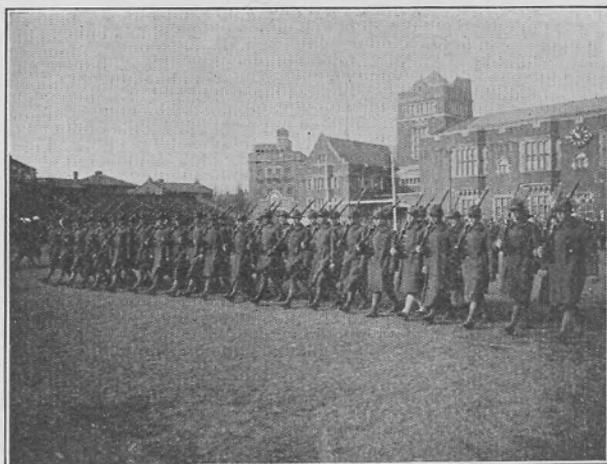


NAVAL UNIT IN FINAL REVIEW ON FRANKLIN FIELD, DECEMBER 9

Passing of S. A. T. C. and Naval Unit

BY BEULAH B. AMRAM.

THE Spirit of the fateful Dawn of November 11th worked many a transformation in the city. She came up out of the river in a rose and orange light. She left two brilliant stars, Sirius and the Morning Star, to point the corners of the State House tower where a fervid crowd was hushed to reverent silence as the bell at the moment of six tolled with its own impressive and characteristic booming reverberations that "hostilities had ceased." She moved a rough man with



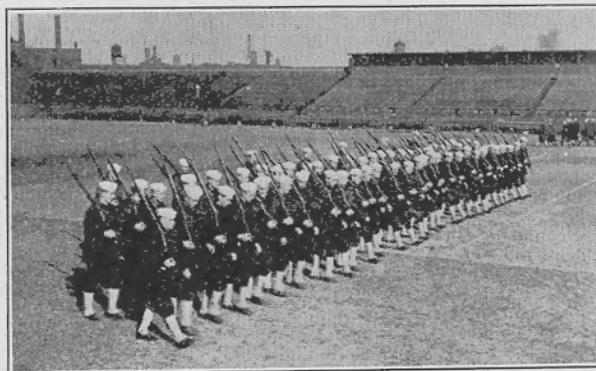
A WELL-DRILLED COMPANY ON PARADE AT FRANKLIN FIELD

a laborer's lunch kettle to take off his hat and say aloud, "Proclaim Liberty throughout the world." She passed on, gathering power as she went, throwing together crowds of shouting people around the Liberty Statue where every moment a new leader arose to lead the singing, not leaders of finance and of society who were wont to sit in state beneath the uplifted arm soliciting subscriptions for Liberty Bonds, but finishers from Kirschbaum's and rivetters from Cramps'. I think that Liberty herself must by the end of the day have known all the words of the Star-Spangled Banner—she heard them so often.

That part of the program well started, the Spirit of The Day—how different a Day from that toasted so frequently in imperial German cabins!—passed on putting strange desires in sober hearts and minds, making everybody want to wave things, to throw things, to parade, to get into line somewhere, anywhere, to march behind a band, to be among people, crowds of them, mobs of them, the more the merrier. She passed out Chestnut Street, pausing a moment at the bridge to cast a misty glance down at the tracks where the troop trains used to pass with their poignant burdens—over the river to the College where with one sweep of the hand she worked her greatest transformation. With one sweep of the hand she brushed away the solemn aura that had hung over the long lines of uniforms, khaki, blue and white, all white. For deny it as one may, who could see great groups of boys drilling, drilling all day long in the Big Quad, in the Triangle, in Franklin Field, on Pine Street, on Thirty-sixth Street, under

the clear skies of October, days before there was ever thought or hope that the war could possibly be over this year, drilling earnestly, conscientiously, trying desperately to guide rebellious and disobedient feet to walk exactly as they should and to train unused fingers to fall at exactly the right angle on undisciplined hips, who could see them without a clutch at the throat? These pale or ruddy, short or tall, lank or sturdy, loose-hung or vigorous boys' bodies were to be the bulwark of that Democracy we heard so much, alas so often unworthily prated of. Perhaps that little fat corporal would be the boy who would stay incredible hours at his gun-firing unbelievable numbers of rounds of ammunition. Perhaps that insignificant-looking foreigner would be the one who would carry indispensable information to an exposed outpost and die in the doing. How many of them would escape? How much would they have to suffer? What heroes, even martyrs there might be in those groups of khaki and of blue! But the Spirit of the Dawn of November 11th to the accompaniment of sirens and bells and steam whistles whisked away all that tense emotion of potential heroism. She took away the soldier and left the boy. Faculties and Commandant had struggled, who shall say how successfully, to make soldiers out of students and students out of soldiers.

After November 11th you could actually hear the "morale" dropping. It took many a bawling out and threat of condign punishment to keep it from dropping too far. Yet, now that the real incentive, the hope of active service is gone, it is remarkable to note how well discipline has been maintained now that they are only going through the motions. The guard still walks in solemn warning from the Memorial Tower to Hamilton Walk. Another still marches from the Big Quad



COMPANY OF NAVAL UNIT PASSING REVIEWING STAND

into the Triangle. A third still crosses the Big Quad diagonally, guarding the dormitories against marauders, protecting the frog-pond, presenting bayonets to the breasts of presumptuous deans and professors who would profane the precincts sacred to Major Griffith. Another, still lonelier, paces Woodland Avenue. But their bayonets look rakish, their noses are cold and they turn up the collars of their overcoats. On the side streets, where there are no cars, peaceful residents are



PROVOST SMITH, VICE PROVOST PENNIMAN, CAPT. BISPHAM AND NAVAL OFFICERS

still occasionally startled by piercing shouts, "Hun, hoo, hee, huh, Haarch." Who shall transliterate these explosive orders? On the same principle that made the makers of the City Hall clock omit letters or figures, leaving only blocks to show the hours, knowing that nobody could see them from the height of the tower, the sergeants, seeing themselves on vast parade grounds, controlling miles of men, are content with the vowels, though their unintelligible commands be given to but a handful of boys in a quiet Quad or a silent byway of dead West Philadelphia.

WAITING FOR RELEASE.

Although the boys still go through the motions, it is evident that their hearts and their heads are no longer in the work. They march off to their class rooms until they stand opposite to their building, still obedient to the words of command like hunting dogs held to the leash, waiting for the moment of release. They stand at attention before Logan Hall, turn a well-executed Squads right, then they surge up the steps and through the doorways. Woe to the rash professor that mixes himself up quite innocently in those whirling rapids. He picks up his hat, a little startled, less perhaps at his unexpected buffeting than at the sight of this extraordinary love for learning, this hungering and thirsting for knowledge, this frantic desire to sit at the feet of scholarship, to absorb the wisdom of the ancients. Can the war do this for the students? Can it actually make them eager for work? On sober second thought, he concludes that it is none of these things, but that as a relief from drilling and drill masters anything is good for a change, even classes and professors. He cannot know, unless geography or psychology or French be his subject, how sweet it is to sleep in a warm room, after a full lunch and four hours of drill in a low temperature. Behind the rather careworn professorial forehead stir memories

a little hazy now of corner rushes. "'87 in the corner" would ring the sharp command at recess from lips that now speak from a trustee's chair, and then '86 or '88 would concentrate its highest and its holiest effort to work '87 out of the corner of the Assembly Room in the basement of College Hall. Many a hat and shirt would be sacrificed on the altar of Class Rivalries, but thirty years could not quite dull the memory of the thrill when '87 HELD.

Very soon the last vestige of solemnity will be stripped with their uniforms from these crowds of college boys. For a little while the Naval Unit in blue and white will double-time up Thirty-sixth Street or stand picturesquely against the yellowing grass of the Quad, wigwagging mysterious and important signals with red and yellow or blue and white flags or keeping time to the rhythm of the drum-beat furnished by the lonely exile far off by the steps to the terrace. For a little while platoons in khaki will march up Hamilton Walk with their unsoldierly and incongruous handfuls of books, turn to face Zoological Hall wondering perhaps, as does the spectator, just why. For a little while, they will be called in formation before the barracks, and ordered to the orderly room, there to sign the pay-roll again, verify the spelling of yesterday's signature, sign the allotment, verify the insurance, correct the punctuation, sign discharge papers. "John Brown's body" knows a new version, commemorating their tribulations.

All we do is sign the pay-roll,

All we do is sign the pay-roll,

All we do is sign the pay-roll,

But we never get a dog-gone cent.

For a little while the bugles will play imperiously for waking, joyfully for mess, softer and sweeter for Taps. For a little while correct young lieutenants will pass carrying important-looking papers, ceremoniously receiving and returning

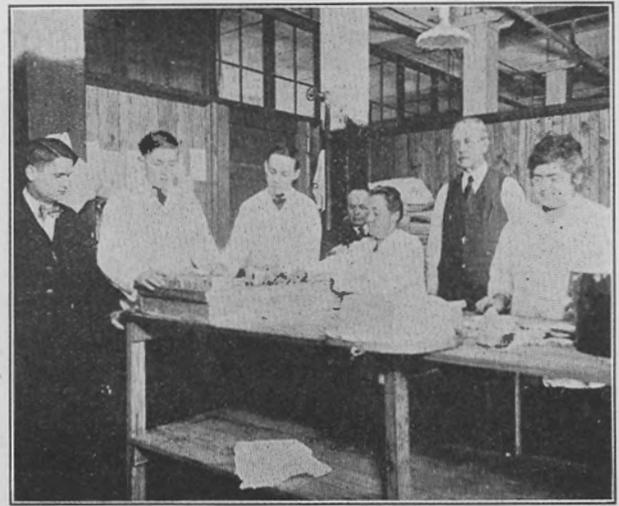


A TYPICAL ROOM IN S. A. T. C. BARRACKS

salutes, glad to forget the first days of their novitiate when, I imagine, it was not pride but fear that made them so desperately straight, so appallingly spruce. Not pride alone in their new-found dignity acquired so recently and so often unexpectedly at Plattsburg, but fear lest the honor of the Army be stained if they fail in some minor point of etiquette. What should happen to the Bulwark of Democracy if a Second Lieutenant should give a smile with his salute to a private instead of reserving that privilege for a fellow officer? How should the flag be cleansed if he should salute by a fraction of a second too soon the corporal who passes him in front of the Library? The Officer's Manual lay in his study conned more rigorously than the Testament that lay beside it, helping him when other helpers failed, to heal the ravages of despair in his very young heart the morning, for example, that he reversed his orders and saw the whole squad marching inexorably toward the grandstand in Franklin Field while in his panic he quite forgot how to turn them around again. But the New Year will see the end of it all. Through both entrances



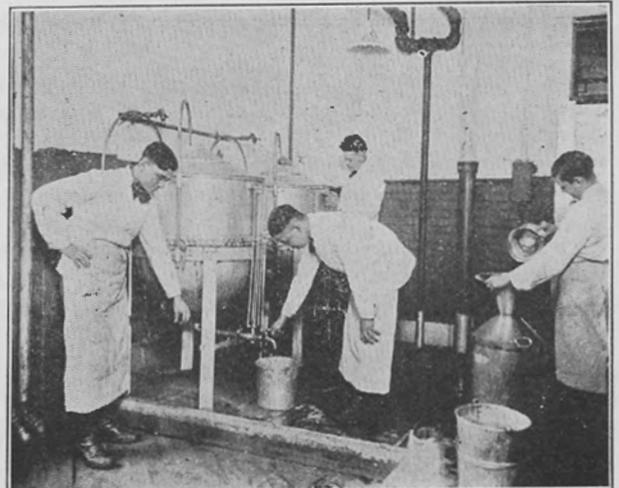
AT DINNER IN THE MESS HALL



WHERE THE SANDWICHES ARE MADE

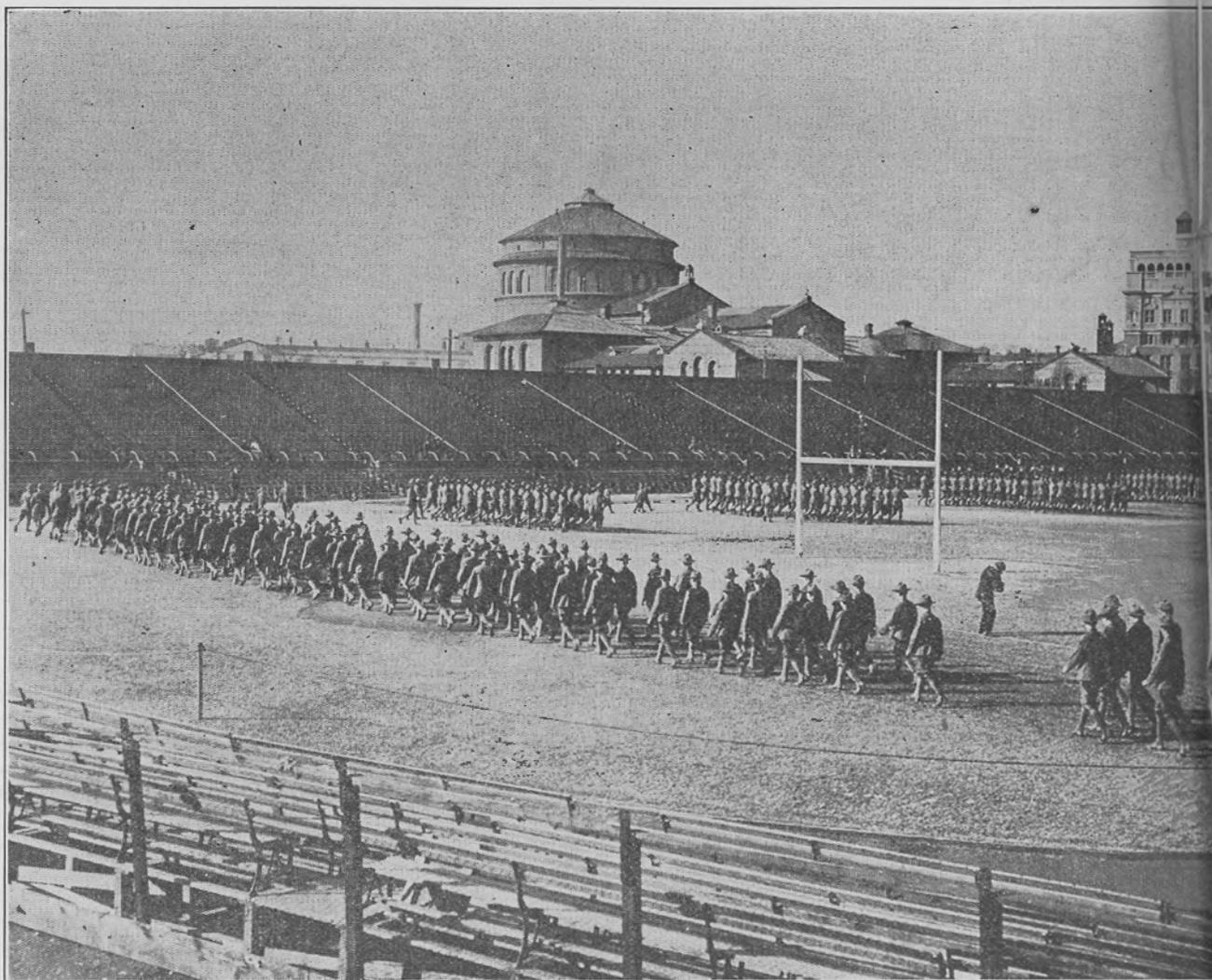
to Franklin Field, the squads are marching in and out all day long. Inside the gates, after the drill, they break ranks, lay their rifles on the track, their coats on the rail of the grandstand and in a ring, play a soldier's version of Drop the Handkerchief. A man drops out of the ring pursued by another. Around and around they go outside the ring, the pursuer trying to whip the flying figure with his canvas belt, the pursued trying to reach his place in the ring again before his legs or shoulders suffer. Shouts of laughter come across the vast field under the sky banked with great cloud-masses. Beyond the tiers of seats the tall trees bare of foliage, the slender stacks pouring out dun-colored smoke into the frosty air look as if, like the small boys at the gate, they are peering over to see and enjoy the fun.

It would be well, when it is all over, if something of the good of it could be retained for the Student Body. Better set-up, more alert mentally, quicker to obey, to translate thought into action, more earnest, more disciplined they certainly are, as a result of the vigorous exercise, the wholesome food, the



THE MILK TANKS

Panoramic View of Student's Army Training



regular life, the early hours, the rigid authority. And the uniformity of dress has certainly added a new note of picturesque unity and dignity. How to secure these benefits while avoiding the danger of building up a military machine which, like all others, will cry out to be used when it is perfected, is a serious problem. Perhaps compulsory athletics giving all the boys in College the opportunity to play in Franklin Field, irrespective of their athletic prowess, may help to solve the problem. Why should not the whole intercollegiate system of athletics, which depends too much on the ability of the picked few, yield to an impersonal system designed like the military system to promote the efficiency of all and improve and raise the standard of the entire student body?

"We're not much more than boy scouts," says the student on the platform of the trolley car. The tall professor, evidently from the biological school, jeers pleasantly at the insignia on the boy's collar. "S. A. T. C.—Safe At The College," and the conductor shouts his approval of the joke, if not of the

sentiment. The car creeps down Woodland Avenue behind a bobbing, moving mass of khaki, a little faint in the dusk. The boys are marching four abreast to mess, whistling, singing softly.

K-K-K-K. P.

K-K-K-K. P.

That's the only j-j-j-job that I adore.

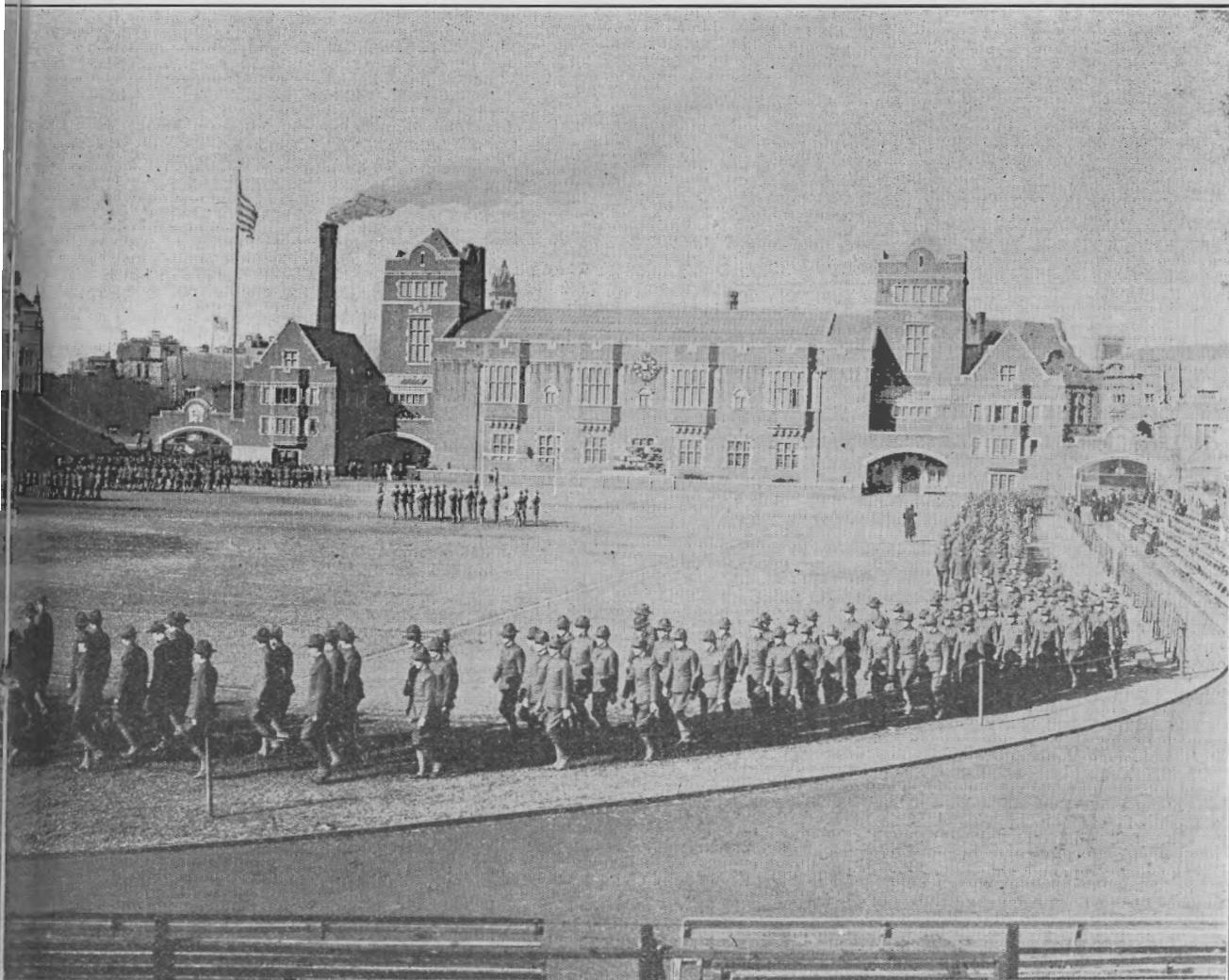
When you come marching

Into the mess-hall,

I'll be mopping up the k-k-k-kitchen floor.

They fill the car tracks. "Watch me clear 'em out," the motorman says. The military atmosphere has gotten into his heel. He clangs the bell to the rhythm of a drum-beat. One, Two—One, Two, Three. One, Two—One, Two, Three. It begins to penetrate the last rows of the marchers. They turn. The light from the car falls on their smiling faces. They appreciate a good joke like that. The line begins to curve in a flattened S out of the car tracks. The jolly motorman turns

Corps in Final Review on Franklin Field

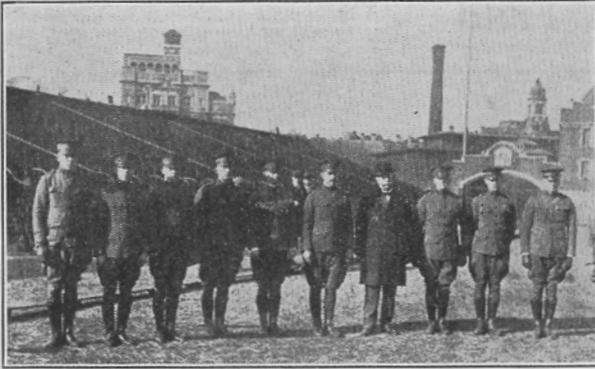


the crank and opens the door, not to spit skilfully as is the custom of the motormen, but to raise his hand in a humorous, awkward salute. "How do I do it, boys?" he shouts, as the car passes the lines.

"I'm glad they don't have to go," says the fat woman next to me. "I come through here every night and they're always like that, going down to their supper. Always singing and whistling." She wore a service pin with two stars. She opened her bag. "I got this letter this morning. This was written on the 13th, after the armistice, but I haven't heard from my other boy for eight weeks." She looked back where the boys' faces showed a little dimly. "I'm glad they don't have to go."

There is a slip of a moon in a sky where the sunset glow still lingers. The lights of the city are brilliant. The crowded trolleys and motors rush by at 33d Street. The street and pavement are filled with uniforms. They halt, left face, execute left by twos, left by file and so into the mess-hall where

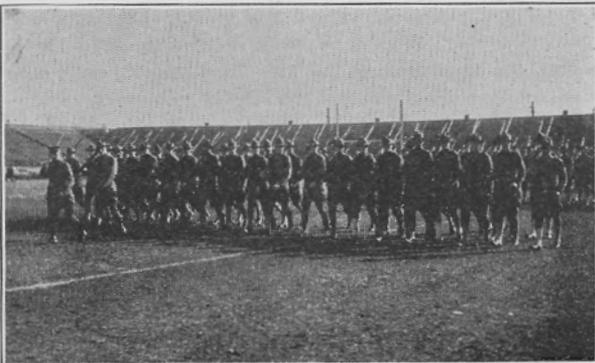
they surge up the stairs, no less eager for grub than for learning. In single file they give their trays to be loaded with slabs of meat and vegetables, bread and butter, then eight at each side of the long tables, they await the command of the mess-sergeant to be seated and fall to. And they do both with no waste of time or ceremony. Outside on the stairs, men file up to the other four floors. "Heads in. Here comes a tray," shouts a voice down the well of the staircase. But the heads will not in and the tray clatters down four flights of stairs. In a half-hour another lot will stream in. "A half-hour's plenty for what they give ye. It's good enough what there is, but there ain't enough of it. And it's hard cribbin' seconds." And the cafeteria waits patiently below to fill in the still empty spaces with chocolate eclaires and doughnuts and cinnamon bun and ice cream. And then they file out again, the Already-Fed yielding place to the Waiting-to-be-Fed. After all, that is the natural way to divide boys, a way that commends itself to the long line of hash houses on Woodland Avenue. They



PROVOST SMITH, MAJOR GRIFFITH AND GROUP OF S. A. T. C. OFFICERS

will not be sorry when the Croft & Allen Mess Hall goes the way of all demobilization and The White House and the Dutch Kitchen, Tomlinson's and the Victoria, unless the long-cherished dream of a Commons materializes, will welcome the boys back with open arms and cook their most indigestible in honor of the passing of the S. A. T. C.

There are many signs of the impending change. Color and variety are appearing. Individuality is beginning to claim its rewards. Today, I saw khaki overcoats over blue serge trousers. A boy in khaki breeches and a red sweater with a large white S throws a football and calls to "Schwartz" to "Come on out." And the Freshman signs have appeared. Civilian Freshmen must do this and not that, must go here and not there, must wear this and not that—spats for example. And they must be Freshmen. True enough, Freshmen not only must, they will be Freshmen! It is one of the best of reasons why a very tired world takes a fresh breath and decides with a smile that it is really worth while to go on, that a world of boys is a good enough place to live in! Only the Freshmen may bewail the fact that the protecting arm of the S. A. T. C. is being withdrawn. Military authority has sternly frowned on distinctions ancient as the sun. But the eyes of the Sophs are gleaming under the service hats. One budding mustache, I am told on unimpeachable authority, has already died the death. Pennsylvania will soon again be a College world, a world no longer Safe for Freshmen.



S. A. T. C. COMPANY PASSING REVIEWING STAND

DEAN QUINN'S WAR VERSES

FEW writers of verse devoted to the Great War have portrayed the spirit of America's contribution better than Arthur Hobson Quinn, '94, Dean of The College. Two of his contributions "Once More Pennsylvania" and "The Fields of Flanders, August, 1914," both published originally in the *The Public Ledger*, have attracted wide attention. Because this State and the men from this University fought so heroically at Chateau-Thierry the former is singularly appropriate. Both are reproduced here.

ONCE MORE PENNSYLVANIA

This is the word that came from France—
Right in the line of the Huns' advance
They placed the men from the Keystone State
To guard the keystone of our fate.
Faster and faster the gray ranks came,
Led and followed by gas and flame
To break their way to the coast at last,
But the Guard held fast!
Then as the withering tempest broke,
The great Field Marshal launched his stroke
And right at the front he placed again,
The National Guard of the State of Penn!
Clerk and lawyer, a year before,
But they broke the best of the Prussian Corps!
In front was death—there was Freedom too—
But the Guard went through!

THE FIELDS OF FLANDERS

AUGUST, 1914

Over the fields of Flanders
The mailed fist laid its wrath
To blight with utter ruin
The people in its path.
One knock upon the portal—
"A highway or ye die!"
And all the world, but Austria,
Thrilled with the proud reply.
Across the fields of Flanders
But one broad highway runs.
And he who treads it tramples first
The life blood of her sons!
From God who made the nations,
We hold our native land,
Since Caesar's swords fell blunted
Before our fathers' stand!"
Then rose that little nation,
And stayed the foe's advance—
Safe were the shores of England,
And saved, the life of France!
But on the fields of Flanders,
The withering tempest fell,
The mercy of the Teuton,
That rises straight from Hell!
What need of legal parley,
Of shifting fault or blame?
The deed they did is nameless,
Save by its own foul name!
And till the race that wrought it
Pays to the last degree,
And till the race that suffered
Stands forth, forever free.
God keep us from forgetting
That fateful August day,
When Belgium's soul arose in flame
To show the world the way!
ARTHUR HOBSON QUINN.

'06 "AXLE GREASERS" TO DINE

Secretary Frank H. Rogers announces that there will be a reunion dinner of the engineers (mechanical, electrical and chemical) of the class of 1906 at the Engineers' Club on Saturday, December 28th. This organization has been known since college days as the "Axle Greasers" and the meeting on the 28th will be the fifteenth annual dinner. These dinners were started in 1904, sophomore year in college, and have continued regularly near Christmas time each year. They usually have from twenty to twenty-five men present each year.