

SOCIETY

Last night as I strolled around over the campus wondering if any of the section had worked that problem, I sauntered into a friends room and found congregated there a bunch of so-called women haters voicing their distaste for all things feminine. They were elated over the entrance of the new competitive argument which they were sure to receive. The pow-wow that ensued was long and furious yet the result was decisive, and I found myself about to admit defeat at the hands of my "Love-disappointed" friend.

Early next morning a new life was started. The first essential act of this precarious experiment is the disposal of all pink envelopes which have been retained from past friendship. In compliance with the regulation of the new adventure other serious adjustments were made and a general movement towards the completeness of the future hermitage begun. All worked well for the first eight hours because classes were regular. But as the sun slowly descended toward the western skies that old longing for feminine companionship crept into evidence and a temptation to steal over to booth fifteen and call up for the old date was almost unbearable. The new resolution however, causes the disposal of this idea and at seven-thirty the room is sought as a refuge in these hours of discontent. Things go from bad to worse, a deterioration in everything from Mess Hall hash to Charlie Nitch's service is observed. Restless nights cause two quizzes to draw grades which remind you of a ministers degree, and a whole world seems as desolate as a Senior section in Guion hall.

Then something happened, a very dear friend sarcastically inquiring "Did you get a letter today?" Indignation causes the loss of a good pal and the renting out of the mail box to a prospective pigeon raiser. Then a casual remark by another friend causes a queer sensation which affects the heart, to creep over you for it means that he will call up your old girl for a date

Jane and I were sitting out in the coupe watching the cadets march into the mess hall. Every evidence of spring and its electrifying effects were at hand. I seemed to notice and enjoy the singing of the birds and all the wonderous things which nature can so ably accomplish. The world presented instead of the desolate appearance formerly referred to, a beautiful picture which even the most skilled artists with his array of colors and artistic touch could not paint. The whole world seems to be just right and all is well

Moral: You can't get along with 'em or without 'em, You got to have 'em thats all.

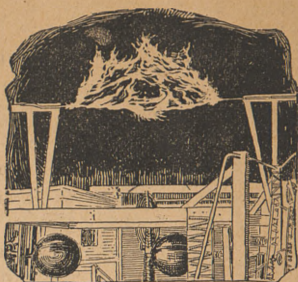
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Man-Made Lightning

FRANKLIN removed some of the mystery. But only recently has science really explained the electrical phenomena of the thunderstorm.

Dr. C. P. Steinmetz expounds this theory. Raindrops retain on their surfaces electrical charges, given off by the sun and other incandescent bodies. In falling, raindrops combine, but their surfaces do not increase in proportion. Hence, the electrical pressure grows rapidly, Finally it reaches the limit the air can stand and the lightning flash results.

And now we have artificial lightning. One million volts of electricity—approximately one fiftieth of the voltage in a lightning flash—have been sent successfully over a transmission line in the General Engineering Laboratory of the General Electric Company. This is nearly five times the voltage ever before placed on a transmission line.

Much valuable knowledge of high voltage phenomena—essential for extending long distance transmission—was acquired from these tests. Engineers now see the potential power in remote mountain streams serving in industries hundreds of miles away.

Man-made lightning was the result of ungrudging and patient experimentation by the same engineers who first sent 15,000 volts over a long distance thirty years ago.

"Keeping everlastingly at it brings success." It is difficult to forecast what the results of the next thirty years may be.

**General Electric Company**  
General Office Schenectady, N. Y.  
95-485HD

DERE RUMMITT

Aggieland, Texas.

Dear William:—

I am glad to inform you that I won't need that job that you promised to get for me because that Prof. never did turn me into Ike, he called me up later so I went down to his house for the interview. When I arrived there he was eating supper, so I went into the parlor to wait, while I was waiting for him his little baby crawled into the room and I began playing with it. When I heard his footsteps in the hall I grabbed the bald-headed little brat up in my arms and began to call it "Blue eyes." This seemed to take with him, as I had expected it to do, and after giving me a little chapel talk he told me that he would give me a zero on the quiz and let me go. Every time I go to his class now I ask him how

the baby is, and I've already raised my grade to B.

O Boy baseball has opened in full swing now. Last Monday we played a little game with the Omaha Bees of the Western League, and confidentially William I believe that they must have been out of practice or something for they couldn't even beat the M. E. team of last year. Ole Pat Olsen sure did pitch some good ball, they only gathered eight scattering hits and they wouldn't have gotten those if our infielders had been placed right.

We sure have some aggregation of diamond artists this year. Old Pavalowa Dwyer is back on the initial sack and it sure it some treat to see him prancing around that bag with his tailor made uniform on. You know ole Smithy, besides giving Bryan society a nasty rush, surely did play a mean bag on the hot corner against the Bees. Every one that flew his way retired, the fact that is combed the whole infield. Neither side scored until the sixth, when Unk Guynes closed his eyes and doubled over third and then Pavalowa came

to the bat. Gripping his tailor made bat with both hands Snake-charmer waded into the pitchers delivery and Unk came Dairying in for the winning tally. After this neither side scored and that's how we outstung the Bees.

I surely would like to meet that little Pocahuntas of yours. From your description I gather that she is some keene stepper. Maybe she does call you her little Pale-face but if you still have the same gastronomic proclivities as of yore she could hardly refer to you as having a frank and open face. The only time I ever saw your mouth open and empty was when you were asleep.

Well, I must close for this time, for I have to go down and keep care of that Prof's baby while he and his spouse go to the picture show. Write me real soon

Your old Rummitt,  
Rufus.

Mexico has adopted the standard time unit. The hours will be counted from 0 to 24, beginning at midnight.