

## Company C Mascot is Unique Addition to S. A. T. C. Family

"Good morning, Mr. Zip, Zip, Zip. With your hair cut just as short as Mine!"

Mr. "Zip" may be found in the S. A. T. C. barracks at all hours of the day. Contrary to most important army personages, he is very easily interviewed. The party in question, is not a sergeant major, a lieutenant or an adjutant, but, quite to the contrary, is nought but a very handsome and well behaved member of the Canine species—a large, husky bulldog, the official mascot of "C" Company, S. A. T. C., Section "A."

By virtue of the genuine pep displayed by this distinguished mascot, he has been christened "Zip." He is a "regular gentleman," too, or at least that is the concensus of opinion among the Company C boys.

Ordinarily, Zip is an amiable gentleman, but like most bulldogs is very easily aroused at the slightest provocation. Trouble is brewing at the present time between the Company B mascot and this brave and war-like gladiator. Incidentally, members of Company C are contemplating issuing a challenge for a battle to be staged with the Company B mascot in the near future.

Zip is also a favorite at the mess hall, and after each mess formation, is fed by the corps of cooks at the Temple.

So proud are the owners of this mascot, that a collection has been taken for the purpose of purchasing a collar with the company designation upon it.

## FORREST ESTES, EX-20 WRITES ON ARMY LIFE

(Continued from page 1)

rain outside. The rain, I didn't notice, because this so-called dry state of Colorado, where it is supposed to be a veritable desert, has just such things from every afternoon to once in three or four days. Speaking of rain—for the first month that I was here, last summer, we missed about two days without our sundown-shower that interfered with the evening baseball game over east of the Y hut.

It's a pretty nice place out here at Fort Logan, particularly because Denver is not very far away, unless one tries to walk it, and the authorities have been pretty good about giving us passes. It seems as though the Denver folks cannot do enough for us, the way they are always hunting up something new and exciting. Since I came here, early in July, there have been several times, when three or four hundred automobiles would come out and load up with fellows and then go for a big hike over into the mountains and have an all-day picnic. Those events occur on Sundays, and it beats laying around the fort about forty miles. One Sunday when there was a trip of that sort, my folks were out here, and we had gone over to Golden and up Lookout Mountain. There was quite a stream of cars that passed us, coming in, and apparently the men from the fort had been taken clear over the mountain park road, and were being brought in by way of Denver.

I have been quite fortunate, myself in meeting some nice Denver people, too. The war camp community service in Denver has organized what is called the "Soldiers' and Sailors' Club," and we can go there and always find friends. For quite a while the rooms have been located over on Curtis street, and every Saturday night a dance is given, at which different organizations in Denver take turns in showing us a good time. Just this last week the club changed its quarters to the rooms of the Denver Woman's club. I haven't had opportunity to go there yet, and I'm afraid none of us will, for a while. Just tonight an order was issued, that has quarantined the post, and we can't go away—well, I don't know how long it will be, but it seems quite certain that the order will hold good until the danger of Spanish influenza has become at least materially less; it came after a number of cases had broken out down in Denver, and while it isn't particularly popular, it is understood and every body seems to be taking it in the right spirit. Well, we'll save

part of our pay now—for the great day when quarantine is lifted.

Today the Liberty Loan was presented to the men, and it seems to be quite a popular thing. I don't know how much was subscribed, but quite a percentage of the fellows took out bonds here, and some more I know personally are going to take them out, through their home banks.

This is surely a fine place, Leonard, for a vacation, but it's no place to go to war. I think the hardest luck that can be wished onto a fellow, is to put him on here, permanent, for that means that France is about 15,000 miles away, and he's got to walk it, if he's going to get there. This idea of limited service men is certainly great—for now things look more hopeful than they did.

It's getting rater late and I'll have to be hitting for my downy cot—but I surely was glad to see all you fellows the other day—and here's hoping it won't be too long before I can get

back on the job at N. U. again. They've changed my address since I saw you. I'm in the medical department now. Sincerely,  
FORREST.

Forrest Estes,  
Medical Department,  
Fort Logan, Colorado.

## NEBRASKA WILL HAVE WHEAT FOR SOLDIERS

Lincoln, Neb., Oct. 22.—Never did western Nebraska wheat look better for this time of the year, according to R. E. Holladn, state county agent leader, who has just returned from a tour of Keith, Deuel, Cheyenne and Kimball counties. This section has had plenty of moisture to give the wheat an excellent start and probably enough to put it through the winter in good shape. With a reasonable amount of rain next spring another large crop will be assured western Nebraska.

## A Military Laboratory is Open To Search for a New Formula

Among all the laboratories of the University of Nebraska that are locked against the storm of the influenza, one is still open—the greatest "lab" of them all. It is the laboratory for studying military science. It is open from the first moment the morning bugle breaks on the dawn until the last note of "taps" dies out in the quiet night.

Many are the students in this great experiment station, each one seeking the formula that will prepare him for France with the quickest amount of speed. While they work at this most complexing problem of trying to gather together the necessary material with which to make out of themselves officers of the American army, they are at the same time unconsciously displaying human characteristics, human nature, Americanism.

A visitor in this huge laboratory would notice first of all a sportsman-like spirit among the experimentors. When one man has no towel, his comrade shares one with him; when straw for bed-ticks runs low each man goes fifty-fifty; in fact the motto of "do to the other fellow as you would be done by" is getting to be the spirit

of the camp. A stranger in this military school would also notice thoroughness, the essence of success in any laboratory. When a job is assigned to a private he does not rush through it in any fashion just to get it done; he sees it through to the end, executing every detail of his task. Mixed with it all is humor of the ripest kind. Always some one is seeing the funny side of the experiment and expressing it to some willing listener. But keen, fair competition is the thing that most impresses itself on the observer. When army and navy men are both put in the same laboratory, each one in view of the other, both full of pride of his own branch, there could not help but prevail a strong tendency to beat the other. But it is the best kind of competition—minus malice.

Every specialist that has lectured to the students in this interesting laboratory, helping them all to find the longed-for formula that makes a man a better man, an officer, holds out the hope that every man who really works on this great military experiment, will have a chance to put the result of his work—which is himself—into actual use over on the fields of France or in the streets of Berlin. When the formula is found, and when it completes its work, the old world which is only a big laboratory full of co-workers after all, will be a better, a safer, a more happy place to live in.

## REV. N. R. MILES WRITES OF VISIT WITH J. F. LANGER

The indomitable spirit of American soldiers who have been wounded on the battle fields of France is further emphasized by the following letter from Rev. N. R. Miles, '00, to the alumni headquarters. Reverend Miles recently visited Captain Jerome F. Langer, '01, a prominent graduate of the engineering college in a London hospital. Captain Langer, covered with seventeen wounds of a serious nature and suffering from shell shock, was anxious to return to active service at the front. The letter follows:  
Ramsey Hauts, England,  
September 28, 1918.

To the Editor of the University Journal.—Dear Sir:

As an item of interest the following may be worth while. Rev. N. R. Miles recently visited Captain Jerome Langer and found him in a hospital in London where he had been ten weeks recovering from the effects of wounds and shell shock received in the first battles of the July drive. The shell burst and gave him seventeen wounds, one causing a slight fracture of the skull that has partially affected his hearing and one has injured his knee-joint so that his leg is temporarily stiff. He is anxious to get back to the front again but perhaps he will not be given permission. At his bedside was a beautiful bouquet of roses, the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reed, and on being carried from the boat his stretcher, with others was strewn with roses.

REV. N. R. MILES.

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