The Vocational Voice

OL. 1. UNIVERSITY OF TENNESSEE, KNOXVILLE, SEPTEMBER 30, 1922 No. 6

PEPPY MEETING OF McGHEE TYSON POST

The meeting of McGhee Tyson Post on September 22nd was a real one, and indicates that a lot of interest is going to be taken in the Legion this year.

Ralph Nichols reported on the late Convention held at Clarksville, September 14-15. The facts he told were two-fold in their significance. They showed how well the Legion had done in Tennessee, the splendid manner in which it has, if we will just keep awake. But they also show that, as usual, the accomplishments are due chiefly to a few men, and a few costs.

It was definitely decided at this meeting for McGhee Tyson Post to stage a lot of indoor sports this Fall and Winter. It is planned to make every meeting a social one.

Among the things to be done is the organization of a Basket Ball team. It is also planned to organize a Quartet.

At the next meeting there will be several boxing bouts by some of the members. A Battle Royal will come off later.

Every member ought to come to the meeting, and every vocational student ought to be a member.

Let us make McGhee Tyson Post an influence in the University of Tennessee as a whole, and not in the Vocational Department alone.

A good start in this direction was made last year when the Post gave a silver cup to the best drilled company of the cadet battalion. Let us keep the ball rolling this year.

VOCATIONAL POULTRY DEPT. STRICTLY UP-TO-DATE

Graduates Being Sent Out to All Parts of the South

A few years ago poultry raising was considered only as a sideline. Some people still look at it in the same way. But if one will only visit a few modern plants like those around

MRS. KRAENHUBEL LEAVES VocATIONAL DEPARTMENT

Saturday, September 20th marked the end of the services of Mrs. Kraehnubel, (Miss Walters) with the University. She will join her husband, who is now teaching in the University of Illinois, at Urbana Ill.

The loss of Mrs. Kraehnubel will be keenly felt by both the administrative part of the Department, and the students. She has been with the department from the very beginning, and has been one of the vital forces in its growth.

Mrs. Kraehnubel's position as Office Manager will be taken over by Miss Marie Simpson.

It is a gratifying fact, to the Vocational Voice that Mr. and Mrs. Kraehnubel have ordered the Voice sent to their new address.

The whole Department joins in wishing her and her husband the best of fortune in their new field.

DOINGS OF VOCATIONAL DEPARTMENT READ ABOUT ALL OVER COUNTRY

Director Forbes mentions us in Letter to 14 Districts

The following is quoted from a letter from Director C. R. Forbes of the Veteran's Bureau, to the heads of the 14 districts into which the country is divided under the Bureau:

"The Surveying Class of Vocational Trainees at the University of Tennessee, Knoxville, returned Aug. 2, 1922, from a ten day camping trip in the mountains of Sevier County, near Seymour, Tennessee.

This trip was made in order to give the class some practical experience in surveying. An average of thirteen hours daily was spent in surveying farms and roads in the vicinity of Seymour. The whole class reports a pleasant time in spite of the long hours and hard work.

They declared that they learned more about surveying in those ten days than they could ordinarily have learned in three months of class-room work.

They declared that they learned more about surveying in those ten days than they could ordinarily have learned in three months of class-room work.

In addition to road surveying, the class got excellent experience in surveying farms. Three were surveyed, having areas of twelve, thirty and two hundred acres. There was a considerable amount of swamp land on the largest farm, and the class figured out a drainage system for the owner's benefit.

This method of instruction appears to be a very efficient one, the class being more interested in their work than when in the confinement of a class-room, and interest was increased, due to the nature of the work and to the background of camp life in the country. The experiment was so successful that it is planned to repeat it periodically."

It will be noticed that the text of
this letter is drawn, almost word for word, from the Vocational Voice.

It should be very gratifying to us that our school activities should thus become known all over the land, and cause us to take more pride and interest in what goes on in the department.

And it is no less a source of pride to the Vocational Voice to find that it is contributing in this work of getting our school and its accomplishments before the public.

This incident should stimulate interest in the Voice as well as other school activities.

Wright:—“What is Romance?”
Brummitt:—“Cauliflower.”
W:—“How so?”
B:—“Because when you boil it down it smells just like ordinary cabbage.”

Katty:—“I am to be married next week, and I am terribly nervous.”
Katty:—“Well, I suppose there is a chance of a man getting away up to the last minute.”

LEGION DOINGS IN KNOXVILLE

The American Legion Luncheon Club meets every Monday from 12:15 to 12:15 p.m., at the Business Men’s Club. It is rapidly growing in usefulness and popularity. A special program is rendered at each meeting, consisting as a rule of musical numbers, and lectures by Knoxville Business Men.

Membership fee in this Club is only $5.00. Each luncheon costs only 50 cents. There are at present about 35 members. Most of these members are from Post No. 2, however, as McGhee Tyson Post has not contributed very many.

Membership in the Luncheon Club is worth the while and the money to any and every member of McGhee Tyson Post. The purpose of the Club is to promote friendship and mutual support among Legion members, especially those who are in business of one kind or another. All vocational students, therefore, who expect to make their livings through any of the various forms of business activity—and that means most of them—would profit by association with the members of this Club. Those who expect to locate in or around Knoxville, especially, could lay the foundations for their work by entering into this Club and making the acquaintance of the members.

There is a lot of practical benefit to be obtained from the lectures at the various meetings. At last meeting, for instance, one of Knoxville’s most successful manufacturers gave a practical discussion of advertising. All vocational students interested in advertising should have been there to hear this lecture. And this is but one instance. The lectures cover all the business and Legion field, and, no matter where your interest lies, you will find it touched sooner or later, in a profitable way to you, in these meetings.

Remember, only Legion men can belong, and more of McGhee Tyson men should belong.

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SEE US FOR THOSE NEW FALL SPORTING GOODS
FOOT BALLS, VOLLEY BALLS, FOOT BALL UNIFORMS
A FULL LINE. PRICES RIGHT
MEMORY PAR EXCELLENCE

In the days just before the Civil War, there lived in the South an aristocratic old slave-holder, who was also a great lawyer. Now this attorney kept no clerk or stenographer, but relied for a record of his cases upon a venerable old darky whom he took with him into courtrooms and on all the trips pertaining to his legal business. The memory of this negro was prodigious. Whenever the lawyer wished to know the evidence brought up in this case, or the circumstances attendant upon that, he called on the old fellow, who repeated word for word everything that had ever been said about the matter of witnesses, attorneys, or judges.

Naturally, the fame of the old man became scattered abroad through the land. Everyone had heard of him and people thronged to the court rooms when he was on the job, just to catch a glimpse of the man whose mind was like a phonograph record. One day the Devil walked into the great lawyer's private office and saluted him familiarly, and sat down in the chair which he always occupied when he came to visit there.

"I have been hearing," he said, "about this marvelous darky of yours. They tell me he can remember everything he hears. How much of that is true?"

"Why, every bit of it, and then some," replied the lawyer. "That negro can remember not only everything that has been said in his presence, but everything that might have been said."

"Well," replied Satan, "that's the very man I'm looking for. (Note: this statement of the Prince of Darkness disproves the common superstition that he is on the trail of all persons. Evidently he selects his men too, just as those who pass through St. Peter's gate are selected.) That's the man for my business. You know, it's a job trying to keep records in Hell. I first tried to have them kept on ordinary paper, but every time an extra fat soul was shoved into the fire the blaze would flare up and make it so hot that these papers would catch fire and burn up. I then tried asbestos, but you know how flimsy that stuff is. The fibers caught in the bookkeeper's pen and caused them to blot the sheets so bad you could not read a line. And the clerks cussed so much over their work you would have thought you were back on earth again instead of in Hell. I had to put a stop to that in order to save Hell's moral reputation. If these damned souls are allowed to keep on breaking my Blue Laws, the Pan-Hell Anti-Grape Juice League, and The Woeful Men's Lucifer Temperance-In-Speech Union will be offended and begin to raise Hell. That's one thing I can't tolerate in Hell, lawlessness. Why, the poor souls might as well be back on Earth. So I've got to find a way of keeping my records so that they will be permanent, and legible, and so that the keeping of them won't be such an incentive to foul language as my last method has been. Now, this negro you have would solve my problem. I wouldn't have to furnish any writing materials, which would be a great saving, for my ink bill is enormous, on account of the fact that ink dries up down there so easily. And he is already so black I wouldn't have to lose any time putting him through the searching process, but could put him right to work. What will you take for him? I'll give you anything in Hell for him, or anything on Earth, except your own soul—that will be too valuable to me some day. Name any other figger and give me a deed to the nigger—ha, ha! How's that for poetry?"

The lawyer, who seemed perfectly at his ease, replied: "I would not sell that darky at all; but I tell you what I will do: if you will catch him in any condition where his memory fails him in the slightest degree, I will make you a present of him. He is out there in the field a-plowing right now. Suppose you try him out."

"Agreed!" cackled Lucifer, "and you are poorer by one negro."

So the Devil flew out the window and made a bee-line, (as the crow flies), for the field where the unsuspecting old darky was plowing in the hot sun, and irrigating the furrows with his perspiration. Coming up to the laborer suddenly the Devil said to him: "You like eggs?" And the darky, looking expectantly towards his questioner, instantly replied, "Yassah." But Satan had vanished into thin air—or thick. I forget which kind they had in that
to give satisfaction, and the only time limit is your own good judgment.
THE VOCATIONAL VOICE

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IF YOU DID NOT ATTEND CHURCH SUNDAY, READ THIS

With matriculation over, and the experiences of our vacation fast sinking into a dream-like unreality, we find ourselves in school again. Our feelings are somewhat similar to those we had when, after having gone on board the transport, and having lain in the harbor for several days, we awoke one morning to find our selves at sea, surrounded by the restless waste of waters, embarked upon a journey whose end was shrouded in the poisonous mists of the battlefield.

As this new term gets under way, we are again upon a journey, the end of which is invisible to us. There is no submarine menace to compel us to wear cork vests and tumble out at midnight to stand on a wet deck in our sock-feet, and shiver through fire drill. The old A. F. F. Rest Camps—a name derived by someone who must have been a master in ironic description—are no more. There is no more squeezing into “Hommes Quarte, Chevaux Huit,” we squeeze into stationary compartments of about the same size now: they are not “baekahes” (as the Lameys used to say) though, but cost us just as much as all we used to get from Uncle Sam; they are known as “Rooms”—though there is precious little room about it—except in our pocket-books, after we have paid for them. There are trenches, no bayonets, no whiz-bangs, no “blind pigs” to fear now—for we enjoy once again the peace and quiet of civilization, unbroken except for little things like street-crossings, automobiles, house-breakers, and, in place of the blind “pig,” the blind “tiger.” Instead of Gay Paree, we see Gay St., Knoxville: instead of “oo-la-las” we hear “da-da-das”; instead of the blood-thirsty M. P.’s, we have our kindly instructors to guide our footsteps. The “World” War has degenerated into a “Word” War, the battlefields are replaced by Conventions and Congresses.

But there is nevertheless, still a struggle in which we must engage, and at old U. T. in our training camp. We have our daily drill, in which we are taught to speak right, think right, write right, farm right, instead of how to do squads right.

This new struggle into which we are soon to be hurled, is the age-old Struggle of Life. The first battle, and the deciding one, is not to be fought on the other side of an ocean, on foreign soil, but right here in training camp—yes, even closer home, right inside our own minds. The biggest battle any soldier fought in the late war, was a similar one. It was the struggle in which he strove to reconcile himself to leaving home and loved ones. What happened afterward was only incidental; the majority of soldiers took everything as it came without complaining. So it is in this impending struggle; the first battle determines the course of the rest of the fight.

The two opposing forces are already arrayed in our minds. They have dug in and fortified their positions. Skirmishes have already taken place, and Scouting Parties lurk in the No Man’s Land between the two facing lines, on the alert for any advantage that may be taken of the enemy. The battle is on. Sometime heavy barrages announces the coming offensive; at other times, everything may be quiet for days, and the conflict may seem like nothing but a bad dream. But it is on, and will be until one side or the other breaks through. Our army is composed of the “Allies” Opportunity, Ambition, Self-respect, Gratitude. The opposite is the army of the Autocracy of the Human Mind, Ill Health, Laziness, Procrastination, Short-sightedness andDiscouragement.

What are these armies struggling for? What is the issue? To make the world safe for democracy? No; but to make your life secure for you. They are struggling for the control of our souls. The immediate cause of the war is the question of whether or not we are going to profit by the opportunity we have received to go to school.

Some of our buddies took farewell of us at the beginning of the vacation period. It seems strange not to meet them coming up the hill, or see them in the classrooms. They are in the latter stages of their struggles: they have fought this preliminary battle already. Whether the “Allies” won or not is determineing, in each individual case, whether the rest of the struggle will be a life-long advance into the enemy’s territory, or a life-long retreat into their own, with their lives becoming more and more circumscribed, and with more ruins to show in the place of once fair structures.

Remember! Some day “the boys” will be standing in line for their checks down in Carrick, taking the car to the Farm, or going to the Legion meeting, and YOU won’t be here!

Now, at the beginning of this new term, is the time to lend your aid to the “Allies”; to snipe off that Laziness, bayo net that Short-sightedness, and gas that Discouragement.

This is the best the Voice can do in the way of a new-term sermon. We are, for the most part, all old students back together again. If there had only been a horde of gullible Freshmen we might have tried our hand at the awe-striking kind of stuff. But we know that if we put on the powdered wig, the horn-rimmed glasses, and the stand-up collar, you would recognize us for what we are anyhow, so what is the use?

This sugar-coated pill is administered at the request of Miss Science. She dropped a letter in the Voice Box the other day, saying that she was not getting your ears very well, and begging us to try the efficacy of the Vocational Voice in a field where the still small Voice had failed. —0—

Mrs.—“What is the difference between amonia and pneumonia?”
M. B. Cile.—“Amonia comes in bottles, pneumonia in chests.”
I. D. Yot.—“Begonia!”
—0—

Success does not consist in playing a good hand, but in playing a poor one well.

—0—

Sometimes a hard-boiled egg gets fresh.
POETS' CORNER

Realization
So valueless to us are Life's true treasures.
The satisfaction of an impulse worth so much.
When we would woo a host of purer pleasures,
Which, unlike Love, display themselves without deceit.
We rashly fling our souls at Love's disdainful feet,
And for a jewel clutch which powders at our touch.

Turn through the pallid pages of the past
And breathe the musty scent of Passion's faded flowers:
On every page is written: "Love, That Did Not Last!"
None ever yet has lasted; why should ours?

It is the game that thrills, and not the gain,
The mad pursuit, and not the over-taking:
Desire is by possession slain;
It is the victor's heart, not his who lost, that's acting! —S. C. D.

The Message of the Sea
Oh restless stretch of vast deep blue,
What message thou incessantly giv'st forth!
Why doth oft changing air in jealous fit,
Churn thy soft crest into such foam?
Or dost thou, oft recalling thy young state,
Seek full reunion with the air and all?

How like thy very self to hold thus fast
To that remembrance vast!
When this great earth—all rocks, quicksilver, gold,
Was in thee hurled by grace from off the sun?
To whirl intimate, fast—one great hot mass?
Till breath of God's own air, whose voice thou hearest
Urged thee to free thy too full, big, hot heart,
And thy child came—a mass of molten rock,
For ages boiling—shocked at savageness strange.

(Continued from page 1.)

with it is carried out in a systematic manner, even to the "buttermilk detail." Our buildings have recently been given a new coat of paint, which contributes much to the appearance of the plant.

Several men left this department at the end of the Summer Session to take up home project work, and others are soon to leave.

Mr. F. T. Moore, who has made a very good record while in school, goes to Cookeville, Tennessee, to raise chickens for himself.

Mr. William Hampton goes to Cor- ance, Tennessee, said to be 39 miles from civilization. "Hamp" also will strive to become an expert in the Poultry Business, and he has a farm of his own, the Vocational Department expects great things of him.

Mr. Frank Nunley returns to Ken- tucky to farm and raise chickens. Paris L. Harmon goes to Concord, Tennessee, to raise pure-bred single- comb White Leghorns. He hopes some day to have the best in the South.

The man who is "four fingers out," Mr. Quiller Bledsoe, has decided that poultry-raising is the surest way of supporting a large family, and is at work with a heart.

Another of our men, Harry C. Inman, is locating himself in Morris- town, Tennessee, in the midst of a fine poultry settlement. He will raise White Leghorns and Anconas. We do not doubt that Harry will hold his own even among those experienced raisers.

Herbert F. Bible will be located at White Pine, Tennessee, where he will raise Barred Plymouth Rocks and sheep.

One who will be missed especially is Shilo Edging, who will probably be found in the State of Florida, raising chickens and playing ball. His profession might be described as "Fowl-Ball" Business.

Others of those who have left but who have not yet located for certain are: Zager, Williams and Smith.

Altho the poultry department has lost a number of good men, it is beginning the term with a large class of men just beginning to specialize, and they seem to be taking a keen interest in their work

The capacity of the plant will be increased about one hundred per cent when the present building program

PERSONAL MENTION

Mr. Julius Perimutt, who has been in the hospital at Asheville, North Carolina since last December, is soon to return to school. We congratulate him on being able to take up his work again, and his many friends on the prospect of having him once more among them.

Mr. A. F. Edwards, and Miss Annie Greenlee were married September 7th, at Studley, Virginia. The young couple are living in Knoxville, as Mr. Edwards is continuing his work at the University.

We have just recently heard that Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Burnett are the parents of a baby girl, named Emma, born July 28.

Mr. Robert Barker, of Maryville, was recently appointed to the head of the Co-operation Department of the Knoxville Veterans Bureau. He is now in Atlanta on a thirty day instruction trip. Bob is a "red-hot" Legion man, belonging to Emerson J. Lones Post No. 13, which he has served for some time past as Service Officer. He was a Marine during the war, and has all the fighting spirit for which that Corps was famous. He not only knows a great many ex-service men, but is for them every one, heart and soul.

Mr. L. J. Waterhouse, who has recently moved to Knoxville from Virginia, has been called to Virginia within the last few days, on account of the sickness of his grandmother. Mr. Waterhouse’s father, who is now in Knoxville with him, has largely recovered from the serious illness from which he suffered during the summer.

Mr. Walter Lewis, vocational department instructor who left the department some months ago because he needed a long rest, is now recuperated, and is back in his old position again.

One of the new part-time instructors is Mr. C. S. Brooks, who will assist Mr. Lewis at the Vocational Farm.

Mr. Hunter, pattern-making instructor is now at home sick. Mr. L. H. Hampson is handling his work while he is away, which we trust will not be for long.
Major Leon Fraser, Assistant Director of the Veterans Bureau, has resigned. Major Fraser is an authority on law, and it is rumored that he will take up lecturing on Universal Peace and International Relations or other themes under the general subject of public law, a work in which he was engaged at the outbreak of the war. He was honored by the French government for overseas services by decoration with the Order of the Silver Pailas, and by being made Officer d'Academie.

Mr. (also Major) Robert Swatts is now with the Vocational Department as full time instructor. He will be supervisor of the English and Mathematics courses, in addition to his strictly pedagogical work. Mr. Swatts has been with the Department since it began, and we consider it very fortunate that we are now to have him for full time.

Mr. Lawhorn and Mr. Hazelwood are now part-time instructors in Animal Husbandry.

Mrs. Ragsdale, niece Miss Welles, is leaving the department Miss Ina Shrum, of the Veterans Bureau Training Center at Chattanooga, is taking her place. The University is fortunate in securing Miss Shrum's services, as she is a woman of ability and experience. We shall, however, miss Mrs. Ragsdale very much.

Mr. Hess was married on September 14, to Miss Helen Rosenbalt, of Greenville. After a short honeymoon they have returned to Knoxville, and are at home at 1637 Highland Ave.

Said a friend to the proud father of a college graduate who had just received his M. A. from the University of Tennessee:—

"Well, I suppose Robert will be looking for a Ph. D. next?"

"No indeed," replied the father, "he will be looking for a J. O. B."

(continued from page 5) has been completed.

The project work has been so arranged as not to conflict with the regular class periods, and while catering for rather long hours and perhaps a little hard work, the plant when finished will be a credit not only to the Vocational Department but to the State as well.
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.

ENGAGEMENT AND WEDDING RINGS

YOU WILL FIND IN GREAT ASSORTMENT
AT MODERATE PRICES
TINDELL'S
The Little Jewelry Store with the
THE BIG REPUTATION
520 Market St. 520 Market St.

The Vocational Department of the University of Tennessee.
APPROVE AND ENDORSE
PRYOR BROWN TRANSFER COMPANY
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ALL WOOL SUITS AND OVERCOATS AT $30 TO $45
"On the Viaduct"
part of the country. Anyway he vanished, and the puzzled old negro went on with his plowing.

Years after, the old negro was sitting under a tree in a corner of the same field, and his son was plowing. The Civil War had been and gone; the slaves were free—that is, as free as ever. And the old lawyer, in token of his appreciation of the services of the old negro, had presented him with this field. As the old negro sat there, ruminating on all the perfectly-rememberer details of his life up to that time, the Devil, to whom 15 years is as a snap of your fingers, appeared by his side and whispered, "How?"

Instantly and without a shade of perplexity, came the answer of the old ex-slave: "Biled!"

And a second time Satan fell head-over-heels into Hades, splashing mellowed brimstone over the splendid Gothic towers of Pandemonium. The old darky of course is still free. And no one will ever know what has happened in Hades, no history of that land can ever be published, since there is no way of keeping historical records.

Would it be correct to designate the old Darky who thus outwitted Satan, a "Lucifer-Match?"

—0—

And thou, dear sea, left in the air withall,
Didst urge the God of gods for some great part—
A more tremendous part in endless plan,
Than circling this swift mass that cooled so slow,
Such patient woeing—ages of hot storm,
Until at last the fruits—the soil and—man,
Straightway they blossom forth
When thou kissest rock!
Oh sea! Oh sea! Teach me thy spirit's patience!
So raw mine seems to thy much calmer age;
I yearn to learn, if thee,
As from a sage.

H. B. P.

KEEP IT MUM, FELLOWS!
If there be of friends two
Truly to each other true,
Either working like a brother,
With all hearts to aid ye other,
Few there be in ye world's mass
Who know what they bring to pass.
—Old Florentine Legend.

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No. 3—AT THE UNIVERSITY GATE
MEN OUR PRICES ARE REASONABLE. YOU WILL BELIEVE US ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU RECEIVE THE FINEST OF MATERIALS. YOU WILL REMEMBER GRAY QUALITY AFTER THE PRICE IS FORGOTTEN.

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DON TAKES THE SPOTS OUT AND PUTS THE CREASE IN—TO STAY SPECIAL RATE TO U. T. STUDENTS

Don P. Trent Dry Cleaning Company
PHONES OLD 4266—NEW 752 — AT UNIVERSITY GATE

OUR FALL STOCK IS NOW COMPLETE

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THE STORE OF STANDARD LINES.