

The Technician

N. C. STATE COLLEGE

Vol. II, No. 15

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STATE COLLEGE AT THE OLYMPIC

With four first places, two seconds, and one third in the swimming events, N. C. State won her right to recognition in the aquatic events of the North Carolina Olympic held in Durham, May 4, 5, 6. H. B. Robinson was the highest scorer of the State representatives, winning first place in the 100-yard swim, the 35-yard back-swim, and second place in the 65-yard swim and 220-yard swim. M. E. King took first place in the fancy diving and the plunge for distance, and H. H. Weaver took third in the fancy diving. Weaver would have made a much better showing except for a slip on his first dive.

In the wrestling contests none of the State men came through to the finals. Oliver Cray was eliminated in the first round, having drawn for his opponent the man who finally won the championship. D. T. Memory threw his first man with comparative ease, but his second was lost to Baucom after a snappy match. Shearin defeated both his first and second opponents and was slated for finals had there not been three in his class. A draw of the straws gave the third man a bye while Midgette of Trinity and Shearin fought it out. Three bouts in one night were too much for Shearin, and he lost after a hard fight.

Hall came through for the finals in the boxing bouts and fought his man to a four-round draw for the championship of the 125-pound class. West and Lineberry were eliminated in the preliminaries. West drew for his first opponent Gallagher who won the finals. West stayed with him the full three rounds and gave him almost as good as he sent, but the referee's decision gave the bout to Gallagher. Lineberry knocked out his first opponent, a Carolina man, in the first round. His second bout was with Littleton from Wilmington and was hard fought for four rounds. Lineberry outpointed his man for the first two rounds and made the third a draw. Although one judge gave the bout to Lineberry, the other called it a draw and the referee called for the fourth round. Lineberry stuck it out this round in spite of a failing wind and the round was again declared a draw. In spite of previous statements that such would not be done, the referee called for a fifth round. Lineberry's wind was so far gone that he could not get out of his corner to answer the ring of the gong and the bout was given to Littleton. With the exception of the

referee and one judge, the majority of the audience and the remaining official were of the opinion that it was Lineberry's bout. Gallagher, who won the decision over West, defeated Littleton in the finals for the championship.

The Band Has a Successful Season

The college year of 1921-'22 is drawing to a close. We look back with pride over the records of our various athletic teams. They have represented our institution on the field as best they could. Probably not so conspicuous to the student body, but more so to the general public of North Carolina, is the record of the State College R. O. T. C. Band during the college year which is coming to an end.

The band, under the instruction of Bandmaster P. W. Price, has had a very successful season. Trips were taken to all parts of the state. The band appeared in concert at the following places: Wakelon High School, Oxford Orphanage (twice), East Carolina Teachers' College, Greenville,

N. C.; Cary Farm-life School, Flora McDonald College, Red Springs, N. C.; Holly Springs and Palento.

The band also played several civic entertainments in Raleigh.

The bandmen's efforts have not in vain, however. Lavish receptions and magnificent dinners have been given in their honor on every occasion. The State College Woman's Club was hostess to a weinie roast in honor of the band. Perhaps the biggest social event of the year was the reception given by Miss Thyra Cahoon, band sponsor, at her home town of Zebulon, N. C., during the month of February. This was a unique affair and was highly enjoyed by all present.

The band is glad to have at its friend Col. Fred A. Olds, collector for the State Hall of History. Col. Olds accompanied the band on nearly all of the trips, and his personality and originality had a wide influence in making the band such an attraction. Dr. Riddick accompanied the band to Greenville, and from all indications we think he will go more often next year.

The band will lose the services of such notable musicians as Carl Taylor, Faison Mathews, "Spek" Starr,

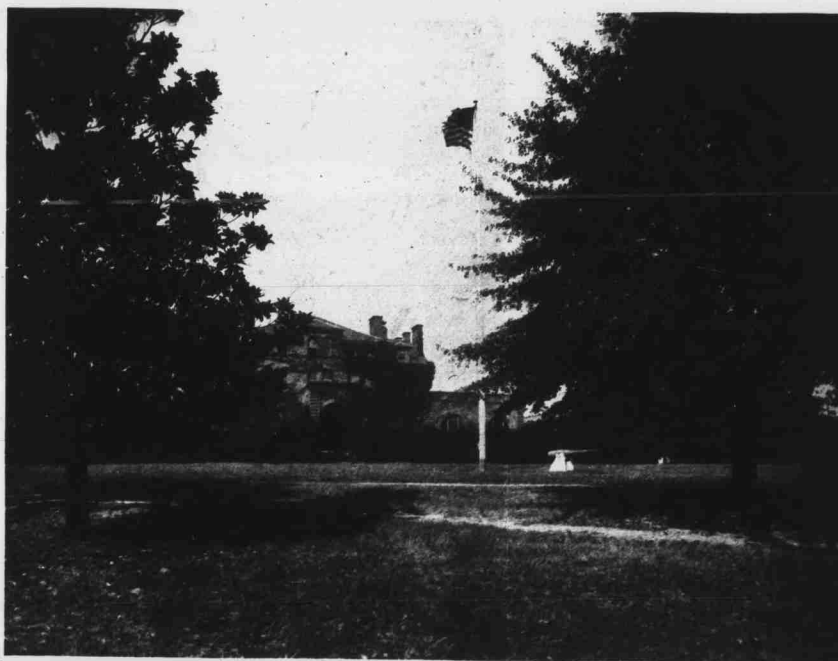
"Teahound" Harrill, "Pip" Harris, Ed Barr and William Armstrong, who graduate this month. The other twenty-three members are expected to be back next fall, and with a new batch of material from the Freshman Class, the band ought to be just as good, or maybe better, than it was this year. "Ike" Summerill will probably be drum major and "Mike" Breen will be band reporter. With Capt. Price's twins, Mike and Ike, back on the job, the band ought to be plenty good.
REPORTER.

TEXTILE SOCIETY ENDS TERM WITH A DANCE

The Tompkins Textile Society finished the term's work with a dance Monday night. Patterson Hall was a scene of gay festivity and the music of the Dixieland Serenaders put everyone in tune for a most pleasant afternoon, and the members and their guests had a most enjoyable time. During intermission an iced course was served and 11:30 came only too soon for the happy dancers.

The chaperones were Dr. and Mrs. W. C. Riddick, Prof. and Mrs. Thos. Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Hart, Mrs. W. W. Stott, and "Doc" Prentiss.

HOLLADAY HALL --- on the N. C. State Campus



A scene that means much to the students of State College, and especially to the members of the Graduating Class.

The Technician

Published semi-monthly by the students of North Carolina State College of
Agriculture and Engineering.



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EDITORIAL

These remarks are not to be taken seriously, as they are merely the random thoughts of the new editor.

And as for that, the whole issue may be slightly off, as the entire staff is at work on their various duties. Next year's Technician must, of course, be the best college newspaper in the state, and every member of the staff is enthusiastic about his particular part of the work. Enthusiasm on the part of only those officially connected with the paper, however, can accomplish but little. In addition to that, we must have the support of the students, alumni, and faculty. We wish to make The Technician the mouthpiece of the entire student body, and to do this we must get to you the idea that this is your paper, published for you and your college.

No definite plans have as yet been made for any of the changes in The Technician that have been suggested and discussed. The changes and improvements will naturally depend upon the financial and moral support given us by the college and the students. At present the indications are that The Technician will appear weekly next year. It is hoped that by means of the larger staff of assistants that will in that event be needed, The Technician can become even more nearly the representative of everyone on the campus.

THE EDITOR EMERITUS

The great improvement made this year in The Technician did not just happen. It was the direct result of the grouping of several tireless intellects, all bent upon one thing, a better paper. At the head of these intellects was that of E. C. Tatum, our editor. A casual glance at the campus might not disclose his whereabouts, but an investigation of the various activities of college life will show that he has been an active figure in all the worth-while phases of campus work. Not only in The Technician office, but also in the Y. M. C. A., the Literary Society, and the various professional duties that he has here, has he been a prominent figure. He is of that modest, unassuming type that carries things across when others give up in despair, and the college may be proud of having had in its inner life one of such great possibilities.

CAMPUS POLITICS

This has been an active week among the politicians. The various offices of the student organizations are being made vacant by the approaching summer months, and men must be chosen to fill these positions another year. We all dislike politics and the accompanying evils, but when we see them appearing right here among us, we realize how utterly impossible it is to

operate a representative government without having this thing bobbing up. The best we can do is to regard the whole thing as a joke, and, really, it is amusing to see the students buttonholing each other, urging forward the good and bad points of the various candidates, and carrying out the campaign in all its phases, except possibly the kissing of the babies and poodle dogs. Regarded in still another light, it is all possibly for the best, as by this means the men are weighed from every angle and the students are given an opportunity to vote intelligently. The encouraging part is the fact that any faction or clique that may appear in one election disappears entirely, divided against itself dozens of times, before another election.

WE'RE FOR N. C. STATE, WIN OR LOSE!

The above words were on display at Coke's Cigar Store before the game with Wake Forest some time ago. It evidently grated upon the nerves of a reader of Old Gold and Black, as he suggests in the Wake Forest paper that such a display was out of place and unfair and thinks that the boys from over there might well afford to get their drinks from other places.

We have tried to take a fair-minded view of the matter, and we believe that since Mr. Coke is an alumnus of this college, and since this is the home of the college he had a perfect right to thus display his loyalty. We should not feel injured if we should run across the same at Wake Forest. We think it is sufficient to say here that Mr. Coke is one of our advertisers.

SHE COULDN'T BELIEVE IT

George had brought his college chum home with him to spend the holidays, and he presented the stranger to his mother for the first time. "Mother," he said, "this is my friend, Mr. Specknoodle."

George's mother was rather deaf. "I'm sorry," she said, "but I did not quite catch the name."

"My friend, Mr. Specknoodle," shouted George.

"It's too bad," said his mother, "but I can't hear you distinctly."

"Specknoodle!" George fairly bel-
lowed.

The old lady shook her head sadly. "I'm afraid it's no use, my dear." And then she added, smiling apologetically at her son's guest, "It sounds just like he is saying Specknoodle."—Exchange.

SAY, "HULLO!"

When you see a man in woe,
Walk right up and say, "Hullo!"
Say, "Hullo!" an' "How d'ye do?"
Slap the fellow on his back,
Bring your han' down with a whack;
Waltz right up, an' don't go slow;
Grin an' shake an' say, "Hullo!"

Say, "Hullo!" an' "How d'ye do?"
Other folks are good as you.
When you leave your house of clay,
Wanderin' in the Faraway,
When you travel through the strange
Country t' other side the range,
Then the souls you've cheered will
know
Who you be, an' say, "Hullo!"

AND ME, TOO

A prospective buyer walked into the garage and said to the proprietor: "I would like to see a first-class second-hand car."

The proprietor looked at him and smiled as he replied: "So would I, brother."

Honey: "I am sure Cupid has nothing to do with the alphabet."

Bunch: "Why not?"

Honey: "Because if he had he would have put U and I closer together."—Ex.

If brevity is the soul of wit, looks like skirts are civilization's funny-bone.—Selected.

UNCLE BEN ON EVOLUTION

("Uncle Ben" Burrows, veteran night operator at Wake Forest S. A. L. depot, promises to rival Uncle Walt Mason with his genuine "barnyard" philosophy and "horse-sense" poetry.)

Some say we from monkeys came,
And "Jocco" was grandfather's name.
That he lived in bamboo trees,
That evolution by degrees
Was the Great Jehovah's plan
To create what we call man.

I'll not confirm or dare deny
This evolution theory.
Man could well evolve from ape
With very little change in shape.
Some can barely keep apace
With monkey stages of the race.

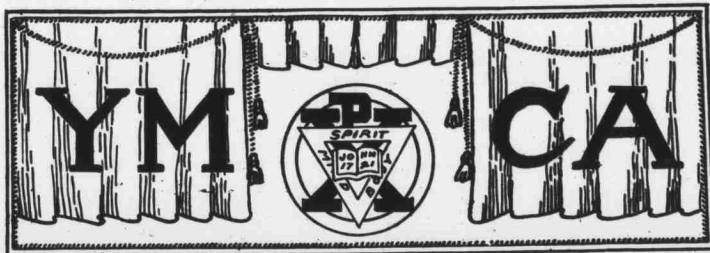
Perhaps from chaos long ago
There was some kind of zoo or show
From which this great-grandfather
ape
Successfully made his escape.
Yet, if monkey turned to man,
What was monk when he began?

Way back when Noah launched the
ark
And told his chosen to embrak,
There must have been monkeys then
Which by now have turned to men,
And time, which turns the sword to
rust,
Made us of apes instead of dust.

I'm glad that I've reached the stage
I don't occupy a cage,
Wear a red coat, cap and chain,
Sleep outdoors in cold and rain—
Or, when chance I come to town,
Cats bow up and canines frown.

And none can make me yet believe
From this low source sprang modern
Eve;
Too perfect both in form and shape
To come from this poor, ugly ape.
She walks erect with ease and grace;
No monk in her—not e'en a trace.

She is the fairest of the fair,
And no evolutionist should dare
To say she has a right to claim
That "Jocco" was her father's name.
This fair creation—so refined—
Is not of ape or monkey kind.



Bible Study Feed

On Sunday afternoon, May 7, from 6 to 8 o'clock, we held our second annual Bible Study banquet in the Y. M. C. A. auditorium. Only those whose attendance was 100 per cent were eligible; however, that did not prevent us from having 281 men present, with their spirits and appetites in tune for the occasion.

The meeting was called to order by "Shorty" Cummings, our newly elected "Y" president, who extended a hearty welcome to all and expressed his pleasure to see so many fellows present. Then we had a short but snappy song service, led by Dr. Derriex. All present joined heartily in the singing and showed spirit and enthusiasm.

We were very sorry indeed that Dr. Ellis was detained from being with us, for it is largely due to his capable and enthusiastic leadership that we were able to make the splendid record we have made this year. And in appreciation of his untiring efforts it was unanimously decided that we give him a trip to Blue Ridge this summer.

At this point of the meeting we were served with plates of delicious eats, which had been prepared by the State College Woman's Club. And here we had sufficient evidence of the fact that actions speak louder than words when it comes to showing our appreciation.

After the eats we had an interesting and inspiring talk by "Red" Hicks on the purpose of Bible-study classes. It is not 100 per cent attendance, said Hicks, that we are after primarily; not at all. But we are after giving every man on State Col-

lege campus a better knowledge of Jesus Christ, in order that each of us may be better prepared for a life of service to our fellow-man.

Mr. W. C. Mock, our next year's Bible-study leader, made a short talk in which he urged that our present interest and momentum be kept up and added to next year.

The last, but by no means least, part of our program was the presentation of the watch fobs to the 100-per-cent classes. This was done in a most effective and pleasing way by our old friend, Colonel Olds. Colonel Olds made us a very inspiring talk, in which he highly commended our spirit in this wonderful work. He impressed upon us the necessity and desirability of becoming familiar with the principles of Jesus and applying them to our daily lives.

Pine Burr Society Elects New Officers

At its meeting Wednesday night, May 3d, the Pine Burr Society completed its initiation of members from the Junior Class, Messrs. B. F. Norris and W. H. Jennings being received into membership.

The society then went into the election of officers for the year 1922-'23. The following men will administer the affairs of the society for the next college year: A. M. Fountain, president; F. W. Kittrell, vice-president; C. S. Leigh, recording secretary; C. J. Rich, treasurer; J. W. Harrelson, corresponding secretary; E. B. Owen, historian; E. L. Cloyd, chaplain; J. K. Blum, sergeant-at-arms.

The last meeting of the society will be a social meeting and will be held in the college Y. M. C. A.

Much interest is being shown in the work of the society, and this new organization, which stands for scholarship and which seeks to perpetuate the high ideals of the Watauga Club should add a great deal to the life of our college.

KAPPA IOTA EPSILON BANQUET

The Kappa Iota Epsilon fraternity gave an informal banquet and smoker Tuesday evening, May 9, at the Bland Hotel. The guests were several prominent citizens of Raleigh. A very pleasant time was reported by all those present.

THE DANGER OF THOUGHTLESS SPEECH

If wisdom's ways you wisely seek,
Five things observer with care:
Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where.

—Selected.

Meredith Sophomores Entertain State Sophs

On last Saturday night the annual Sophomore Reception for the N. C. State Sophs was held in the Y. W. C. A. auditorium at Meredith.

The boys met in front of the city "Y" at 8 p.m. and went in a body to the girls' institution, where they were met by a number of fair guides. They were safely led through dim passageways and hostile bands of peeping freshmen to a veritable Room of Delights. The "gang" was welcomed by Miss Susie Herring, president of the Sophomore Class. Most of them, being "old-timers," lost no time in securing suitable companions and finding retreats where conversation could reign supreme. They were soon interrupted, however, by girls who pinned slips of paper, bearing words, on their backs, and gave each a card and a pencil. When all had been "tagged," a contest was started to see who could get the greatest number of words in a given time. Mr. H. F. Curtis carried off high honors and was presented with a beautiful little doll to play with during his idle hours.

The next feature of the evening was a "ring-conversation." The girls formed one circle, facing outward, and the boys formed another around them, facing toward the center. As music was played, the circles moved in opposite directions; when the music stopped the boy and girl opposite each other introduced themselves and started a brief conversation. It served its purpose well, and by the time the circles were disbanded all had become acquainted.

Numerous other features were provided, each of which played its part in providing entertainment for those present.

Finally, the girls formed one line and the boys another. The lines then joined and marched over to the corner where the refreshments were served, cafeteria style. The last and most enjoyable event on the evening's program was the social period, in which the couples could talk under the influence furnished by two soft-toned violins with the accompaniment of a piano. Only too soon, Miss Royster, the chaperone, rang the bell for the boys to leave. They gathered at the door and gave several yells in appreciation of a delightful reception and of the friendship of the Meredith sophomores.

A. W. GREEN,
Reporter.

BAND MYSTERY SOLVED

Perhaps you have noticed the peculiar manner in which the Band boys greet each other lately. It consists of a flap-flap with the arms and a "quack-quack" with the vocal organs, the whole resembling a bird of the water tribe commonly called "duck." We were in the dark about it all until we saw Captain Price with a new pair of socks on and sporting a new necktie. All this gymnastic action came about during a recent trip of the Band to Oxford. The bandsmen themselves modestly refrain from talking on the subject, and would have you think that the entire trip was enjoyable and pleasant as a chocolate soda with oodles

and oodles of whipped cream on it. But the truth has leaked out, as it generally does, and here goes the real data according to first-hand information.

The Band journeyed over to Oxford in automobiles just a few nights ago to entertain the populace with a few of their selections. They made a hit, as they always do(?), and started back home in high spirits (non-alcoholic kind). It seems as if that section of the country had been pretty well blessed with April showers during the month of May, and accordingly the streams were pretty full—with water. Especially was this the case of Tar River, between Oxford and Franklinton. The river had overflowed, and for a distance of fifty yards on each side of the bridge the water was waist deep in the road. The moon was shining bright, and "Red" Kearns, better known as "Lasses Trombone" of Capt. Price's aggregation, uncovered and exposed his auburn hair. By the light of the moon and "Red's" dome sparkling, the bandsmen stripped and pushed, carried and floated the cars across the water. Miss "Carl" Taylor, being unused to water, utterly detested the idea of discarding his wearing apparel, so he sat in one of the cars, keeping it balanced, while the other musicians pushed it across. Captain Price and Professor Grey, better known as "Little David," resembled Father Neptune and his son. It was a spectacular midnight scene, the whole representing Neptune and the nymphs.

We are in receipt of more information on the subject, but due to lack of space and want of suitable language, it wouldn't pay to publish it. Besides, the purpose of this article was to tell why the Band boys have been acting like ducks lately. The Band boys' new slogan is, "See America first—in a bathing suit."

BY OSCAR.

Leazar Closes a Successful Year

The Leazar Literary Society held its last meeting of the year on Friday night, May 5. This has been one of the most successful years in the history of the society. Mr. J. A. Glazener, who was president of the society for the past term, performed his duty creditably, and we acclaim him one of the best leaders that the society has had in many years. He and his entire staff of officers are pleased with the progress that has been made this term. We regret very much that Mr. Glazener will not be with us after this year.

At this meeting officers for the 1922 fall term were elected. They are as follows: President, Roy E. Smith; vice-president, Carl Bridges; secretary, F. B. Mewborn; treasurer, E. W. Bridges; chaplain, R. H. Scott; censor, D. E. Stewart; critic, A. M. Fountain; sergeant-at-arms, B. L. Lang; reporter, E. F. Graham. We feel sure that these men constitute one of the strongest staffs of officers that the society has ever had. They are very interested in the society work, and are always working for a greater Leazar. Under their leadership the society expects to make the coming year one of remarkable success.

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A TOWN OF DON'T-YOU-WORRY

There's a town called Don't-You-Worry,
On the banks of the River Smile,
Where the Cheer-Up and Be-Happy
Blossom all the while;
Where the Never-Grumble flower
Blooms beside the Fragrant Try,
And the Ne'er-Give-Up and Patience
Point their faces to the sky.

In the Valley of Contentment,
In the Province of I-Will,
You will find this lovely city
At the foot of No-Fret Hill;
There are thoroughfares delightful
In this very charming town,
And on every hand are shade trees
Named Very-Seldom-Frown.

Rustic benches, quite enticing,
You'll find scattered here and there;
And to each a vine is clinging,
Called the Frequent-Earner-Prayer.
Everybody there is happy,
And is singing all the while,
In the town of Don't-You-Worry,
On the banks of River Smile.

—Selected.

"YET"

Have you ever dreamed of a vision fair,
And had your dream come true?
You knew you'd found the goal you sought,
The prize that was meant for you.
But you lost yourself in your eagerness,
Your heart was all too free;
You didn't think to reason,
And you didn't look to see

For your life was all one happiness,
One joy, one light, one song;

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You could not read another's heart,
Or hear it sigh and long.
The heart that caused your laughter,
The smile that won your soul;
The eyes of blue that thrilled you,
With the story that they told.

So—you forgot to stop and listen,
And you didn't wait to know;
That the beautiful rose will wither,
If you bruise its petals so.
That you must wait till it blossoms,
And the bud has opened wide;
For the heart of all God's roses,
You'll find on the inner side.

But, the part you played was the self-
ish part,
Her dreams you did forget;
You set her heart to aching,
And maybe it's hurting yet.
And will she ever forgive you?
Oh! could it possibly be
That a girl so fair and lovely
Would pardon a boy like thee?

The words you spoke were true, per-
haps,
And maybe you meant them all;
But they were out of place, you see,
And quite beyond her call.
She didn't know the fire that burned,
Or the love that raged within;
And now I guess it's better,
Anew that we begin.

Sometimes, in a moment of rapture,
Our world of dreams we find;
Sometimes, in the day of glory,
We feel a joy sublime.
Some times, in the far, near, future,
We fail to wait to behold;
The splendor of the rose when it
blossoms,
And its delicate petals unfold.

"GYPSY BLOOD."

Junior Class Holds Election of Officers

At a meeting of the class on May 8, officers for the final lap were elected, as follows: President, J. F. Baum; vice-president, G. H. Redfean; secretary-treasurer, H. N. Kelley; poet, A. M. Fountain; and for historian, F. B. Looper.

Our president, Mr. Baum, is very popular among members of the class, and we feel sure if his efforts in this capacity are pointed toward victory, as they undoubtedly have been when at his post of left-end in our advancing line, we will accomplish great things before our next and last year has passed. Too, our vice-president, though not a football man, notices more particularly the misplacing of the baseball when hit into his territory at "short" and never-faillingly sends a special delivery to first. Mr. Kelly takes up his work with few words but with the pep and enthusiasm that is required to handle the financial side at this time of financial depression. Then, when it came to electing our poet, there was no discussion or competition, and Mr. A. M. Fountain, better known as "Zippy Mack," was re-elected. The historian of the class will, perhaps, find his task one of the most difficult yet undertaken; but as he served so well in this capacity in our freshman year we expect nothing less of him than of our other incoming officers.

Fellows! we have selected men who are able to do things. They need our encouragement, so let's get back

of them in their undertakings and see to it that we are even more closely united as a class during next year than ever before. It means a strong finish. Come on!

Here They Are!

A. M. Fountain (Zippy Mack), Edi-
tor-in-Chief.

L. E. Raper, Business Manager.
W. S. Morris, Managing Editor.
E. O. Breen, Circulation Manager.

A pretty good bunch, don't you think? Yes, they've got the rep—they've got the pep—but they can't do it all. They can put out a paper, but they can't put out a students' paper. That's up to you and the other fellows, but mostly up to you. They are already at work getting up momentum for '22-'23, and they have got a good flying start, too. They got up so much "dope" for this issue that we had to crowd lots of it out and save it up for next year, for the seniors may want most of the space for the next issue.

And hadn't we all better start right now, too? All along during the vacation, when we run across a good joke or a meaningful poem, let's jot it down and drop it in The Technician box during the term. It may get crowded out, but we will be helping out that much.

And just plant this idea away down in your cerebrum: We are going to put out a paper next year that is going to make the other college papers of the state wonder how it is done. We have received congratulations from as far as the University of Maryland this year, but we are not a bit satisfied at that. You just watch out for next year. They'll be wondering what State is going to do next.

E. C. T.

The 1923 Agromeck

Fellows, the building of the "1923 Agromeck"—your next year's annual—has been started in earnest. The photographer has made pictures of the track and baseball squads, and has taken some good views of the campus in springtime. Art Editor Kittrell has started on his "pictures," too. Suttentfield, our business manager, is looking into contracts and methods, while the editor is ransacking his brain for new ideas and plans.

The 1922 Agromeck staff has been exceptionally kind in giving us much valuable information and advice. These men have worked hard and have a "keen" book, so let's stay right in behind them and see them through in true State College style.

And beginning with the first day of the college next year, let's all start in pulling together and put out the "niftiest" annual N. C. State ever saw.

C. S. L.

Freshmen Elect Officers for '22-'23

On Saturday, April 29, the Freshman Class held a meeting in the "Y" auditorium. The purpose of this meeting was to elect officers for next

year. President Jeannette called the meeting to order, and after voting the following men were elected: A. G. Byrum, of Edenton, president; H. T. Duls, of Wilmington, vice-president; R. H. Raper, of Winston-Salem, secretary; T. B. Upchurch, of Raeford, treasurer.

After each man was elected he made a short talk, assuring the fellows of his best ability and asking for co-operation to make next year the best in the history of the college.

An upper classman interested in selling pennants and college novelties for the remainder of this year and for next session, write M. W. H., 618 N. Elm St., Greensboro, N. C., and give references.

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JEST FOR FUN

"I'm just about all in," sighed the worm as the robin took another gulp.
—Selected.

Stranger (meeting a girl in the country): "Hey, sis, where does Mr. Smith live?"

Girl: "How did you know my name was Sis?"

Stranger: "I just guessed it."

Girl: "Well, guess where Mr. Smith lives."—Ex.

The wife of the city man came into Sorghum's with fire in her eye.

"I want to complain of the flour you sent me yesterday. It was tough."

"Tough?" queried Sorghum. "How come?"

"Yes, tough. I made a pie with it, and my husband could hardly cut it."

—Selected.

"I married your mother, but I am not your father," said the preacher to the bewildered child.—Tiger.

"How many women can one love at the same time?"

"As many as he can keep from meeting each other."—Sun Dodger.

LAW-ABIDING

"Bridget, why did you let that policeman kiss you?"

"Why, it's agin the law to resist an officer, ma'am."—Tar Baby.

NOW YOU'RE TALKING

Junkman: "Any rags, paper, old iron to sell?"

Head of House (irately): "No—go away—my wife's away for the summer."

Junkman (smiling): "Any empty bottles?"—Jonesboro Grocer.

He (dramatically): "I love you more than I can tell."

She (snuggling closer): "Well, you know, dear, actions speak louder than words."—Saber.

Marriage announcements are like dice—"You read 'em and weep."—Selected.

KAMPUS SAYINGS

Those cherished things that go to make up every college—commonly called examinations—will soon be upon us, and already there are signs that midnight oil is being used.

"Major" Hamilton received a note specifying the number of demerits he had. With a look of disgust "Major" said: "What do you know about that! I flunked chapel last month."

With next year's Technician staff composed of such notables as "Zippy Mack" Fountain, "Buck" Morris, L. E. Raper and Mike Breen, we feel safe in boasting that our paper will rank among the best of 'em.

A Matter of Habit

We've heard some foolish things around the campus, such as the armless traffic cop they have in Crabappleville (wherever that is), but the one that wins the fur-lined bath tub is "Pip" Harris asking somebody

for a cigarette while the Band boys were naked, pushing cars out of the water, during their recent trip to Oxford.

Have you heard about the new club that has been organized under the name of the "Cuckle-Burr Society"? See their president, "Pip" Harris, for requirements for membership.

At Meredith Saturday Night

Boy: "Roberson is my name."

Girl: "I don't care, I didn't name you."

A LETTER

Dear Father:

Roses are red,
Violets are blue.
Send me fifty dollars—
It will carry me through.

Answer

Dear Son:

Some people are fair,
Some are tan.
Enclosed find fifty dollars—
If you can. —Selected.

HELP! HELP!

Queen of Spain: "Moi garcia! The baby has a stomach ache."

Lord Chamberlain (excitedly): "Page, call the Secretary of the Interior."—Tar Baby.

"Where is the dam plan?" said Henry Ford to the engineer as he looked over Muscle Shoals.—Ex.

He: "If you'll just give me one kiss, I won't ask for any more."

She: "I've heard that request before."

He: "Well, just give me your usual answer."—Jack-o'-Lantern.

TEST OF A MAN

The test of a man is the fight he makes,

The grit that he daily shows;
The way he stands on his feet and takes

Fate's numerous bumps and blows.
A coward can smile when there's naught to fear,

When nothing his progress bars,
But it takes a man to stand up and cheer

While some other fellow stars.

It isn't the victory, after all,
But the fight that a brother makes;
The man who, driven against the wall,

Still stands up erect and takes
The blow of fate with his head held high,

Bleeding and bruised and pale,
Is the man who'll win in the bye and bye,

For he isn't afraid to fall.

It's the bumps you get, and the jolts you get,

And the shocks that your courage stands,

The hours of sorrow and vain regret,
The prize that escapes your hands,
That test your mettle and prove your worth.

It isn't the blows you deal,
But the blows you take, on the good old earth,

That shows if your stuff is real.

—Ex.

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North Carolina State College
of Agriculture and Engineering.
State College Station,
Raleigh, N. C.

May 12, 1922.

General Orders No. 18.)

1. The following letter from Mrs. Henry M. London, president Johnston Pettigrew Chapter, U. D. C., is published for the information of the R. O. T. C. Regiment.

The feeling expressed by such a representative body of women of the southland should be an inspiration to you all.

Col. D. D. Gregory.

Dear Sir:—Will you please convey to the State College cadets my sincere thanks for their presence at our Memorial Exercises on May 10th. I congratulate them on their splendid military appearance and commend them for their loyalty and patriotism.

The music seemed to me the sweetest we have ever heard. Please say to Capt. Price and the boys of the band how much they added to our program with their inspiring music. Did "taps" ever sound sweeter than when echoing over the hillside? Tell them one and all how proud we are of them and their college, and thanks again to you and the boys.

Most cordially yours,
MARY ELLIOTT LONDON,
Pres. Johnston Pettigrew Chapter,
U. D. C.

May 11, 1922.

D. D. GREGORY,
Lt. Col., U. S. A., Retired,
P. M. S. and T.

North Carolina State College
of Agriculture and Engineering,
State College Station,
Raleigh, N. C.

May 11, 1922.

General Orders No. 17.)

Upon the approval of the President, the following appointments as officers of the R. O. T. C. Regiment for the academic year 1922-'23, to be effective May 13, 1922, are announced. They will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

To Be Captains

R. W. Underwood, Acting Regimental Commander.
D. B. Vansant, R-1.
C. S. Leigh, R-2.
W. L. West, Jr., R-3.
T. F. Bostian, R-4.
C. H. Warren, Commanding 1st Battalion.
T. L. Stallings, Commanding 2nd Battalion.
W. R. Anderson, Commanding 3rd Battalion.
G. T. Bostie, Company "A."
J. B. Stepp, Company "B."
R. H. Broome, Jr., Company "C."
J. E. Teague, Company "D."
W. D. Yarboro, Company "E."

J. S. Whitener, Company "F."
C. B. Williams, Company "G."
W. W. Harris, Company "H."
J. L. Shuping, Company "I."
E. T. Kearns, Jr., Band.
B. F. Norris, Jr.

D. D. GREGORY,
Lt. Col., U. S. A., Retired,
P. M. S. and T.

KISSING 'HIND THE SCREEN

I passed along the street one night,
I rushed along at will;
I hurried through the arc's dim light—
'Twas cold, and bleak, and chill.

The crowd seemed going home from church,
And mostly on ahead,
Except a fellow and his girl;
But who—I never said.

I was ten steps or more behind;
He swung upon her arm,
And whispered low—but never mind,
I know he meant no harm.

She "kinder" leaned her head and ear,
To catch his every word,
And whispered something to him there—
Just what, I never heard.

They climbed the steps up to the door;
He pulled the screen aside,
And gazed around, behind, before,
As if he wished to hide.

A happy thought came o'er his mind,
I think to her's as well—
The screen would answer for a blind,
With no one there to tell.

She stepped behind and held the door,
In attitude defying;
He ventured then upon the floor—
His courage justifying.

He kissed her once—twice o'er again,
And then I lost the count;
I could no longer there remain—
'Twas cold without a doubt.

Well, since they never knew I saw,
This act upon the scene;
I know there is no human law
'Gainst kissing 'hind the screen.

The law of love does now apply,
When lovers have the floor,
There is no harm to kiss good-by,
When she's behind the door.
N. C. SENATE, 1921.

IT'S FINE TODAY

Sure, this world is full of trouble;
I ain't said it ain't.
Lord! I've had enough an' double
Reason for complaint.
Rain an' storm have come to fret me;
Skies were often gray;
Thorns and brambles have beset me
On the road—but say,
Ain't it fine today?

What's the use of always weepin',
Makin' trouble last?
What's the use of always keepin'
Thinkin' of the past?
Each must have his tribulation,
Water with his wine;

Life, it ain't no celebration.
Trouble? I've had mine.
But today is fine.

It's today that I am livin',
Not a month ago;
Havin', losin', takin', givin',
As time wills it so.
Yesterday a cloud of sorrow
Fell across the way;
It may rain again tomorrow,
It may rain, but say,
Ain't it fine today?
—Exchange.

IT COULDN'T BE DONE

Somebody said it couldn't be done,
But he, with a chuckle, replied,
That maybe it couldn't, but he would
be one
Who wouldn't say so till he tried.
So he buckled right in with the trace
of a grin
On his face. If he worried he hid it.
He started to sing as he tackled the
thing
That "couldn't be done"—and he
did it!

Somebody scoffed: "Oh, you'll never
do that—
At least, no one ever has done it."
But he took off his coat and he took
off his hat,
And the first thing he knew—he'd
begun it.
With a lift of his chin and a bit of a
grin,
Without any doubting or quiddit,
He started to sing as he tackled the
thing,
That "couldn't be done"—and he
did it!
—Ex.

DAMN

"Damn" is the most versatile word in the English language, and especially so in the vernacular of the campus. There are eight parts of speech, according to our Forester, and "damn" is used as five of them. Count 'em. Noun: "I don't give a damn." Verb: "I'll be damned!" Adjective: "That damn math." Adverb: "He plays damn well." Interjection: "Damn, I hate to study." And we have no doubt that there are some champion cussers that can use it as the other three.—Ex.

REVERSED THE THEORY!

"That girl reversed Darwin's theory," he commented, in talking to a friend.
"Howzat?"
"She makes monkeys out of men."
—Exchange.

Tee: "That train smokes a lot."
Hee: "Yes, and choos, too."—Ex.

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Benjamin G. Lamme

VISITORS at the Chicago World's Fair, in 1893, saw the first extensive use of alternating current ever undertaken, when Westinghouse lighted the entire grounds with this type of current. This achievement marked the beginning of the commercial development of alternating current for power purposes, and brought the induction motor into a prominence which it has never since relinquished. Great and rapid have been the developments since that day, but the most impressive aspect of this progress is not to be found in the spectacular evidences that are visible to everyone, but rather, in the vision and fundamental soundness and determination that have been quietly at work blazing and clearing the trails which the electrical art has followed.

There is, for instance, the synchronous converter. This machine is the most efficient and economical means for changing alternating to direct current, which the operation of most street railway systems and many other processes require. Without it, the development of alternating current to its present universal usefulness would have been tremendously retarded.

The synchronous converter, in its present perfection, is but one of the great contributions to electrical progress that have been made by Benjamin G. Lamme, Chief Engineer of the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company. Mr. Lamme, in 1891 when he was Chief Designer, conceived and developed the converter, which, first used commercially in connection with the

great Niagara power plan, has since come to be indispensable to large producers of power.

When a man has played so vital a part in electrical progress that his knowledge and vision have contributed to practically every forward engineering step, it is perhaps misleading to attempt to identify him particularly with any one development. His work on the induction motor, the turbo generator, the single-phase railway motor, and the synchronous converter is but typical of the constructive ability which Mr. Lamme has brought to bear on practically every phase of electrical development.

A man of foresight, visioning the alternatives in a problem as well as its hoped-for results. A man whose mind combines great power of analysis with the gift of imagination. A prolific technical writer, whose style is unequalled in clearness and simplicity of expression. Few engineers so thoroughly predetermine the results they actually achieve. Few men capitalize their experiences so completely. And few indeed have at once his thorough technical equipment, his commercial understanding, and his broad human interests.

An institution which has builded its success largely on engineering achievement pays Benjamin G. Lamme affectionate loyalty and respect. The young engineer on his first job, as well as the most seasoned to-worker, finds in him understanding, sympathy, wise counsel, and a conscience; to all of which his associates, in preparing this article, are proud to bear witness.

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N. C. STATE JUNIORS ENTERTAIN MEREDITH JUNIORS AND SENIORS

At their annual reception Friday night the juniors of State College entertained the juniors and seniors of Meredith College in the college Y. M. C. A., which was beautifully decorated with pine and honeysuckle. Although the weather was threatening, the girls arrived on time, and after passing the receiving line, composed of Dr. and Mrs. Riddick, Mrs. Brewer, Miss Royster, Mr. and Mrs. King, Capt. and Mrs. Simmonds, Miss Louise Mays, Miss Mary Tillery, Mr. Earle Teague and Mr. D. B. Vansant, they entered at once into the playing of games.

In the first contest Miss Liela Cobb was awarded a wreath for securing the most names of boys in a given period of time, and "Cicero" White won a toy automobile for "signing up" the most girls. Next, a peanut relay race, in which peanuts were carried in a spoon, was enjoyed.

When time came for refreshments to be served, each girl was given the privilege of buying whichever man she wanted for a partner. "Strawberry" Stockton and "Cabbage" Anderson, the famous State College auctioneers, functioned admirably, and although they held out for high prices, some of the fellows sold six for ten cents, and it was whispered around that they were high at that.

We are glad that the Meredith girls could be with us, and we hope that they can be with us on more than one occasion next year.

The chaperones of the evening were: Dr. and Mrs. Riddick, Mrs. Brewer, Miss Royster, Mr. and Mrs. King, and Capt. and Mrs. Simmonds.

First Row: "The professor made a cuttin gremark to me."
Rear: "What was it?"
First Row: "He said he had marked me absent."—Exchange.

Helpful Books

Dr. Sherwood Eddy Suggests Books for Helpful Reading

- Books on Current Problems**
Christianity and Economic Problems. Federal Council of Churches. 50 cents.
The Church and Industrial Reconstruction. Cloth \$2; paper \$1.
The Acquisitive Society. R. H. Tawney. \$1.50.
The Social Principles of Jesus. Walter Rauschenbusch. \$1.15.
The Untried Door. Richard Roberts. \$1.50.
Industry and Human Welfare. William L. Cheney. \$1.75.
The Coming of Coal. R. W. Bruce. \$1.
The Iron Man. Arthur Pounds. \$1.75.
The Christian View of Work and Wealth. 85 cents.
The Social Function of the Church. Malcolm Spencer. \$1.
Everybody's World. Sherwood Eddy. \$1.90.
The New Social Order. H. F. Ward. \$2.50.
Labour in the Commonwealth. G. D. H. Cole. \$1.50.
Proposed Roads to Freedom. Bertrand Russell. \$1.50.
Property. Bishop Gore and others. \$2.
Economics for the General Reader. Henry Clay. \$2.
Denmark (On Rural and Agricultural Problems). Frederick C. Howe. \$2.
Pamphlets on Current Problems
America: Her Problems and Her Perils. Sherwood Eddy. 10 cents.
Industrial Facts. Kirby Page. 10 cents.
Collective Bargaining. Kirby Page. 10 cents.
The United States Steel Corporation. Kirby Page. 10 cents.
The Sword or the Cross. Kirby Page. 15 cents.
Incentives in Modern Life. Kirby Page. 10 cents.
The Wage Question. Federal Council of Churches. 10 cents.
The Crisis in the Coal Industry. Federal Council of Churches. 10 cents.
The Social Gospel and Personal Religion. F. Ernest Johnson. 25 cents.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL

Tim: "In the parlor last night Helen wouldn't kiss me because it might wake up the family."
Tom: "Tough luck, old top."
Tim: "Not at all—we left the parlor."—Ohio Sun Dial.
Bill: "Are you a good judge of liquor?"
Bones: "Sure, and a merciless executioner."—Selected.

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TO DAD

I often think of dad and wonder why He always seems to have no time to play;
While he is working and is striving I—
I play and have naught else to do but say,
"Dad, I want this, and I need that." Then he
Ne'er stops till he has satisfied my heart.
I've wondered why he's always good to me
And why he's always loved me from the start.
Now comes the answer I have often sought:
It's the spirit of the father's love; And then I wonder why I never thought
Of many ways to help him and to save
Him much worry, trouble, and of care,
And wish that I could make his life more fair.
—Nell Moore.

"You look like a fool," thundered the disgusted father to his son, just returned from college, "more like a conceited, harebrained, helpless fool every year."
Just then an acquaintance of the old gentleman entered the office and saw the youth.
"Hello, Jack, back, eh?" exclaimed the visitor. "You're looking more like your father every year."
"Yes," answered Jack, "so the old man has been telling me."—Meyer-Fun.

Friend: "Did you have a good time at the house party, May?"
May: "Did I? Three hair nets, two packages of hair pins, and one whole lip-stick—all gone!"—Yale Record.

The Shawnee \$9



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