

## COLLEGE BOYS SERVE UNCLE SAM

### CRIPPLED TOADS LOOSE TO TEXAS U.

T. C. U.'s fighting gang of pig skin tossers journeyed down to Texas U. last Friday only to receive the zero end of a nineteen to nothing score on Saturday.

College spirit ran rife the morning they left here. That old pep and enthusiasm shown by T. C. U. of long ago was in evidence that day. Cheers and yells echoed from one end of the campus to the other. Amid "rip rams" and "boomer sooners" the team took its leave.

It was said that Lockman couldn't play, that Spiller was sick. Nevertheless there was the same old spirit—that spirit of win or "bust."

Saturday dawned a hot summer day. It was the kind of a day that takes the pep out of things. Worst of all, Singletary was sick. Singletary, that line plunging demon, was out of the game.

The game started—five minutes of play—Haire is down with a broken ankle. Well, with four of the best men out of the line-up, the gang, discouraged and with spirits dampened, settled down for a grim fight.

Although outweighed and outclassed, they fought furiously. The only chance for victory was by sheer nerve, sheer fight. It was impossible. A well-nigh freshman team, literally thrown together at the last moment, stacked up against a veteran University aggregation. For all except four men this was the first game in college football that they had ever played.

Regardless of all handicaps this freshman team, this unseasoned bunch of youngsters backed those sturdy longhorns all over the field in that first half and would have scored time and again if only there had been that final punch,—that punch which could have been given them by either Lockman or Singletary assisted by Spiller and Haire. The first half ended nothing to nothing.

The second half began. The strain was having its effects. A light line, a light back field bombarded by a heavy line and a heavy back field.

Finally Texas pushed across the goal line. Twice more did they do it before time was called.

The Horned Frogs had gone down in defeat—but in a glorious defeat. It will long be remembered at Texas U. how that little, light, and crippled football team from T. C. U. fought them to a standstill and finally lost just through the lack of substitutes.

### PREPAREDNESS FOR WOMEN

Mrs. Cockrell Points Way for Girls to Render Valuable Service

Things are taking on a business-like aspect in the art department since Mrs. Cockrell made her recent announcement concerning the School for Preparedness for Women which is being inaugurated.

As usual, Mrs. Cockrell is in the advance guard. So far as we are able to ascertain, no other college or university in the United States has installed work of this character. A few have hinted that such work will be available, but no announcements have been made. There are, however, two such schools in existence, both independent of collegiate institutions. They are located in New York and Washington. Mrs. Cockrell's courses opened simultaneously with those in Washington on Oct. 1.

**Purpose of the School**  
The purpose of the school is to prepare women to assist in work among the wounded soldiers who are being placed in convalescent hospitals. Courses in weaving, tool making, wood work, net work, bead work, modeling, metal work, block printing, designing, book binding, basketry and pottery are offered.

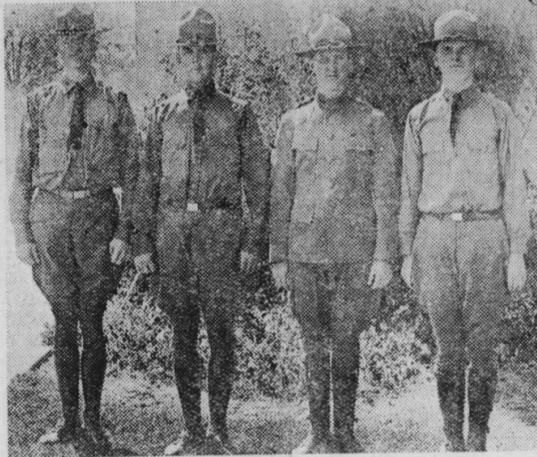
These are some of the occupations with which the nation expects to employ wounded soldiers while they are being made fit to again take their places in the world of affairs. In addition to the actual work, the school will prepare teachers to instruct others.

**Training Not Confined to Girls**  
Girls are not to have a monopoly on this sort of work, according to Mrs. Cockrell. There will be mechanical drawing and map making for men in the S. A. T. C. This branch will be in charge of Prof. S. P. Ziegler, who has had extensive training in this country and in Europe, and who is an artist of note.

Mrs. Cockrell believes the school will be a valuable asset in several ways. Through it students will not only contribute inestimable service to humanity, but they will also assist in giving the nation its own system of crafts, which, heretofore, it has borrowed from the older countries.

After completing the course, students who are qualified may apply to the Surgeon-General, and, if accepted, placed on the active list, subject to call for service either in this country or in France.

### CORPS OFFICERS



To these four men has been assigned the task of developing 320 T. C. U. boys into soldiers and officers of the United States Army. They are from left to right Lieut. Burt E. Cochran, Lieut. W. E. Klaver and Lieut. A. R. Varner, Commander, and Lieut. F. A. Kitchen.

### 320 STUDENTS REPEND TO COLORS

#### STEADY MARCHING OF TRAMPING FEET SOUNDS DOOM OF CARE FREE COLLEGE LIFE

Three hundred and twenty voices blended into one that rang out clear and steady across the drill ground on the morning of October 1 as that number of our young men students repeated the oath of allegiance to the American flag which made them soldiers in the service of their country. Not a man hesitated when the time came to pledge his all to the cause of peace and liberty. STRAIGHT and erect as so many arrows they stood, each solemnly conscious of the significant words he uttered. Each showed by his steady gaze and manly bearing that he was willing and anxious to assume a man's burden in the hideous conflict now raging across the seas.

Tears quivered on many an eyelash as scores of onlookers silently noted the serious demeanor of the men who will make up Texas Christian University's contribution to the youngest fighting force yet assembled—the Students' Army Training Corps of America. Restrained hand-clapping was the only outward demonstration of the deep feeling that vibrated in every heart as the steady tramp of feet marked the passing of the college boy and the coming of the student soldier. The occasion seemed one for reflection rather than action. Every movement made and every word spoken on the grounds that have witnessed so many school games in the past seemed symbolic of the lofty ideals for which these men are offering their youth and vigor.

Lieutenant A. R. Varner, commander of the corps, was master of ceremonies. The program opened with the unfurling of the colors as the university military band played the national anthem. Lieut. Varner then administered the oath of allegiance by means of which the men were actually inducted into the service. The officer then read four inspirational messages sent out from Washington especially for the occasion. They were from President Woodrow Wilson, Acting Secretary of War Crowell, General Peyton C. March, and Col. R. I. Reese. The military band, under the leadership of Cadet Van Camp, enlivened the ceremony with spirited selections.

Dr. E. R. Cockrell, dean of the Law Department, made the principal address. He was introduced by Dean Clinton Lockhart, who characterized the occasion as one on which T. C. U. was glad to put forward her influence, her power and her scholarship, all in the interest of humanity.

Dr. Cockrell spoke of the new day which has dawned in national and world history. "This is essentially a war of ideals," he said, "the time has come when each nation and each individual must co-operate to put our loftiest visions into effect. You men are a part of the mighty host of college men who are standing today on college campuses from the Atlantic to the Pacific oceans. You are answering the call of the nation to get a vision of peace and liberty; you are answering the call to dreamers to get in action."

"Today, for the second time, the dreams of the boys of '76 clung to a purpose, monuments have been erected to them. Just as surely will your dreams be realized—just as surely will monuments be erected to the

beginning of the military regime in the university. From that time each man in the corps will be kept in school at the expense

Retreat was held for the first time on the day of the review. Just at sunset the unit was assembled on the campus near the flag pole. As the colors were slowly lowered, the strains of the "Star Spangled Banner" floated through the evening stillness.

When the world catches the vision you are getting here in your school we shall have peace. The unarmed shall have right, not by might, but by justice. You are called on for a mighty purpose: that of lifting nations which have been down-trodden, that of defending the masses that toil and pay in blood for every war. Go, grasp your opportunity. Help win the war." The speaker gave the historical background of the war, and spoke of selfish ambitions which have prompted wars in the past.

Owing to illness both Pres. E. M. Waits and Judge R. M. Rowland were unable to appear as scheduled. Following the address, Lieut. A. R. Varner and his associate officers, Lieuts. F. A. Kitchen, Burt E. Cochran, and W. E. Klaver, assumed charge of the command. Military maneuvers were executed with surprising accuracy and precision. Every command met with instantaneous response that would have done credit to army men of longer training. The program ended with a review of the entire unit by Lieut. Varner.

### THE FOOL

From "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man" By Robert W. Service

"But it isn't playing the game," he said, And he slammed his books away, "The Latin and Greek I've got in my head Will do for a duller day." "Rubbish!" I cried. "The bugle's call Isn't for lads from school." D'ye think he'd listen? Oh, not at all; So I called him a fool, a fool.

Now there's his dog by his empty bed, And the flute he used to play, And his favorite bat . . . but Dick he's dead, Somewhere in France, they say: Dick with his rapture of song and fun, Dick of the yellow hair, Dicky whose life had but begun, Carrion-cold out there.

Look at his prizes all in a row: Surely a hint of fame. Now he's finished with,— nothing to show: Doesn't it seem a shame? Look from the window! All you see Was to be his one day: Forest and furrow, lawn and lea, And he goes and chucks it away.

Chucks it away to die in the dark: Somebody saw him fall, Part of him mud, part of him blood, The rest of him—not at all. And yet I'll bet he was never afraid, And he went as the best of 'em go, For his hand was clenched on his broken blade, And his face was turned to the foe.

And I called him a fool . . . oh, how blind was I! And the cup of my grief's abrim. Will Glory o' England ever die So long as we've lads like him? So long as we've fond and fearless fools, Who, spurning fortune and fame, Turn out with the rallying cry of their schools, Just bent on playing the game.

A fool! Ah, no! He was more than wise. His was the proudest part. He died with the glory of faith in his eyes, And the glory of love in his heart. And though there's never a grave to tell, Nor a cross to mark his fall, Thank God! we know that he "batted well" In the last great Game of all.

### S. A. T. C.

#### NEWS FROM OUR FRONT LINE OF DEFENSE

By Paul Boynton

#### LT. COCHRAN REPORTS FOR DUTY

Lt. Burt E. Cochran, the last of our commanding officers to arrive, is one of the officers who graduated from the Fort Sheridan Student Army Training Corps Camp this summer along with Lt. Kitchen and Lt. Klauer, and our own boys. While in camp Lt. Cochran specialized in

the Personnel work and is taking charge of this line of service in T. C. U. He has the title of Personnel Adjutant.

The new officer would have been a junior in the University of Kansas this year had he returned to his school. His home is in Wichita, Kansas.

Since entering upon his new duties Lt. Cochran has evinced an unusual amount of capability, and has the pep and snap necessary to make soldiers of these rookies, roughnecks and rubes around the hill.

#### FLAG POLE PUT UP FOR S. A. T. C. USE

Since that mammoth bird flew from out the azure heavens and at one fell stroke or one ill-fated smash distorted, and discombobulated the arrow-like straightness of our one-time beautiful flag pole and gave new evidence that "Sic transit gloria munda," we have been lacking in this respect. When Uncle

Samuel took charge of affairs, however, he decided that for the benefit of all concerned and for the sake of official rote it would behoove those in charge to erect, even though it be pro tempore a flag pole of some kind or description.

The result is that now, this

Continued on Page 4

### HERE AND THERE

#### Comments For and By the Students

At least three of T. C. U.'s erstwhile medical students will continue their work in Baylor Medical College, Dallas, this year. Mortimer Coke, Joe Sisk and Sam Jagoda all drifted through this week on the way over. They expect to be in uniform within a few days, and each was anxious to give in his measurements. Evidently they do not believe in pot luck where issued uniforms are concerned.

From all indications some good lungs are going to develop as the result of Uncle Sammie's supervision of this institution. When a lieutenant lines up the corps and gives the order, "Count Off," every individual tries to yell out his number a little louder than the fellow next to him. It would be an eye-opener to the faculty to stand by and hear those students who were always timid about reciting shout out their numbers in voices that rank somewhere between a megaphone and a fog horn in volume.

Carl Slay came back from a brief visit home this week, and found himself all covered in honor. A broken foot isn't so bad if one can be elected president of the 1918 Freshman class while one is recovering from it.

Some of our khaki-clad heroes refer modestly at times to their "misplaced eyebrows," a title which is a misnomer as well as slander, for the rest of us agree that the said articles don't do credit to a decent eye-brow. Eh?

Honest, now! Don't you think All Saints Hospital will have to take down its shingle since we have turned our "dorms" into three "greater and granders" for those who have "fallen beneath the blast" of— Listen! We might as well notify the public at Large that we have a sufficient number of votes to change that name from "Spanish" to—T. C. U. Influenza!

Wanted: An instructor in this pleasing art of saluting. Rank (Continued on Page 3)

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# THE SKIFF

BEATRICE MABRY—Editor  
MYRA PEACOCK—Bus. Mgr.

## STAFF

Paul Boynton, McKee Caton, Howard Hill, Morrow Boynton, Bruce Cross, Elizabeth Hamlett, Beulah Bell, Forrest McCutcheon, Hill Hudson, Shelby Faulkner.

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## TRYING OUR WINGS

We are new on the job, we admit, but we have enough plans and pent-up enthusiasm to make us feel like a veteran editor of the "Skiff." We are not going to indulge in autobiography, nor are we about to make any promises for future fulfillment. Instead, we are going to buckle down to business and do our best to put out a good paper. But regarding that, more anon.

In the meantime, please do not be perturbed over the smashing of time-honored customs that has resulted in a feminine editor and business manager of this publication. It is simply a result of the war. Mr. Boynton and Mr. Faulkner would now be holding these places but for the fact that both are members of the Students' Army Training Corps and, therefore, are not permitted to continue with the "Skiff." We are quite fortunate, however, in being able to retain both as contributors to the sheet.

## YOU AND THE "SKIFF"

Have you noticed the column of comments "for and by the students?" Because if you haven't you are behind the procession. It was planned for your especial use and enjoyment.

There are dozens of funny things, droll things, newsy things, witty things, peculiar things, clever things, interesting things, and prosy things happening every minute in the day, and their rightful place is in the "Skiff." That is just where we want them, and we are planning a mighty campaign to capture every single one for our readers. How are we going to do it? With your help, of course.

There is enough diversified talent in this school to turn out a regular "hummer" every week. We are on the look-out for the said talent. This does not mean that you must be a famous writer to be represented in your school paper. It simply means that you are to drop into the "Skiff" office or hail a member of the staff every time you run across anything of any description that might be moulded into good reading matter.

Our aspiration is to make the "Skiff" the hobby of every student of the university. We want you to get into the habit of thinking in terms of how your thoughts would look if they appeared in print.

If you have not yet located the new office, please do so at once. This is a special invitation to you to call at your earliest convenience. You will find us domiciled in Dean Lockhart's office. In a few days we expect to have a sign on the door and a few other innovations designed to give local color to the work going on within.

Is it too much to ask every student in T. C. U. to have a hand in the production of the weekly paper? We do not think so. In fact, we feel that only by such means will we produce a publication that will reflect the life, the pep, the enthusiasm, the activity, the thought of the school. It is up to you. You can help make our paper so interesting that everybody will eagerly await its appearance each week. Most of us want this sort of publication. Let us heave together and make one. Remember, a good-natured joke on somebody is as good as a news story any day.

## LIBERTY BOND CAMPAIGN

The Liberty Bond Quota for Tarrant County is \$4,750,000 and the Bond sales have been falling off. About one-fourth of this amount has been reached and unless Fort Worth people come up to what is expected of them, Tarrant County will have a hard time meeting its obligation to the government.

The solicitors for Texas Christian University are Mrs. F. P. Culver and Mrs. T. J. Wilson. Following is the list of subscribers up to Thursday:

F. P. Culver, \$250; T. J. Wilson, \$100; E. M. Tipton, \$100; Miss Leila Powell, \$100; Miss Tess Mosey, \$50; Miss Nell Andrew, \$50; Miss Lillian Durrett, \$50; H. L. Barber, \$50; Mrs. Rounsaville, \$50; C. D. Hall, \$100; Rosalyn Shankle, \$50; Mrs. W. P. Jennings, \$50; C. D. Lockhart, \$50; Mrs. Doughty, \$50; Mrs. Cahoon, \$50; S. A. Ziegler, \$50; Mrs. Cora Ziegler, \$50; W. M. Winton, \$50; Mrs. W. M. Winton, \$50; C. I. Alexander, \$50; W. M. Singleon, \$50.

Within the last few days our boys have been very successful over there, but that is no reason our zeal and patriotism should become lax. We must win this war and unless every one at home fulfills his duties and obligations we cannot be successful. The boys of Texas Christian University will be over there soon and we know that they will bring honor and glory to their Alma Mater. These boys will need clothing, supplies, etc., and most of all they will need a good solid backing at home.

Buy Bonds. Buy Bonds. Buy Bonds. Buy Bonds.

## CHIEFLY OTHERWISE

Cross has been demoted from 1st lieutenant to 2nd lieutenant, to 1st sergeant, to acting corporal to the last men in the rear rank of the last squad.

Capt. Powers expects to be put in charge of the unit at this school in a few days. No official information, but right will win, and worth will count.

It is refreshing to see leather "putts" and poisoned hat cords race out with the common herd to see an aeroplane.

It is seldom that one tries to persuade, argue and bull a commanding officer into giving a ride in an aeroplane, even though it does follow a two-mile run. Ask the Personnel Adjutant about this.

Even official dignity goes to the punk in the face of a good coon doing the crow hop to the tune of an old-fashioned melody.

Corporal John I. Hawes of the city of Fort Worth, State of Texas, requests all those who wish to interview him on matters, personal and otherwise, to get permission from his orderly and bear in mind that he is now an officer. Use his official title when addressing him.

Shelby S. Faulkner hopes to get his raise to the position of a first class private within the next few days.

The fellows who are rooming with Sgt. Hanway Anderson have issued a request for higher bunks. They say the effluence or flow of what might be termed superfluous loquaciousness is at times so strong they are a mind to think we are having a second flood and the room is being overflowed.

Lt. Klauer evidently thinks that some of the men in and around this school should make a careful differentiation between the standard salute and the old-fashioned method which the kids use when they are afraid to say what they mean and have to use the sign language.

There is a lot in a name, so thinks one of the lieutenants. Ladies, when you are hungry, go to your Kitchen.

There is about as much privacy in the Clark Hall rooms since the doors were taken down as though the inmates were stationed on the bald and open prairie.

## "INFLU"

A wheeze;—a sneeze;  
Bones ache; brains bake;  
Eyes red; sore head;  
Can't feed; can't read;  
No joke; no care.  
Rip! Swear!  
Take pills; Doc's bills.

Patronize Our Advertisers.

## THE SKIFF

## SOCIETY HAPPENINGS

### SHIRLEY-WALTON OPEN PROGRAM

Attractive posters heralded the approach of the Shirley-Walton open program, which was held in the Auditorium Thursday night, Sept. 26. We had all looked forward with zeal for the great event, and we were not disappointed.

On entering the Auditorium we were greeted by the one word "Welcome," which made us feel very much at home. Red and white, the brother Society's colors, and the pink and white of the Waltons were artistically arranged in loops from the balcony.

The "loving cup," our special pride, had the place of honor on the stage.

The officers, Lena Gilbert and Morgan Davis, took their places and the following numbers were rendered:

"Melody"—Colby de Stivers.  
"Opening Address"—Morgan Davis.

"On the Program"—Beatrice Mabry.

"An Unfinished Story," by Richard Harding Davis—Ruby Walker.

"Camouflage"—Wm. Jones.  
Solo—Glen Hutton.

"Our Aims"—Lena Gilbert.

I can't comment on any one too much, because every number was great. Cobby de has a musical talent as well as a Spanish accent. We enjoyed her "Melody."

Morgan Davis gave us the real "home-like atmosphere," and his address radiated cordiality.

"On the Program," by Beatrice Mabry, was unusually clever and as jolly and original as the girl. Oh, boy!

The reading by Ruby Walker was just wonderful. She is indeed an artist.

"Camouflage," demonstrated by William Jones, was our Englishman over and over again. We enjoyed it and laughed even if he did offend Miss Annie Lou Jones' "official dignity."

Glen was kind enough to sing for us, and believe me we enjoyed him. His encores "hit the spot."

And the climax, "Our Aims," set forth by Lena Gilbert—well, she is only one of our Walton spirits, and you know how we love her. We were in accord with every "aim" she proposed.  
A MEMBER.

### WALTON LITERARY SOCIETY

Every available seat in the Shirley-Walton Hall was taken when we had our second meeting Tuesday night. The unique program was as follows:  
Violin Solo—Venus Farmer.

### CAN IT BE POSSIBLE

A "freshie" strolled up to an old girl Wednesday morning and said, "Did you know Miss Mosey is going to read in chapel today?"

The old girl gave her a patronizing glance and replied, "My dear, when you are in this school a while longer you will learn that Miss Mosey never reads in public. Only those students who are fortunate enough to study Oratory with her ever have an opportunity to hear her interpret literature. You simply have the names mixed. That's all. This is Fine Arts morning, though, and I wonder who will appear," she added, as she walked away from her innocent informer.

(Business of shifting scenes.)  
Time, 10 a. m. Scene, Chapel. Characters: Dean Lockhart, et al. to the number of several hundred.

Dr. Lockhart: "Miss Mosey will read for us this morning."  
(Confusion reigns as old students lurch forward in seats, gasp, etc.)

Miss Mosey reads, beautifully and sympathetically, in a voice that is especially appealing and musical. Her selection is "A Royal Princess," by Rosetti. She is enthusiastically encored, and responds with "A White Rose," by McDowell.  
Be it known to the gentle reader that never before in her five years' connection with the university has Miss Mosey appeared before an audience in her chosen art.

"Hail Fellow Well Met"—Nina Phillips.

"My Exposure to Waltonism"—Merle Holsapple.

Reading—Carolyn Crisp.

"Hypochondriac Symptoms and the Antidote"—Elizabeth Shelburne.

"Rewards of College Life"—Margaret Forsythe.

We enjoyed hearing Venus play, and Nina's "Hail Fellow Well Met" was genuine. "My Exposure to Waltonism" by Merle proved that she caught the disease. Carolyn in "Vive La France" showed that she has found her calling. Elizabeth Shelburne's "Hypochondriac Symptoms" gave us a weird feeling, but she kindly gave us the antidote. We are all hoping the "Rewards of College Life," as set forth by Margaret, will be granted us after we have run our course.

### OUTING

Jarvis Hall and the campus became alive with bonnets and picnic hats and other such outing necessities Wednesday afternoon and Forest Park was duly invaded. The Clarks were entertaining the new girls.

On a grassy spot near the little log cabin, an informal program was rendered by Thelma Smith, Margaret Lavender, Loreene Hamilton, Sarah Dale and Mrs. McDiarmid. Many of the new girls had never been there before, and the animals held their usual place of interest. An abundance of ice cream in cones was the concluding feature of the afternoon. On the return trip each guest declared this occasion one of the most enjoyable since arriving at T. C. U.

### CLARK LITERARY SOCIETY

The Clark Literary Society held its first regular meeting of the year Monday night in the Add Ran-Clark Hall on third floor. A very appreciative audience composed of new Clarks and new Waltons and old ones, and their brother society members enjoyed the following unique program.

Just Dorothy, by Dorothy Barber.

Just Clarks, by Odessa Hensley.

Just a New Girl, by Winifred Williams.

Just Plain Life, by Lola Bridges.

Just a Song, by Dorene Gee.

Extemporaneous speeches were made at the conclusion by representatives of the visiting societies and Swane Cummings' piano numbers "took" as usual.

Everyone is invited to these programs, held each Monday evening at 7 o'clock. Watch for the posters in the hall.

### SOMETHING DOING IN DRAMATICS

Of course every one realizes that the boys are doing something almost every minute of the day, but the girls are not going to let them be the only busy ones. The boys will not have very much time to take glee club trips this year, therefore it falls to the lot of the girls to keep T. C. U. before the eyes of the world. It will be great fun for the girls, not taking into consideration the listeners, to give some plays in other towns. This is the purpose of the "Footlights," an organization of the oratory students. This year Carolyn Crisp is to be the president of Club; Nina Phillips, vice-president; Ruby Jones, secretary-treasurer, and Merle Holsapple, reporter. All the old students will remember "Not a Man in the House," "Mary Jane's Pa," and similar plays put on by the Club in past years, and will look forward with great pleasure to every one that will be staged this year.  
REPORTER.

### ART STUDIO NOTES

Miss Lola Edwards has gone to New York to study in the New York School of Fine and Applied Art under Frank Alvah Parsons. She will make her home at the Three Arts Club. We are expecting her to make favorable mention for T. C. U. in the special line of Costume Designing which she has chosen. Patti Richardson will be a stu-

dent in the Chicago Art Institute for the winter. She is hoping to get some courses in the Reconstruction Work.

Miss Grace Mason is in Washington, D. C., at present, expecting soon to go to France.

A number of the former art students have taken up the comptometer's course during the summer and will shortly be ready to go to Washington under the employment of the government. Mary Sue Darter, Fan Darter, Anna Lee Harris, and Vida Montgomery are among the number.

Miss Anna Mae Turner is back as Studio Assistant in the Art Room this year. It is a pleasure to have her among us again.

### POSTED! KEEP OUT!

For the benefit of those who are not informed correctly as to the status quo ante bellum of the three new Lieutenants in charge of affairs, let it be known that up to date none of them are married—so far as outside appearances go. However, T. C. U. is not intended to be an official agency for matrimonial fracas and scrapes, and it is hoped that in the heat of the battle and while the bullets are flying the fair damsels will not add to the bombardment at hand and cause these three gentlemen to lower their colors in the face of an undefeatable and unrelenting oppressor—Mrs. and so forth.

It has been rumored that the sly little God of "weal or woe, for better or for worse," has been letting his poisoned arrows fly in a rather promiscuous manner. "Go easy on the butter, kids; it's forty cents a pound." Be patriotic, girls; listen to the call of your country and remember that the "high cost of living is only a joke."

### SUPPLIES FOR ARMY UNIT ORDERED FROM WASHINGTON

In case some of the privates, corporals, and sergeants are fearing that their weary bones will not rest in peace when corralled in the far corner of a dark, dismal and dreary room, it is given as official that enough material and supplies already have been ordered from the Government offices to fill the need here in the school. If "chill Penury" comes knocking at your k-k-k-kitchen door, be comforted, sad heart, 960 good old honest to — Army blankets have been ordered and will doubtless arrive in time to protect us from the dreadful blasts of the impartial and frigidous season of winter. A sufficient number of cots and attending material has been ordered also to fill any existing vacancy.

Have you bought your Fourth Liberty Bond?

### PAUCITY OF PASSING PRIVILEGES

One of the new features which the incorporation of the S. A. T. C. with the regular school curriculum has added to our school is the paucity of passing privileges. A real pass is about as scarce in this section of the woods as the proverbial hen's teeth in that old chicken's mouth.

Of course, if your mother dies, or father passes over into the great beyond, or brother takes the mange and is laid to rest, it is possible that for something like an hour some buck private might gain permission to visit his loved ones and mourn with them; but for ordinary purposes such as the funeral of a mother-in-law or the capsizing and wreck of a troop train, it is out of the question in this land of the free and the home of the brave.

Come Across or the Kaiser Will.

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## MAJESTIC BIG TIME VAUDEVILLE

The T. C. U. Students will see as a Headliner at this Popular Play House week of 29th

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also

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and

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**OH, YOU CIRCUS DAY!**

Thinking to arouse some dormant powers that came into that state through the oppression of dignity, John Keith, a member of the '17 class of this dear old institution, very graciously consented to chaperon five Jarvis Hall inmates to see Barnum-Bailey's circus Monday night.

John is a clever fellow. After he had consented to take the girls he immediately set to work a scheme to get the tickets in a way not to spend all his money in one place; so he makes friends with Mr. Barnum Bailey, telling him about being in the "service" and expressing a great desire to see the big show. When the man asked how many were in his family, John immediately replied, "a wife and four children." Accordingly six tickets were donated.

But sweet papa didn't get out so light after all, for you know a circus calls for other things than tickets. There must be peanuts, popcorn, candy, red soda pop, and balloons. In addition to that they had a hot tamale party on the car coming out.

An enormous crowd rushed into

the big circus. Big, little, old and young were eager to get in to see the big elephants, monkeys, white horses and pretty ladies, nor was Johnnie's bunch less eager to get in, and they all clapped merrily at the sight of the funny clowns.

It was a glorious evening. At its close each girl spoke of the hilarious time she had had and told John he was certainly a sport, to which he replied, "Sport? That's me all over."

The personnel included Ireta Robison, Grace Jones, Nina Phillips, Ruby Jones, Carrie Crisp and the host.

**SOPHOMORE ELECTION**

The Sophomore Class for 1918-19 was called together by the former president of this body for a formal election of officers for this year. Those elected were: Howard Hill, president; Tony Pecora, vice-president; Thelma Routh, secretary and treasurer.

This class is second in size in the university, and under such able leadership it is expected to be a prominent figure in the university life this year.

**THE VICTROLA**

"Let's go play it!"  
"Oh! no, I haven't time now. Mrs. Douthit is waiting for me on third floor right this minute. What new ones have you?"  
"They bought 'Kis Me Again' yesterday and a duet by Louise Homer and Alma Gluck."

"Well, wind it up quick; I've got to hurry."

These very intangible conversations are heard daily now in Jarvis Hall. The reason one soon finds upon entering the front parlor. A Victrola occupies the seat of honor in one corner with records galore, sometimes, though not often, scattered in front on the floor. Mrs. Smizer, on leaving to join Lieutenant Smizer in Oklahoma, kindly consented to sell her Victrola and records at a reduced price to the girls in the hall. Needless to say, every girl contributed generously, and each Hall's newly acquired attraction, fanily to act as a sergeant.

**CHAPEL CHANGES EFFECTIVE THIS WEEK**

A new chapel program will go into effect this week. Wednesdays and Saturdays are the times designated for it.

At 8:45 every one on the hill will be in formation. The S. A. T. C. men and the Academy men are to occupy the main chapel. The girls will form in the second corridor and march in to the gallery. Faculty members will form in the lower corridor and march to their seats on the platform. Promptly at 8:50 the chapel doors will be closed and fastened.

Similar formations will be used for the 11 o'clock services on Sunday morning and at mess. The Academy students will be required to reside on the hill and will be under the same regulations as the S. A. T. C. Corps. A non-commissioned officer will be detailed to train these boys.

**HERE AND THERE**

Continued from Page 1

preferred. (Signed) The Girls. no object, but second lieutenants

Wish Uncle Sam'd take over Jarvis Hall if what we hear about Clark Hall is true! Waxed floors and orchestra stand. "Oh, boy!"

Dollars to doughnuts that Victrola assessment wouldn't have come up so well if we had known that we could play it only when there were open doors and feet un-moving!  
Yes, Sir Henry—of Bath tub

fame—is gone, but there is with us another who bids fair to supplant even the memory of our dear, gone friend. He's a little gray kitten this time, and here's hoping that he, too isn't grabbed by a Biology shark.

Speaking of Camouflage, the Waltons get the cake! First, it was "Nostalgia"; next, "Hypochondria"; and it was just the plain old "Blues" they were talking about all the time!

Wonder if Ira Taylor will still have to pay the war tax on

**THE GOVERNMENT REQUESTS EARLY XMAS SHOPPING**

As a war-time necessity labor must be conserved. The Council of National Defense has notified officially all merchants not to engage extra help nor increase business hours during the busy holiday season and ask that we advertise this fact to our patrons. It is therefore absolutely necessary that Christmas shopping be spread over the months of October, November and December. The Council requests that gifts be confined to useful articles or such goods as were manufactured and now in stock. We are amply ready with the articles for the Hims and Hers, you are going to remember. We trust that time has not changed your habit, "that of making Stripling's headquarters when down-town." A welcome awaits all T. C. U. students.



powder—Colgate's you know!—since he's in the army now?

I ask you this as a personal friend: Is it all fair and right for one small damsel to capture all three of those gold-barred heroes? Especially when she is so popular at mail time.

At last we have been rewarded by a close-up of two well-known T. C. U. boys in officers' uniforms. Both Prinzing and Meyer dropped in for a few hours, and complications were expected to set up any minute as a result of the necessary handshaking that ensued. Never did they look better—not even when they were "rolling old Baylor in the sod" or otherwise defending T. C. U.'s honor on the athletic field. They were every inch officers, and we saw them go to their assigned posts of duty with the assurance that their conduct will reflect no discredit on their state and school.

Sympathy doesn't go very far in such a case, but even at that we have loads of it for Troy Haire and his broken foot. We want to assure him that he is not alone in his secluded suffering. Eager eyes in Jarvis Hall are watching for his reappearance on the campus.

Where is the new-fangled person who claims that football no longer produces casualties? And the season has hardly begun.

Ford's store is doing a wonderful business since military training was annexed to T. C. U. 'Cause we notice Lieutenants are always hungry.

Notice—Please tell me why the far-away look in the eyes of some commissioned men when just plain non-com's pass them on the campus?

Everything sanitary at Clark Hall. Why? Because all the boys had to scrub their rooms—they're in the Army now. Girls, think what the war's doing for us, think what ideal husbands we can find after it's "over over there." K. P., my dear, "makes the cook."

No more 9 o'clock strolling around Jarvis Hall. We understand the sentry takes up his duty next week.

Listen for Camp Bowie bugles, T. C. U.'s echo.

Naturally it is a delicate subject to handle, but it must come to light. Elizabeth Hamlett has lost her bar pin. That wouldn't be so hard, but it is an A. & M. bar pin—one of the nice long kind with the seal of the institution at the center. Of course

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**FOR THE BOYS OF T. C. U.**

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Prices the lowest for equal Quality

**A. & L. AUGUST**

Main at Seventh

it is all wrapped up in sentiment and associations; so the little lady is anxious for its return. If found, kindly follow the directions of the usual want ad.

**JUST LOOK WHO WENT TO THE CIRCUS**

Dear Skiff: We've just been to the circus and it was such fun! You really must hear about it!

"Mr. Barnum Bailey" forgot to let us know when they would arrive; so we did not have the joy of watching them unload the animals "n everything," but "oh! joy" we saw the circus.

"Inflaw" is raging, but that did not daunt us. We went early to avoid the rush, but found that several other folks had done the same thing. However, after quite a bit of maneuvering we at last reached the Main Entrance.

Ah! there were animals, and animals—"hippos," elephants, monkeys, snakes—animals from everywhere. After we had seen these, but before we went into the circus tent proper, we bought a generous supply of "goobers" and balloons, for a circus isn't a circus without them.

Clowns? Yes! Big, little, old and young—the most comical lot ever, so amusing in fact that we paid more attention to them than to the more elevating things as "elephant riding" and "trapeze stunts." If laughing makes one fat we must have gained several pounds, for we just laughed and laughed again.

Then there was "red sodie" too, making the circus a complete success. Such joy! We're glad we got to see one more circus before the war puts them out of business.

Sincerely,  
THREE T. C. U. PEANUTS.

**MESSAGE OF HON. BENEDICT CROWELL, Acting Secretary of War.**

As college students you are accustomed to contests of physical force. You are familiar with the tedious training and self-sacrificing discipline that are required to develop a team that can win the game. You know that the contest is won by team work, josh, enthusiastic co-operation with one another and co-ordination of every individual talent to the single purpose of common success.

In the military struggle in which you are about to enter, the same conditions prevail. In order to succeed, many weeks of thorough-going training and drill are essential to develop the co-ordination of skill and imagination that is essential to achieving the vast and vital end to which the country has pledged its every effort. The fighting machine will come into effective working order more rapidly in proportion as each individual in it devotes his full attention to the particular service for which he is best qualified. In entering upon this training as student soldiers you have the opportunity of developing your abilities to the point where they will be most effective in the common struggle. I am sure that you will do this in the same spirit and with the same enthusiasm that you have always exhibited in the lesser struggles to which you have been accustomed to devote your energies. I am sure that you will rise to this opportunity and show that America, the home of the pioneer, the inventor and the master of machines, is ready and able to turn its every energy to the construction of an all-powerful military machine, which will prove as effective in liberating men as have the reaper; the aeroplane and

the telephone.

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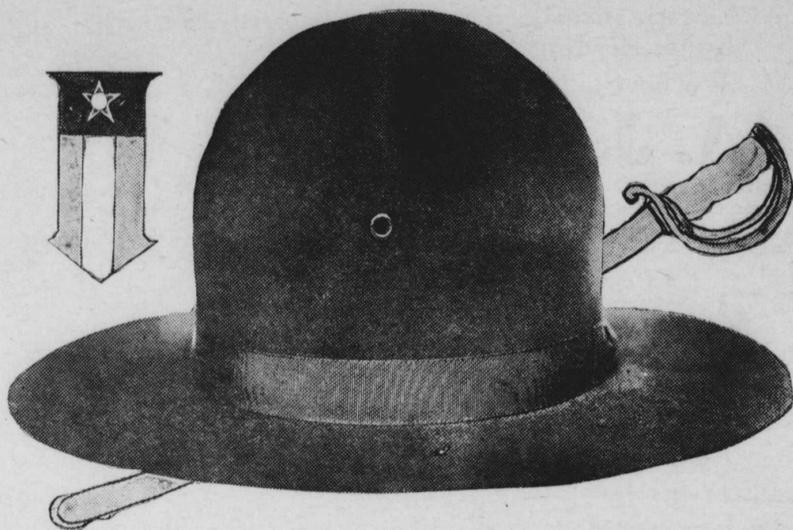
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### IN THE WAKE OF THE REVIEW

Continued from Page 1  
pleasures, sometimes.

We even forgave the moustache epidemic when we saw how quickly our boys had learned to drill.

She is a dear little thing and she is all peeved because he didn't turn and wave at her, or at least look in her direction, as the command passed the bleachers. She has yet to learn that eyes must follow noses in the army.

Of course we don't know much about military matters, but we think somebody blundered when the rule was laid down that a good-looking second lieutenant should walk just a step behind anybody—even a commanding officer.

And this observance of so small a matter prompts us to hope fervently that our five recently commissioned students are giving as good accounts of themselves in the schools to which they have been assigned as are the three manly young officers who have been sent here to us.

Another thing. Did you notice how Caton, Sandidge and Bradford were "out there" on that drilling? Fort Sheridan did its work well. We are for military training henceforth and forever.

Pay the President.

### MESSAGES TO THE BOYS

President Wilson's message to the Students' Army Training Corps of America follows:

The step you have taken is a most significant one. By it you have ceased to be merely individuals, each seeking to perfect himself to win his own place in the world, and have become comrades in the common cause of making the world a better place to live in. You have joined yourselves with the entire manhood of the country and pledged, as did your forefathers, "your lives, your fortunes and your sacred honor" to the freedom of humanity.

The enterprise upon which you have embarked is a hazardous and difficult one. This is not a war of words; this is not a scholastic struggle. It is a war of ideals, yet fought with all the devices of science and with the power of machines. To succeed you must not only be inspired by the ideals for which this country stands, but you must also be masters of the technique with which the battle is fought. You must not only be thrilled with zeal for the common welfare, but you must also be masters of the weapons of today.

There can be no doubt of the issue. The spirit that is revealed and the manner in which America has responded to the call is indomitable. I have no doubt that you too will use your utmost strength to maintain that spirit and to carry it forward to the final victory that will certainly be ours.

Bonds or Bondage, which?

### MILITARY SCHEDULE BEGINS

Every door in Clark Hall has been taken down!

A draught may now pass through the building. Several other very radical changes have been brought about. In the words of Mr. Allen, "The care of the building has been turned over to the boys, and Uncle Sam will not stand for a dirty house-keeper."

The military program is practically in full swing. The first call sounds at 5:45 o'clock in the morning and the boys have fifteen minutes to get into line. Setting up exercises are then given for a few minutes, after which the mess call sounds and half of the hungry boys dash, mess kit in hand, for an advantageous place in line. The other half makes almost as good time in the direction of the main building. At 8:00 the assembly call is sounded and an hour's drilling follows. All are given academic instruction until 4:30. At 5:45 in the evening retreat is sounded. The boys have a well-earned hour of leisure between 6:30 and 7:30. At 10:00 taps is sounded and every light goes out immediately. This is the military program in brief as it is now in effect.

There has been little bad behavior as yet and there promises to be little, for Uncle Sam is a strict disciplinarian; and the men who are here as privates in the S. A. T. C. understand how much depends on their efforts to make good. Yet all is not work, for the boxing bouts and the wrestling matches set for each Friday night, will be something of a diversion from the regular routine. One important fact is that there will be time for everything except loafing, and the latter is not tolerated even in civil life.

### MILITARY BOOKS ARRIVE

By Hill Hudson

We take this means of announcing to the boys of the S. A. T. C. that the new War Aims and Military Hygiene books are now in the library and at the students' disposal. All the books ordered by the committee have not yet arrived, but there is a large assortment of these volumes here that the boys are urged to use as much as possible. The Military Hygiene group includes bulletins from the public health service, government health reports, and instructions from army physicians in regard to the care of the feet, epidemic preventatives, general health measures, and care and cleanliness of the barracks.

The War Aims group includes works by such authors as Moss, which deal with the general morale of the soldier, teaching the principle of obedience, the soldier's individuality, the respect due the colors and the national anthem on all occasions, military courtesy, and the personal responsibility of the soldier.

The committee urges the use of these books and extends a welcome to all the men. Any member of the committee will be glad to assist in the locating of any desired book at any hour

### WHEREIN FATE IS KIND

Dumps Three Lieuts. at One Table in Girls' Dining Hall

Talk about "Fate" and her unkindness. Well, I, myself, always have had a horror of fate. Somehow even the word frightened me. The last week of September, however, Fate tried herself and thoroughly convinced me that even she uses "modern camouflage."

You know seeing is believing; so of course all of you girls saw the four Lieutenants who were ushered into our division of the dining room. They entered in all their glory amid the clapping of hands and glances of eyes. (Let me add that they did it very gracefully even unto practice)—and tell me, girls: Did you see where three of them landed? The answer: "Table No. 1." Seated among dignified Seniors, wondering Juniors, amazed Sophs and gazing Fish, they received their formal introduction, and then attacked the greens, beans and pie as if they really relished them. Army life does work wonders!

Well, now they are just plain every-day boarders, even if they are Lieutenants—and, let me add, still dine at Our table. Now who said Fate was unkind?

### LATE NEWS

Two important elections were held after the "Skiff" had gone to press. Reports are, therefore, brief of necessity. The staff of the "Horned Frog," the annual publication, was elected by the Senior Class, as follows: Mary Hefner, editor-in-chief; Grace Jones, business manager; Lena Gilbert, circulation manager. Other members will be appointed by the editor.

Announcement is made of Junior Class officers for '18-'19. They are Ben Hill, president; Sybil Black, vice-president; Golden Kennemur, secretary-treasurer; Marion Boynton, Honor Council representative.

of the day. Most of them may be taken out on the regular two weeks system, there being only a few which must be kept in the library. A complete list of these books will appear in next week's issue of the "Skiff," in order that the students will have a form of index to abide by when looking for some particular subject.

### MESSAGE OF GENERAL MARCH, Chief of Staff.

The Students' Army Training Corps has been organized to assist in training a body of men from whom the United States will draw officer material in large numbers. The need for these officers is one of the most imperative connected with our large army program, and patriotic young men will be given an opportunity to acquire this training with the knowledge that they will thus be enabled to better serve their country in the great war drive which is to come. Superior leadership spells success in war, and it is the duty of every member of the Student Officers' Training Corps to do his utmost to qualify as a leader of men.

### FLAG POLE PUT UP FOR S. A. T. C. USE

Continued from Page 1 very instant, the emblem of the land of the free and the home of the brave is flying from a pole of recent construction, and though it has not the grace of a Venus or the neck of a swan, it serves the purpose and lets some of us doughboys know what it means to pay tribute to the stars and stripes.

### WANT ADS

Wanted: An A1 user of profanity to act as a sergeant.

Wanted: A bugler who sleeps until 9 o'clock. No live wires or men with ambition and pep need apply.

Wanted: A man who is proficient with the flashlight, and who can determine whether a man has on his leggings at 5 A. M.

Wanted: A postmaster who does not read the post cards.

Wanted: A very loud alarm clock. Apply at Clark Hall.

Dish washers wanted in the basement of Goode Hall. Bring references.

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