THE DISABLED AMERICAN VETERANS CONVENTION AT SAN FRANCISCO.

Hugh Robertson, Local Delegate, Tells About It.

I left here June 17, and traveled alone until I got to Chicago where I met the rest of the delegates. We had a big banquet there, and saw a ball-game. Our train, the "Hero Special," was made up there, and we set out for San Francisco.

At Omaha, Nebraska, our train was met by the Red Cross, and we were all given a fine automobile ride over the city. We got to Denver, Colorado, at 6:00 o'clock in the morning. The Red Cross met us there too and served us breakfast in the old army style, there in the depot. Afterwards we were "set up" to a ninety mile auto excursion over the Rocky Mountains. This trip included a visit to the grave of Buffalo Bill, Pike's Peak, and Colorado Springs. We were given a banquet at the Auto Country Club, and drove from there back to Denver, where we were served a big dinner before our departure for Salt Lake City.

We reached Salt Lake City at 3:00 A.M., and ate breakfast at the Hotel Utah, at the expense of the Red Cross and the Salt Lake Chapter of the Y.M.C.A. Later in the day we assembled in the City Park and marched in parade, after which we visited the army camps, the State Capitol Building, and Brigham Young's Monument. We were then given free passes to Salt Air, and had a bath in the Great Salt Lake, where you cannot sink on account of the water being so salty. We were also furnished free passes to all amusement places, another banquet, and return tickets to Salt Lake City, where the City gave us good-speed and good luck for our Convention.

At Sacramento, where we arrived at 8:00 A.M., we were served with refreshments and smoked, and had a religious service led by our blind National Chaplain, Rabbi Arnoldson.

SHORTHAND AND ADDING MACHINE EXPERTS TO THE RESCUE.

Scorekeeper Prostrated in Attempting to Count Runs of Vocationalists in Game with Vestal.

The ball game Thursday, August 2, between the Vocationalists and Vestal, developed into a race between the members of the team. The Scorekeeper, after frantically trying to keep a record of the runs, finally gave up after he had exhausted all his fingers and toes, and announced the Vocationalists winners by 20 to 0.

Who says now that we have not a sure enough ball team? And, more good news, Edging who it was rumored was about to leave us, is still on the job.

LEGION REUNION GREAT SUCCESS.

Vocationalists Take Part and Win Many Events.

Saturday, August 12, witnessed a rip-roaring good time for everybody at the East Tennessee Legionnaires met in annual reunion. The field day program went off without a hitch before an audience of around 2500 people. At night there was a big dance and a fireworks display, witnessed by a crowd nearly double that of the daylight hours.

Vocational men took honors in many events, and could have carried off the prizes in everything if they had prepared beforehand, and gone out and organized. McGhee Tyson Post won the tug of war from Post No. 2. Turner, our ball-player, won first place in both the 100 yard dashes. Ralph Nichols won second place in both. R. E. Annett captured the secondary trophies in the horseshoe pitching tournament.

Legion officials intend to make reunion in Knoxville an annual event.

AMERICAN POULTRY ASSOCIATION MEETS IN KNOXVILLE.

The forty-seventh annual convention of the American Poultry Association met here August 8-12. This is the first time in nine years that this convention has been held in the South. The membership of this Association is drawn from the United States (continued on page 6).
soon to be forgotten by them. While there for the purpose of surveying her farm they ate dinner at her home—and such a dinner! There was every imaginable good thing to eat that we ever think of in relation to a country dinner, and then some more! One student, exceptionally good at figures, kept count of the different things to eat, and he says there were 28 different dishes, exclusive of the incidental items such as milk, butter, bread, and the continentals. And there was not variety only, but quality and quantity also. The food was so plentiful that there was not room for all the dishes to touch the table; they were stacked up two and three deep in places.

The “eats” were fine all the time—the best country produce, in which fried chicken was the general favorite. Such material and two expert cooks formed a culinary combination that made meal-time the most satisfactory time of the day—as it properly should be for every ex-service man—and would have wool and wool, the most fastidious appetite. Belts were tight from beginning to end on that trip—and it was “happy tight.” Rutledge and Hicks took turns at the cooking job, and their efforts needed no other applause than the steady grating of eating implements against plates and the rhythmic crunch of human molars, with the concomitant disappearance of tons of savory grub. Both of these cooks have had army experience; Rutledge cooked five years for the Canadian Army. No wonder those fellows showed such vim at Vinny Ridge!

It being apple and blackberry season, sweet cider and blackberry wine were plentiful—at least, when the boys first got there, “Brookum”, however, was taboo.

The weather was ideal, there being no rain to interfere with the work during all the time the class was in camp.

The class did not hope lonesomely around the tent in the evenings. When they didn’t feel like playing cards, Homer Pike was always ready to keep everybody laughing or mystified by means of his jokes or card tricks. Things surely felt spooky when he made the table walk.

On Saturday afternoon—legal holiday for vocational students wherever they may be—everybody walked over to Kimberlin Heights, the site of Johnson Bible College, two and a half miles away, and took a swim in the French Broad River. This
was a taste that called for more, and the next day, Moss, Baker, Drumit, Hicks, and Wilson, discovered a hairpin point in a neighboring pasture, and after carefully depositing their remains on the beach, plunged into the soothing bilowa. Now, it so happened that two mules were dozens of that pasture, which when they witnessed the arrival and strange doings of these foreigners, were moved by a deep curiosity to learn what manner of creations these peculiar products were which evidently grew on the backs of men. So they approached cautiously, and, unnoticed by the bathers, chose each a sample which they might, like true scientists, analyze at their leisure and thereby come to some rational understanding of these strange phenomena, and learn whether or no they might be adopted so as to contribute to the welfare of mulekind in general. And it came to pass that it was the straw hat of the man called Brumit, and a peculiar article of apparel, known by its initials only, belonging to the man known as Moss, that were chosen. But as the mules were betaking themselves across the fields, (no doubt in the direction of their laboratories), the men became aware of their loss, and an alarm was given. The resulting chase demonstrated the advantage of four legs over two. But the straw hat, belonging to the afore-mentioned man called Brumit, was recovered in only a slightly damaged state, having been dropped by the mule, in a fit of disappointment and disgust, no doubt, upon finding it so nearly resembling the dry and unsalable fodder which forms the greater part of the diet of mules of the lower class, to which this mule undoubtedly belonged, since he was at best but an untameable individual. The other lost article, however, was lost indeed. Whether its captor based his refusal to surrender it to its rightful owner from mere obstinacy and spitefulness, or whether he became charmed with the object itself, will probably never be known.

The only thing certain is that it was not been recovered at present writing, and that its possible recovery seems doubtful, since the only marks whereby it might be identified are the aforesaid initials, which it must be admitted, are not sufficient for the purpose in this modern day of dense population and multiplicity of similar articles.

If this mule be truly a scientist, and his object the discovery of the genus of the specimen which he has secured, we shall await with interest the appearance of his treatise upon it, for which we shall search meticu-
iously in all the scientific journals of Muledom. It has always been a puzzle to us what those three initials stand for, and if this information should be forthcoming as a result of the strange incident just described, we feel that Mr. Moss should consider himself amply repaid for the loss of the article, inconvenient as it may be for the time being.

In conclusion, and to return to the general subject of the trip, it should be emphasized that this method of instruction is a very efficient one. If the boys really learned more than common, it was because there was more interest in the work. This increased interest was due to the practical nature of the work itself, and to the background of camp life in the country, with its good "eats", its swimming excursions, its pleasant evenings in the tents with card games, poker, setback and five hundred, played around the fires. It was an extraordinarily successful experiment, and is worth repeating periodically.
That box ought to be full before every issue of the paper goes to press. Remember, the paper comes out about the middle and the last of every month. Don’t wait until just before it is to come out, but drop your news items and other contributions in every day.

ARE YOU STILL THERE?

A few subscribers report that they have not been receiving the Voice. Everyone that has failed for any reason to get the paper after having subscribed for it should report the fact to Sam Doss, Circulation Manager, or drop a note to that effect in the Vocational Voice box, in Carriker Hall. This condition is one that we have studiously tried to avoid. The papers have been mailed out regularly to those who did not get them at Chapel. Without a doubt, the biggest reason for the failure of subscribers to get their papers is that there have been changes of address of which we are not aware. We believe this will explain most of the cases. So, if you have changed your residence during the past month or so, and whenever you do change, be sure to notify the Voice of the change, and give your new address. Drop this information in the Voice’s contribution box, or give it directly to Sam Doss. Above all things, the Voice wishes every subscriber to receive his paper regularly. This can be accomplished if you will cooperate with us. If you have missed one or more copies, Mr. Doss can furnish you back numbers. Remember, if you do not notify us of your change of address, we cannot find it out, and your paper will go on to the old address. Let us know if you are not still there.

NEW PLAN OF DISTRIBUTION FOR THE VOICE

The following men have been appointed to assist Mr. Doss in distributing The Vocational Voice in their departments, and to help do other work which he may call on them to do.

Agriculture Department:
Section 1. Paul Gaines.
Section 2. Harley L. Clark.
Section 3. E. O. Atkins.
Section 4. Joseph M. Shultz.
Section 4a. John E. Carrel.
Section 5. Esco Keck.
Section 5a. Forchlin H. Davis.
Section 5b. Andrew Tillman.
Section 6a. Geo. H. Hill.

Power Engineering
Thurman Anderson.

Mechanical Drafting
J. W. Goldsmith.

Highway Engineering
Homer R. Pine
Pattern Making
W. J. Ward.

Electrical Shop
Jas. R. Showalter.

Automobile Shop
O. L. Boyatt.

Dairying
General H. Prater.

Horticulture
Walter Trev.

Poultry 4
Herbert Bible.

Live Stock
John D. Unruch.

TO THE PROSPECTIVE STUDENT

of U. T.

Will you come to this place, “The Land of the Sky.” Where a banquet of glory is spread for the eye, Where scenes of enchantment envanish the Soul, And reason to rapture surrender control? Where the mountains do rear their summits above The storm and cloud, to the regions of love; Where waters go washing down rokey declines, And the hills are covered with evergreen vines: Where beaming musicians are wont to retire, When the bird of the mountain tunes his lyre, And tends to his melody wings that can fly, To scatter his song through “The Land of the Sky.” Where the air is freighted with sweetest perfume, Wafted from flowers when full in their bloom. And the breezes that float o’er the mountain’s tall peak Give back the rose to the invalid’s cheek. Where, one thousand feet above ocean’s foam, Beneath the blue and starry dome, One finds relief in Nature’s glow, To soothe and mitigate his woe. Ye seekers of pleasure, oppressed by the heat, Come to this region, this pleasant retreat; Ye ones that are feeble, why linger and die? Come up to this beautiful, “Land of the Sky.”

Ira M. Cambell.
(continued from page one)
It did not take long to reach San Francisco, where we were met by the Mayor's Citizens' Committee, and escorted in automobiles to our headquarters, the St. Francis Hotel. From there we were taken to the hotel which we were to occupy during the Convention.

The program of the Conventions carried out was as follows:

**Monday, June 28.**

Automobile Sightseeing Tours of San Francisco. We visited the Lette- rman and Marine Hospitals, where a great many wounded and sick buds- dles are patients. Luncheon was served at 1 p.m. in the amphitheater in Golden Gate Park. At 10 p.m. we were given a "Smoker" in the big Civic Auditorium, by the United Spanish War Veterans.

**Tuesday, June 27.**

This was the day of the big parade, the biggest one San Francisco had had since 1915. Soldiers, Sailors, and Marines, fraternal societies, and veterans of other wars, marched in this parade with us. The opening session of the Convention took place at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, in the big ball-rooms of the St. Francis Hotel. Speeches were made by the Governor of California, and other important men, including some United States Senators, and high officers in the D. A. V. and American Legion. At 8 p.m. we could take our choice of going to a big theater, or a dance given by the San Francisco Chapter No. 3, D. A. V.

**Wednesday, June 27.**

Convention Session at 9 o'clock a.m. and in the evening a big dance at the St. Francis Hotel.

**Thursday, June 29.**

Convention Sessions at 9 a.m. and 1 p.m. At 5 o'clock in the afternoon we were given a banquet under the auspices of the Committee, with a concert and a show along with it. At 8 o'clock there was a big Athletic Carnival which included some good boxing matches.

**Friday, June 30.**

At 9 a.m. we had the last meeting of the Convention, at which the National Officers were elected. At 8 a.m. there was another sight-seeing tour, on which we visited the Palo Alto Base Hospital at Palo Alto, and saw a lot more sick and wounded buddies. At 8 p.m. there was a big Civic Reception, and a fine ball. The next day we said goodbye and started home, but we surely did hate to leave a place where we were treated so white.

I was the only delegate from the State of Tennessee, and got to represent the whole State as well as our local chapter.

I brought up before the Convention all the resolutions sent in by our chapter here in Knoxville, and got most of them adopted. The ones that were adopted were as follows:

1. To bring next year's Convention nearer the South Atlantic States.
2. To take the Veteran's Bureau out of politics.
3. To back the American Legion on the Bonus Bill.
4. To urge more tools and equipment in Training Schools.
5. To urge government loans for disabled ex-servicemen going into agricultural work.

Well fellows, that is my tale. I certainly enjoyed the trip, and the Convention, and I think we ought all to be proud of our organization. It can do a lot for us if we keep it going strong. A member of the D. A. V. in the West has a good time of it anywhere he goes. It would be that way here if we took more interest in our chapter. We ought to get busy and let people know we are alive.

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Jimmie to Jack—"Did you know they had Fords as far back as Bible times?"

Jack to Jimmie—"How do you make that out?"

Jimmie to Jack—"Well, the Bible says, And Eliah went up on high, and you know the Ford is the only car that can turn that trick."

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"Brock told me that it was a woman in the moon instead of a man."

"Why how the heck does he know?"

"He's never been there, has he?"

"Yes, he's been to sea."

**Readymade**

A certain young man saw a sign on a grocer's window that read, "Families Supplied." And he went in and asked for a wife and three children.

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Kindness is catching and if you go around with a well-developed case your neighbor is sure to get it.

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Roly—"Hank sure has a good voice."

Poly—"Why I did not know he could sing at all."

Roly—"Oh, I mean he takes The Vocational Voice."
FEEDING THE CALF

The toughest job on earth, I think is, teaching stubborn calves to drink. I managed by force, or love or praise, unorthodox in all their ways, they openly defy the plan of nature, science and of man. Two weeks ago with love and care, I weaned Old Betty’s latest heir and since that day with every breath he states his plan to starve to death. He’s been so long without his feed he’s lantern-jawed and wobble-kneed; he’s just a sack of peaks and points, protruding ribs and knotty joints, while every day his backbone gets more like a row of bayonets. I’ve done my best, but I can’t force his dinner down its proper course; but every mess goes on my clothes, or in my shoes, or up his nose. This morning in our daily boat I vowed we two would fight it out. I tied the scamp to the cow barn door and roped his legs to a two-by-four, and “Now,” said I, “it’s up to you to drink or perish, one of the two.” I pried apart his vise-like gums and clamped his nose with my two strong thumbs. I forced his head in the old feed pail to the first big joint in his whip-like tail. Although a weak and wasted calf, he tossed his legs with a kick and a half; then biff! He lurched like a battering ram with his head and the pail in my diaphragm. He knocked me flat in the straw and dirt and made foot prints on my pants and shirt. I’m black and blue on my chest and chin. I’ve lost two yards and a half of skin, and still that calf—ungrateful fiend—has drunk no milk since he was weaned.

J. Edw. Tuftt—in Farm Life

(continued from page 1)

States, Canada, Cuba, and some other foreign countries.

Outside of the usual business procedure and reports of committees, the main part of the program dealt with the revision of the standards of perfection. The new Standard, as presented by the committee, will be quite an improvement over the old, in that it contains better description of the different breeds and varieties. There were also some changes with reference to color marking of different breeds, and more elaborate instructions were allowed the judges along those lines. One of the most important matters taken up by the Committee was the addition of the Jersey Black Giants to the Standards.

The visiting members have been well pleased with the hospitality of Knoxville people.
The Vocational men of the University, who are specializing in poultry attended the Convention, and showed much interest in the program. Several of them joined the Association, which shows that they are taking the right step toward becoming real poultry-men.

Several leading members of the Association visited the poultry plant at the University Farm. They commended the work being done by the students and stated that the instruction and training being given here are as good, if not better, than the opportunities offered by other schools.

A number of the chief breeders encouraged the boys in their work, and showed them the wonderful chance of advancement offered by the poultry business, both from the breeders point of view, and from the commercial standpoint as well.

TRUTH AND HER WORSHIPPERS
(An Essay by Sam Dose)

Truth, as an abstract quality, means a conformity with things as they are; a condition wherein all of the factors are in harmony with the established facts. Concretely, truth means genuineness, sincerity, square-dealing.

Mankind worships truth. Doubtless no mortal ever lived who did not shout hosannas to the goddess and lay humble tribute at her feet. We like to speak of her, to laud her loveliness, and to write beautiful sonnets to the crystal light that shines from her lofty brow. In common language, we are "just crazy about Truth." And we are really sincere in our "craziness."

But the craziness and the sincerity are usually of the kind that mark the actions of the lunatic; for are we not just as fickle, just as erratic in our relations with Truth as is the mental shipwreck called a lunatic? We worship her with words so long as her dictates conform with our desires; but when she bids us go counter to what we gravely term the necessities of the hour, we stone her, or else, at least, turn upon her the frown of righteous indignation, and threaten to banish her from among our gods.

There is an impulse in almost every breast—a fleeting desire—to do right; a wish to see Truth and Justice prevail over the twin devils of Error and Waywardness. But we have not yet learned ourselves. Life offers many temptations to do the easy thing, and, too often, we take

WHO'S YOUR BARBER
THERE'S ONE THAT YOU WILL WANT TO KEEP, AT
THE CLINCH AVE. BARBER SHOP
OR AT OUR NEW SHOP IN
THE FARRAGUT HOTEL
FRED S. BREEDEN.

Tindell Sells For Less
ELGINS—15 JEWEL 20 YEAR CASE $20.00
SIMMONS CHAINS—$3.50 to $8.00
WATERMAN'S PENS—$2.50 UP
A TRIAL WILL CONVINCE YOU
520 Market St. 520 Market St.

$15.00 $16.00 $18.00
Summer Suits at
$9.25 $10.50 $11.00

Straw Hats at
$1.25 $1.75 $2.50

CREW WEBB
119 GAY STREET ON THE VIADUCT
the short cut. We do not realize
that each lie added to our repertory
of untruths adds just that much more
dross to the character we must carry
with us through eternity. And so we
 tread the mortal path: with gay,
contented feet, when Truth shines
before us; with lagging and bewildered
steps when the road turns down
into the valley of deception and hy-
poocrisy, and the golden rays no lon-
ger light our way.

But sometimes, a pilgrim journeys
down the path of life, whose feet
will not be led into the byways, nor
 thru the dark valleys. A calm, abid-
ing devotion leads him ever toward
the hilltops. Were the sun of sin-
certainty to set, his feet would still be
 guided thru the darkness by the light
that emanates from the pure spirit
within. He would still seek the gold
of Truth.

Such characters, too rare in the
world of modern ideas, have gleaned
for mankind most of the good that
is its inheritance. Our highest truths
are the children of their earnest
hearts. Our finest ideals are those
they have carved from the rough
granite of life. And we have too
often called our benefactors fools.
Feeling our own superior intelli-
gence, we have classed them as mis-
sfits in the social scheme, and looked
 upon their efforts as the sporadic
outbursts of fanatics under the sway
of an absurd, but dominating desire
to make man conform to the dictates
of impossible ideals. We have been
the fools. Simple, unknown to fame,
but with the quiet dignity that make
them the true aristocracy of the
earth, they have been, and are, the
torch-bearers that light the way to
justice. And those are the true
worshippers of Truth.

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Every dog has his day, but the dog
whose tail has been stepped on has
a whole week and

=—0—=

Editor—"Why, this article is sign-
ed by Convict 9742!"
Author (an Ex-convict)—"Yeah,
dat's me pen name."
—Judge.
—0—

Tall Handsome Bandit (holding up
the train)—"Now I'll take the money
from the men, and a kiss from every
woman."
Short Partner—"Never mind the
kissin' buddy; get the dough."
OId Maid in the Rear—"You mind
your own business; the tall man's
robbing this train."