

NAVY ISSUE

THE CAMPUS

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
THE COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

PROF. ISRAEL FRIEDLAENDER WILL SPEAK AT THE FRIDAY EVENING SERVICE—DOREMUS LECTURE THEATRE 7-8 P. M.

HAVE YOU PAID YOUR SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE CAMPUS"? — SEE YOUR REPRESENTATIVE TODAY

VOL. 23. NO. 7.

THE CAMPUS, NOVEMBER 20, 1918.

Price, Three Cents

C Co. Quintet Triumphs Over A Five, 26 to 24

FAST GAME STAGED ON GYM COURT—EXTRA PERIOD NEEDED WHEN BELL FINDS TEAMS LOCKED AT 23 ALL

Irv. Projan Tallies Tying Goal—Stuts and Miller Star for Victors

Battling like demons to the final bell, the C Company basketball team defeated the A Company Five last Thursday night in the gymnasium, by the score of 26 to 24. An extra five minute period was necessitated when Irv. Projan, of A, brought the count up to 23 all by scoring a goal as the whistle blew. Jack Miller's miraculous one-hand shot under the cage a minute after the extra session started, gave the victors the winning margin. Projan, captain of the varsity, led the attack for A Company, while Stuts and Miller easily starred for the winning aggregation.

The contest was a nip-and-tuck seesaw affair, both sides alternating in the van. The first half ended with

the quintet surging ahead early in the second stanza, when they let loose a fast assault on the cage which netted them 8 points. But the A representation rallied toward the close of the period, and when the gong sounded were upon even terms.

A vast crowd was on hand to cheer the contestants. Company rooters vied in noise production, and enlivened the proceedings considerably.

Stuts and Miller proved an irresistible attacking combination and figured most in C's victory, though they came in for some timely support from "peewee" Friedcan particularly, and Biloon and Feigl. Struts tallied repeatedly from foul.

Both are former Clinton High School stars and played recently on the crack Savage Five. Miller also performed for the famous 1919 Freshmen team, which went through an entire season without a defeat.

One of Fate's little twists was revealed when Irv Projan took up the gauntlet against Miller. Both were comrades on the aforementioned 1919 team and went through many a grueling encounter together. As things were, Irv performed in stellar fashion for the vanquished, and was ably assisted by "Kid" Bolotofsky. Both aggregations could have shown a little more team play by the way.

Petain Cites Driver of College Ambulance

Malcolm Schloss, '16, driver of the City College ambulance at the front, has been recommended to General Pershing for the Croix de Guere by General Petain. In an individual citation, the general praises him for the efficiency and coolness he displayed in performing his duty under fire.

The College ambulance now has also the right to a second silver star on the ribbon of its Croix de Guere.

BUDDIES! ALL ASHORE

A ROUGH SEA PEACE NIGHT ATTENTION!



THE PRIDE OF THE POST*
First in everything but the line to Mess—our Naval Unit, piest and the finest.

This is our Issue, and we think it's good. We know our gobs will like it, and we hope our doughboy brethren will agree with us. They had the way with the first Company Issue and it was a good one. Of course, ours is better, but then lads, WE ARE THE NAVY!

* Not a new ketchup!

"Pipe Down" Is Gob's Stage Whisper

RUMORS FLY THICK AND FAST ABOUT THOSE NAVAL THEATRIANS OF OURS

It was indeed unfortunate, for the fame of our reputable "old salts" that Irving Berlin and his Yaphank gang got to work so soon. That is about all that our "gobs" can see to stop them from taking New York by storm with a great big, humdinger of a service show. But, although robbed of a chance to be the pioneers in the city, our sailors point to their reputation of being "first in everything except the line to mess," claim that they will certainly pry off the lid as far as college entertainment: are concerned, and go on to say, in all their modesty, that the big show will be, like so many of Barnum's, "the greatest on earth."

Loud and very enthusiastic stage whispers were heard by reportorial us, before and after taps. Said whispers had to do with the manner in which the Navy Unit was going to (Continued on Page 5)

Break Ground For New Barracks Building

PROFS. NEUS AND STEINMAN DREW UP PLANS—READY IN FEBRUARY

A huge derrick is daily eating up hundred of mouthfuls of earth preparatory to the construction of the foundations for the new barracks addition on Amsterdam Avenue and 140th Street. It is expected that the structure will be completed and ready for occupancy in February.

Two members of the faculty are responsible for the plans. Assistant Prof. Engelbert Neus, of the Department of Art, is the architect. Associate Prof. David B. Steinman, of the Department of Engineering, is engineer associated.

The joint authors of the plans worked out the various problems of construction during the summer, and were about five weeks in getting the plans up. They have also provided for having the outer architecture of the building to harmonize with that of the other buildings.

"Sit Tight and Await Orders!"

While rumors of disbandment are succeeded by counter-rumors to the effect that the S. A. T. C. here will continue its usual course, and, most important of all, while nothing official has been received by the Military and College Authorities one way or the other, it behooves every man in training here to "sit tight" and continue his military and educational duties undisturbed.

It must be understood, despite all newspaper talk, that which gives the final decision must come from Washington.

In the meantime, discipline should and must be preserved, and academic studies kept up.

When definite news does arrive, the thousands of readers of THE CAMPUS may rest assured that this paper will be the first to carry the story.

Discipline Must Not Relax Says J. W. B.

ME. MAGUI TELLS MEN NOT TO RELAX DISCIPLINE IN THE NAVY

Over two hundred attended the Jewish religious services last Friday evening in the Doremus Lecture Theatre, from seven to eight. Rabbi Meyer Cohen, executive director of the United Synagogue of America, spoke, and Private Liebreich officiated as cantor. Mr. Magui, the Jewish Welfare Board representative, urged the men not to "relax one jot or tittle the military discipline, because peace is here. Until the men are mustered out of the S. A. T. C., which may be a matter of weeks or months, they must obey every regulation to the letter of the law, even more so than heretofore, so that it may not be said that the students of the College of the City of New York do not make as good soldiers as those elsewhere."

All those who can sing are urged to rehearse for the services with the choir in the "Comrades Club," back of the gymnasium floor, Fridays from 4 P. M. until retreat.

Military Take Over Work of Post Exch.

The Post Exchange will henceforth be known as the City College Exchange. It's nickname, however, will still continue to be P. X. It is now under new management, Lieut. Levrich being the military supervisor, while Sergeant Max Hoffman is the S. A. T. C. manager.

No More Civilian Clerks

The Exchange will be run wholly by men in the service. All civilian employees are leaving, including Mr. Schoelt, to whom much credit is due for his faithful services in getting the Exchange started.

Sergeant H. Lee Wachtel, formerly with the Quartermaster Department, (Continued on Page 5)

Great Program For War Work Fund Saturday

ARRANGED AT DIRECTION OF MAJOR FLOWER—EXPECT MANY THOUSANDS

This Saturday afternoon a program of athletic events will be run off in the Stadium for the benefit of the United War Work Campaign, which will give the thousands of expected visitors evidence of the wide abilities of the men in training here, as well as an opportunity to aid a most worthy cause. The meet will be staged, at the suggestion of Major Flower, by Mr. Walter Williamson, of the Department of Physical Training.

The afternoon's events will begin with Assembly at 1:45 o'clock, of the S. A. T. C. Naval Unit and Signal Corps. They will then be reviewed by Major Flower. Following will be a push-ball contest, exhibition by the Signal Corps, a number of races, and a soccer game between the Army and Navy.

This will be the first opportunity the men have had of inviting their relatives and friends to see them in the various sports. The seating capacity of the Stadium is about 8,000. Major Flower is very much interested in the success of the event and is hopeful that the amphitheatre will be filled to overflowing.

In case of rain, the meet will take place the following Saturday.

Following is the program of events:

- 1:45 P. M. Assembly.
- 2:00 P. M. Review in the Stadium of the entire S. A. T. C. Units. (Army, Navy and Signal Corps).
- 2:20 P. M. Push-Ball Contest—Army vs. Navy.
- 2:45 P. M. Exhibition by the Signal Corps. (Erection of Equipment—Semaphore Work, etc.)
- 3:10 P. M. (a) One mile all post Championship Relay Race. Three teams—Signal Corps, Army and Navy. Four man team, each man to run 440 yards. (b) First half Soccer Football: Game—Army and Navy.
- 3:20 P. M. Cage Ball Contest—Army vs. Navy.
- 3:45 P. M. (a) One lap Sack Relay Race—(Army, Navy and Signal Corps). Four man team each man to cover one-quarter lap. (b) Second half of the Soccer Football Game—Army vs. Navy.
- 4:15 P. M. Exhibition Calisthenic Drill.
- 4:30. Assembly.
- 4:45 P. M. Retreat.

Unsettled Conditions Prevent Post Games

Mr. Walter Williamson, in charge of athletics at the post, is experiencing great difficulty arranging schedules for basketball and soccer games with other collegiate camps.

He has written to a great number but almost all have replied that, in view of the present unsettled conditions, they have been obliged to temporarily shelve inter-post games.

THE CAMPUS
A Weekly Journal of News and Comment

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College Office, Room 411, Main Building

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Articles of Incorporation of The Campus Association

Three cents the copy. The subscription rate is one dollar a year by mail. Advertising rates may be had on application. Forms close Thursday of the week preceding publication. Articles, manuscripts, etc., intended for publication must be in THE CAMPUS BOX in the Post Exchange before that date.

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C. C. N. Y. IS PROUD OF ITS NAVAL UNIT

The success of the unique experiment of training officer material for the Navy in conjunction with the College, S. A. T. C. is well known in our own Naval Unit. C. C. N. Y. may well be proud of her Naval Unit. The personnel, the conduct, the fine military spirit of the Navy men here make them well worthy of the uniform they wear.

Perhaps what has most distinguished our sailors is the excellent esprit de corps that prevails within the unit. The desire to be first in everything has brought them to subscribe more to the Fourth Liberty Loan than any army company, has earned them the commendation of the military authorities on the way they drill and of the faculty on their high scholastic standing.

It has been said that the precision in drill of our Naval Unit is more characteristic of the Marine Corps than of Navy men. Now they are planning a big "Navy Show" and are putting out this splendid issue of THE CAMPUS.

The Naval Unit is to be congratulated on the reputation it has made as the finest of the military organizations at the post, with the possible exception of the Signal Corps—and on the effort it is making to uphold that precedent.

SALUTING BOTH ARMY AND NAVY OFFICERS

Training the S. A. T. C. side by side with the naval units in the colleges all over the country will work one great good. It will eliminate the unreasonable coldness which usually exists among soldiers and sailors.

The men in each of the divisions, from living together, as well as the fraternization of many of the gobs and dough-boys, are coming to recognize each other's merits. The suspicious critical eye so often seen outside is practically unknown here. Of course, there have been little tiffs over mess, and one thing else or another, but all have ended good-naturedly.

That coldness is dying out. The finishing touch is being given it by the requirement that all men salute commissioned officers in the opposite branch of the service.

The salute is essentially a mark of respect that is being inculcated in the men here. They will spread it among their own men when they themselves have been elevated to the elect. The requirement to salute will become universal. Thus the slightest cause for friction between Uncle Sam's two mighty arms will have been obviated.

Army men often express a perfect willingness to salute superior navy officers, but confess, at the same time, their inability to properly recognize them. For the benefit of these men, THE CAMPUS publishes the insignias of commissioned naval officers:

Ensign, one gold stripe and star on sleeve, anchor on collar; lieutenant, junior grade, one and a half gold stripes and star on sleeve, bar and anchor on collar; lieutenant, senior grade, two gold stripes and star on sleeve, two bars and anchor on collar; lieutenant-commander, two and a half stripes and star on sleeve, gold maple leaf on shoulder; commander, three gold stripes and gold star on sleeve, silver maple leaf on shoulder; captain, four gold stripes and star on sleeve, silver eagle on shoulder; rear admiral, two stars and anchor on sleeve, star anchor and star on shoulder; admiral, three stars and anchor on both shoulder and collar.

The sight of a gold stripe on a uniformed man's sleeve should be a signal to him to salute.

The insignias of second and first lieutenants and captains are no doubt familiar to navy men. majors have gold maple leaves on the shoulder; lieutenant-colonel, silver maple leaf; colonel, silver eagle; brigadier-general, one star; major-general, two stars; lieutenant-general, three stars; general, four stars.

A. W. B.

Gargle Gargles

From the time that we first clapped "Frosh" cap onto our size 7 1/2 head, an age or more ago, we have been consumed by the desire to tell college professors what we think of college professors as a class. Having that chance now, should we not avail ourselves to it; we, who, for the aforementioned age or more, were compelled to remain mute while reflections on our character and ancestry were hurled at our unsuspecting head by bearded and unbearded, bespectacled emeritus professors, associate professors, assistant professors, future professors and ordinary professors; not to mention a host of instructors, assistant instructors, tutors, assistant tutors and laboratory assistants? Our conscience bids us continue.

Let it be understood that our opinion is not backed by the impurities of malice, ill-feeling or a desire to avenge imagined wrongs. If we appear to criticize, we Gargle at the same time.

So much for apologies!

Generality No. 1. Viewed from any point on any plane, have no sense of humor.

We have ample evidence in support of this statement.

'Tis true that they read this colyum. (Alas! Too true! The aftermath of this will prove beyond doubt that they read our heresies assiduously year unfavorably). But lots of folks read this colyum. We read it—since the rules demand that we stay awake in class and the professor's flow of language threatens to put us to sleep.

The mere reading of the colyum does not necessitate a sense of humor. Were they but to appreciate us and ours, we would concede to them the fundamentals for a sense of humor. See for yourself!

See for yourself! A little squib which tells of how a professor—we are forced to admit he is an exception to the rule—with a sense of humor, in fact, suggests to students that they "hock" their uniforms to obtain money with which to purchase a book required for his course. The fact that he made this suggestion was merely incidental to the "squib," the point of which—if you remember—was that the class, in chorus, announced it couldn't get a cent on its uniforms.

We don't propose to go into the value of the humor involved. Suffice it to say that most of the mere low-brows who wear the khaki in this vicinity appreciated the paragraph.

Through devious routes, the information has filtered to us that the story did not receive the welcome we anticipated for it among the high-brows, to wit, some of the faculty. They, perhaps, considered it a reflection on the khaki. Personally, we considered the class's reply such a reflection—but it was a justifiable one, in any event. And it was a reflection on the uniform in the concrete—or in the material—and not on the uniform in the abstract.

We don't regret printing that paragraph. Alas! No! And we don't regret that we found an exception to our generality; not even that do we regret. We regret merely that we are forced to make the generality.

The lack of space compels us to put on the brakes. We'd like to go deeper into the grass, but we cannot just now. We'd like to point out that colleges function as places for learning, first, and second as places for teaching. Our faculty, like all good faculties, forgets that some times.

Perhaps, we forget ourself! But the sod remains! And under it—who knows—may be buried the ambitions of hundreds of college men.

Gosh! That is supposed to be a colyum of wit and humor, not a tombstone.

Harry Mayer.

Company Cleanings

The second platoon of Company E came through first, last week, immediately after Major Flower made his appeal for the United War Activities Campaign, when its men subscribed 100 per cent. for the fund.

Fastofsky, as the name implies, is the speed demon of Company A. After mess he always has ten chickens (He says so) and comes back at half past taps. Late for every assembly and snores all night. K.P. for yours, ole kid.

Of course, it's a very selfish desire, but there are twelve men in Company E who wish that peace had been declared several months later. They are the men who were to leave for Camp Zachery Taylor, Louisville, Kentucky, early this week. As things look now, they will probably not take that field artillery course in the O. T. C. for some time.

START BAYONET DRILL CLASS UNDER LT. FAHEY

A class in bayonet drill is being conducted under the direction of Lieut. Fahey of Company E. The class started last week. It consists of 160 men, 32 having been chosen from each company. The men take the bayonet work in lieu of their customary morning calisthenics. It is expected that Lieut. Fahey will have whipped the class into shape for an exhibition drill Saturday as part of the United War Activities Campaign program here.

Sergeant (?) Schnell, of Company D, has been finally reduced to the ranks. Alas! alas! No longer will we hear that ethereal music, Hun, tu-u-u, three-ee-ee—faw-aw-aw, sung in a high, ever-sounding, re-echoing tenor. The all-patient Third Platoon would well wish to describe the suffering they have had gone through, but no words can do it. Will we ever hear that harmonious melody again? These desiring, rise!

Barracks, C. O. T. S., (Date) Hard Lucky 13. Dear Old Company D:

Well, we can't kick, and we're all happy and smiling. I may as well tell Lieut. Rhodes that our men distinguished themselves during the journey down to camp. All were gentlemanly and soldierly in all they did and said. We were well equipped (that is we all looked neat.) During the trip we were the only ones—that is—the only men who kept the bunch alive, we took the lead in singing and livening things up. Our men were admired by all the other detachments from other training camps and schools. They certainly did look like a picked bunch.

To tell a little about our trip: We left the Penn. station about 9:15 P. M. After a long afternoon on Broadway celebrating the news of our victory and started on our journey. Singing, joking and eating (other fellow's candy) lasted until about eleven bells. Then came the time to sleep. Some of our men resorted to the methods used by their ancestors (monkeys) and fell asleep hanging on to the baggage bunk. At about 12 o'clock it was very cold and I then started to look for a place to sleep. Well all our baggage took up the room in this baggage bunk, so I could not sleep there. Well, what was I to do. I was puzzled. Along came the conductor and gave me the pensive answer, "Sleep on the floor and get back to nature." Seeing that this ex-hobo was wise and well experienced I followed his advice. We were not allowed to open our blanket rolls, but could sleep on them rolled up. How could I do this? A hasty decision made an acrobat of me, and assuming the position of a soldier I lay me down to sleep upon two sets of blankets. The commanding officer (conductor) commended me highly for my position.

(Continued on Page 6)



Officers' Uniforms
Must Take Care Of Themselves

DON'T forget that the camp and the trenches prevent the officer from giving much, if any, care or attention to his clothes. And that, Best & Co. put the sturdy cloth and the careful tailoring into Officers' Uniforms that best enable these Uniforms to take care of themselves.

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Twenty-Third Street Section

NEWS EDITOR Edward Ellsca	BUSINESS MANAGER John B. Nathan
REPORTERS Sol Antonville Robert Bernstein	ASSISTANTS Irving Baehr Jerome Jonas

OUR ANSWER

The United War Work Campaign in the College was successful, to say the least. The quota of the academic session was two hundred dollars, but this amount was greatly oversubscribed. In one room alone the men pledged sixty dollars, and every other class responded with equal enthusiasm.

Let this be an answer to the challenge, "What has C. C. N. Y. done?" We have proved our loyalty beyond the shadow of a doubt, and have gone further. We have demonstrated our appreciation of a free home of learning. The City College can say that it has done its share in supporting those who have valiantly fought for democracy. We have not forgotten, nor will we ever forget that the men who are overseas have made possible the continuity of our public institutions. And we can rest assured that they will be comfortable and happy during the long, weary period of waiting until they return to enjoy what they have defended.

They will come back soon, and we shall give them the hearty welcome which only such heroes deserve. And when the soldiers ask, "Students of America, what were you doing while I was over there, fighting for your rights and your liberty?"—we shall be able to reply, unflinchingly, that we had given to the limit to make them happy. We shall look them straight in the eye, we shall smile, and our conscience will supply the real answer.

FRESHMAN HELP CLASSES

Help classes have been formed to aid freshmen who are backward in their studies. Student teachers are needed. Those who desire to volunteer for this work should see Resnikoff or Rifkind any morning except Tuesday, before nine o'clock, in room No. 213.

The classes when definitely organized will meet at 12:35 P. M., every day. The rooms will be announced later.

Fresh-Soph Comm. Draws Up Rules

STUDENT COUNCIL RULINGS TO BE ENFORCED—CAMPUS DETERMINED—WHAT IS IT?

The fresh-soph committee met on Monday, November 18 to decide the question of freshman rules. The president of the Student Council was empowered to appoint a committee of six consisting of three seniors and three juniors to report sophomores and freshmen who disobeyed the rules laid down by the council.

The campus was defined, and the boundaries determined. The campus will extend from the eastern extremity of the College on 23rd Street, across the street, including both sides of the street, including both sides of Lexington Avenue, and across the street to the southern extremity of the building.

Gorgon Giggles

It was my delight
In the good old uptown days
To visit the Bio museum
On the top floor of M. B.
And watch the frogs
Jumping all around
And all the other things
That make up a Bio museum.
Came a time
When we kids were ordered
To report to 23rd Street
And my heart was sad,
And for the last time
I went up to the museum
And wept over the frogs,
My pets,
For I thought I was going
To lose my museum,
The thing I cared most for.
Well, I arrived downtown.
And to forget my grief
I went to the very top floor
To be in seclusion.
Lo and behold,
There was another Bio museum.
A rat scurried into a shadow
And disappeared.
A cat went wildly after it.
And the floor
Was strewn with
The corpses of starved pigeons.
Poor things!
And two bats overhead
Played a tattoo on the ceiling
With their wings.
And once more
I was happy.

Merci.

The following sentence was actually found in a history reading book. If you do not believe it, turn to page 276 in Thorndike's "History of Medieval Europe," near the bottom of the page, and read for yourself.

Finally, in 1013, Swein, King of Denmark, conquered England, and his son, Cnut, reigned there from 1016 to 1035.

We are going to start a humor column. You know what I mean. Take something that happened in the class room or some funny incident about one of your friends, and write it up as humorously as you can and hand it to the editor, or myself, Jerry. We'll take care of the rest. You can't go wrong. And while you're at it you might as well make it a sledge-hammer column. Don't be lenient with your friends. Put it on thick. The following are only a few examples of what I mean:

I hate to talk scandal and I'm not saying a thing, but the day following the first number of THE CAMPUS this term, Johnny Nathan, our aggressive little business manager, wore a new necktie. On the day following the next issue Johnny was wearing silk socks for the first time in his life. On the "jour suvant" the third issue, King John, the Small was sporting a pair of new soes. After the fourth issue he was seen eating in the Automat. After the fifth he had a new Truly-Irving, and now after the sixth, he has a new suit. Johnny, if THE CAMPUS has enough issues this term will you let me go out in your auto when you buy it?

This is only for fellows in the S. A. T. C., who used to know E. M. Schlesinger. Notice I say "used to know," because Em has changed since the 138th Street days. Alas, how he has changed! Last week after an hour of arguing (as only Em can do), he succeeded in convincing yours truly that he, Em, was much in need of a wee flat nickel. Yours truly fell, as all must do, before Em's great barrage of words. Three days later Em ups, and to the amazement of all who witnessed the scene, hands yours truly a nickel. Alas, how Em has changed! Jerry.

Captain Reston Stevenson, who was assistant professor in physical chemistry at the College has written an interesting letter to Professor Baeker-ville.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY

The Dramatic Society met on Thursday, November 14, at 12:35 P. M., in room No. 2. "A Night at an Inn," by Lord Dunsany, was read by Baehr and accepted as one of the three one-act plays to be produced soon. Tryouts were conducted by Professor Grendon, and a good cast chosen.

Several other plays are being considered, and from these will be taken a comedy. The three play all out on the stage after the Christmas Company. Those who are interested in the Dramatic Society are invited to the next meeting which will take place next Thursday.

Students To Have Military Training

All men who were 16 years of age on November 1, 1918, and had not reached their 19th birthday, that is to say, all men born between November 1, 1899 and November 1, 1902, are required by the law of the State of New York to take military training.

There will be posted, sometime next week, a list of students who come under these regulations, with the time during which they are to report. The drills will be held at a nearby armory. The schedule has been so worked out as to make it possible for every student to take military training at the time prescribed.

Students who fail to comply with the law will not be permitted to enjoy the privileges of the College.

(Signed) PAUL KLAPPER,
Director, 23rd Street Branch of the College of Liberal Arts and Science.

The office announces to the student body that the present term will end on January 18. Examinations will begin on Monday, January 20.

23d St. Bazaar

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FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

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NOTICE OF RE-EXAMS

- Examinations for the removal of conditions received in June or in August, will be held in the afternoon of Monday, December 2, at 2 P. M.
- Students, except those taking a re-examination in Public Speaking, will report then in Room 109. Students taking a re-examination in Public Speaking will report in Room 204A.
- Students having re-examinations in more than one subject are required to report to the office at once.
- A student who is taking the next advanced course in the same department, and whose work in the latter is satisfactory, may, at the time set for re-examination, be assigned to the grade of D in the pre-requisite course without being required to pass the re-examination.

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GOB GURGLLES

NAVY ISSUE

EDITOR: Paul D. Kaufman, P. O., 1st Platoon.

Contributors
 Shirley Epstein
 Alfred Blank
 Abraham Katz
 John Klompner
 Benjamin Barnett
 Howard Kuh
 Marcus
 Donald A. Roberts

The editor wishes to thank many unknown contributors for their hearty response to his appeal for material for this issue.

SOMEWHERE IN RUSSIA

In a small Russian village, stationed near Stanowich, Was a long-bearded Bolshevik, Ivan Ivanowich, Known country-wide for his very long beard, Famous all over, for nothing he feared. An enemy's sniper said, "Here goes the finish Of that tall Russian guy with the face full of spinach." He took aim and fired, the bullet did spin, And clipped Ivan's whiskers off close to his chin. But Ivan kept cool, for he always was brave, "By garlic," said Ivan, "that was a close shave!"

Jno. Klompner,
Second Naval Battalion.

AS HEARD IN THE GUARD HOUSE AT 6 A. M.

"Hey! pipe down there. Let a guy sleep, won't yer? I was on guard all night." Snore-whistle-snore.

"Wow! Quit blowing that bugle. This isn't band headquarters!" Silence for 18 seconds.

"Corporal of the guard No. 6! Corporal of the guard No. 6!" Corporal runs out.

"Never mind the corporal." (Thunderous muttering under the corporal's breath. Maybe he's cussin! Who knows?) Silence again. Suddenly: "Second relief fall out. On the double!"

"Oh, Corporal. Gimme an outside post, will yer?" (He's got the "gimmies") Oh, I got number 6 again. (The latrine post). Good night!

New relief troops in, everybody balking at once. "Gee, what do yuh think the O. D. asked me?" Kin yuh beat it? Listen. What—

"Pipe down! Go to sleep and cut out that wall!"

Silence reigns for the brief interval of about fourteen and a half seconds, when suddenly there's a shout of: "Get off that cot! It's mine!"

"No it isn't. Can't yuh see my rifle in it? Sarg gave it to me ten minutes ago."

"Gwan! Stick your hand under the pillow and you'll find a hunk of chocolate and a piece of soap there. Beat it!"

"Like fun I will!"

"You won't, huh, I'll"—crash, bang, bang, smash! —

Everybody then disgustedly rolls out of his cot and dazedly holding his head in his hand, mutters, "Who said sleep!"

Blankety! Blank! Blank! One minute please! We're not cussing. We are fondly calling our top-sarge. The height of folly: Taking out the armed guard and upon passing an officer, commanding, "Hand Salute!"

MR. BABOR RETURNS TO DUTIES
 Mr. Joseph A. Babor, tutor in chemistry, has returned to his work here after being out a fortnight ill with Spanish influenza.

THE NAVY OWNED THE TOWN ON "PEACE NIGHT"



DRILL

With Apologies to Kipling and Gunga Din

When your feet are tired and sore,
 When you know there's no more war,
 And you'd give your monthly salary for a rest,
 When you long to get at ease,
 Just to get a chance to sneeze,
 And you dream of Pol. Sci. Lectures in times blest.
 And though it's not your fault
 When the "loot" yells "Comp'ny halt,"
 Your breast with hopes of "dismissed" starts to fill,
 But though your limbs are stiff as starch,
 The lieutenant "forward, march!"
 And you know you're in for two more hours of drill.

Then it's drill, drill, drill,
 While your feet are never still,
 And the blisters on your toes just hurt to kill.
 But you keep marching at attention,
 Lest you get fatigue detention,
 And you spend your bloomin' weekend doing drill.
 You get "left front out of line",
 "Right dress, march at double time,"
 While a yeoman's job would suit you to a T.
 Then the P. O. gives you hell,
 Tells you that you're S. O. L.
 For three full weeks he puts you on K. P.
 So at 4 A. M. each morn,
 Long before the peep of dawn,
 You cook the hash and gather up the swill.
 When the pots are looking neat,
 Then they send you to the street,
 And you join your squad for seven hours of drill.

Then it's drill, drill, drill,
 Merch with all your might and will,
 And you never get a chance to breathe until
 When you see the setting sun,
 Then you know the day is done,
 But to-morrow starts another day of drill.

TO THE TUNE OF "LARRY ON THE COAL PILE"

Weep no more, my mother,
 I'm working in the kitchen now,
 I'm cleaning up the grease,
 They made me an admiral in the Kitchen Police.
 Even though there's peace
 I joined the Navy to sail the deep,
 blue sea,
 But the only water 'round here is the dish-water for me,
 Oh, say can you imagine, Mother,
 Your son in the kitchen, now.

OFFICERS OF THE NAVAL UNIT

Lieut. George C. Houston, Commander.
 Lieut. John W. Sheppard, 1st Platoon.
 Lieut. Ellis S. Hale, 2nd Platoon.
 Lieut. Leslie H. Drew, 3rd Platoon.

INSTRUCTORS

Thomas P. Quarry, Chief Gunner's Mate.
 Frank W. Moersdorf, Boatswain's Mate, 1st Class.
 John J. Hoffman, Quartermaster, 1st Class.

Lieut. Williams Now Battalion Adjutant

NAVY SORRY TO LOSE HIM—SUCCEEDS LIEUT. RANDALL—GOES TO GENEVA

Lieut. Roland R. Randall, battalion adjutant, has been transferred to the S. A. T. C., at Hobart College, Geneva, N. Y. He is succeeded by Lieut. Geo. R. Williams, who was active head of the Naval Unit.

The S. A. T. C. will receive with regret the news of Lieut. Randall's departure. He most efficiently directed the Liberty Loan Campaign. As adjutant he was well liked, having that one great virtue appreciated by subordinates, that of "approachableness."

The Naval Unit regrets to see Lieut. Williams give up its command. He became extremely popular with his men. The unit feels confident that he will be just as great a success in his new position.

Lieut. William H. Lamb, of Company B, has been transferred to Dartmouth College.



TO THE TUNE OF "I WANT TO GO HOME"

I want to go home,
 I want to go home,
 With guard duty, kitchen and barracks police,
 You'd never imagine the world was at peace.
 Take me from C. C. N. Y.
 Where I won't hear the Squad P. O. cry.
 Hey, you, there's scrubbing to do.
 I want to go home.

I want to go home,
 I want to go home,
 Where everyone's sewing and cleaning for me,
 Where mother and sister are always K. P.
 I helped to win this blamed war,
 And I can't risk my life any more,
 Oh, gee, will I ever be free?
 I want to go home.

One 'Gob' Suggested a 'Mascot'...



Navy Notes

Tubby Karsten, when told to take a bath here, asked if he couldn't take one at home and bring a receipt for it. How Tubby must hate 'em.

The most original corporal's report we have heard yet is, "Third Squad, all absent except Corporal Levy."

It took Arnold Katz to discover that the quarter-deck was one-fourth of a ship.

Words of wisdom from one of our learned sergeants: "The bell is used as a signal between two ships when they are so far apart they can't hear each other."

Kammitter's excuse for through, due to formation was, "I was all we ever had and the sergeant told me to go."

Karp is the first of the Navy men to be promoted. He is Chief Fatigue's Mate, and may soon receive the rank of Head K. P. Artist.

Sergeant Prenskey has worn out three lead pencils reporting Kwiet and Rosenberg. Be good, gobbs.

B. M. Moersdorf—What is Field Day?
 Albaum:—It's the day when you play games and run?

Shirley Epstein and Jno. Klompner are hard at work writing the Navy play. Howard Katz will supply the music. Go to it, boys. Show 'em what the Navy can do.

The favorite Navy command is "By the left flank, back a little."

Lieutenant:—Did you mop the floor?
 Starckman:—No.
 Lieutenant:—No, what?
 Starckman:—No mop.

When we told an army man that we were getting \$32.60, while they were getting only \$30 a month, he said, "Yes, but we GET it." Still, we notice that the navy collected in full.

It doesn't take much brains to lock up your locker while your keys are inside. Two navy men performed this feat within the last week.

Gob:—Gee, Bud, how do you keep looking so well?
 Bud:—Oh, I always eat what's right.
 But what sells you?
 Gob:—Oh, I always get what's left.

MCCROSKEY WRITES ARTICLE

Mr. Carl R. McCroskey, instructor in Chemistry, has published a treatise in the Journal of the American Chemistry Society on "The Oxidizing Action of Potassium Dichromate as Compared with that of Pure Iodine."

BULGING CLOTHES

Tune of Belgian Rose—By Jno. Klompner

Soldier, soldier, why are you sad,
 Don't be discouraged if your clothes are bad.
 You should have thought more and then used your head
 And you should have signed with the navy instead.
 The navy men have outfits that fit
 Spic and span as can be.
 Your suits are much different
 And this is all we see.

CHORUS:

Bulging clothes,
 You all have bulging clothes.
 Your hats are not so awfully bad
 But just to see your pants makes us sad,
 And both your shoes are wrong
 Your coats are much too long,
 Instead of being neatly dolled up in blue
 They've made such a cute little boy scout of you
 That from your head to toes
 You're just a mass of bulging clothes.

Framed group picture of our beloved sergeant.

Some of our soldiers have told us that, on washing their clothes, the colors ran. The clothes were probably so ashamed of themselves that they turned color at the sight of soap and water.

P. O.—What did the Master-at-Arms say to you?

Seaman:—Shall I leave out the cuss words?

P. O.—Of course.

Seaman:—Well, then, he didn't say anything.

Extra! Navy at last sees water!
 Whole unit takes a bath.

Master-at-Arms:—Cohen wanted by the O. D.! Form in column of squads! Forward march!

Professor X. has suggested that the College will never again return to its status quo ante bellum. Perhaps the beds will be left in the English and Pol Sci rooms.

Allowing the proverbial nine lives to each of them, the Navy could form a platoon of six squads with right and left guides and four file closers from its eight Katzes.

THE ADMIRAL HAS ARRIVED

While on the subject, since our new mascot has arrived, Bokor is considering a Dog Watch.

The pup has been called Admiral; all gobbs will treat the admiral with due respect.

Admiral visited Room 115 several times the other day, and violated the ninth general order each time.

It is rumored that court martial proceedings are to be held for the admiral; the charge is "conduct unbecoming an officer."

GORDON CAMPELL DIES

Mr. Gordon Campbell, '17, who was a brilliant chemistry student and an active member of the Chemistry Society, died of Spanish influenza on November 9th. While studying here he did special work for Prof. Baskerville which received high praise. Upon graduation, he was offered a fellowship, but declined in order to go into the commercial field.

THE "Average that will s of eight, meaning v the Seco have to s cover a se pares to ti diversified About the worthles caused the eighth," to just after commenta sonal equa No. 1, f philosophic not fail to right" is o engaged w who would if our loole and corpora He can be with his pi No. 2, sac ty of keepi The distracti have given strained vi his name ir geants. No. 3 is chap who c parabolas 1 morning he umn right" that our file. As can be re finds himsel closers. No. 4 is o amolan' cor he has a sn carries furti tion, he con geant among No. 1 rear an eddicatio reputation fo ing put on " tune moment K. P. or "fati will. He is a man next to probabilities s to that rank present incum No. 2 is ou to this he was You are adva his tender and ever, when his his mess. No. 3 is tha who once upo geant, but wh humble gob los of the platoon. not understand were so disorde

PIPE
 Aw!! There go the Rightin' Navy

SALTY STORIES

THE EARLY EIGHTH

"Average squad" may be a quality that will serve to describe most teams of eight, but it has absolutely no meaning when applied to Squad 8 of the Second Naval Platoon. One will have to search far and wide to discover a squad that even nearly compares to this one in point of so many diversified elements and personalities. About the only thing in common these worthies possess is that which has caused them to be called the "early eighth," to wit, their ability to arrive just after "fall in" is given. A brief commentary on their respective personal equations follow:

No. 1, front rank, is that plump, philosophic looking individual you cannot fail to remember. "When 'squad right' is ordered, his mind is usually engaged with some such problem as, who would take charge of the platoon if our loole and the host of sergeants and corporals should suddenly vanish. He can be depended on to walk away with his pivot.

No. 2, sad to say, has lost the faculty of keeping his head and eyes front. The distracting James out of formation have given him a wry neck and a strained vision, with the result that his name is very familiar to the sergeants.

No. 3 is that modest, unassuming chap who can see conic sections and parabolas in everything. Just this morning he complained that our "column right" was 18 degrees off and that our files looked like battle fronts. As can be readily imagined, he usually finds himself in the line of the file closers.

No. 4 is our miniature, 95 per cent. efficient corporal who has been all

he has a snappy, chirping voice that carries furthest. His greatest ambition, he confides, is to become a sergeant among the file closers.

No. 1 rear rank, the only guy with an addiction among us, has a vast reputation for becoming sick and being put on "light duty" at the opportune moment. He has never seen K. P. or "fatigue," and avers he never will. He is conceded to be the best man next to the corporal, and the probabilities are he will be promoted to that rank upon the demise of the present incumbent. The best of luck!

No. 2 is our squad poet. Previous to this he was the poet of his village. You are advancing, mate. He loses his tender and divine sympathies, however, when his hands are mixed up in his mess.

No. 3 is that jovial, broad, worthy who once upon a time was top sergeant, but who in these days is a humble goby lost somewhere in depths of the platoon. As a sergeant he could not understand why the "privates" were so disorderly, and as a private

A GOB'S GLOSSARY

Without the Gloss

Hammock—An iron contraption with four legs and a spring and mattress.

Handkerchief—An article lost at the rate of six per day.

Lucky Bag—A place where hats, leggings and whisk-brooms are put after your friend has borrowed them and left them lying around.

Anchor Watch—The man who stays awake all night to watch an imaginary anchor, and who gets thirty days in the Brig if the anchor (which is not within sixty miles of here) should be stolen.

Liberty—Something we make a date for, get all dolled up for, and then discover we're restricted.

Reveille—The call that wakes us in the middle of the night. Blown about ten minutes after taps.

Fall In—The thing that occupies seven-eighths of our time. A bad thing for a sea-going goby to learn.

Petty Officer—Next in importance to the Vice-Admiral. (Ask them). The answer to the question, "Why do enlisted men swear?"

Mess Sergeant—The autocrat of the Breakfast Table.

Heads—Scandal Centre.

Millenium—When privates shall lead the P. O.'s.

Seaman—The pride of the post.

Mess Hall—The land of perpetual famine.

Chow—Culinary camouflage.

K. P.—Something which awaits the P. O. in the nether world.

Barracks—The hardships of war.

Post Exchange—Millionaire's hang-out, where everything you want is out of

he cannot understand why the sergeants are so particular.

No. 4, and the last, is the black sheep of the family. He possesses the unhappy faculty of bursting out in laughter at the time of greatest solemnity, arrives when the platoon is dismissed, and returns from liberty in time to wake us from our second sleep.

Despite all these apparently contradictory elements in the early eighth the teamwork is unexcelled, and if there be any other squad in the battalion who thinks it can beat us in anything from marching to snoring, let it see our corporal.

(By an impartial observer).

DR. ESTABROOKE TO SPEAK

Over thirty men in the Naval unit here have had added to their program of studies, courses in either qualitative and quantitative chemistry. Prof. William L. Estabrooke, of the Department of Chemistry, will deliver a lecture on "The Development of High Explosives" on December 6th, before the Chemistry Teachers' Club, at Columbia University.

On December 9th, he will speak on "Modern Chemistry, the Chief Factor in Winning the War," at P. S. No. 155, Brooklyn.



LINES TO THE BRITISH AND AMERICAN NAVIES

By Donald A. Roberts

Winner Weinberg Memorial Prize

Ye riders of the foam flecked steed,
Who lift their white impatient heads
Before the den of brutal stealth
Give us thy stern chivalric faith
That victory doth from honor spring.

Ye who avenge the hasty dead
That grin beneath the moonlit waves
Or hide their livid limbs in mist
Teach us to loath a coward soul
That fights unseen beneath the sea

Ye tow'ring waves of just revenge
Decatur, Nelson, Drake and Jones
Whose names are on our hearts
Whose deeds are on our lips
Whose spirit is our inspiration

Whose spirit is our inspiration
Whose spirit is our inspiration

P. O.'S COLUMN

Chief Quarry, officer of the deck, is pulling strong with the Unit. If its about guns—see Quarry. But have a heart on our liberty, Thomas J.

Hoffman Q. M. 2, Rear Admiral material certainly can raise a wind sending semaphore. We're with you, Q. M. 2. Carry on!

Salty Moesdorf, the dizziest B. M. 1 in creation, is making every goby in the organization talk seagoing. You're a brick—we like you.

Who said "Platonic" love did not exist? What about First Sergt. Blank's love for the First Platoon. It sure is "Plato(o)nic." It can't be otherwise!

Dizzy Drucker, otherwise known as "Jimmylegs," rates a six-bell hammock. Kinda seagoing, eh!

Our gunners-mate, Kuby, has decided to spend the week in barracks. He spends too much coin on liberty.

Rosen tickles his banjo when he is not sitting in the congress.

Sergt. Yeoman 2C. Weinberger is now navigating a typewriter in the office.

Regulation food uses square knots on his shoelaces and does his navigation by Calculus.

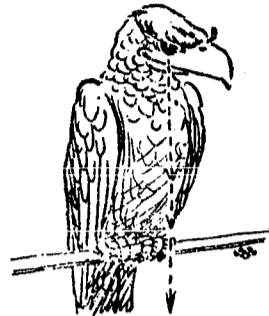
Coxswain Fanning is famous for his monkey drill, and other drill ability which is rather boresome.

Ionic Infield, who looks rather salty, rates a meal ticket at a friend's home. Ask Blank.

P. O. Boker winds up the anchor watch and "chimes" in spare time.

Behrens asked Prof. Gutarie whether or not the Turks ever took baths—in way of consolation. His birthday is in June.

Big Benny, exalted his



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TABLE ETTIQUETTE

1. Never eat more often than you lay your hand or food.
2. Never place in your mouth more food than you can hold at one time.
3. Never reach more than 10 feet (official boarding house reach), across the table.
4. No less than one slice of bread shall be placed on a butter sandwich.

Whisper from L
The road seas ancient chivalry!



Try-Outs Soon For Gob Show

(Continued from Page 1)

show 'em how to stage a musical comedy. The salty tones of one voice was heard saying, "We'll have the best looking dames you've ever seen, and musicians—Oh, boy!"

What had been said about the pretty girls was confirmed, and it was added that after the play we were all to dance and eat and—"everything."

At this point it might be well to name the efficient staff of managers, who are putting all they have into the big scheme. They are as follows:

Abraham Geller and Milton Censor, managers; Howard G. Katz, lyrics; George Hyman, Shirley Epstein, Joseph Berkson, John Klempner; Howard Kuh, publicity.

One of the most mysterious of the "mysterious details," is the whisper that there is in our midst, a modest lad, a professional, who was assistant stage director for Fox "Fillums." Nuff sed!

SUGGESTIONS FOR INSIGNIA ON STATION RATING BADGES

By Master at Arms Drucker

1. Crossed Swabs.
2. Question Mark.
3. "Trick Navy."
4. Chief Quarry's Picture.
5. Book entitled "Roots of the War."
6. Hangman's Knot.
7. "K. P."
8. Crossed Cigarettes.
9. Can of Peaches.
10. Crossed Umbrellas.

It has already been suggested that

P. O. Dicker get his girl to lead the chorus, for he admits she's the "prettiest girl in the world." That'll be another story, maybe—

The "theatre" in which the so-far nameless comedy is to be staged, is, according to latest reports, the "gym." But you won't recognize the old "gym" when our "gobs" get through fixing it up.

If the varsity play is staged under the supervision of the Navy, show no surprise, we're good. "Tumble in boys, and give way together!"



THESE
By Jno. Klem-
are you sad,
if your clothes
ght more and
signed with
fits that fit
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clothes.
vfully bad
nts makes us
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Open Tonsorial Parlor At Last

The Post Barber Shop is open at last. Room No. 16 is the place where tonsorial ability will henceforth be displayed. The shop is up-to-date and sanitary in its fixtures, and army regulations control its hygienic policy. Newly cleaned towels will be used for each man, and the tools will be kept as clean as is possible in barber shops. The owner assures the S. A. T. C. that it will have no cause of complaint, for prices will be very reason-

able, and 10 per cent. of the gross receipts are to be handed over to the Exchange.

FELLOW BURNED BY FLARE

Mr. Jackson Isaacs, fellow in chemistry, is still receiving treatment for burns on the face and hands which he received experimenting with a signal flare.

Lieut. Paul Gross, formerly tutor in Physical Chemistry, now attached to the American University in Washington, recently visited his former associates here.

CO. D MAN WRITES FROM CAMP LEE

(Continued from Page 2)

At about 2 o'clock, below zero, all I could hear was the drowsy snore of the battle-sore, and hke-worn soldiers. I slept for about two minutes, and upon awaking at 3 o'clock A. M., after a good night's sleep, I found myself under one of the seats with about four handbags and about six pair of size nine and a half E E E in my face. These are the comforts of travelling in a day coach at night. The first call was at about 7, and the speed with which everybody got

dressed was mechanical. Even the commanding officer was surprised. But he did not know that we had not taken our clothes off. At about 3 o'clock we landed somewhere in the U. S. A., and were allowed to leave the train for four minutes, to get a hearty breakfast. We all got off the train, and after having eaten some shredded paper, went back to the train well satisfied. All was quiet the rest of the way to camp.

At last we arrived and were in God's land. Everybody acted very nicely. Our first greeting was, "Welcome, K. P.'s. But ah! This

draftee did not know that we are exempt.

My best wishes and also the best wishes and thanks of all those with me to those who remain behind, to those who sent us here and to those instructors who have enabled us to attain our present standard. I am
An old D'ite

Sol. S. Townsend.

Some of the commands from Camp Lee:

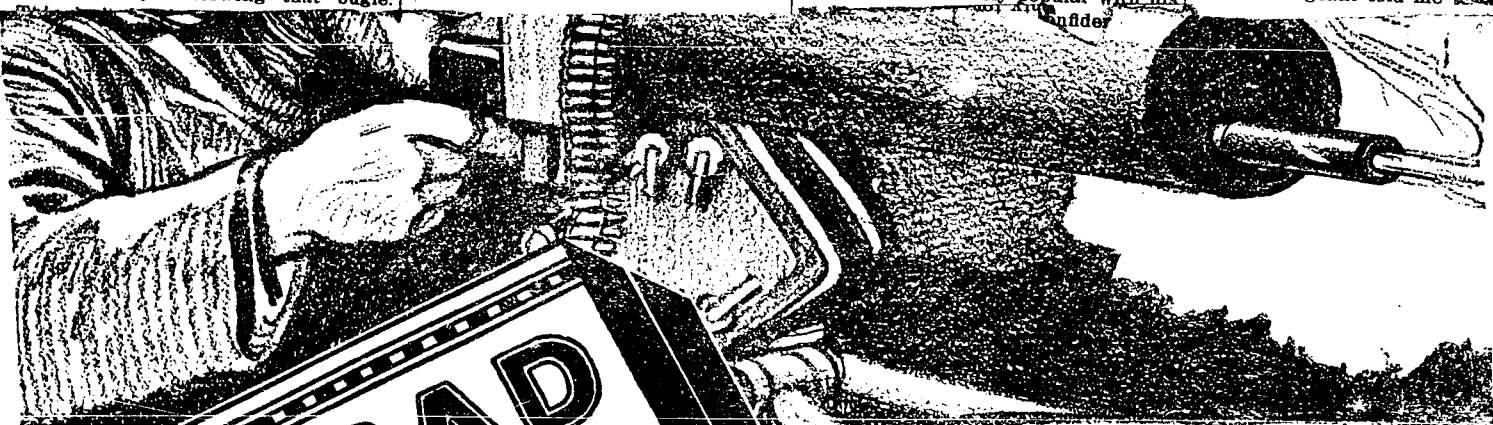
1. Column right about!
2. Squads right by left!
3. In place forward ho!
4. Count off! without the numbers!

MURAD

THE TURKISH CIGARETTE



"Hey! pipe down there. Let a guy sleep, won't yer? I was on guard all night." Snore—whistle—snore—
"Wow! Quit blowing that bugle."
"Forward, march."
"Lieut. Williams give up its command. He became extremely popular with his
Kammittter's excuse.
to formation was, "I was ill we ever he
and the sergeant told me



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SATURDAY'S EVENTS

A Co. Soccers Conquer Again

Down B. Eleven Two to One—Lead in Intercompany Tournament

A Company kept its place at the head of the intercompany soccer championship tournament Saturday by defeating the B. Company soccer players by 2 goals to 1 in the Stadium. B. Company started with a rush, scoring on a long shot by "Charlie" Krebs in the first 45 seconds of play. A Company evened matters a few minutes later on a tally by Bonaparte. Both teams were then deadlocked in a bitter struggle until the last minute of the play, when Roberts broke through the B Company defenses and scored.

The lineup:
A Co. (2) Position B Co. (1)
S. Rosensweig L. F. Holman
Silver L. H. Greenberg
Cottin O. L. S. Herman
Roberts I. L. Krebs
Bonaparte C. C. Beck
Berman O. R. Middleman
Frellich I. R. Norman Cohen
Horwitz R. H. Tanoff
Morris R. F. Friedman
Lehrman C. H. I. Rosensweig
Rosenberg G. Feinberg
Goals—Krebs, Roberts, Bonaparte,
Substitutes—W. Newman for Cottin,
Robins for Morris, Williams for Krebs.
Referee—Sergeant Arthur Loft.
Umpire—Sergeant M. Stoll.
Time of halves—20 minutes.

More Track Titles Decided Saturday

Furlong, Quarter, and 100 Yard Races in Stadium—A Leads in Points

Bigler of B Company won the 1000 yard dash all port championship in the Stadium last Saturday afternoon in 2:41. After Bigler took the lead from Mac Greenberg, the issue was never in doubt. Bigler let himself out in the last 100 yards and sprinted, crossing the tape ten yards in front of William Rosenberg of A Company. Cohn of C Company took third place and Botain of B Company finished fourth.

Leo Silver of E Company won the 440 yard championship by a foot. Silver ran third until the last ten yards, when he made a brilliant sprint and just managed to beat out Riley, another E Company man. Testa of B Company made a great mistake in running in the 440, as the best he could do was to take a third place, for, if he had run in the 220 yard dash he probably would have won the event as he does much better time than the winner of that event. Roben of A Company finished fourth. Silver's time was 0:57.3.

I. H. Friedman of D Company won the 220 yard dash with Strolowitz of E Company a close second. Rosenberg of A Company finished third and Niden of A Company took fourth. Friedman's time was 0:24:2.

A Company Leads
In the point score for those events run off so far, B and E Companies are tied for with 13 points D and A Companies are tied for second with 8 points, and C Company brings up the rear with 2 points.

Berg, 1; Tomberk, 1; Blegelisen, 2; Hyman, 1; Brodsky, 2; Bergen, 1; Goals from foul—Blegelisen, 3; Brodsky, 1.

Substitutions—Levinson for Goldberg, Krasnoff for Bergen, Lubell for Referee—Joe Deering.
Timekeeper—Lieut. White.

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B Five Continues Victory Rampage

Charlie Blegelisen Proves Tartar On Defense and Attack for B. Co.

B. Company basket players swamped the E. Company quintet by 23 to 9 in the gym last Thursday night. The game was very slow for the first half and at the end of the period both teams were tied in a 5-5 score.

B. Company came back in the second half with fire in their eyes, and gradually rolled up their score and when the final whistle blew had won the game by 23 to 9.

"Chick" Frelzer of B Company scored almost at will caging goals from almost every angle of the field. "Charlie" Blegelisen set up a be-

D Wins From E in Pushball Tilt

Final Count is 23-9

D. Company, minus the services of fourth platoon which had been dismissed before they were notified that they were to take part in the pushball contest, was awarded the decision over E. Company in the pushball contest last Saturday. D. Company had the jump from the start and had the ball continually in E. Company's territory.

wildering defence and shot two pretty field goals from the three quarter mark, besides adding handy points from the foul line.

The line-up:
Co. E. (9) Position Co. B. (22)
Hyman R. F. Goldberg
Brodsky L. F. Frelzer
Bergen C. Tomberg
Krutoff R. C. Sherman
Glicksfeld L. G. Blegelisen

Score end of 1st half, 5-5.
Final score—B. Co. 23; E. Co. 9.
Goals from field—Frelzer, 6; Gold-

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SPORTING COMMENT

Ye disciples of Neptune, ye mermen, ye frequenters of the tiled cistern—Hear! The pool is open. Doc Woll had the tank filled last week, and now ye of water enamoured, go splash. The flu has departed, and now, Doc. Woll says ye may swim. The doctor, by the way, says as how it's a place for recreation; there are also showers.

A classy program is on deck for Saturday. Mr. Williamson, purveyor in chief, 's got the services of everyone in the place for the occasion. A coupla drills, games, and bayonet drill exhibitions are a few of the things to be pulled off.

The idea is to get a crowd up to the Stadium. The coin obtained in receipts goes to the United War Activities. By special arrangements, the committee in charge of the U. W. A. campaign has given the necessary extension of time.

Now get you out your quills, fellers, and scribe to your friends, relatives, acquaintances, and everybody else, and have 'em on hand for the occasion. Maybe your lil friend of the more deadly species would like to see you performing, and the other things that will come off.

At any rate, have 'em there, the whole lot of them.

Coach Deering is on the job. The long period of training, practise, experimenting, shifting began last week. The basketball mentor has been running the men through a lot of shooting practice and a little scrimmaging. And in a little while a post five will begin to emerge.

As we view it, our wily coach will have his hands full. For why? 'Cause this is an army camp. Everything is in continual flux. Men are going, going to O. T. C., and where not. Major Flower foresaw such a situation early and advised our coach about it.

To meet such a situation an enormous squad will be required. And the funny part of it is, that as a rule, the athletes are the first to be extracted for O. T. C.

Yep, Coach Deering will have to employ all his old-time coaching sagacity to keep the C. C. N. Y. S. A. T. C. quintet on top. And we can leave it to Joe—he will, we think.

Just for fun, Krinsky, a probable post forward, Mac Slavin, last year varsity sub, and some more went off to Camp Lee. A few more, Stuts, Projan, and others are to have left by this week for Camp Zachary Taylor.

Putting quite a dent in our basketball front. Just for fun. And we can expect more.

Mr. Williamson, sport director, is having a little fun of his own, trying to clinch dates for interpost contests. From almost all quarters comes the bromidic response: "Conditions unsettled. Will take up matter when circumstances warrant."

The trouble is the S. A. T. C. doesn't know where it is. We'll know soon though, we cogitate.

Meanwhile our athletic chief is busy juggling imaginary dates.

MURRAY.

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