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AN ARMY CAMP AND COLLEGE PAPER COMBINED

VOLUME XVII

TEXAS CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY, FORT WORTH, TEXAS, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1918

NUMBER 5

CHRISTIANS BATTLE FLYERS

By Bruce Cross.

Once more that scrappy little team from Texas Christian University is victorious but loses the game. On the T. C. U. gridiron Saturday afternoon the locals were defeated by one point—by six small inches. The game started with a rush. Carruthers Field (the opponents) backed the little batters off their feet by straight line bucks. Right down the field went the ball, but on the two yard line something happened, that fighting little gang (averaging 162 pounds in the line opposed by a line averaging 200 pounds from end to end) held those big huskies for downs and Lalla kicked out of danger.

Again Carruthers started down the field, and this time nosed across the goal line. After that there was nothing but fight! Fight! Fight. Although roughed and not treated in any too sportsmanlike manner, the Christians fought toe to toe and played a clean game. At times that back field (just as big as its line) would plow through the fighting, snapping, little T. C. U. line, but was always downed by that also fighting and snapping little back field.

On the offensive, time and again the Horned Frogs would circle end for gains, Miller, Lalla, and Jones carrying the ball, but lacked the power to cross the line. Forward passes were tried, but luck was against them. Thus the fight went on till the end of the half with Sanders and Crunk on ends (opposite 200-pound men), shining both ways, defensively and offensively.

Second Half

The second half is an entirely different tale from the first. It began with a crash and crashed all the way through. The toads clearly outplayed the birdmen (Carruthers Field is an aviation camp) from the start. They (the toads) were fighting fools. Carruthers smashed and bucked and did everything, but threatened the goal but once. Although the aviation team was made up of such stars as Casey of Vanderbilt, Gault of Colgate, Runquist of Illinois, and Hoffman of Harvard, former all-American and all-Western men, they were literally outclassed in this half by that pluckiest of all teams, the T. C. U. Frogs.

Jones, that wild man, dived in there and was finally carried from the field senseless. Hayden (at center) with a bad arm, fought like a demon. Those ends fought, everybody fought. Miller made a long end run. A pass from Miller to Lalla, who made a brilliant run through a broken field, netted a touchdown. Lalla, winded and sick, tried for goal and missed.

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RED CROSS BEING RE-ORGANIZED

Steps are being taken to re-organize the Red Cross Chapter of Texas Christian University. Mrs. Douthit, chairman of the auxiliary, probably will have it in working order by the end of this week.

The chapter will be located in Shirley-Walton Hall this year. When it was found that no room was available for the work owing to the unusual congestion of the dormitories, the Shirleys and Waltons offered the chapter the use of their literary society room, and it was accepted. Committees have been appointed to install tables and other necessary equipment. Society meetings will be held there as usual by merely replacing the chairs before each program. The ladies of the hall have organized a separate branch of war work. They will meet every Thursday afternoon in Brite Bible College to sew for Belgian refugees.

SING-SONGS FOR SOLDIERS

We are going to contribute our share of America's Singing Army. Already the boys have learned several lilted campaign songs, and they sing them with a gusto that puts new life into themselves and chance listeners. Lieutenants Cochran, Klauer, and Kitchen have the matter of recreation for the Students Army Training Corps in hand. And that is where the singing comes in. They think young, vigorous, healthy boys should sing—and sing they do under their leadership.

One night during the past week the entire corps reported to the chapel. When they arrived no technical lesson in range-finding or hand grenades awaited them. What they did was sing. It was surprising how quickly they learned the songs. On officer would repeat the words once, and behold! they were sung back at him by something like three hundred voices. Imagine such a chorus. And some of those boys probably had no idea they could sing.

Games such as relay racing also formed a part of the diversion. In the future old ones that everybody knows will be followed by new ones that everybody will want to know.

With good singing and invigorating games much of the recreation time of S. A. T. C. men will be utilized in a thoroughly beneficial way.

DUTTON IN SIBERIA

Prof. and Mrs. W. M. Winton are in receipt of a card from Lorraine Dutton, stating that he has arrived safely in Siberia. He is attached to the medical department of the army.

Dutton is an '18 graduate of T. C. U. He received the degree of Bachelor of Arts with science as his major.

S. A. T. C.

By Paul Boynton.

NON-COMS DEFINITELY APPOINTED

Lt. Varner definitely appointed his non-coms the past week. Caton and Bradford are the hard-boiled first or top sergeants for the two companies. It is up to them to be typical and see that every man gets at least one good balling out a day. They say that Caton is qualifying but that Bradford says so much they cannot tell whether he is trying to make them mad or pull a huge practical joke. Anyway they are both living up to expectations.

Van Camp is chief bugler, and drum major; Ernest Bomar is sergeant in charge of the personnel work under Lt. Cochran. John Sandige is the sergeant in charge of the Goode Hall group. His is no delectable job, but he has them drilling in good shape and promises to turn out some good men.

Under these men are a raft of ordinary sergeants and corporals who are necessary for the running of the companies and the attending phases of the military work.

COTS REPORT FOR DUTY

Show Much Snap In Movement From Chicago South

Lt. Varner had hardly given the command, "forward, 'hatch,'" when sixty-five cots started their movement from Chicago. By forced marches and fording of swollen streams and victorious rear-guard actions with the natives in the country through which they passed, the whole troop arrived at their destination ahead of scheduled time and saved the day. It had just been stated that there were no more cots; and that there were one or two boys who had come in who did not prefer to rest their weary bones on the floor during the still and dreary hours of the night, when the shipment suddenly reached the University—or the Corps and the situation met.

ORDER ISSUED FOR NEW YELLS

School pep is no more. Army or S. A. T. C. pep is the supplementing feature. It has been decided that the boys will get new songs to replace the college songs they have been singing and that the old yells be replaced by new ones which do not do homage to the school but rather to the S. A. T. C. It is hoped that the boys will get the idea out of their heads that they are college men and will get into the spirit of the army and navy life. To do this a change is necessary. Beware of the old. Lookout for new yells and new songs. We now have an S. A. T. C. football team and not a college team. We must support them with any yells that we can.

ANNIBEL LEARNS ALL ABOUT FOOTBALL; LIKES EVERYTHING BUT COSTUMES OF PLAYERS

Dear Ethyle;

Well, I got here, and I am all settled now, and I like the girls just fine, and everything. I room in 229 1-2 Jarvis Hall. As I said, I like just fine, though I have an awful time keeping my room clean without a broom. I paid my money for one to an old girl at the first of school, but it hasn't come yet. I don't know why. Yes, I like just fine, but there's just not one bit of telling whether I'll stay or not. At first, I thought I wouldn't stay because I didn't like the school. It was just downright boring. I mean it! I didn't care for it at all. It was so different from what I was used to at home, and you know me, Ethyle! And now, our "administrator" (no-

body but the President, but he likes long words—since he's heard "commandant") says we have to be either in classes or in our rooms every minute of the twenty-four hours, which leaves, as you will readily see, Ethyle, no time for the entirely important matter of meals. As I said, I may not stay.

Oh, I saw my first football game yesterday! T. C. U. vs. Carruthers Field. No, I didn't intend to go at first but I saw all of the girls dressing up, and I found there were aviators out there by the score, and so I went, too; you know me, Ethyle. The Carruthers men all wore red sweaters, and ours wore old gray ones, and you know I always did like red, and so I

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FIFTEEN S. A. T. C. MEN BUY LIBERTY BONDS

\$900 Sold in Two Hours
Within two hours \$900 worth of Liberty Bonds were sold to S. A. T. C. men in Clark Hall on Tuesday, the opening day of the sale. This phenomenal record was made by Lieut. Burt E. Cochran, personnel adjutant, who has charge of the campaign.

Every man who joins the corps is asked whether or not he cares to buy a bond. Fifteen responded the first day.

Payments are made at the rate of \$5 a month for the first nine months with the remaining \$4.83 due the tenth month. No student soldier is allowed to obligate himself for the entire amount of his salary from the government. He must retain \$7.50 each month aside from insurance, allotments, and bond payments.

Cedric Hamlin was the first applicant for a bond. The sale had not opened when he applied, however, and John I. Hawes was the first actual purchaser.

Following is the list of buyers: John I. Hawes, Aubrey Green, Emerson White, William E. Herndon, Cedric Hamlin, J. P. Ellis, A. L. Crouch, S. S. Bobo, Robert M. Jones, M. R. Overton, D. L. McRae, J. P. Witherspoon, C. R. Bradford, C. Hanway Anderson, M. H. Boynton.

Owing to an oversight the name of Dr. E. R. Cockrell, who bought a \$100 bond, was omitted from the list of T. C. U. bond purchasers published in the "Skiff" last week.

S. A. T. C. MAN SUCCUMBS TO ILLNESS

Texas Christian University mourns the loss of a student, Pettus R. Davis, nineteen years of age, whose death occurred Wednesday at 1 a. m., at St. Joseph's Infirmary. He was a brother of Miss Robbins Davis, who attended T. C. U. last year.

Young Davis was a graduate of the Hubbard City High School, having finished in the '17 Class. He had been inducted into the Student's Army Training Corps prior to his illness. A complication of influenza and pneumonia produced death.

Besides Miss Robbins, the deceased is survived by two sisters, a widowed mother, Mrs. Myrtle H. Davis of Hubbard City, and a brother in France. He was also a nephew of Mr. and Mrs. Brown P. Harwood of Fort Worth.

BABY PAINFULLY BURNED

Lieut. and Mrs. Varner's little ten-months old son sustained a painful accident last Tuesday when he pulled a pan of hot water from a table, spilling the contents over his body. Both arms, both limbs, and his forehead were scalded. Practically everyone in school had made friends with the yellow-haired little fellow; and his suffering has occasioned many expressions of sympathy. He is reported as improving.

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FIRST FITE-NITE STAGED AT T. C. U.

T. C. U. saw her first scheduled set of wrestling and boxing bouts last Friday evening, when three bills or centers of action were set out for the entertainment of the crowd.

The program proper was preceded by a two-round go between two bantams on the hill. This was of the old fashioned "knock down and drag out" variety but it was fast and snappy.

The next event was a wrestling match between Scardino and Roberts. It was a ten-minute affair with no decision rendered. Scardino was enabled to do offensive work throughout the entire match due to the fact that he outweighed Roberts by about 27 pounds. Roberts showed some fast work but was unable to cope with his heavier opponent.

Cross Wins Match

The last boxing match was the real attraction of the evening. In this Bruce Cross gave away some five or six pounds to Gerrard in a bout scheduled to go six rounds. The first round of the fight was about even. Gerrard drew blood from Cross' nose but the latter stuck through and exchanged blows pretty evenly. Gerrard was showing some clever and fancy boxing and Cross was trying to out his man to find the weak points.

The second round went to Cross by a small margin. Cross got in more good punches than his opponent. Gerrard tried to rush Cross through the ropes but the latter hid behind his guard and laughed at the useless blows. The referee gave this round to Puge.

The third round went to Cross by a wider margin according to the referee. In this round he hid behind his guard quite often and came out only to send in seven or eight telling blows to the body and face of his taller opponent.

The fourth round saw the end of the fight much to the surprise of the audience and the chagrin of Gerrard's seconds. Gerrard rushed Cross to the ropes but did not land a blow because Cross was ducking and hiding behind his gloves. The fight shifted to the middle of the ring and Cross landed a succession of blows that started a rush of blood from Gerrard's nose. Hale, the referee, wanted to award the match to Cross at the time but Gerrard's second, Corp. Anderson, objected too strenuously. Gerrard came back and hit a light blow to Cross' mouth which plainly riled the San Antonio pugilist. The result was that Cross began to keep a more open guard and rush his fast weakening opponent. He peeked on Gerrard's nose which was bleeding profusely. The latter was hanging on and muchly worn by the rapid-fire bombardment which Cross was giving him. Hale again stepped in and this time awarded Cross the match in order to save further punishment and avoid a complete

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HERE AND THERE

T. C. U. will not assume a really war-like aspect until some hard-boiled M. P. appears wearing a chin strap.

Terry King has divulged the secret of getting up, performing morning ablutions, dressing—leggings and all—and reporting for roll call in fifteen minutes. He does part of it in the halls! We hope his C. O. doesn't hear of this.

The mustache epidemic wasn't all solitary. The girls have one just as bad—that of wearing "Ingersol Midgets—Radio Tip." Had you noticed?

And some of them aren't midgets. They look more like "Big Bens" or tower clocks or something.

The new name for it is "beau-strolling"—that is if it contin-

ues after the bell rings at 7:30 p. m. Wonder why we had to wait all these years until Dean McDiarmid came to coin that word. (We add, parenthetically, 'tis the deadliest offense of all. Moral: keep an open ear for bells and admonitions 'neverything, if you live in Jarvis Hall).

If the walls of the little back parlor in Jarvis could talk, wouldn't they make interesting company for the new-comers who are to reside therein?

Coach Cahoon is a regular fellow. A band concert and an hour's recreation on the campus go mighty well together.

Deal gently with the fellows, Top. Remember you used to be just a mere private yourself.

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WAR TRAGEDIES

By Zack.

That the lieutenants haven't it? any shades for their windows, to shut out the eyes of a curious (and feminine) world when they dress their ever-glistening tresses.

All these salutes the girls persist in giving.

There are no "Candy stripes" in an O. D. shirt.

That however becoming these wrapped puttees may be, it seems they are not universally stylish. They sometimes get one a free ride. Cruel, isn't

That these yellow shoes just won't take that good old mahogany shine the old ones used to.

That such rumors as this should ever get started: that one of our lieutenants should be obliged to miss a ball game all because an unobliging superior officer left an unguarded airplane in his care.

That regulations forbid the use of the ties and collar-pin

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LAST FREE ISSUE

THE SKIFF

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MYRA PEACOCK.....Bus. Mgr.

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PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

Enter the Postoffice at Fort Worth, Texas, as second class matter, under Act of Congress, July 16, 1894

Subscription price \$1.00 in advance. Two subscription (one out of town address), \$1.50

SPENDING YOUR SPARE TIME

Now that literary society rushing is about over and school has really begun, let us take a peep at a more serious side of the year's work. The matter of the Red Cross deserves the especial attention of the girls of the institution.

It is quite probable that many of the new girls and faculty members are not aware of the existence of a T. C. U. auxiliary. So far nothing has been done in this line of war work this year. Something will be doing, however, right away; and the help of every inmate of Jarvis Hall is needed to make it "go."

We hardly think it necessary to urge girls to work for this organization. Most of us have had experience in other chapters, and know the urgent need of our services. The rest of us have an excellent opportunity to learn the work and do our best toward the winning the war.

Let us watch for Red Cross announcements. Then let us respond whole-heartedly to the call for workers.

Now for something lighter—for instance, the "Skiff." We have been delayed this year in securing subscriptions for the weekly paper for several reasons. But things are about straightened out now, and we are ready and anxious for that dollar of yours to pay for a year's subscription. You know it takes money to run a paper. It is up to the students to support the "Skiff" if it is to continue.

So far, the papers have been distributed promiscuously each week, both to subscribers and non-subscribers. This practice will not be continued longer. If your subscription is not paid you get no paper.

And don't be a slacker on this proposition and depend on reading the other fellow's paper. CARRY YOUR OWN. We have had some attractive purple and white tags printed for you to wear when you pay your subscription.

Most of the students will want to keep every issue of the "Skiff" this year, because things of such unusual interest are happening. And so it behooves you to place your order now so you will receive every issue.

Again, most of you will want to keep the home folks informed of the school happenings through the "Skiff." It will cost only fifty cents extra to have the paper mailed out directly to their address each week. The matter of letter-writing will be greatly simplified if you know your parents are keeping up with the school news just as you are. So pay your \$1.50 before the next issue.

Some one will be at the "Skiff" desk in Dean Lockhart's office every afternoon next week to receive subscriptions. In addition to this the following students are authorized to receive money for the paper: Shelby Faulkner, Paul Boynton, Lena Gilbert, Mary Hefner and Terry King. Look them up. Do not wait for them to hunt out every individual student.

YOU ARE GOING TO MISS A GOOD PART OF THE FUN THIS YEAR! IF YOU DO NOT SUBSCRIBE FOR THE SKIFF. "SKIFF."

SOCIETY HAPPENINGS

CAMPUS MEETING

Miss Lola Bridges, vice-president of the Clark Literary Society, arranged a new and novel meeting place for the society Wednesday evening. A varied program was rendered before a large audience of both boys and girls seated in a semi-circle on the grass between the Administration Building and Jarvis Hall. A ukelele duet with song accompaniment by Margaret Lavender and Bertha Hensley opened the program, and their rendition of a farce on College Life was very clever.

Mary Hefner, in her own usual way, gave a most excellent talk on Clarkism or more especially on the duties confronting us today as college students. Winifred Williams accompanied Dorothy Barber's vocal solo, "Roses' Cup," on her violin. This number was splendidly rendered and appreciated greatly owing to the difficulty of playing and singing in the open. A negro dialect number was excellently read by Leona Crain. Mrs. B. L. Higgins kindly consented as a concluding number to tell something of Mr. Wiggin's experiences since entering the Y. M. C. A. War Work. Mr. Higgins was a former Add-Ran member. Just as the last number was concluded the bell and bugle sounded in unison, forming a fitting finale to this first campus literary meeting.

RED CROSS PAGEANT

In order to promote interest in the Red Cross work to be started in the University at an early date, the Walton Literary Society will stage a Red Cross Pageant at the next regular meeting, Monday night, in the Shirley-Walton Hall.

Types of the principal characters involved in the world war will be represented in costume. They will include the soldier, the Red Cross nurse, Belgian children, Liberty and others. Everybody is invited to attend.

Following are those who will appear in the various roles:

Prologue.....Irene Robison
"America"
Liberty.....Nina Phillips
Red Cross Nurse.....Lena Gilbert
Belgian Children.....Elizabeth Hamlett, Elizabeth Oldham, Weir, John and James McDiarmid
Wounded Soldier.....Cobby de Stivers
Widow.....Ruby Jones
Grandmother.....Carolyn Crisp
"Star Spangled Banner"

You cannot afford to miss a single issue. Go to the "Skiff" office and pay your subscription.

JARVIS MILITARY REGIME A MISFIT--SO SAY

ADRIENNE, NADINE AND MARGUERITE

Scene—A Jarvis Hall room.
Characters—Adrienne, Nadine, Marguerite.

Time—Sunday, 6:15 a. m.

Adrienne jumps out of bed and staggers sleepily across the room, kicking down the left leg of her Billie Burks as she grasps the alarm clock. On the other side of the room a head adorned with electric curlers peeps out of the covers on the second bed.

Nadine—"Whatdje douin, kid?"

Adrienne—(Turning off the alarm). Sunday morning, weak-in sleep." And the pajamaed figure bounds back in bed, accompanied by a grunt of satisfaction from the other corner.

Later, 7:30.

The reveille sounds almost under the window. Nadine raises up in bed and peeps out the window. "What on earth?"

Adrienne—"I thought tomorrow was circus day."

Nadine—"Tis."

Adrienne—"Well, it seems we are being favored by a selection from the advance agent of the band. I wish he'd wait until quiet hour this afternoon."

Nadine—"Why, it's Van Camp."

Adrienne—"Well, he must be new on the job—this isn't the S. A. T. C. over here. Bite your thumb at him and maybe he'll go home."

Nadine—"Not with these curlers; no, sir. But he's going anyway."

Adrienne—"Might as well get up, it's not quite eight and then we won't have to slip off to the store for a cookie."

Later, 10:30.

The girls are in bed together reading "The Return of Dr. Fu-Manchu." They are perfectly happy, until Nadine notices the clock.

Nadine—"My golly, Adrienne, it's ten-thirty and we have to be in line by 10:50 to march to church. I don't like this new schedule. Military they call it, but we're not militants. Uncle Sam may be president alright and able to direct the boys 'n everything; but he's not the first lady of the land, and I don't believe he cares whether we wake up by a bugle and march by twos or not, do you?"

Adrienne—"No, I don't, and this formation for chapel we are going to have! I don't like to sit in the balcony. I wish it would fall in."

At 10:50.

A bell rings and general confusion is heard in the halls. The girls are about half dressed and don't even look out, until, after some minutes, a procession of girls starts down the walk. They watch the line in

silence until the last of it, Mr. McDiarmid and Mrs. Douthitt, pass.

At 11:10.

Adrienne and Nadine are seen running up the steps of chapel.

Nadine—"Let's peep in downstairs. Maybe there wasn't room up-stairs and some are down here."

Adrienne (peeping through door)—"Not a chance. All boys. Upstairs we go."

(Nadine (at back of chapel)—"No seats left except right at front. Can't go up there."

Adrienne—"Let's get some chairs out of a classroom and sit back here. I won't sit on the step with my Sunday dress on."

They return in a few minutes carrying the chairs. Three boys have appeared in the doorway.

Nadine—"Must be M. P.'s to see that we don't get away."

One of the boys—"Nope, K. P.'s" and the three boys pick up a silver tray each, and pass them while soft music comes up from below.

During the sermon the naughty girls throw paper at their less fortunate school-mates who are in plain view of the platform. They chew their gum most audibly and pull a little dog's tail until it barks. At the announcement of the closing hymn they scamper out of the hall and then home with the satisfaction of a duty well done.

In a few minutes Marguerite, a third inmate, comes to their room.

Marguerite—"Why didn't you all go to church?"

Adrienne and Nadine—"We did."

Marguerite—"You didn't answer roll call."

A. and N.—"Roll call! where?"

Marguerite—"In the parlor, before we marched over. Mr. McDiarmid called your names twice and then marked you absent."

Adrienne—"After all our trouble. We might have finished Fu-Manchu."

Nadine—"You know what Sherman said? Well, I can go hfm one better." (Curtain).

"Wuxtra! Wuxtra! Got a wuxtra, Mister?"

"What extra? What extra?"

"Extra dollar for your "Skiff" subscription. Get in now."

On Bryan Blalock's first outing after donning the khaki he had a most alarming experience. An M. P. addressed him thus: "Sonny, turn down your collar, and Bryan nearly turned UP his toes with fright.

You Photo will be a foe to forgetfulness

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CHIEFLY OTHERWISE

Corp. Anderson says, "We officers shore have a hard time keeping these guys quiet around here. It wasn't this way in the regular army."

It would be all right if the name were Pantry, but why should a cake be sent to a kitchen?

Baths? I don't know. N. C. O. says that no baths will be taken before taps. Sgt. Camp comes and says no baths after taps. One officer says no baths in the morning; one says no baths in the afternoons; two of them say that everyone must bathe at least three times a week. Such is army life.

It must be fine to be popular. Some achieve glory and some have it thrust upon them. Some are buck privates and then some wear gold bars.

Look this way, please; head erect; smile, yes. Just a little more. Look pleasant. Stoop to the right to get the gold bar, please. You will get the picture tomorrow. Do you want one sent to your own "Hamlett?" Yes, thank you.

"Alphabet" Van Landingham says a good case of the "In-flu" is about as interesting as an old fashioned dance at the Alhambra before the first of April of last year.

A report is going around that Sgt. Caton is getting awfully hard-boiled in his old age. Well, he and Cross and Powers have a right to be; they are sergeants.

Whoa! Sgt. Powers wants to resign!!!!

"Lieutenant, I am Major Flibertigibit of Carruthers Field. I detail you to guard my aeroplane while I watch the football game." My! some people's luck of golden hue even brings misfortune.

The limit of ignorance is where an unsophisticated fish places himself in danger of — just because he sees three pairs of leather putts rush to a window to see an aeroplane.

K-K-K-KAKAY PEE

Jimmie was a soldier brave and bold;

K. P. was the job he did hold; Washing dirty dishes from which the other soldiers ate,

Working like the dickens and losing weight.

Mopping floors, cleaning stoves, and scrubbing windows too, Stirring beans and prunes and things and feeling mighty blue.

Then the cook gave him a cuss-in', and he beat it o'er the hill,

And just as he was going they heard him yell:

Chorus

K-K-K-Kay Pee, Terrible K. P.

You're the only j-j-j-job that I abhor,

When the m-m-m-moon shines over the barracks, I'll be mopping up the k-k-k-kitchen floor.



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RIMES OF A ROOKIE

By "Nixxie."

WE WERE TRYING to do SQUADS RIGHT and SOME OTHER THINGS and NOT GET IN THE guard HOUSE and get our NAME ON THE K P TO JUGGLE HASH and BUTTERED toast

BUT THE LIEUT. was too FAST WITH IS LITTLE BOOK and pencil so I AM RUSHING THE GRUB TO THE hungriest BUNCH of huskies

THAT T. C. U. EVER had. I WOULD rather flirt WITH A FRONT line TRENCH OF launch A MACHINE; but say IT WOULD MAKE a guy sad TO THINK of the big bugs

THAT DRAW a PAY ROLL that would STUFF A horse AND ONLY BUY one LIBERTY LOAN bond AND WEEP when THEY HAVE TO GET a THRIFT STAMP; BUT I am HERE TO TELL you that FOR THE BIRD that can JUGGLE THE MAZUMA TO UNCLE SAMMIE and don't IS GOING to land in

A HOTTER PLACE than HE THINKS, for it will BE THE SAME PLACE AS KAISER BILL and he will BUNK in the same hole!

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Irons, Reading Lamps, Etc. Etc.

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Tenth and Houston

CHRISTIANS BATTLE FLYERS

Continued from Page 1
by six inches. This bothered nobody.

T. C. U. took that ball and brought it down to the four-yard line. The head linesman, Lieut. Ridenour, bellowed forth "Down!" Miller threw a forward pass; it failed and crossed the goal line. Carruthers took the ball on its twenty-yard line. It had only been the second down and that fighting team could have made four yards easily in three trials. Lieut. Ridenour said he made a—"mistake?" Well, from certain rumors we understand that he is not any too well loved even at Carruthers.

The game ended with Crunk making a daring tackle from behind when one of the Carruthers backs was gone for a touchdown.

MOVING DAY ROLLS AROUND

Continued from Page 1
will be able to conceive of the situation. Of course all did not read the bulletin board at the same time. Consequently some of them marched into the rooms of those who were not anticipating the change so early in the afternoon and calmly informed them that they would immediately pick up their beds and walk. A mad scramble ensued in which a score of men endeavored to get an advantageous position in front of the bulletin board at precisely the same moment in order to ascertain the location of new headquarters. A buzz as of so many bumblebees could be distinguished above the rest of the din. Then came a race for the rooms and the halls resounded with the tramp of numerous footsteps. And yet by 4:30 the noise had been subdued to the usual volume and the call for physical drill found every man ready and in his place. In such a manner do the boys of the S. A. T. C. adjust themselves to new conditions.

FIRST FITE NITE STAGED AT T. C. U.

Continued from Page 1
knockout. The decision met with the unanimous consent of the large audience. The whole affair was clean-cut and it is hoped that it will only be the starter. The military authorities are believers in this form of sport and inasmuch as they are the "moguls" in this end of town it will likely be a frequent amusement.

Pay the President.

ANNIBEL LEARNS ALL ABOUT FOOTBALL; LIKES EVERYTHING BUT COSTUMES OF PLAYERS

Continued from Page 1
hoped they'd win, and they did. There were about a hundred and fifteen men out there in red sweaters. They all took turns running out on the field. I never did know why.

Explains Football Rules
Football is a very queer game. I'll explain it to you. There is a big gate at each end of the field, and the players try to run through the gates with the ball. The ground is all marked off, and they count, and everything. It's about like tennis, except that more people play. They have a little iron chain just so long that they put on one side, and they can't play any farther than it reaches. Sometimes they all have to jump in a pile to keep from getting outside of the chain, because they have to start all over if they get outside, Ethyle.

Something Like Blackman
Yes, it's just about like tennis, and like "Blackman," too, for you see, Ethyle, the main part of the game is to run through those gates (it doesn't matter which one) and they have to dodge each other all time. I believe I'd like to play. I used to like "Blackman" except I don't like the way the suits fit around the waist. And they wear such funny things to keep their hair out of their eyes, Ethyle: great big leather bags, with ear-flaps for use in cold weather, but the boys told me it was the only kind that would stay on.

A Trifle Dirty
Oh, it's so dirty, too, Ethyle! Why, they'd have to stop the game, and take a bucket of water out and wash their hands before they could go on playing.

Anyhow, I'm glad I know all about football now. I'm used to everything now—everybody thinks I'm an old girl.

Will write more soon, some later,

Fondly,
ANNIBEL LEE.

P. S.—I ran in on a feast just now that the old girls were having. It was paid for with the money other new girls and I had given them for brooms. No eats and no broom. Oh, but I don't care—I'm a good sport, Ethyle, you know me (even if it does hurt!).

Aw Reevaw,
Your Chum.

WAR TRAGEDIES

Continued from Page 1
"she" gave you on Xmas last.

And that you can't make her understand.

That our buglers didn't come

"ready made."

That Mr. Winton admitted publicly his total loss of modesty—having learned to look at his wrist watch without a single blush.

To have invested nearly a month's pay in books, and then have the government go and change its mind about what it wants you to take, just 'cause you were born twenty years ago.

HERE AND THERE

Continued from Page 1
If every player will watch his step from now on we may be able to get through the football season with a sprinkling of whole ones after all.

Something to worry about: would the girls have been quite so "dolled" if the game had been with an ordinary college team instead of that flock of birds from Carruthers Field?

Something to weep about: did you notice how every single wing-wearer that came to see the battle brought along a ready-made date? Discouraging? Well, rather!

Another thing, Coach Tipton doesn't handle difficulties with gloves. That is he didn't use any with "Puge" when an altercation between the latter and a visitor took violent form on the side lines Saturday. His good right arm needed no fortification.

The captain of our team is absolutely on to that lil' ole game, alright, but he really wants to brush up a trifle on his grammar. He was distinctly heard to say: "Get around there—, you AIN'T running," just like that!

Wonder why all the giants try to get in on the flying game. Witness the dove they turned loose on our gridiron.

For purposes of sanitation and so forth we hope our boys will not contract the habit of drinking out of a sponge—even if hoisting a large bucket to one's mouth is a feat in itself.

When is Burk Glenn going to put a T in front of that C U he brought back on his collar from Columbia University?

Is there any connection between the black eye Rats is wearing and the K. P. he is doing?

This slang is getting to be something fierce. Consider this from the Chapel platform: "Uncle Sam is not that sort of a CHUMP!"

We get prouder and prouder of our Fort Sheridan group with each one of our commissioned boys. "Henie" and "Dutch" looked mighty fine; and Thursday we know nobody could have made a better officer than Lieut. Ben M. Terrell, Jr., the son of Judge and Mrs. Ben M. Terrell of Fort Worth.

He was commissioned at Camp Perry, and will be sta-

CHRISTMAS The Council of National Defense asks that you do your Christmas shopping early. Start now.

CHANUT AND TREYFOUSSE
Fine Kid Gloves, full assortment that will meet every demand for personal wear and gift giving; 4 lots of French Gloves; pair, \$3.50, \$3.25, \$3.00 and \$2.50.

Cape Gloves for street and service wear, lovely modes, tans and grey; pair, \$3.00 and \$2.50.

Mocha Glove, 2-clasp, fur lined auto glove; splendid gift; pair, \$7.50.

Gauntlet Gloves, cape, soft cuff, at, pair, \$1.75; Stiff Gauntlets at, the pair, \$2.00.

Auto Gloves, wide stiff gauntlet, fleece lined, at, pair, \$2.50.

Military Glove for women, short cuff, Vandyke, contrasting trim with pearl buttons; pair, \$6.50.

Cape Glove, soft cuff, with wrist straps, lined with all wool jersey; pair, \$5.00.

SPECIALIZE GIFT HOSIERY
Ample prepared now to furnish the color wanted that may be hard to find later on. Gift buying has started. People are responding to the Government's request. Silk Hose, \$1.25 to \$3.75 pair.

Special selling of manufacturer's imperfections. Silk Hose of quality, imperfect to the extent of a thin or thick thread, a knot in the weave, a spot (but no drop threads)—\$2.50 to \$4.00 quality; black, white and colors; choice, pair, \$1.75.

Special Value, Black, Brown and Grey Silk Hose, super bargain; pair, \$1.25.

Special Value, Black and White Silk Hose, while they last, pair, \$1.00.

Special, Black and White Silk Boot Hose, priced, pair, only 75c.

Special, Children's Ribbed Hose, black and white, all sizes; pair, 29c.

THE RELIABILITY OF A STORE SHOULD BE YOUR FIRST THOUGHT
W. E. Stripling
THE PRICE IS THE THING.

tioned at Polytechnic College, a State school in Tennessee. We wish we could keep him, because we think an awful lot of him. We are glad to have had at least a visit.

Going to town has become only a matter of necessity for Ira Taylor. It used to be a pleasure; but when he went down in uniform he didn't get to do anything he wanted to for saluting "Bevo's" or "Sham-tails." Ira reports that when he got home his arm was so sore that Upton had to massage it for him.

McKee Caton says that when he gets his commission as second lieutenant he is going to get some gold bars that are rusty, so that when he goes down to the Westbrook corner to get his first salutes hung on him, everybody will think he's been an officer a long time.

Did you notice how happy Miss Nell Andrews was Sunday? She was all smiles and we guessed that she must have had a letter from "the man in France." Later in the evening we became convinced of the fact. We saw a young Romeo climbing in the Library store room, and learned that it was occasioned by Miss Nell's having locked all her keys therein. She wanted to get in her room awfully bad and could have done so much sooner if she could have remembered that her keys were sticking in the lock on the outside.

Burke Glenn is again in T. C. U. after an absence of nearly a year. Since last January he has been studying in Columbia University, New York City, where he would have received the degree of Bachelor of Arts in '20. At the request of his father, who lives in Fort Worth, he returned to this school, although he had become a member of the S. A. T. C. at Columbia, in the naval aviation branch of service. He will be transferred to this unit.

Glenn stated that nearly two weeks were required to "go through the mill," as getting classified is commonly called, at Columbia. Students would stand in lines nearly a block long and wait for hours to get an audience with a faculty member. Although 18,000 applications for the Columbia S. A. T. C. were received, only 4,000 men were accepted, according to Glenn.

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Everything you want

Cold Drinks, Fruits and Candies
Sandwiches a Specialty

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Extend Cordial

Greetings to T. C. U.

Our assortments of appropriate Ready-to-Wear for college girls will be found to embrace every new style note of importance and at prices consistent with reliable qualities. Make your headquarters in our store when you are in the city.

Velour Blanket Robes—Light weight but soft and warm, in pretty figured effects; straight model with cord girdle..... \$5.95

Corduroy Robes—Raglan sleeve model with sash girdle; mull lined; in all the most wanted colors. Priced at..... \$7.95

PRETTY GEORGETTE BLOUSES
Beautiful new collar, sleeve and front effects distinguish these new arrivals. Colors white and flesh; also suit shades. Popularly priced at \$5.95 and..... \$4.91

CHARMING SILK FROCKS
Euitable for general wear, either in the class room or in town. Pretty styles in solid shades and plaids, neatly trimmed. Values up to \$25. Special..... \$12.95

Choice showings at \$18.50, \$19.75, \$22.50 and up.

—NINE COMRADE—
Cozy—Comfortable—Charmingly Correct

The constantly increasing demand for Negligees that combine warmth with style smartness is perfectly met in these specially priced gar-

ments, most appropriate for dormitory life.

Wool and Silk Sweaters in solid colors and smart color combinations. Just the styles for the College Girl.

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Houston at Sixth

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and a full stock of Victor and Columbia Records, including classic, standard and popular songs and dance music

Make our department your Headquarters.
A cordial welcome awaits you at

FAKES & COMPANY

Fifth and Houston

Earl Walker, a former T. C. U. boy, suddenly appeared on the campus last week and toggled up in the bell trousers and middy blouse of the U. S. S. "Jason."
Since leaving school two years ago Walker has served his country in the capacity of engineer on sea. He has cruised the Atlantic and patrolled the waters surrounding the British Isles. He has heard the Big Guns boom and felt submarine shocks. He says the English Channel and North Sea are well littered with debris and wreckage of ships—another manifestation of the destruction of the Hun.
As soon as he recuperates from a recent attack of pneumonia he will return to his ship.

WELCOME---

Old and New Students

FORD'S STORE-CAEE

Meals Served All Times of Day

One block North of Campus

Military Equipment

For the Boys of
T. C. U.

The August Store is the Logical place for you to supply your Military Equipment--special values and special attention are offered you

Everything Regulation

KHAKI SERVICE UNIFORMS

Serge, Whipcord or Garbardine Uniforms

STETSON HATS

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A. & L. August

Established 1881
Main at Seventh

"WHEN SENIORS LOST THEIR DIGNITY"

By a Participant.

Every "freshie" had a new burst of enthusiasm to be a senior last Saturday when he saw a group of these aforesaid dignitaries stroll off to the park for a picnic supper. 'Twas indeed a pleasing sight—bright, pretty girls and lively, khaki-clad young men. Yes, it looked well, and the picnic went on splendidly. But let us take a glimpse behind the scenes of preparation.

The germ of the idea, which was planted by one member, took rapid roots in the minds of Thelma Smith, the class president, and she soon had everybody at work. One most important committee was composed of Ruth Kneeland, Dorothy Barber, and Mary Hefner. Ruth, sometimes "Fatty," wanted to be on this committee particularly because it was the date committee, and she was mad at her "serpentine friend" for having taken another girl "beau-strolling" last spring. We regret to say, that after all such diplomatic moves Ruth didn't have a date; she had a man on the picnic, however, which was quite as satisfactory as having a date beforehand. Mary Hefner argued at much length, upon the ethics of including guests outside the S. A. T. C. Not until the evening was over did the troubles of the date committee come to an end.

The committee on finance is still under suspicion. The committee was composed of Cobby Stivers, Peggy Forsyth, and Mary Melton; and that's probably why the money question isn't settled yet. The class is in the hole. Everybody had a hand in the "eats" problem. Lena Gilbert and Grace Jones insisted on having chicken. We think Grace knew then that she was going to have "en-flu-end-ways" when she so generously offered to help fry. We tried hard to persuade Paul Boynton and Shelby Faulkner to get the chickens "nigger" fashion; but they explained that as our former Dean Parks had moved away and taken his barnyard with him it would be a difficult job. Anyway the chickens were bought and paid for; but unfortunately they were bought raw. That's why all the seniors weren't at the ball game.

Mrs. Sweeney most kindly let us fry them in the kitchen and Lena was master of ceremonies; that's why nobody could find any livers on the picnic. She had several able-bodied assistants, and one who was disabled. We knew from the start that Thelma wouldn't be needed at the frying; but she's president you know; so she had to go. But if she hadn't been watched carefully she would have cut the chickens' necks with a cruel butcher-knife and them subjected them to the indignity of being fried without flour.

My! but that chicken was good! and that together with

potato chips, beans, olives, pickles, fruit, and cookies was some picnic supper!

The picnic revealed a dark secret. Everybody has always thought that Thelma and Mary were ideal roommates; but it was disclosed on this occasion that they are not, at least from all evidence they are not, because Thelma with malice aforethought broke one of Mary's pearly teeth. Excepting the fact that Taylor and Upton had to go to town to get a shave this was the only accident which happened.

The party was composed of Thelma Smith, Cobby Stevers, Peggy Forsyth, Mary Melton, Mary Hefner, Ruth Kneeland, Dorothy Barber, Ruth Ford, Myrna Aggerton, Lena Gilbert, and Hirschel Upton, Shelby Faulkner, Ben Hill, Morrow Boynton, Henry Fussell, Paul Boynton, Ira Taylor, Ernest Sellars, Cecil Bradford. Mr. and Mrs. Arnold and Mr. and Mrs. Alexander accompanied the young people.

Bonds or Bondage, which?

UGH!

Prof. Wilson was dissertating on the subject of memory. "Few of us," he said, "have unusual memories, especially where dates are concerned. For instance, who can give me the date of the first German attack on the Roman Empire?" Mrs. Guertler (absently)—"I haven't seen the morning paper."

PERSONAL MENTION

Dean Colby D. Hall, Mrs. Terry King and Mrs. McMasters have returned from St. Louis where they went to attend the National Convention of Christian Churches. The convention was not held owing to the influenza epidemic.

Miss Mary Biggerstaff, an '18 graduate of T. C. U., and her mother are here attending E. L. Biggerstaff, Jr., and Ethel Biggerstaff, who are both ill. E. L. Jr. is in a local hospital.

TO SEE THE FAIR 'NEVERY-THING

Of course, they went! The Fair couldn't have opened without them. Yes, and they all stayed with Hallie. Who? Things cannot possibly be as they seem! Do you mean to tell us you didn't hear about it? Oh, well!

Jean Fowler, Iris Estes, Ruth Kneeland, Winelle Stevenson and Dorothy Barber ALL went down Sunday morning to visit Hallie McClung in the fair City of Cleburne. All except Jean and Iris came home Monday (these stayed to visit Mrs. Lockman—Paul's mother—could you possibly imagine why?) but they tell that they had more excitement in that one day—five hundred soldiers from Camp Bowie, airplane stunts; peanuts; and everything—than in all their various other experiences.

WHEREIN FATE IS UNKIND

Whisks Lieutenants Off to Officers' Mess.

"Oh, the saddest word of lip or pen is the word it might have been." So quickly does our pleasure pass away that we are hardly enjoying it, when we abruptly realize it is gone.

Now here our table was in the very Oasis of happiness and we were fast congratulating ourselves on our good fortune when suddenly an ill wind that blows one around, blew "our lieutenants" across the mess hall, beyond the great divide! And what hurts us so is this said wall is so arranged that we can't see over, under or around it. Such is life. We console ourselves, however, by saying, "well, they may be in the right, but certainly the wrong pew."

Somehow the bugle has lost its attraction for us girls. The first morning we heard it, we rushed madly to the windows. It was really a lark to dress by star light, but now getting up at 6:30 has lost its glamor. We've been and seen, but don't give a darn whether we conquer or not.

Dear You:

Personally speaking, I wonder why you don't blow the trumpet outside some other fair lady's window. We may be hard to awaken, but there are lots of other equally as bad.

Yours exclusively,
Room 101.

Oh, these army rations! Boys write home to the folks that you are longing for hog-killing time, for a mess of sausage, and then they might "spare a rib."

Both you and your family can get the "Skiff" for \$1.50. Subscribe before next Saturday.

Have you bought your Fourth Liberty Bond?

HOSPITAL NOTES FROM CLARK HALL

During the last week or so the third floor of Clark Hall has been turned into a temporary infirmary for the numerous cases of near-influenza. A full hospital equipment and a trained nurse in charge, are additions which take care of a long-felt need in our school.

We learn that, at present, the following men are ill: Suddath, Burney, Williams, Lowery, Stallings, Browning, Skipper, Teel and Hutchins.

Lewis Van Landingham has returned from home after a two weeks' illness.

We are glad to inform their schoolmates that Noble Thompson and Junior Biggerstaff, who have been quite ill in a downtown sanitarium, are recovering. Thompson has returned to the Hill.

The epidemic situation is in capable hands and we may be sure of its complete disappearance in the near future.

PARLORS TURNED INTO STUDENT ROOM TO MEET PRESENT EMERGENCY

Once upon a time in the remote past there was room and to spare in the three large dormitories that grace the T. C. U. campus. Not more than two students ever dreamed of rooming together, and in many cases a student was allowed to live alone—if he or she so desired and Dad could foot the additional expense. But, as has been intimated, that period belongs to ancient history, to that epoch when the world was a "blessed land of room-enough" and no nation cared to overrun her neighbors, to that glorious time when there was no war.

In those palmy days guest rooms were highly necessary adjuncts. How could a school be run without commodious lodgings for chance visitors? It just wasn't done in the best families. That was all. Neither could it be done in such an institution as this. And it wasn't.

Laundry rooms also came under the head of essentials. One entire room in each dormitory served only as a repository for linen.

Everything Is Different

Now there is a different story to tell. Apparently, nothing remains untouched by war conditions. Linen rooms have disappeared as if by magic, guest rooms are things of the past and now—as a last straw and, incidentally, resort—the parlors are being converted into student rooms! Several beds adorn the reception suite in Clark Hall; and during the week just past the back parlor in Jarvis was fitted up to make room for the two latest arrivals.

We dare not predict what will happen if students continue to come, and if the school continues to live up to its policy of never turning anybody away. Possibly our spacious verandas will be pressed into service as sleeping porches. Stranger things have happened to meet war conditions.

OPTIMISTIC VIEW OF DEFEAT

The defeat sustained by the sturdy little Texas Christian University football team at the hands of the husky Carruthers Field eleven last Saturday is not to be recorded in the annals of the purple and white pigskin career as a decisive defeat. It was a hard-fought contest from the initial blast of the referee's whistle to the last play that ended the battle. It cannot be denied that the Varsity was almost hopelessly outclassed by the visitors, but one feature of the fray should please the team's followers.

From beginning to finish, the gray-clad warriors displayed a fine spirit of confidence in themselves and in one another despite the odds against which they were pitted. They entered the game with a determination, at once apparent, to do their very best, and displayed a faith which not even the huskies and their previous college reputation could shake. They left the field disappointed at its outcome, but their spirit remained undampened.

Fighting for the fliers, the victors by a single tally, were men who have sported the football unies of Columbia and Harvard. It was the heavy Carruthers fullback, formerly a gridster from the latter university, who penetrated the Christian's line of defense for most of the opposition's gains.

The worthy optimism and determination showed by the attitude of the men will yet win many games for the 1918 T. C. U. football team.

RICHARDS CHILD INJURED

Prof. J. K. Richards, head of the French and Spanish departments, was called home Wednesday on account of an accident to his little three-year-old son, William.

As the child was crossing the street in front of his home, he was struck by a passing automobile, and thrown to the ground, the rear wheels passing over the body. No bones were broken, however, and his injuries are not thought to be serious.

Subscribe now for the "Skiff."

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T. C. U. Men will find Washer Military Uniforms correct in every detail. The same makers of our Quality Civilian Clothing are making our Suits for Army Equipment

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Boots, Leggings, Puttees, Belts, Stetson Hats
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Footwear For T. C. U.

Misses and Women

For years Washer Shoes have been prime favorites with T. C. U. Girls. This year we have an exceptionally attractive showing of

Walking and Dress Styles

Black, Grey, Brown, Chocolate, White
Hosiery to Match your Shoes

Washer Brothers

Main at Eighth

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WE CARRY THE MOST COMPLETE LINE OF

Military Publications

IN THE CITY---COVERING OVER 200 DIFFERENT TITLES, AND WILL GLADLY ORDER ANY BOOK PUBLISHED---NOT IN STOCK.

War Maps

Fountain Pens

A visit to our Ready-to-Wear and Millinery Section at this time, will prove of interest to women---anxious to familiarize themselves with the coming season's modes. Every day brings us new shipments of Millinery, Coat Suits, Coats, Dresses, Etc., which are now on display and ready for your viewing. You'll always find the best in everything that woman wears at



BUY A KODAK

and send home some snapshots taken in your new Military Suit

(Leave your films with us)

RENFRO'S

9th and Houston

The T. C. U. Corner

J. L. HORN, Manager