H. R. FINE IS NEW COMMANDER OF M'GEE TISON POST NO. 124

New Corps of Eficers for Eleven Year Chosen at Meeting Held Tuesday, June 12, 1923.

The following men were elected officers of McGee Tison Post, American Legion, for the ensuing year, at a well attended meeting held Tuesday, June 12, H. R. Fins, Com- mander J. B. McCall, Vice-Com- mander J. B. Bennett, Adjutant, Paul Linefier, Treasurer; Joseph W. Hutchins, Chaplain (re-elect- ed). These men are all leaders in student activities of all kinds, as well as in the American Legion. Fins holds the position of State Historian of the Disabled American Veteran of the World War, and is now in Minneapolis as the repre- sentative of Whispering Hope Chapter, 26, Independent Order of Oddfellows, 1874. He is one of the most distinguished leaders in the national organization. These resolutions were adopted, after a long and difficult session of the district council, and the report favorable to the continuance of the chapter. The new officers were installed, after which the chapter adjourned.

H. R. FINE AND ROBT. CRESWELL HIT TRAIL FOR D. A. V. CONVENTION

Left Here Thursday, June 21, 1923; Rodeuly Drives Through in Flivver.

Mr. Robert E. Creswell, Repre- sentative of the Department of Tennessee, has been elected to fill the vacancy in Whispering Hope Chapter, 26, American Legion. He was a member of the chapter for many years, and is now serving as a member of the American Legion council in Memphis, Tenn.

The convention was held at the American Legion Lodge, and was attended by a large number of delegates.

Mr. HESS LECTURES ON VETERANS BUREAU
Tells Its Objective and Methods Used to Reach Them.

The chapel services have recently been held in the chapel, and as well as instructive, by a series of lectures begun about June 13, by the Chaplain, Mr. James Hes. It is his intention to continue the services the Bureau is conducting the ex-servicemen, which are in the chapel, and to continue the interesting and informative lectures by Mr. Hes. The chaplains have been greatly its support, and the trip to the chapel has been a great benefit to the men.

The largest group of students is, of course, the teachers, who have been coming to the chapel for the beauty of the place. It means to them a spiritual renewal.

The women of the school, who are students of the school, are present at any of the meetings.

GEN. L. D. TISON GIVES HOME TO M'GEE TISON POST NO. 2

Friend of Ex-Servicemen Men Donates Second Floor of Large Building on Gay Street for Benefit of American Legion.

General L. D. Tison has again manifested his willingness to do his part for the American Legion. He has recently donated the second floor of his large building on Gay Street for the benefit of the American Legion.

The original building was donated to the American Legion in 1919 by Mr. Tison. The new building is now occupied by the American Legion Department of Tennessee.

The American Legion is very grateful to Mr. Tison for his generosity and for his continued support of the American Legion.

TUSKEGEE HOSPITAL HAS NEARLY STAFF

White People of Community Ob- jections to Negroes in Hospital, Hills to Investigate Before Proceeding.

The new hospital for tuberculosis patients recently opened at Tuskegee, Alabama, is soon to be manned entirely by a colored personnel, according to an announcement made by Dr. Frank T. Hines, the Virtual Chief of the Tuskegee Bureau. A complete corps of nurses, who are all employed already, is employed already, and the medical divi- sion of the bureau is now the subject of a negro doctors, recommended for service in the hospital, will be prepared to take over the work of the 250 negro doctors and 250 negro-psychiatric patients.

A real deal of opposition has been shown in Tuskegee and the surrounding section by the plans of the government to put the admin- istration of the hospital in the hands of negro physicians. There has been a feeling that this is an attempt to subordinate the negro doctors to the white doctors, and that this will result in a loss of control over the hospital. The negro doctors have been very active in opposing this plan, and have been very successful in their efforts to prevent the establishment of the hospital.
THE VOCATIONAL VOICE
Published Twice a Month by the Board of Education Men in Training at the University of Tennessee

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FOOTBALL
March 31st—Tennessee vs. Florida
April 7th—Tennessee vs. Vanderbilt
April 14th—Tennessee vs. Alabama

FIRST ANNIVERSARY
The first year of married bliss is celebrated by what is known as the "first anniversary," June 30. This date does not mean that to the Vocational Department but it does mark the first anniversary of our paper. It is customary to pause on anniversary dates, and cast a glance back through the past. Let us do that with regard to the "Vocational Voice," and try to see what, if anything, this journal has done to justify its existence.

In the first place it has furnished a medium for the record of school activities. It is true that the students may have read in the columns of other organs the greater part of their news, but this can not be blamed upon the paper itself. It has attempted to interest the student-body in keeping it supplied with the news by emphasizing the value of having a record of their school activities, and a reminder of school friends preserved for future reference. It will be forever separable from the record. This faculty lies chiefly with those who have been either too lazy, or too careless, to cooperate with the paper in doing this. But the paper has been called to accomplish something along this line, even though many groups of trainees have been careless as to whether they are represented in its columns. There have been three or four classes and a few individuals who have some nobby to the rescue. And, of course, it will be those who reap the most benefit and enjoyment from the paper, both now and in the future.
The "Voice" has attempted at all times to represent the better side of the Vocational Department—what is undoubtedly far away from the majority, and always has been. There has been a time, however, and it is not so far back in the past that it harkens back a few months, when the Vocational Department as a whole was being judged by the scabrous notions of a few rough-necks. Some people in the city of Knoxville thought that all the U. T. vocational students were the same class of men as a few they saw gam- bling and drinking and getting in jail. It was perfectly nat- ural that they should think so, when there was no way of the rest of us to let known what we were doing. The paper has furnished the means by which the public—especially the business men of Knoxville—can learn of the useful activities in which most vocational students are engaged. It has pointed out to those who have been interested enough to read the paper that are making doings in making are in the interest of the corner shops. These earnest efforts to learn how to become independent, pro- ductive members of society, and in the reputation of each individual, have been the continuous work of the vocational student has benefited by what the "Voice" has done along this line. If you do not believe this, ask the business men of the city, especially those who advertise in the paper.

These are some things that the "Voice" has undoubtedly done; let us consider other objectives for which it has striven, but in which it must leave each reader to decide whether it has succeeded. It has tried to amuse—surely you have either laughed with or at the "Voice." It has attempted to instruct, presenting items of chief interest to all students. It has striven to exact all the trainees of U. T. in their efforts to make the rest of the opportunities offered them here.

Let me say right here that the editor is fully aware that the "Voice" has not given complete satisfaction. There are men here who think they ought to get a complete library for fifty cents a year. I am sure there are no who do not think a great deal of the matter in the paper uninteresting, and unsuitable for a school paper, especially an ex-service man's paper. They want to see a history of getting enough news to- gether to put out a paper even as small as it is. The excuse the editor offers to the other class of men is that they them- selves are too busy to consider daily the paper the items of interest in their departments. There have been about a dozen special correspondents, and editor of the paper the largest part of the past year. Only FOUR of these have ever turned in any news at all. Only ONE turns in something in regular. The rest of the material the editor signs up as best he can. If it is not what you want, remem- ber that he, too, is in school, and carrying a full University course—what time does he have to work on the paper?

Long as promises; short on performances—this is the best description of most of those who should have given some of their time and effort to the "Voice" this year. Of

PHIL OSSIFUR'S GOLYMH
A certain provost in the University gave his students this advice:
"Don't be 'down' on a thing till you are 'up' on it."
"That's a principle bigger than the college's," one of the "college" gave degrees for.

Gale ash so fast after all—
They're slow a pneum.
It takes five or three years.
To get to twenty.

An eden is a woman's best pro- tection against the bums.

Don't expect education to fix the best of students, for a life.
It should rather make the student-teacher, by teach- ing you to make your work count.

**

A girl like (or hate), says Steve—
She can't see me.

Nature rewards rightly, or punishes mercilessly, for the love or abuse of the insane she pro- vides us with. A baby in the house is the greatest joy on earth to father and mother but when outside the sound of the greatest trouble lives.

Because he rides,
—This Oswald Golty.
He thinks he's hot.

Terrin' then walkthrough

course there have been one or two who have been at con- siderable amount of work as the writer of the paper gives evidence of.

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Confessions of a College Student

AUTHOR'S PREFACE: I am very sorry to see that the Editor has given an entirely erroneous description of the type of articles he has engaged me to write. His statement that I am a 'quaint and boisterous' fellow is as far as the means by which he persuaded me to agree to write them, and as far as my whereabouts while writing them. This series of articles will contain nothing that you would not want your fathers and mothers—no, even your grandfathers—to read. The actual material used in the writing of these Confessions is as far as the driving-stub—almost as far as a smoke that has not been driven. "Purs" strictly means nothing more than "outwitted"—these experiences are under-declared—facts, that might, at least, have happened.

The Editor has done me a serious injustice in stating that he had to use force to convince me of the advisability of writing these articles. The truth is that he did not desire to publish them at all, having been a student at the college where the lives of those Confessions is set, and leaving that the truth concerning his activities while the paper was in progress was only what I thrust them with complete exposure through the columns of "The Student". I was requested to run an exaggerated version of the story. "My God," said he, "anything but that, Mr. Night!"

As to my fearing so much to be known, of which he makes such a to-do, I can best improve this opportunity by merely stating that at present I am in Knoxville, and what is more, I shall probably be here for a considerable time longer—so the words say. I have no scruples whatever against giving my address. It is "Gloos' View, Tennessee." Neither do I hesitate to make public my name, although I solemnly do not that much about it, this is in your mind. Here goes, however: I don't care whether you believe it or not—Christopher Columbus!" Of course, you understand that this is just my pet name—or rather my typewriter name, as I am using that instead of expression rather than a pen.

1. The Discovery

Next to my discovery of America, I count my discovery of Blunt College (youn, also known as "Blackberry-Slack college") the most momentous moment in my life up to date. I remember the occasion as vividly as if it had happened yesterday; whereas it really took place some two or three century ago—day before yesterday.

While wandering around the campus for the past fifteen years following my discovery of America, looking for something, the fact that I did not know what I was looking for only made my picture the more ludicrous. Thus, one day, I suddenly popped out of the backwoods and over into Blunt College. "Well! I'll be blanked!" said I, with characteristic expression.

These two discoveries—of the college, and the internal combustion engine—were followed almost instantly by another discovery that threatened to destroy my enjoyment of the first two. Namely: I discovered that I was broke. I had been half assured for a long time that I was being coming dangerously brittle, but in the waning days of the semester I had been engaged in for the past three months of a certain, the fact that the long-feared catastrophe had happened had come as a complete relief.

While pondering this difficulty over in my mind, I was suddenly startled out of my reverie that it cut of those that I had on—by a voice speaking in a crisp notation, both to the man's effect. "Your hat?" were they saying. "Yest," I said in alarm. "Well, if you want the title to bequeathed to your heir, your heirs and assigns, TAKE IT OFF!" The voice uttered these words, while the note was tailing to impressively to my person.

I looked around me quickly, and made the fourth great discovery of which I was in a school and, one of the number of youths of both ages, and in which I had been more conscious of their surroundings than I. I looked in my hat, and shook it into my pocket. The realization of these words, while the taker was tailing to impressively to my person. I looked around me quickly, and made the fourth great discovery of which I was in a school and, one of the number of youths of both ages, and in which I had been more conscious of their surroundings than I. I looked in my hat, and shook it into my pocket. The realization of these words, while the taker was tailing to impressively to my person.

THE VOCATIONAL VOICE

PAGE 3

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JACK BERNARD INSTALLED EVENING

OF JUNE 25; DEPUTY COMMISSIONER

ELWORTH DELIVERS ADDRESS.

Camp Jack Bernard is the name of the newly organized branch of the national organization of Vet-

VOCA TIONAL DEPT. QUESTIONNAIRE

1. WHAT IS YOUR NAME?
   J. L. H-AWES

2. WHAT IS YOUR OCCUPATION?
   BINDER

3. WHEN AND WHERE WERE YOU BORN?
   CLEVELAND, JACKSON COUNTY, TENNESSEE; DECEMBER 28, 1879.

4. HOW MUCH EDUCATION HAVE YOU HAD, AND WHO GAVE IT TO YOU?
   Grammar schools, Jackson County; High School, Dandridge; College preparatory; Maryville College; University of Tennessee (graduate year next).

5. WHAT BRANCH OF THE SERVICE WOULD YOU FIGHT IN? WHAT WAS YOUR RANK?
   (a) Ten Corps, U. S. A.; (b) Co. C, 110th Heavy Trench Battalions.

6. WHAT IS YOUR RELIGIOUS PREFERENCE?
   Baptist.

7. WHAT IS YOUR FAVO RITE AMERICAN LEGEND?
   Sam Houston.

8. WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE SCENIC Spot?
   Buffalo on the lake.

9. WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE TIME OF THE YEAR?
   Summer.

DEVEREUX PLAYERS IN PERFORMANCES AT JEFFERSON HALL

(Continued from Page 1) Rosalind is followed swiftly by his infatuation for Juliet when he meets at the house of his father's enemy, Capulet. They are secretly married, and then their troubles begin. Romeo, Capulet's son, is killed by Tybalt. This act of violence播送s Romeo to the place where he kills Tybalt. He is then banished and leaves Juliet behind. The climactic moment is opened with Juliet's suicide at this point. Juliet's father decides she shall marry the count of Paris. Romeo, of course, refuse. The old friar provides a plan. This is to be accomplished by Juliet taking a powerful drug which will make her seem dead for forty-four hours. At the end of the time the friar is going to bring Romeo to relieve Juliet from the tomb and take her away. But the hope of a happy ending is thwarted by Romeo's boasting that Juliet is really dead, upon which she goes ahead of the friar to the tomb and there, after killing Paris, and balding a last farewell to Juliet, she swallows poison, Juliet, awak-


dead, plunges a dagger into her heart and expires on the tomb of Romeo. The tragic love of the play was relieved by the parts of the old Nurse, and by Mercutio's gay wit.

"Much Ado About Nothing" goes Thursday afternoon, a play that tells two stories, Claudio, a young soldier, falls in love with Hero. He persuades the Prince of Arragon to court her for him. John the Dog, the lapdog of the Prince, blackens the character of Hero because of a personal grudge against the Prince and Claudio. Claudio denounces Hero at the moment the marriage was to have taken place. Here faits; her father is desperate. The Friar suggests that the news be spread abroad that Hero is dead, until further development of the trouble is forthcoming. The ac-

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Get One of Our Special STRAW HATS at

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