure a number of the officials of the State Department to address the club, and if possible chemical men from other colleges. In addition, it is hoped that it will be possible to secure some stereopticon slides on chemical topics, and perhaps some moving pictures.

While membership in the society is limited to chemical students the society is always glad to have visitors at the meetings. The programs are posted on the various bulletin boards around the campus. Watch the programs. If you see some subject that would be of interest to you don't fail to come to the meeting.—H. D. CROCKFORD, '20.

Gosh,—but this quarantine is awful for the fellows who have standing dates at the different Raleigh institutions that house the fairer sex.

Y. M. C. A. Notes

We certainly do miss the clean movies at the "Y" on Thursday night. Hey, Mr. Flu, pack up your old kit bag and get a move on you!

Once more Mrs. Harris had to call on the Y. M. C. A. to help accommodate her large family. Twenty-five cases of flues were cared for at the "Y." When the President called for nurses, the boys responded with the old State College spirit. Wonder why we could not help those pretty nurses at the Infirmary?

Over \$400 has been subscribed to help keep two Serbian boys in school here. The boys responded willingly to this call.

The Promotion Force had a get-together banquet Thursday night at the dining hall. It was a merry, happy crowd of fifty boys. We actually got something to eat at the mess hall! Many jokes and yells were greeted with laughter. Barr's lost suitcase was found. Little Eagles was given lessons in keeping a lady on her feet. Our champion eater was admired and cheered. When the table was cleared various phrases of "Y" activities were discussed in short talks.

COLLEGE LAUNDRY

TEXTILE BUILDING

Satisfaction or no pay. We solicit your patronage. Bring your work early in the week, we can give you better service then.

J. B. CULLINS, Prop.

Uzzle Cigar Store

SODA, CIGARS
CANDY, MAGAZINES

"Come to the Vogue First"

The Vogue Shop for Men

VOGUE SUITS ME
RALEIGH, N. C.

Suggestion

If you like our paper, signify by letting us have your subscription right away and this will be your second issue. If you don't—don't mention our name.

Prof. (according to Wolley)—"What, then, Mr. Watson, do we learn about talking shop?"

C. E. W.—"That we shouldn't loaf around barber shops wasting our time gossiping."

Prof. Browne—"Tiencken, why are you so late this morning?"

"Tink"—"My freshman's got the flu. Flea, fly, flu—but the greatest of these is "flu."

TECHNICIAN



STAFF

Editor-in-Chief.....M. F. TRICE
 Assistant Editor.....OLIVER RAMSAUE
 Local Editor.....O. A. ZACHARY
 Alumni Editor.....R. D. PILLSBURY
 Athletic Editor.....S. L. HOMEWOOD
 Exchange Editor.....E. W. CONSTABLE
 Business Manager.....J. GUY STUART
 Circulation Manager.....T. N. NISSEN
 Advertisement Manager.....J. M. HENLEY

Application for entry as second-class matter at the Postoffice at West Raleigh, N. C., pending.

Published semi-monthly by the students of North Carolina State College of Agriculture and Engineering at West Raleigh, N. C.

Subscription Price: 50 cents per College term.

H²S

With the coming of the new Agricultural Extension Building chemistry students welcome an addition of laboratory space.

The Experiment Station, occupying one of the largest laboratories in the Engineering Building will release this for the use of the College Chemistry Department. While the Chemistry classes regret to lose their friends of the Experiment Station, they will gladly accept this additional space, having much outgrown their present quarters. This will mean that the whole top floor or the Engineering Building will be devoted to College Chemistry.

With Chemistry the backbone of modern industry, why should State College not be the backbone of Chemistry in the State? We have the engineering side already and wish to have all that could be desired in the way of perfectly equipped laboratories. This suggests to us the Chemistry Building to be devoted solely to Chemistry as planned for the College future. *Where there is no progress there is retrogression.*

Retaining our present direction, we have no fear of retardation; yet this does not compensate for the need of space and equipment to keep pace with the growth and expansion of Chemistry in world importance. With a building planned to fit the peculiar needs of Chemistry and devoted solely to that work, Chemistry would be free to progress without handicap.

Chemistry students will welcome the time when Chemistry in the College is known as its engineering. *En avant.*
 "H. C."

The World Cry

In this age of strikes and so-called greater freedom and true democracy, when the laboring classes are clamoring for a just and unbiased system of wages and a hand in the management of their affairs, it is not at all strange that a very deserving and absolutely essential institution should raise a voice for a greater recompense for services rendered.

The training of our youth, and thereby the moulding of a strong republic, is left entirely within the hands of a body of professional men and women who have given up more profitable pursuits with an absolute disregard of self in order that they may disseminate knowledge to the coming generation.

For a long, long time the teachers in American schools have borne the injustice of meager salaries without a word of complaint; but the time is come when, with a mighty reverberation, the cry of this under-paid profession is vibrating throughout the nation.

What does this appeal mean? What effect will it have upon our future generations? It means just this: That a few loyal ones, whose high sense of duty have compelled them to stick to their posts are gradually awakening the public to the realization of the fact that we are now facing a very grave situation, and that our institutions of learning are becoming impoverished for lack of competent instructors.

With the industries of the United States constantly expanding, and with the commercial world daily offering opportunities that cannot be easily turned aside, it is no wonder that the more ambitious and capable of our teachers are leaving this unattractive profession for more remunerative fields of endeavor. It is needless to enumerate the many instances where unskilled labor is paid far better salaries than our highly trained instructors.

Oh, boy! don't y' jes' know that the sap will soon be rising.

The slap of the ball in the glove already attests the coming of spring.

Sprinters are thinking of the cinder track.

Old, but true nevertheless, "In spring a young man's fancy . . ."

Why We Won That Wake Forest Game

Meredith College,
 Feb. 2, 1920.

State College Basket-ball Team:
 We expect you to walk over Wake Forest tonight. We are rooting for you even if we can't be present at the game. You see, even if Wake Forest is playing, the quarantine against "flu" keeps us at home.

Win the State championship. We know you can do it.

Your loyal supporters,
 MEREDITH.

Confidential—For release in morning papers of Tuesday, February 10, 1920.

We can explain that Watauga fire now. We had overlooked the "gas lines."

That Junior Reception

A Toast.

State Juniors so true
 Last night we were blue
 For the card on our door
 Made us quite sore.
 "Quarantine" it said,
 Now we're standing on head
 Your reception we'd greatly anticipated
 And after all it was abated.

A Valentine party we had instead
 And many toasts to you were read.
 The time to see you is coming fast—
 For this quarantine can't forever last—
 So here's to the Juniors of N. C. State,
 Hoping that you will not meet our fate.

The 1920 Agromeck

Every day that passes we are besieged in the Agromeck office with questions from all sides, "What kind of book are you going to have this year?" "Is it going to be better than last year's book?"

To tell you precisely just what kind of annual we are going to get out this year is my object-in taking up this space.

The annual that is going to represent State College this year is going to be the best that we can possibly put out. We are incorporating in it workmanship of the highest and best quality. Our engraving is being done by the Bureau of Engraving of Minneapolis, Minn. This concern is capable of giving us the best quality in engravings and their suggestions are very valuable to us. Edwards & Broughton Printing Company of Raleigh have our printing contract. Our photographic work is being done by Archie Horton. This year he is giving us the best work he has ever done.

Quite a number of new features will be added this year. First of all, the cover design will be different from anything that has ever been used here before. We are dedicating our book to the State of North Carolina, and have worked up quite a novel dedication scheme. The Administration departments have been changed so as to make them more attractive.

These and many other new features will be incorporated in our book this year. No student in College should fail to have one of these books. It will be the most complete record of college life for this year that can be secured.

Have you put in an order for your Agromeck yet? If not, don't fail to do so immediately.

Mrs. Katherine Williams

Mrs. Katherine Williams, wife of Associate Professor of Chemistry L. T. Williams, died on Friday, February 13, at Rex Hospital from influenza, pneumonia.

This sad news cast a shadow upon the whole college and stirred within the breasts of all a deep and heart-felt sympathy for Dr. Williams in this his hour of great bereavement.

Prof. Middleton—"Mr. Chamberlain, which would you plant, potatoes or strawberries?"

Hunk—"You should use your own judgment."

N. C. State Gridiron Star Picked For End Job on Crack All Southern Aggregation

(Written for the Observer)

The following all-star team is picked for Spaulding's 1920 edition of the intercollegiate football guide as a permanent record. The writer has seen every team in this division in action, making the selection from what he has observed and not from second-hand information regarding the ability of the various candidates.

End—Homewood, North Carolina State College.

Tackle—Hall, Virginia Polytechnic Institute.

Guard—Dudack, Georgetown.

Center—Blount, University of North Carolina.

Guard—Crisp, Virginia Polytechnic Institute.

Tackle—Bethel, Washington and Lee.

End—Daves, Washington and Lee.

Quarterback—Maloney, Georgetown.

Halfback—McQuade, Georgetown.

Halfback—Leech, Virginia Military Institute.

Fullback—Kuyk, University of Virginia.

The two best ends were Homewood of North Carolina State College and Daves of Washington and Lee University. The former is heavy and powerful, with good speed, capable of standing up before any kind of an attack. He goes down field under kicks with the speed of a sprinter, using good judgment in "finding" the ball followed up with a vicious tackle, he would inflict heavy punishment to the back receiving the kick. Offensively, he could pound a tackle like no other end. He is skilled in the aerial game, thereby making good use of his basket-ball experience. Daves of the Generals was of the same type, with probably more skill for the overhead game. Given their receiving end wonderful protection, the Generals probably made Daves appear more adept at handling passes, nevertheless he was consistent throughout the season.

Captain Hardwick of V. P. I., Mason of V. M. I., Michie of Virginia, and Kenyon of Georgetown, were all very good men and did splendid work. Parish of V. P. I. would have been a keen competitor for a place had he not suffered injuries during the season.

Two tackles stood out among an unusually fine lot. These were Hall of Virginia Polytechnic Institute and Bethel of Washington and Lee University. Either of these giants would stand out in any squad and could be relied upon for steady, consistent work throughout the season. Hall is everything that a good lineman should be, with a determination that is truly wonderful. Coming back from overseas with wounds that would make many of us give up such a splendid game as football, Hall was not dismayed and began the grind of conditioning long before the season started. Few believed he could stand the wear and tear of a grid season, but he not only stood his ground but played the best game of his career, giving Virginia Tech his all. Defensively, he is the ace of tackles for the season. A low, hard, quick charge, fronted by arms and hands that would shred the mass before him in reaching the man with the ball,

eyes that missed nothing and a keen brain that diagnosed every play, made Hall a wonder as a tackle. On the attack he could budge anything, and mating with him with such a man as Dudack they would uproot men of any size. Down the field under punts, often outrunning his end, he times the kick well and can finish the work with a sure and hard tackle. Turner Bethel, the other tackle, is another man who had made his mark in the South Atlantic division. I was one of the doubtful ones regarding his ability, but I have been convinced and most thoroughly so. Our game in Lynchburg, which was a very hard-fought one, proved Bethel's mettle. We were primed for Bethel and Silverstein. The former played a wonderful game the entire sixty minutes of play and did us a lot of damage. Bethel is a hard charger, fast, and in every play. Offensively, his work is even better. On the deviation of the W. & L. pass, which the Generals worked so effectively, Bethel did the best work in giving Daves the protection against the secondary defense of the opposing team. The Generals' captain played consistent ball. Georgia Tech and Georgetown will vouch for this statement. Among the many other tackles to do good work the past season were Mackert of Maryland State College, Moore of Washington and Lee, Summers of V. M. I., and Pierce of V. P. I.

Dudack of Georgetown University and Crisp of Virginia Tech are the two guards to go with such tackles as mentioned above. The Georgetown star mated with Hall and Crisp and Bethel is a good combination. Dudack is a guard of ability and possesses great speed. Exendine used him to great advantage in running interference for McQuade's end runs, as he could mow an end down regularly by himself, and as for frontal work he can certainly raise them "out of there," as V. P. I. and W. & L. players can attest.

Crisp, the Tech one-hand man, is a wonderful guard. He has played in the back field and at tackle for various reasons, but at guard he would be of great value to this team. He is every bit as powerful as Dudack, with more speed than the hill-topper. They would make a great pair of guards. Defensively, he is in every play, tackling viciously and sure. Backs driven over Crisp and Bethel would make reputations as line plungers. With all this ability, Crisp is the possessor of a fine knowledge of the game from its various angles and a spirit of unselfishness to give all for the team. He possesses also a fine personality for any team.

Bailey of W. & L., Sanford of W. & L., Mantor of V. M. I., Grimes of Carolina, and Armstrong of Virginia Tech all did good work.

For a pivot man, Blount of the University of North Carolina played the most consistent game and was by all odds the best passer of the mediocre array of centers. Anderson of Georgetown, Whittaker of North Carolina State, Paget of W. & L., and Hardwick of V. P. I. all played some very good games during the season; but Blount outdid them all. On the defense he played a keen, alert game. He had a tendency to play the roving game a little too much, perhaps, but with Crisp and Dudack flanking him this fault might be termed an advantage.

(Continued on page 6)

COLLEGE COURT CAFE

Extends to the boys of A. & E., both students and rehabs., the hand of welcome. We open at 6:45 a. m. and close at 12 midnight.

Good Things to Eat

Our home-made Pies can't be beat. Yours for polite and quick service,

COLLEGE COURT CAFE
R. A. PATNE, MGR.

No subscriptions will be taken for

AGROMECK

after March 1, 1920

SUBSCRIBE NOW!

Price per copy, \$5.00

L. R. DOCK
Editor-in-Chief
C. T. HUTCHINS
Business Manager

IF IT COMES FROM THE

CAROLINA CIGAR STORES COMPANY

IT MUST BE GOOD

HEADQUARTERS FOR ALL
SPORT DOPE

February this year is blessed with five Sundays, which only happens once in about forty years.

TECHNICIAN

N. C. State Gridiron Star Picked (Continued from page 5)

The backfield of this team is one of speed primarily, though it does not possess the punch for line plunging. Forward passing ability is not neglected either. The team would be directed by the best general in the entire South, this in my opinion is Maloney of Georgetown. Maloney drives the team and gets a response from every unit. Keen in sizing up the weakness of the opponent, he hits that particular weak link with an abandon that spells rout for the opposition. Georgetown can well point to this man for winning a 6-0 victory from the Navy. Maloney not only brought the six points to Georgetown's side of the ledger with his toe, but directed the entire play of the team to advantage.

Faucette of North Carolina State may be a better open field man, but he cannot be classed with the hill-topper in directing the team. In McQuade and Leech we have all the open field work desirable in a back field.

McQuade goes down as one of the best backs Georgetown has ever had, and that is saying a lot. Gilroy, Costello and many others have made marks that are hard to reach, but McQuade has made a name for himself along with the above stars. He is not a dazzling side-stepper and dodger as the other two men, but a better straight away end runner who took every advantage of his interference. As a line plunger he far surpassed anything the Catholics have had for years.

Leech is not far behind McQuade, with the added talent of kicking from placement. He is also an excellent forward passer. In the Carolina game Leech did the work of a finished back. When not running with the ball his interference was superb, and a goal from placement was added as good measure for a full day's work. The Tar Heels will not soon forget Jimmie Leech.

For the fullback position, I would rather have Kuyk of Virginia than any fullback in the division. It is not so hard to play consistently on a strong team, but when a man can turn out good work throughout the season on a team rated below the average he deserves recognition.

Redd of V. P. I. did stellar defensive work and played fine football in some games, but he did not have the speed to match the backs chosen for this team.

Silverstein I would not rate above the two men mentioned, and he was handicapped by injuries the greater part of the season.

The backfield men who did good work, but who, in my opinion, did not compare with the above men, were Coleman of University of North Carolina, Stuart of V. M. I., Curley of North Carolina State, Tenney of the University of North Carolina, Lancaster of V. P. I., Dixon of V. M. I., Raines of W. & L., McCann of V. P. I., Bosley of Maryland State, Graham of V. P. I., Knode of Maryland State, and McDonald of W. & L., Godsey of V. P. I. was one of the most promising backs in the division, but injuries incapacitated him the greater part of the season.

Allsbrook's regular midnight wall:
"Greenfield, please mark me in."

—Contributed.

Exchanges

Kate R. Beckwith, in *The Training School Quarterly*, gives us a graphical description of "The Spirit That Permeates The Dormitory." We are convinced that she knows E. C. T. T. S. history from the ground up and most highly commend this so very desirable spirit that has been a companion hand in hand with the growth of the school.

We necessarily are minus that something, here, that is characteristic of any co-ed school, and in spite of the light that comes to us as counterbalance for the shadow of flue, it shows even in our paper.

We therefore welcome the Carolinian.

We are happy that the "Flue" situation is not alarming, that every one brought their best smile, and would be proud to give our name, family history, occupation, and state our business clearly. Tho we are sprouting no wings we are excellent "Scratchers under" and would gladly pick up any "Hortense" that ever fell. However, being denied, we have to have it out with "Billet-douxes" and we therefore hope too that Miss Tennett will soon be well again.

Pine and Thistle Staff, at five months of age, say that "Experience is the best teacher." We, at three weeks of age, take their word for it. We're not tallying our faults.

We note with interest that The Vermont Cynic reports the adoption of two of Dr. Rosalie Morton's Serbian students in America by the University of Vermont with the prospect of inviting more. We are proud to share with them that honor, and are now awaiting two of her students that are to come to us. We offer them a welcome hand and truly hope that they will enjoy their stay with us.

Johnnie Hall says his best joke is a Tactics Class.

"The Vamp"

Thou art not true with all thy attractive ways,
That draw the eyes of passing men each day;
You breathe upon the weary world the life
Whose galety often causes strife.

Thy smiles and kisses I cannot endure,
They've lost their charm; but now instead a lure
That causes many a man to seek his grave
And leave behind a thought of happy days.

Thou art not sweet, tho' made of mere delight;
You hold and kiss and love me in despite;
Your heart is made of stone too thick to hold
A tenderness that, lingering, holds the soul.

Your life has been a drudge to all mankind,
Leaving only a memory in the mind.
G. W. TIENCKEN.

WHITING-HORTON COMPANY

32 Years Raleigh's Leading Clothiers

We allow all State
College Students a
discount of 10 per
cent

THE CITY BANK

IN THE HEART
OF EVERYTHING

R. G. ALLEN, PRESIDENT

OFFICE SUPPLIES TYPEWRITERS

H. S. STORR CO.

Printing : Rubber Stamps

"P. G." White—"When I say 'Mark time,' you do just like marching, only you don't go nowhere."

Wake Forest Loses to Tech in Basket-ball Game

On February 2 a very pretty game of basket-ball was staged on the Raleigh auditorium court, State College winning from Wake Forest with the final score standing 38 to 23.

Wake Forest started by getting the lead, but was able to hold it only for a few minutes. Tech soon took the lead and was never in danger again. The Baptists for the most part played a defensive game, Heckman showing up well as a guard, holding Ripple scoreless in the first half. Ripple, however, came back strong in the last half, displaying his old-time form and at the same time showing Heckman that he was there with the goods. Every State College student knew what Ripple would do, and we know that he will continue the good work. Cline was there, fighting all the time, and besides giving his forward a lot of trouble, adding to his team's points both in field and foul goals. Groom played a good steady game; not only did he hold his man scoreless, but made two field goals himself.

"Sammy" Homewood and Jimmie Peden are now charter members of the Pavement Club. Their motto is "Not upliftment but complete downfall." Homewood was initiated on the afternoon of February 13 while on his way to the Postoffice, when a heavy car overtook him and passed over one leg. "Solomon Lynn" wasn't seriously injured, but the occupants of the car were considerably jarred. Who says "Sammy" isn't hard?

At Drill

Nissen (with faded pants)—"Loan me some tobacco juice, 'Speedy,' I want to stain my pants.

Harris—"Why not bleach your blouse?"

"Red" Meekins, Senior Poultry—"I just tell you there is no chicken equal to the White Leghorn."

Mose (who is standing near)—"Ah don' zactly know about dat, Mr. Meekins; the white uns are easiest found, but dem black uns are a whole lot easier hid."

Boost Max Gardner for Governor.

"Rich," old boy, what's all this dope that is going the rounds of the campus concerning your conduct in the Union Station? Dame Rumor has it that "Rich" Biberstein has a falling for depot courtships.

Prof. Browne, on Freshman E. E. class—"Mr. King, what is a conductor?"

M. E. King—"A man who takes up tickets."

The "Suggestion Box" is netting us some wonderful returns. The response has been so generous that the box has been filled twice for this issue, and still they come—contributions by the score. Fellows, it is cooperation that will make the TECHNICIAN a real representative of the students.

Mess Hall Blues

(Tune, Hesitation Blues)

Away down in the mess hall,
Where the "zip" flows free
And the fish roe does the "shimmy"
On the "corned-willie's" knee.

CHORUS:

Oh, "tummy," how long
Must we live this way,
On "corned-willie" and "zip"
Just three times a day.

Oh, the bread it tries so hard
To turn to iron,
And scratches in your throat
Like—I don't give a darn.

(Chorus)

The beans they start to rattling
Up against your spine,
And begin chasing grits
Most any old time.

(Chorus)

The bull he got so old
That he died long ago,
But they keep the goat a-cooking
In the pot below.

(Chorus)

Oh, the coffee makes your tongue
Think it's way out west
Hunting 'round for sugar
In a hornet's nest.

(Chorus)

The soup is filled with doings
That will make you sigh,
And it settles in your system
Like a prune seed in a pie.

(Chorus)

Now the fun it only costs
About nineteen bucks per;
Oh, if Maggie couldn't beat it,
Then I don't want her.

(Chorus)

Math Professor—"Define a circle."
Freshman—"A circle is a round square."

Speaking of "tax": You may tack a boat, and you may place a picture on the wall with a tack, but it takes some tact to make up with your best girl when you're tactless.

"Hip" Meyers to "Shorty" Boyd, after taking on a quart—"Shay, 'Shorty,' if you see '1911' go by, stop it, I want to get on."—D. L. J., '23.

Absence of Thought—or Beard

"Cutie" Newcomb, after going through the entire process of shaving, from lather to lotion, suddenly awakes to the fact that his Duplex is without a blade.

Sergeant Albright—"Do you see these stripes on my arm? I'm your superior officer, and when I say a thing you gotta do it."

Bob Collins—"H—I, they're just sewed on; they'll come off."

Phonetics

Wanted: Information regarding the whereabouts of the senior who displayed a blueprint in a downtown shop window and who described a piece of land as a "track."

Now is the Time to
Get Your

AGROMECK

Subscribe Today
PRICE, \$5.00

L. R. DOCK
Editor-in-Chief

C. T. HUTCHINS
Business Manager

A. G. SPINGLER



132 Fayetteville Street

SHU-FIXERY

GOOD WORK AND REASONABLE
PRICES

College Agents:
E. C. JERNIGAN, 102 South
E. P. WELCH, 201 1911

VISIT THE

California Fruit Store

FOR THE BEST

Fountain Drinks, Smokes,
Tobaccos, Candies
and Fruits

We cater to college banquets

M. F. Trice and L. E. Ernst
AGENTS

Sullivan's Shoe Shop

KING OF SHOEMAKERS

The Technician (boost it)

If you want to read the doings
And collect a joke or two,
If the life here on the campus
Is to mean its most to you,
If you want to keep the spirit
And never once get blue,
Then read the Technician, boys,
And boost it!

If you want to know what happened
To the guy that ever moans
Because some "gink's" eating candy
That "was sent to her back home";
If you want to see his "Tea Hound"
raise
Straight up on his "dome"—
Then read the Technician, boys,
And boost it!

If there's any campus gossip
That should be "passed around";
If you want to know when it's warm
enough
To shoot crap on the ground;
If you want to know where the Energy
Club
Is likely to be found—
Just read the Technician, boys,
And boost it!

If you want to know why "Possum R."
Grips the way he does,
If you want to keep up with the dope
He writes on "Electric Buzz";
If you want to know 'bout the Ag. Club
And what the program was—
Just read the Technician, boys,
And boost it!

We've been wishing for a paper filled
With all the campus dope,
And now that we have got it we must
Hold fast to the rope;
That's to pull the thing together,
For support's the only hope—
So read the Technician, boys,
And boost it!

—Red Meekins.

Literature, Science, Brilliancy

Prof. Kinard—"Mr. Leeper, what is a quadruped?"

Leeper—"An animal, I guess."

Prof. Kinard—"Are you a quadruped?"

Leeper—"Y—e—es, sir, I guess so."

Where was Eddie Clarkson on February 14th?

Our aim is to write something—that some one says about somebody, so somebody will fight some one, and we'll have something to write something about.

No reports from Wall Street this week.

Fellows, we hate to put this on you; but here's what a freshman turned in: "I took my girl into the parlor, but the radiator."

She—"Oh, Blue, they say the moon is a dead body."

Blue—"Well, let's sit up with the corpse."—*Ga. Tech. Technique.*

Prof. (in class)—"Order, order, gentlemen."

Sleepy Oldknow (dozing)—"S'no use, buddy. They haven't got anything but Bevo."—*Ga. Tech. Technique.*

Speaking of 'Lasses

Oh, March will soon be here,
But that most fellows know,
For in that gay and happy month
The naughty wind doth blow.

Staton—"I worked till five o'clock in the morning on my problem."

Froggie—"And did you get it?"

Staton—"Well, not exactly, but it began to dawn on me."—*Ga. Tech. Technique.*

Nowadays, if y' want a newspaper, it's just a matter of a nickel and a machine. If y' start in the Yarborough front door, however, y' don't have to slip a jit in the slot.—"H. C."

A molecule is a mystery.

Columbia Records

SONG, DANCE

All Latest Hits

Jesse French & Sons Piano Co.

RANEY LIBRARY BUILDING

SUPERBA

SHOWING

Constance Talmadge

Katharine McDonald
(*The American Beauty*)

Madge Kennedy

May Allison

Anita Stewart

Harold Lloyd

Charles Ray

Alice Lake

Nazimova Berthytell

Prof. Heck—"Why aren't you taking notes on this lecture?"
Intelligent Sophomore—"My father took this course, and I have his notes."

The way Technician construes some popular abbreviations:

S. O. S.—Sure of success.

S. O. L.—Something of levity.

I. W. W.—It will work.

U. S. N.—Usual swift news.

The Students Co-operative Store

You can get anything you
want at the "Co-Op" except
your education, and you can
get that from our books.

Open from 8:00 a. m to 10:00 p. m.