

Otto Wood Added To Coaching Staff DR. SEYMOUR CHOSEN DEAN OF WOMEN Shaw University & State Consolidate--Cullins Dean Sanitation

OTTO WOOD CHOSEN AS COACH IN THREE SPORTS

Dr. Wood Will Come Out of His Hibernation and Let His Light So Shine That All North Carolina and Wake Forest May See; Has National Reputation As All-American Get-Away Man; Also Journalist of Note

Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock, March 30, the Athletic Council of State College held a special business meeting at the Bon Air Tea Room, which is located about four miles west of Raleigh on the Raleigh-Durham highway, for the purpose of electing a head coach in cross-country and an assistant in football and track.

Gus, who is head coach of football, and who was recently given power to choose his own assistant coach, made the first speech. He stated emphatically and forcefully that his assistant must be a daring strategist and an optimist, and understand all the fundamental principles of football. He finally closed his speech by saying that the man under consideration was all this and more, having been in his day one of the greatest broken field runners in the history of the game.

"Doc" was the next speaker, and he was very enthusiastic in his praise of the man under consideration. He stated that the prospect was what he considered an ideal coach for track and cross-country, having been an expert in clearing the bars and having been outdistanced only three times in his career.

After hearing these fiery speeches, the council voted unanimously to offer the prospective coach, Otto Wood, the position.

Last night, at a banquet at the Sir Walter Hotel, Wood formally accepted his position, and incidentally stated, as he understood that Dr. Brooks wished the State to furnish him a home, and as he had no further need for his old home, he wished to offer the use of it to Dr. Brooks.

OTTO WOOD



Chosen coach of cross-country, track, and football because of his national reputation; great distance man, expert in clearing the bars, and elusive broken field runner. May teach get-away tactics to Early's Army.

CULLINS BE DEAN NEW SCHOOL OF SANITATION

Doctor of Sanitation Well Qualified to Assume Duties as Head of the Youngest School of the College; Holds Degrees From Three Institutions; Asks to Be Allowed to Continue Business, as Cannot Live on Dean's Salary.

Dr. J. B. Cullins has been named dean of the newly-formed School of Sanitation, it became known last night at a meeting of the faculty club.

President Bligene Brooks, who made the announcement, expressed himself as highly pleased in securing the services of Dr. Cullins, who comes to the institution highly recommended. Dr. Cullins has been for several years an instructor in departments of sanitation in several schools in North Carolina.—Continued on page 2.

Sojer Early Trains Regiment For War Service in China

Sojer Early's successful venture into Mexico and Nicaragua in putting a stop to the little "howdy-do" having been completed, he is now training his rooky army with Chinese tactics preparatory to setting sail for Nanking, China.

The bugle blasts at 5:30 every morning, however, fail to rouse the Are-Oh-Tea-Sees, as they're all on edge because of their departure for China soon.

A definite program is being carried out which will be of great benefit when they face the Cantonese revolutionists. First, the freshmen are being taught how to Jiu-Jitsu so they can do the muscle dance with the Cantons.

The sophs are learning about ancestors so that they can talk about the Chinks' Grandmas and Pans and thus arouse their wrath.

Now the juniors are all learning funky duty so that they can aid the ossifers. Also, a part of their duty is to cook rice and chop-suey. They are already becoming adept with chop-sticks because Jean's Chop House is co-operating by maintaining a correspondence service in which

the art of guzzling with a chop-stick is taught.

The Major sent Lieutenant Passelga out to do scout duty soon after the strained relations became apparent, and he rounded up all the Chinamen and Hawaiians on the campus. The Chinks are teaching the seniors how to converse in Chinese and the Hawaiians are teaching the rudiments of ukulaying; the combination of language and music will thus enable the seniors to make love to the Chinese maidens.

On interviewing Sojer Early about the future expedition and the route, he says they will go around by Hong Kong and see the vast arena in which the Chinese make canary birds fight. The date set for landing in Shanghai is not definitely known, but the fact will be published by posting on the bulletin boards in the company streets. He does say, though, that the trip to the interior will be by way of the Yankee River.

Since much style and pomp will be used "over there," "the big parade" drills are held on Thursdays, such insignificants as Veterinary Taylor and Bean Brown interviewing. The Kow Chow and Chow Main generals in Chinland will do the reviewing, it is said.

J. B. CULLINS



As Dean of Sanitation, there will be work for all his native and acquired energy.

H. E. SPRINGER



As leader of the Inter-Racial Club, he has battered down the barriers of race.

JOHN BUNYAN SEYMOUR



In the capacity of Dean of Women, Dr. Seymour will fill a long-felt need.

SHAW UNIVERSITY AND STATE COLLEGE UNITE

Activities of Jumper Springer and His Cohorts of the Inter-racial Group Have Brought All to See the Futility of Race Prejudice; Henceforth Peace and Progress Will Be Watchword; Peacock Be President; Brooks Be Dean of Races.

Shaw University and North Carolina State College have been combined, and henceforth will be known as Shaw-State Institute, according to statements issued last Tuesday by the presidents of the two institutions.

The consolidation of the two leading educational institutions of the city of Raleigh marks an epoch in education in North Carolina, and comes as the culmination of years of faithful effort.—Continued on page 2.

DEAN WELL QUALIFIED FOR DUTIES OF OFFICE

Seymour Has Served as Dean of Women at Samarand Manor, Where He Received the Degree of Doctor of Sociology; Has Also Been Dean of Women at Dix Hill; Recently Highly Successful Business Man.

Dr. John Bunyan Seymour, erstwhile proprietor of a sandwich shoppe and information bureau at College Court, has been chosen by the Board of Trustees to fill the long-vacant administration position of Dean of Women.

The election of Seymour was expected, as it was known that his candidacy was favored by both Dean Kield and Dr. Broke. It was upon their recommendation, it is reported, that Dr. Seymour was chosen to occupy the Chair of Women.

The newly-elected dean is well qualified to assume his duties, having served in a similar capacity at the State Hospital and at Samarand Manor, where he received the degree of D.S. (Doctor of Sociology).

Dr. Seymour will abandon his sandwich business and devote his full time to his new duties. His debonair young side-kick will continue to dispense deviled eggs with all accessories to the famished students, while Dr. Seymour will attend to the duties incumbent upon him as Dean of Women in a modern and progressive co-education institution of the highest type.

NO APRIL FOOL JOKE ABOUT THIS!

Several students have asked for extra copies of the All-Fools' Technician; therefore we have procured 100 copies which will be on sale at the office for ten cents the copy—as long as they last.

Harper Denied Right to Have Insurance School At State

At a special meeting of the Board of Trustees and Professor Stretcher yesterday, the ambitious would-be-dean Harper, of the Department of Insurance, was denied the right to establish a School of Insurance, with himself as its dean.

Dr. Harper contended that his department provided a line of bull of such proportions that it would rank favorably with the newly-created Textile School, and that in the field of research it rivaled the far-famed bull of the School of Science and Business.

The Board of Trustees was on the verge of granting his request when Professor Stretcher rose to the heights of oratory, and tearfully depicted the desperate straits of his school should it be denied the services of the—Continued on page 2.

NECK-AND-NECK HOME STRETCH CAUSES TRIAL EDDIE WILSON

Prominent Senior Receives Dire Punishment as Result of Unusual Crime

W. E. ("Eddie") Wilson, a prominent and supposedly law-abiding senior at State College, was tried yesterday morning in the mayor's court for unnecessary injury to a young lady's neck.

After due consideration of the evidence presented by the State, his honor, Z. Z. Tirile, sentenced Wilson to three dates a week at Dr. Charlie's country club, giving as his reason for pronouncing this sentence that he considered the further progress of this collegiate pastime as dangerous to the standard distance from chin to shoulders, and as the circumstances surrounding a date at the country club would in the majority of cases be one of what he termed "sack-holding."

Mr. Wilson took the verdict calmly, while his attorney violently protested and suggested to his client that they take an appeal. Never before had a case of such nation-wide interest been tried in the courts of Raleigh, and the Nation as a whole was highly interested in the outcome of Mr. Wilson's trial. The courtroom was packed to overflowing by "gentlemen of the press" and other friends of both Wilson and the fair State witness.

Shuford, Literary Genius, Made Editor of Wataugan

The present staff of The Wataugan has been fired and C. F. Shuford has been elected by acclamation to fill the vacated position as editor, with the privilege of selecting the staff as he desires.

The reasons for the past staff being removed is that the students felt that their sentiments were not being truly represented. At a meeting held the latter part of the week the students called for the resignation of the staff, but it was not forthcoming, so the students took the matter in their own hands and kicked them out.

For several weeks there has been much feeling on the campus against the staff of the magazine, and it rose to its climax at the meeting. Vile denunciations were sung at the heads of the staff, but the broad-mindedness of the staff enabled them to overlook the source.

Shuford, it will be remembered, is the original sheik and literary genius of the campus. Having such a flock of friends on which he could rely, it is thought that he started the "revolution." The various colleges for women have been boosting Shuford for the editorial position, and especially the Raleigh High School girls. He was delightfully enter-

tained at a banquet given by the girls of that school.

It is a general feeling on the campus that the whole College and community will be benefited by the change in the policy of The Wataugan. Changing from the apologetic to the self-assertive style in such a short space of time will cause various "factions" on the campus to fade from the limelight. "It is my aim to print all that is worthy, no matter where it may come from, nor shall there be any discrimination as to the persons involved," said Shuford, when approached by one of his supporters.

Mathematics A La Page Wms

Upon the "links" at end of April day, When moon and moonshine kiss and all is gay;

When homesome sport yields place to hot romance, And mathematics is to me like song and dance—

Your lovely curves, O hyperbolic bliss, O tangent to me, that we may kiss; Your shapely parabola, adjacent one, I could hold constant till the night is gone.

OSCAR BRAYWOOD LAYS GOVERNORSHIP PLATFORM

Expects Support of Youth on Free Love for North Carolina Citizens

Dr. Oscar Braywood is tracking it for Governor of this State on the free-love platform.

Mr. Braywood believes he can take his free-love proposition into the next North Carolina General Ass Semyly and legislate love into the cold hearts of even Equilmaux.

Main supporters of the Braywood platform are the garter manufacturers, because they hope to keep up the Hole-proof standard of State College boys, it has been reported.

St. Mary's is somewhat in line with the new project, and the students of that school officially told the press today that they hope Dr. Braywood wins, if only by a neck.

DeCoy D. Wimmen, gubernatorial campaign manager, today made a statement to the press of the boards in the platform.

First, the splinters favor the founding of a North Carolina chapter of the House of David. Elimination of all marriage and divorce laws is a second plank, it is said.

With Braywood as governor, the general consensus of opinion in the state is that the 1928 election will be a close-sitting, loving, neck-and-neck affair such as state politics will never see.

St. Mary's and State to Have Merger For School of Loving

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DARK HORSE EDITOR

In continuance of the custom of the last two weeks, this issue is put out by one of the aspirants for impending editorial honors. He is the "dark horse" in the coming elections.

This candidate was recommended by the editor for nomination, but was turned down by the Publications Board because he had had no journalism.

He has secured the promise of the president of the Student Council that his name will be on an independent ballot at the polls on the day of election. Ask for his ticket, and if you believe in his ability, as shown by this issue, vote for him.

EASTER NOTICE

On account of the many social activities State College students are called upon to indulge in during Easter holidays, the Faculty Council passed a resolution to suspend the present ruling that points shall be taken off for absences from class. It shall be left up to the discretion of the individual student as to when he shall return to college after Easter holidays. It is also made known that any student desiring to leave college a few days prior to the scheduled holidays may do so without incurring his scholastic standing.

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Our advertisers were solicited with the purpose of putting before you dependable shopping points. Remember this, and feel perfectly safe in getting your shopping by THE TECHNICIAN.

Borrowed Bits o' Bull

An editor should be most careful never to wound the feelings, the pride, or the modesty of his advertisers or readers. It is his function to please all.—The Independent.

The Republican party, with Coolidge at its head, has been more efficient in government than Wilson and the Democrats, and we favor a straight Republican ticket in 1928.—News and Observer.

It is a bitter pill, but truth decrees that we admit it. The average intelligence of the students at the University of North Carolina is lower than is found in other Southern institutions.—The Tar Heel.

North Carolina has a much more complete system of highways, more miles of hard-surface roads, built at a more economical price, and financed in a more fool-proof manner than has Virginia.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Coach Baldwin has demonstrated so thoroughly his inefficiency in every department of athletic coaching during the last year at Wake Forest that he will be replaced before the beginning of next year.—The Old Gold and Black.

Par o' Graft Hicks

Don't be too hard on us for allowing ourselves to become foolish once each year. Some folks are constantly so. (Nothing personal!)

We admit that we are unpardonable fools in this foolish issue, but he who takes offense at any article we have printed is more foolish.

STUDENTS TAKE CARE

There is grave danger that the college student of today will do himself permanent damage by confining himself too strictly to his work. This is a situation that threatens to undermine the whole structure of our economic, sociologic, physiologic, psychologic, psychiatric, and zoologic structure of society.

The college student is in a peculiar state of mental development. He knows that his Dad is wearing socks that should have been discarded last winter, and eating bread that should have been relegated to the anaerobic germs of the sewerage system of his town several days ago, all that he (the student) may go to college.

This knowledge causes him to extend himself to the limit, trying to cram into his head in four years what should ordinarily be spread out over a period of ten years. He neglects his development at all angles, and confines himself strictly to his books.

The result is the distinct bookish type of student that we find so common in our American college and university. The virility of the race is suffering, and unless the avid hunger of students' minds is diverted from this feverish struggle for knowledge we shall soon have a weak and emaciated race, ready to succumb to the ravages of time and nature.

Students For Rum

A PROSPECT FOR STATE

Ben Dixon McNeil Crossroad, Hide County, N. C., March 30, 1929 seven.

Dear Mister Editor: I want to rite you and tell you I had a good time on my visit to Doctor Brooks' College. I had a time, I staid in Watauga. I see how come they call it that now—them boys has wares every night wif Freshmens. Don't you think they ought to send that fellow they calls Pee Wee to China to help out his country mens. I seen C. F. Shoe Ford; I reckon he's John Henry's boy. You all ought to call him Tin Lizzie, since he likes women folks. I always did slow Red Carr was a colleiged Ford, but his neckties is louder than a jackax's breying. It's funny 'bout them telephones. I called up, and every time some gal would say operator, and you know I ain't never wanted no operator. I wasn't a calling up no doctor, no how. Mr. Editor, you all ought to git after the Mop-up; they is bootleggers, who as I live. I seen a car truck drive up one day and it said, Pine State cream or rye plain as day. I reckon the Mop-up sells cream for ladies and liquor for mens. Cullins' Laundry is some place. I reckon Major Early gets Mr. Cullins to dry off the lawns every time he wants his army to drill. You all might as well call Daddy Price and Grand Daddy Price Big Price and Little Price. But the Bland is the only daddy 'round here. I seen Colleen Moore's opa while I was here. C. Moore is some dungan. Your all's post-office ain't so good. I went there and asked them for a box o' Post Tosties, and they didn't have none. You all got a good baseball team. I went to a game, and the feller taking up my ticket said to me, Speck taters on the other side. I told him I didn't bring no taters with me. Anyhow, we don't raise no specked ones in Hide County.

One boy said he was a gonna pass Botany or buss; he's a gonna get up a peattifon to call the bull hall the muck room. I reckon Dr. Wells will be proud of that. A gal told me to be sure to see railroad fountain. I looked all down by the tracks by Pullen Park for it, but the only fountain I seen was a up around the bull hall, and it had a red flag on it to mean danger. N. C. has got good roads a plenty—all numbered, you know—but you all even got one of your side walks numbered 29 up around the bull hall. All the fellows with mustaches they calls them Duke. I reckon they do, 'cause they ain't no count. A fellow told me I could get some stationery to write to ma on at the station. I tried it, but the man said he didn't sell nothing but tickets; so I asked when the circus was going to be here. The only fellow I seen I didn't like was a fellow who said he reckon my ma sewed up my clothes with pine needles. I speck I'll come to State if I ever finish school. The price of cotton is so low I don't think they's gonna give out sheep skin diplomas this year; so I told my teacher I would give them my goat if that would help out any. I hope them fellows won't make me wear no dynamite cap like they said they was when I'll be a Freshmen.

Always yours, Gumball Johnson Brown.

Aunt Susie's Comment

I cannot see why "Chick" Doak has put his foot down on the boys chewing tobacco. They can play better baseball when they have one of their jaws bulged two or three times its natural size. "Chick" gave the order a few days ago that the players could no longer secure the "proverbial leg" by chewing or by trying to give him any of their tobacco. He says that he can furnish his own mouth material, and that he does not want to catch any of the players breaking these rules.

The greatest thing to happen yet is the new appropriation made a few days ago to construct six new tennis courts. All arrangements for grading and for surrounding the courts with strong wire have been made. There was no need for this step, but the athletic department had so much surplus money that it had to disperse with it in some way. All of the students are greatly aroused over it, and no one could blame them for being so agitated.

I understand that the freshmen are to be the first to enter the dining hall for meals, beginning Saturday at noon. This was decided in a heated argument at a joint meeting of the Student Council and the Court of Customs. I know this will meet with the approval of all the students, for the freshmen can set a good example in every way for the older men. I think it is a shame to see Johnnie Matheson leave school because of his misconduct. He seemed to be a good boy in every way, and I was surprised to learn that the Student Council took his playfulness so seriously. Of course, they did not give out all the evidence they had on him, but I think the student body should know why this young man must leave school. I know that you will be sorry to

hear that H. K. Platt received a broken arm at the Springfield baseball game when he fell from the top of the concrete bleachers while flirting with a seventeen-year-old girl. When his flirtation was returned by the young lady he lost his balance, due to excitement, and fell fifteen feet. This is rather hard on Mr. Platt, especially since he is the president of the "Y," and has always been such a quiet boy.

A ONE-ACT PLAY In Four Acts

Characters: A well-known State College professor; a group of upper-classmen consisting of Tom, Dick, and Harry. Scene: A classroom at State College. The students are assembled in the classroom just as the whistle blows for the hour to begin. The professor enters his office hurriedly, hangs up his hat and coat, and begins a conversation with a graduate student who is at work at a typewriter in the professor's office.

Prof. Got any money? Grad. If I had, I'd pay my board bill. Prof. Let's see; do I have a class? Yes, I believe I do. If any women call me on the phone, let me know. The professor enters the classroom, and greets the boys good-naturedly; sits at the desk, and starts to call the roll.

Prof. "Tom." Tom. "Here." Prof. "Dick." Dick. "Here." Prof. "Oh, by the way, Dick, how did you happen to wake up this morning in time for class?" A conversation goes on for 10 minutes relative to the merits of late sleeping. Professor gets up, clears his throat, pulls up his trousers. Prof. "Get out your notebooks and write this down. I am going to quiz you on this stuff some time." Phone rings in adjoining room. Prof. Say, is that for me? Grad. No, it is for Professor X. Prof. Call Dr. Forster and see if he has any money. Grad. "If he has, I shall borrow it myself."

Prof. "All right there, Tom; put away that novel you are reading." Clears throat again and pulls up his trousers for thirty-ninth time. Prof. "What was the lesson about today?" Harry. "We were going to discuss..." Prof. "Oh, yes. Well, now let me tell you a good story before we begin. You fellows probably cannot appreciate a decent story, but I will try you on this one just to see." The professor tells very good story. Students fall to sleep. Prof. "What was the lesson about today?" Harry. "We were going to discuss..." Prof. "Oh, yes. Well, now let me tell you a good story before we begin. You fellows probably cannot appreciate a decent story, but I will try you on this one just to see." The professor tells very good story. Students fall to sleep. Prof. "What was the lesson about today?" Harry. "We were going to discuss..."

Prof. "Phone call for you, professor." Prof. "I expect it is Governor McLean. He has appointed me on a committee." The professor enters classroom after telephone conversation, pulls up trousers for forty-third time, sits at desk, and strokes his hair trying to part it with his hands. Prof. "Now there is a lot of psychology involved in the subject we are to discuss this morning. Tom, put away that newspaper and get these notes. At the end of the term you fellows will swear that I never gave you this stuff." Just as the lecture starts, the whistle blows for the end of the hour. Prof. "We will begin here next time."

ARMSTRONG INVENTS REVOLUTIONIZING NEST

Professor W. F. Armstrong, of the Poultry Department, has completed a patented trap-net that will completely revolutionize the poultry industry, and which promises to bring wealth to Professor Armstrong in such magnitude that he will be rivaled only by the veterans Henry Ford and Bimbo Gump. Poultry specialists have long known that before much advance could be made in pedigreed breeding experiments for high egg production there must be some radical improvements in the trap-net technique.

For five years Professor Armstrong has worked in secret on this invention, and its successful completion has caused a greater furor among scientists than the world has seen since the days of Marconi. The trap-net is an unassuming wonder of intricate design, stamps on the egg the following information:

- 1. The sex of the chick inside the egg. 2. The date and hour the egg was laid. 3. The weight of the egg. 4. The name, leg-band number, and complete pedigree of both the mother and father of the chick for ten generations back. 5. With the above information, computes the annual egg expectancy of the chick, if a female. The door of the nest then opens and the hen returns to the work of gathering vitamins for more eggs. Professor Armstrong has the device in operation in his office in Ricks' Hall.

WOULD THE PROFS BE HAPPY "IF"?

I would be happy if— There were more hours in the day to grouch in.—L. L. Vaughan.

I dared cut my Accounting classes more than I do.—E. E. Stretcher.

I could get a little more personal advertising.—Stewart Robertson.

I could get somebody to do some research work.—H. B. Shaw.

I could make the B.A. course so easy that everybody would take it.—B. F. Brown.

I could make my Chemistry courses so difficult nobody could pass them.—A. L. Wilson.

I could get a few more "crip" courses in the Textile curriculum.—T. Nelson.

I could teach Ceramics so the students could understand me.—G. R. Shelton.

A few more new subdivisions could be opened up around Raleigh.—C. L. Mann.

I could make the students drill five times a week.—C. C. Early.

Zoology could be made a required subject for engineers.—Z. P. Metcalf.

I was head of the English Department.—T. P. Harrison.

I could "run" the American Legion.—Frank Capps.

I had about three more Gus Tebells.—J. F. Miller.

There was more space on the campus in which to plant shrubs.—J. P. Pillsbury.

The faculty would eliminate Shop Work altogether so I could have more time to rest.—C. B. Park.

They would quit making me secretary of things around here.—E. L. Cloyd.

I could put on an exhibit that would win a cup.—A. F. Greaves-Walker.

I could load up the Senior Electricals more heavily.—W. H. Browne.

I could find time to do some publicity work for the college.—E. G. Moore.

Tom Kennedy would finish up the new "hen yard"—B. F. Kaupp.

Dr. Knapp and his hens were in Hades.—T. H. Kennedy.

Some of the Freshmen could pass enough work to stay in school.—Gus Tebell.

I was president of this institution.—C. C. Taylor.

I could look as important as I feel.—T. R. Hart.

I knew something about Freshman Chemistry.—A. D. Jones.

I could "funk" all the Civils.—W. S. Bridges.

I could design an examination schedule that would work.—L. E. Hinkle.

Somebody around the campus liked me.—A. F. Bowen.

KLARK NOW DOING SCIENCE RESEARCH

Professor Jeremiah Daniel Klark, scribe of the Department of English, is now darry research in physics and chemistry. For many years, in fact since the days of his sojourn as a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford University, he has been wondering why gasoline will burn while water seems to have no ignitable properties. Many times he had revolved this problem around in his ptychaeutropus erectus, but never was he able to figure out how to use water in a Ford as a substitute for gasoline.

One day last week he hit upon a plan that had all the promise of an El Dorado, and there was not a flaw in it. In other words, it was perfect. Mr. Klark was purveying himself along the road in his Ford when the gasoline was discovered to have gone through the carburetor into the engine and out through the various channels of escape. It had all went—except a very faint smell. Then it was that Mr. Klark's idea took the form of a plan—a plan of deceit—a treacherous plan, but a plan nevertheless. He said to himself, "I'll fix this Ford. Many times it has caused me to spend my last cent to fill its stomach with gas to be digested without returning sufficient mileage." So, he smote the smile of a man who is about to close a door on the tail of the cat that belongs to his mother-in-law. He walked to the nearest garage and purchased two quarts of gasoline. Then he said, "I'll add four quarts of water, and then the thing will go three times as far as it will on two quarts of gas, undiluted."

Mr. Klark cranked the Ford and rode merrily away. In about five minutes he noted that the Ford showed signs of indigestion. It acted like a goat that had eaten a sardine can and forgot to chew it another lick. Presently it coughed and refused to gastrate any more of the diluted gas. Then Mr. Klark noted a garage close by, and betook himself to the head mechanic. He told the mechanic that he had no idea what could be the matter because he had just put 2 quarts of gas and 4 quarts of water in the tank. The mechanic, being a man of practical affairs, who had filled his eyes with real estate from the fenders of many Fords, merely turned his quid over and said, "Don't you know a Ford runs on water only once in a million years, and the next date for that phenomena is three million light years away?"

Jackleg Zip Raves-- THE College halls of all the schools are filled and overflow with fools, who laugh until they nearly burst at stunts pulled off on April first. They snicker upon their common sleeve to see Dean Cloyd resign and leave; they break into a loud guffaw at finding work for Dr. Shaw. They find that Edward King was fanned upon removal from the Grand. They slink to shun impending strife when every prof discards his wife. They bounce and jump and roll in sprawls, and buy a Chevrolet from Rawls, to see the far-famed human race approach its goal of dire disgrace. They grin at Cullins' washing tub, where buttons jump with every rub; where shirts with necks like cauliflower arouse their latent cursing powers. They smile at Ivey's bargain sale, where all the stuff that's turning stale is shoveled out and sold at cost, while Ivey weeps for piff he lost. They cheer for Bowen's credit scheme which cares for those who make the team. They yell to hear the mess hall say a decent meal is served each day. And thus the campus air is full of brainless bunk and beastly bull, because the wisest ones of men enjoy some laughter now and then.

Otto Wood Offers Residence As State Home For Dr. Crooks

The complex problem of a State home for Dean Crooks, which came up before the Legislature of this fair State and caused more confusion and discussion than the Evolution Bill, ought to become clear after being solved by the famous North Carolina author, Otto Wood, whose residence is State Hotel, cell 17, death row.

Otto says that the State furnishes him with a fine home, with hot meals delivered in his room, with clothes of the latest checkered stripes and wide, hand-tailored trousers, medical doctors to keep him in health, and also fur-nishes, free of charge, religious services each Sunday at 2:30, and recreation of being allowed to walk around the porch in front of the death-row, taking a peep at the electric chair. Otto ponders upon why is it that he is not allowed to give his State home to Dean Crooks, who so desires one. He even offers to give his left arm, which he hasn't got, to take Dean Crooks' place as head of this institution and teach the oncoming generations the fundamentals of life without the law.

For hours Otto sits upon the damp, cold floor of his prison cell absorbed in the problem of how he could remedy the verdict of the last legislature which refused to give Dean Crooks a home on the campus, yet gave money for Otto's State home for thirty years, more or less, with room and board as well as janitor service. Otto blames this upon the News and Distributor which, he says, never gives him nor State a fair showing, as far as publicity is concerned. Otto states that the quiet environment which supplies inspiration, where permanent ambitions are formed into books, which so enchant the reader that they refuse to let the author of such a masterpiece be kept in confinement any longer. This restful solitude would be of great help to the noted educator, Dean Crooks, should the State agree to this exchange. The growth of knowledge in the oncoming generations while studying Otto's life history under its author would greatly increase our yellow paper graduates of this institution. As time progressed and Otto became more set in the ways of professorship he might, through correspondence, learn the science of higher crimes from Leopold and Loeb, of Joliet. Should this exchange between the noted jailbirds of the twentieth century be sanctioned by Nervous Nelly Kellogg and Cautious Cal, all students who refuse to cheat on examinations will be asked to withdraw because of lack of proper inclination and ambition to become great handits and jailbreakers of the school, which will then be known as the Wood School of Criminology.

A minister walking along a country road saw a bunch of boys sitting in a ring with a small dog in the center.

"What are you doing with that dog?" he asked.

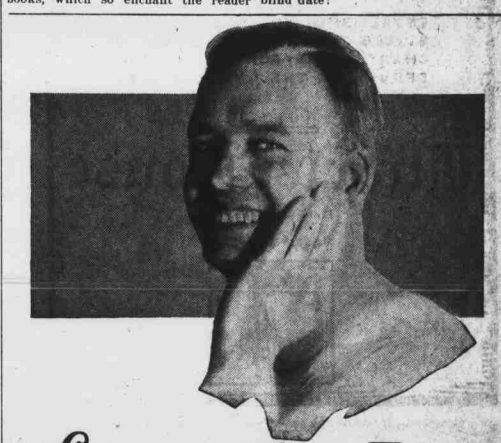
"Whoever tells the biggest lie, he wins the dog," said one of the boys.

"Oh!" said the minister. "I am surprised at you boys, for when I was like you I never told a lie."

There was a moment's silence. Then one of the boys said:

"Give the gent the dog, Jim."

What could be more foolish than a dumb girl turning a deaf ear on a blind date?



Leaves the Face GLOVE-SMOOTH

THE super-moist, saturated lather of Williams Shaving Cream does more than soak the beard bristles soft for easy shaving. It does more than lubricate the razor's path—preventing little cuts and scratches. For Williams actually conditions the skin—leaves it glove-smooth—gives you that barber's massage feeling. Two sizes—35c and 50c.

Williams Shaving Cream

**HON. BEN DIXON MACNEILL
BE PROFESSOR JOURNALISM**

Stewart Robertson Has Resigned
Accept Position on Staff
of Prison News

According to a report given out by the President of the college, the Hon. Ben Dixon MacNeill has accepted the position as Professor of Journalism to succeed Stewart Robertson.

Robertson recently turned in his resignation because of the fact that he was unable to get the benefit of the papers given for best articles in this paper. Word has been received at this office that Mr. Robertson has accepted a position on the editorial staff of the Prison News, printed at State's Prison, at a substantial raise in salary.

Mr. MacNeill comes highly recommended, having served as a feature writer for Angus Wilton McLean for the past three years, and having a reputation for bull of an individual and distinctive brand.

**DIRTY POLITICS CAUSES
ROCKFIELD LOSE HONOR**

Brackett Buys Votes in Moment
of Temporary Insanity; Pays
Shorty Burnett Wash Face

Last week one of the biggest frauds ever put over at State College was disclosed when "Sergeant" Brackett made a full confession before the Student Council of his implication in use of unfair means at a recent election of senior superlatives. At this election "Sergeant" Brackett was elected the ugliest man in the Senior class, taking the vote from M. L. Rockfield by a small majority. At the time of election much talk was made about the unexpected turn of the vote, since Rockfield was the favorite for that distinction, possessing qualities which made him easily the best man for the honor.

Brackett, almost in tears, told the Council how he bribed "Shorty" Burnett to shave before the election and grease his hair so he wouldn't be a possibility in the race. Brackett further confessed to promising John Anderson the right of sharing his room and bed, provided he would swing the election in his favor. The whole affair came to light when Brackett refused to let John sleep with him. To reciprocate for Brackett's failure to live up to his promise, John reported the full details of the fraud to the Student Council. It was developed during the trial that Brackett had paid D. R. Pace three dollars for securing ten votes for him. These votes, according to the testimony, were secured from leaders of the class, among them being the president of the Y. M. C. A., editor of The Wataugan, and the class monkey, B. W. Garvin.

At the close of the trial, Brackett was suspended from the college, but upon promising to bear the expense of having Rockfield's picture run in all the papers of the state, the New York Times, and the Technician, he was allowed to continue his work here on probation. Cause for the fraud has been attributed to temporary insanity, since it was so evident that Rockfield and not Brackett was the ugliest man in the Senior class, and for that matter, in the whole college.

A 1925 Joke
A couple fellows standing on the corner and one says to the other, "Let's go down to 'Podunk' today; a nude girl is going to ride a horse up and down Main Street." "Good!" says the other; "I believe I will go; I haven't seen a horse in four years." —Compliments Capitol Theatre.

**PLOTT AND HICKS
CAUGHT GAMBLING**

A game of chance won a black eye for H. K. Plott, and caused Red Hicks the loss of a tooth, when the two came to blows over a crap game in the Y. M. C. A. last Wednesday night.

It seems that the affray started when Plott claimed that Red used loaded dice, after Red had banked the three on the queen of spades, making a total of seven runs as he jumped three men into the side pocket. Eye-witnesses swear that the top said "take all," but Plott said that he threw heads, and if Red had not dealt from the bottom he would have won the 3½ cents in the tournament.

Charges were preferred against the two gamblers by Dudley Humphrey, the blackjack star. Humphrey informed the academy-sheet reporter at the police station that the defendants would answer two charges. They will first be tried for possession of night-less liquors. Then they will answer charges for disregard of the rule of the Dice Union, which prohibits the use of ivories before midnight.

Both of the prisoners are out on bail, Johnny Miller having appropriated sufficient cash from the recent baseball game to furnish questionable bond.

**BARBER SCHOOL
OPENED BY RUFTY**

State College has again made itself nationally known and justly famous by adding the Barber School, making a total of six schools on the kampus. The college was very fortunate in getting Dean Rufy at the head of the department. He comes here highly recommended by Hunnycutt, who formerly employed him as a soda jerker, sandwich man, and utility man for selling ginger ale.

This school will make its appearance on the kampus as soon as Dean Rufy gets a supply of sugar bowls from the college bull hall.

Several men have applied, but owing to high entrance exams, Thum Crocker and Kim Keisler were turned down. Dean Rufy stated that any man wearing an eighteen shirt and five hat will be black-balled. This will no doubt eliminate Pee Gee.

It is reported that the Razor Backs are going to give a Brawl on the fourteenth floor of the Wake Hotel. Everybody is requested to wear razor suits and bring their own whiskey.

**BALLENGER AN
APRIL-FOOL JOKE**

Professor Stanley Thomas Ballenger, Profound Pedagogue, whose judicial decisions are accepted as dogma at fetes of taurus tossing, was the victim of an April fool joke. As a result of this little "joke," Professor was minus his faithful Hudson sedan, lovingly and appropriately nicknamed by him, "Asthma."

Tuesday night Professor left his car parked in front of his house. About 10 o'clock he had just donned his purple pajamas, lighted his pipe, tuned in on a bed-time story preparatory to repairing to the land of nod, and was idly wondering which of his star pupils, "Tubby" Robbins or "Shorty" Tate, would surpass the other in scholastic work this quarter, when his reverie was rudely interrupted by a series of coughs, groans, and roars. He recognized the familiar sounds immediately. They represented "Asthma's" usual complaints when she was in a stubborn mood, as she had been all day Tuesday. Instantly arousing himself from his lethargy, he slipped into a bath robe and rushed out, arriving just in time to catch a fleeting glimpse of his favorite means of transportation vanishing around the next corner.

Professor was confident, however, that he would recover his car very shortly, for "Asthma" was no common automobile—she was trained. From the time she rolled out of the dealer's shop she has been attended and petted by Professor Ballenger himself, and he was sure that no one who was ignorant of her whims and fancies could long satisfy these peculiarities of hers. The Raleigh police force was supposed to get on the trail, but due to their inefficiency, C. F. Shuford, acting as captain, called out his cohorts to locate the missing car. After diligently searching for more than an hour, Asthma was found peacefully resting on the drive at Holladay Hall, its usual resting place.

No one doubts the explanation given by Shuford, that Professor Ballenger must have had a normal reaction of the brain and only thought Asthma was stolen.

The incident is in a great many respects similar to the incident wherein a professor neatly tucked his walking cane in bed and he himself stood up in the corner all night.



WHEN Greek or calculus gets you into a tight corner, tie a tin to trouble—a tidy red tin of Prince Albert! Tamp a load of this really friendly tobacco into the bowl of your jimmy-pipe and light up. Watch the sun crash through the clouds with every puff!

P. A. can't bite your tongue or parch your throat, no matter how fast you feed it, because the Prince Albert process gave Bite and Parch the air at the start. Cool as a Laplander's lap. Sweet as apple cider. Fragrant as spring blossoms. That's Prince Albert!

One pipe-load invites another. And . . . you can hit P. A. from morning till midnight and it won't hit back. Don't put off to tomorrow what you can smoke today. Get a tidy red tin of P. A. and turn on the sunshine . . . now!

PRINGE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, round and flat, round tin humidor, and round crystal-glass humidor with sponge-mistener top. And, always with every tin of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.



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**Schaub Charges Gaston and
Tiddy With Embezzlement**

I. O. Schaub, Dean of the School of Agriculture, has caused Stuart Gaston and J. Edwin Tiddy to be called before the Publications Board on charges of embezzlement and fraud in connection with the funds of the Agriculturist, occasional publication of the School of Agriculture.

Realizing its inability to cope with the grave situation, the board called in Major Early, who conducted a summary court-martial for the two young men.

At the trial it was brought out that the young men were merely because of their sound financial condition, since it had been found in previous years that it was a disastrous policy to elect men with brains, but with empty pockets. Gaston and Tiddy were chosen because they were known to receive \$2.98 each from home during each quarter, which should be amply sufficient for young men without social standing.

It is alleged, however, that their native wealth, combined with their newly-found positions of importance on the campus, completely turned their puerile minds, and that they often visited Seymour's Sandwich Shop, and not only squandered their \$2.98 each, but embezzled heavily of the funds of the magazine.

It was impossible to ascertain the amounts appropriated, but it evidently runs well into the dollars. It was brought out that Tiddy had induced

several students to pay as much as 10 per cent of their dues for their annual subscription.

Under thirteen minutes of grueling by Major Early, Gaston broke down and confessed to all the charges, but

stoutly maintained that he had been led astray by Ben Shelton.

They were sentenced to remain at college another year, and to continue to publish the Agriculturist during that time. They have appealed to H. Doyle Stink Pardon Commissioner for Johnny Matheson.

Druggist: "Did you kill the moths with the moth balls I sold you?"
Dummist: "No. I sat up all night and didn't hit a one."—Exchange.

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All know the advantages of Duplexalites and use them.
We would be glad to demonstrate what a difference good light can make in the comfort and attractiveness of your home.
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Carolina Power & Light Company
Duplex-a-lite
"The light to live with"

PROMINENT SENIOR IS TO TAKE PLUNGE MATRIMONY

David C. Worth Obtains Consent to Take Fair Damsel Off of Parents' Hands

Mr. and Mrs. Z. W. Pittman, of 513 W. Peace Street, announce the engagement of their daughter, Olive, to Mr. David C. Worth, a senior at State College and a son of E. W. Worth, of the Oakwood Dairy.

Miss Pittman is one of the most popular and attractive members of the senior class of Meredith College, while Mr. Worth is one of the leading men in the student body at State.

The wedding will take place in Lee Hall, Blue Ridge, June 17, where Mr. Worth will be attending the annual Y. M. C. A. encampment.

The wedding will be the culmination of one of the prettiest romances in years. Both are residents of Raleigh, and are of the same age; they started to school the same day. Even in their small childhood they seemed drawn to each other, and the passage of years only served to deepen their childish affection. Long before high school was completed they were secretly engaged; in fact, it could almost be said that they have always been engaged, as

neither ever cared for the company of others.

They are peculiarly well matched. Mr. Worth has an imposing personality, and the gaunt, giant frame of the Pershing type of soldier. Miss Pittman is the ideal combination of the clinging vine and the modern assertive type of young womanhood.

They chose to be married at Blue Ridge because of the love for that spot engendered by former attendance at "Y" conferences there, and because it is the center of North Carolina's beauty spot, where they will spend their honeymoon.

Mr. Worth will take active charge of his father's business, the Oakwood Dairy, on July 15.

"STUDENTS' DADDY'S" CLUB TO INSURE "B OR ABOVE"

Declaring that there is a woeful lack of respect for professors' sons among the itinerant instructors of the faculty, those professors who have sons in the student body have formed an Association of Students' Daddies, which will seek to impress upon the uninitiated the advisability of giving only grades of "B or above" to their sons.

Officers were elected, as follows: A. F. Groves-Talker, president; B. F. Down, vice-president; C. B. Miltons, secretary-treasurer, and T. Hoof Well Son, reporter.

S-O-C-I-E-T-Y

All Social and Personal News turned in to The Technician office will be appreciated

Railroad Fountain, Frank Chedester, Jimmie Campbell, Lawrence Aydtlett, Sam King, Rosy Roberts, C. Z. Bally, and Tom Vernon will spend the week end out of town.

YOUNG LADIES ORGANIZE A MATRIMONIAL BUREAU

Secretaries and Stenographers Tire of Life of Single Cussedness

The ladies-in-waiting of the campus, the secretaries, stenographers, and general flunkies, having learned from Dr. Forster the value of co-operative marketing, and from Pee Wee Anderson the desirability of home life, met Monday and formed a Co-operative Matrimonial Bureau. The young ladies have realized individually the incompleteness of existence as single working girls, and have thrown aside all false modesty, openly declaring themselves as candidates for matrimony.

Stewart Robertson was called in as an advertising specialist, and C. C. Cunningham assisted with the organization and election of officers. Acting on the advice of Robertson, the Bureau has secured Aimee Semple McPherson to act in the capacity of advertising manager. Col. J. W. Harrelson will act as masculine adviser.

The Bureau elected young ladies of wide experience as officers, and their hopes run high. The officers are Lillian Fenner, president; Lula Parker, vice-president; Mary Honeycutt, secretary-treasurer, and Virginia Anderson, sergeant-in-arms.

Although the organization was completed only last Monday, it is already showing results, and one member, Bettie Hill, will be married tomorrow. Five other members, Elizabeth Adams, Virginia Anderson, Margaret Jones, Lillian Smith, and Olive Webb, report satisfactory progress. In fact, it is believed that they will soon be only alumnae members.

Several married women have applied for admittance, claiming that they desire a change, but under the rules of the organization they cannot become members.

The total membership is as follows: Daisy Thompson, Lillian Fenner, Josephine Malner, Lula Parker, Beatrice Rowe, Lillian Bender, Margaret Chesson, Frankie Bridges, Jennie Cooper, Etta Smith, Olive Webb, Lillian Smith, Elizabeth Adams, Glennie Keith, Virginia Anderson, Sadie Parker, Mary Honeycutt, Margaret Jones, Bettie Hill, and Emma Brigman.

WILLIAMS, PROFESSOR, MARRIES MOVIE ACTRESS

Gloria Wansome Hitched to Mathematical Mind in Pull-In-Hall

What has proven to be the outstanding social event of the season in Raleigh is the marriage of Prof. H. P. Williams, professor of mathematics extraordinary at State College, to Gloria Wansome, movie actress of the Rarumount Picture Corporation, which took place in the auditorium of Pullen Hall last Tuesday evening.

The marriage came as a distinct surprise to the many friends of the couple in Raleigh and New York. Only two weeks ago Miss Wansome obtained a divorce from her husband, the Marquis de Flunk, and it was commonly supposed that the popular screen actress would not choose to become entangled in any other matrimonial pursuits in the near future. As for the groom, it was generally predicted that he had settled down to the serene life of a bachelor professor.


The auditorium of Pullen Hall was decorated in pine burrs and palm flowers. The flowers were dandelions, which are supposed to be the favorite flowers of Professor Williams. The bride was dressed in a smart evening dress of satin, while the groom wore a street suit of imported English broadcloth. The ceremony was performed by E. S. King, secretary of the Y. M. C. A. Music was furnished by the State College Band.

An innovation in the ceremony was that, instead of customary flower-girls, flower-boys were used. The flower-boys were picked from the mathematics classes of Professor Williams. The leading flower-boy was E. H. Roberts, star pupil of Professor Williams.

The ceremony was beautiful as well as impressive. Mr. Roberts, dressed in a suit of Blimors' home-spun, appeared carrying a large basket of orchids. Following came the bride and groom and members of the faculty. Professor Yates, alias "Daddy Yates, acted as best man. Other attendants, members of the faculty, included Professors Mauck; Lee, Fisher, and Dr. Harrison.

It is reported that the bride and groom intend to spend their honeymoon in Europe. Before departing

Good enough for Dad—
good enough for you



Edgeworth

for New York, Professor Williams stated that in all probability he and Mrs. Williams would spend much time in Paris, Cannes, and various places along the Riviera. A dispatch from the United States Shipping Lines stated that the couple had a first-class passage to Liverpool booked on the S.S. George Washington, which sails from New York April 5.

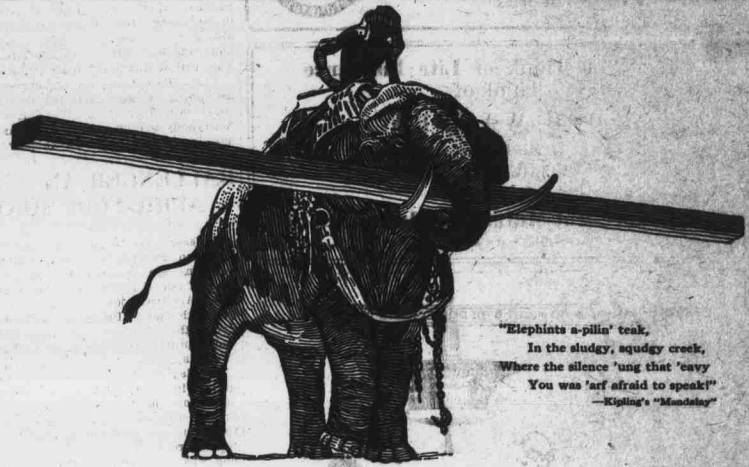
Colonel Harrelson, upon being questioned as to the future plans of Professor Williams, stated that Mr. Williams had been granted a leave-of-absence and would in all probability be back at his old job next fall. Colonel Harrelson's statement,

however, was brushed aside in favor of a report from Hollywood, California, to the effect that the Rarumount Picture Corporation had offered Professor Williams a contract to star in a picture with Miss Wansome.

On the eve of their departure for New York, Mr. and Mrs. Williams were tendered a banquet by Mr. Williams' friends on the campus. The banquet was held on the lawn in front of Holladay Hall. A male chorus of some five hundred students sang "The Prisoner's Song" and showered the bride and groom with grits as they drove off the campus.

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"Elephants a-pillin' teak.
In the sludgy, squdgy creek,
Where the silence 'ung that 'eavy
You was 'arf afraid to speak!"
—Kipling's "Mandalay"

ELEPHANTS

The elephant is man's most intelligent helper. But—consider this interesting comparison:

An elephant is much larger than the electric motor of a "yarder" or logging machine. The "yarder" has the power of twenty elephants; it handles clusters of logs; it works dependably, twenty-four hours at a stretch, if necessary.

Twenty elephants would eat daily 10,000 pounds of green food, which a corps of attendants must gather. A motor "eats" nothing but electricity, supplied at the throw of a switch.

Power used in the modern industrial world is applied through electric motors—tireless "iron elephants" that are relegating antiquated machines to museums, along with such oldtime household articles as wash-tubs and ordinary irons—and stuffed elephants.



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