

1918

College of Pharmacy Yearbook, 1918

University of Nebraska College of Pharmacy

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*The
Year Book
of the
College of
Pharmacy*

1918

College of Pharmacy

The Year Book
—of the—
College of Pharmacy
—of the—
University of Nebraska

Published by
The Students of the College of Pharmacy
—of the—
University of Nebraska
1918

College of Pharmacy

College of Pharmacy

Greetings

To the Students and Friends of the College of Pharmacy:

Our hopes and aims for our Annual are various. May it prove to those who are interested in our welfare that the students of the College of Pharmacy have tried, in spite of the present circumstances, to maintain their old customs and their old standards. May it serve the student as a link in the chain of happenings of his college life, and, in after years, in recalling happy memories. May it bring our soldier boys at least a few moments of pleasure in glancing over the old, familiar scenes and faces, and coming in touch with the school life of the year,—laboratory work, gardening, picnics, and all. We thank you for your hearty co-operation.

The Staff.

College of Pharmacy

Roll of Honor

Wendell Brookley

Clyde Foster

Glen Harlan

Herman Jensen

Wilmer Johnson

Arthur Prawitz

Ernest Rinker

Everett James

Rex Bixby

Richard Grant

John Harmon

Victor Hicks

Herbert Harding

Merle Huntington

George Boostrom

Robert Chittick

Roy Larson

Howard Parker

Thomas Trautt

Harry Spooner

Richard Brown

Paul Rogers

Edwin Finch

Wesley Becker

Victor Johnson

Frank Throdkill

Walter Stone

Fred Creutz

Charles Lesh

Edward Simanek

Jesse Brown

Wesley Colson

Byron Thomas

Harry McMurray

Elmer Johnson

Glen Hoag

Lester Robinson

William Teeter

College of Pharmacy

To our soldier boys of the University of Nebraska College of Pharmacy, who are so generously relinquishing school and business to serve their country, we affectionately dedicate this book.

College of Pharmacy



College of Pharmacy

A Message From the Dean

To the Students of the College of Pharmacy:

The world is at war. It is the duty of every American citizen, man or woman, to direct every drop of energy toward making the world safe for democracy. The University of Nebraska is doing its part, and every college is making its sacrifice of men. No college in the University has given more freely of her men than has the College of Pharmacy. When the first call came, men from all classes began to enlist, and when the draft came scarcely a man of draft age was to be found in school. They were all with the colors, and the College of Pharmacy is represented in almost every branch of the service, from Hospital units to Aviation, and in all positions they are making good. This is evidenced by the fact that recently, when it was decided to increase the number of enlisted men in Base Hospital 49, it was suggested that as many pharmacists be obtained as possible.

The work of the pharmacist requires exactness which is demanded of few other professional men. His whole school training is directed with this in mind, and undoubtedly this characteristic is what has made the pharmacist so much in demand in the laboratories of all branches of the service. With the minimal amount of special training, he can be most easily and quickly prepared for the various types of laboratory work which the service requires.

The war is also calling attention to the importance the pharmacist has in civil life. Many localities are now without the service of trained men. Salaries have been advanced from 50% to 100%, and men are not obtainable at such salaries. But the war is teaching us even a greater lesson. Today there is the greatest need for men and women who are specially trained in the microscopical and chemical methods necessary to determine adulteration in drugs. Vast quantities of crude drugs are now being placed upon the market for use in civil life, industrial and military activities, and we do not have a sufficient number of trained men for this work of standardization. The production of drug plants is in its infancy and the production of synthetic drugs for medicinal purposes offers a field with unlimited possibilities. Today there are positions, carrying salaries of \$10,000 a year, open to men who know the drug markets of the world, and high salaried men are needed by all pharmaceutical manufacturing interests. Such positions, of course, can be filled only by men who have been adequately trained. It is plain that unusual opportunities are open to those who are willing to take the time for preparation. The future of pharmacy is in the hands of those who will so act, and my appeal to the College men of Nebraska is that they will, on every occasion, insist upon better training, both academic and technical, for those who intend to take up pharmacy as a profession.

RUFUS A. LYMAN.

College of Pharmacy

The Staff



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Staff Photographer



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JESSE BROWN
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College of Pharmacy



Chem. Hall.



Med. Hall.



Bessy-Hall.

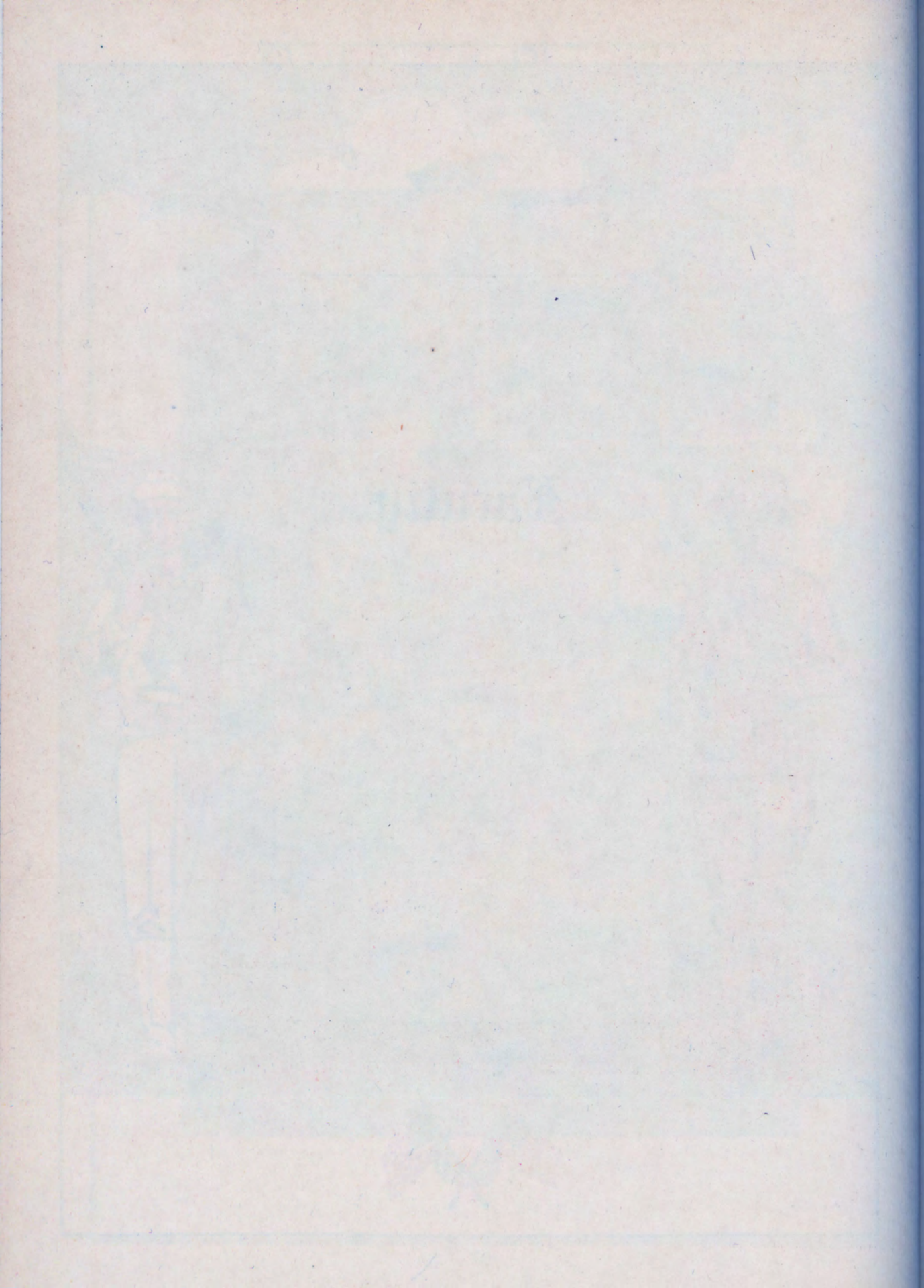


New-Chem. Hall.



Faculty





College of Pharmacy

Our Faculty

Their efforts in our behalf have been untiring; their friendship a constant inspiration.

College of Pharmacy



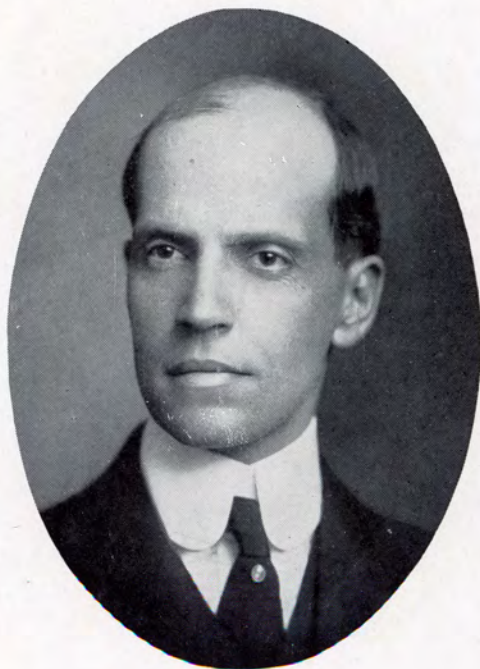
HARRY L. THOMPSON
Pharmacy



ELSIE B. DAY
Pharmacognosy



N. P. HANSEN
Commercial Pharmacy



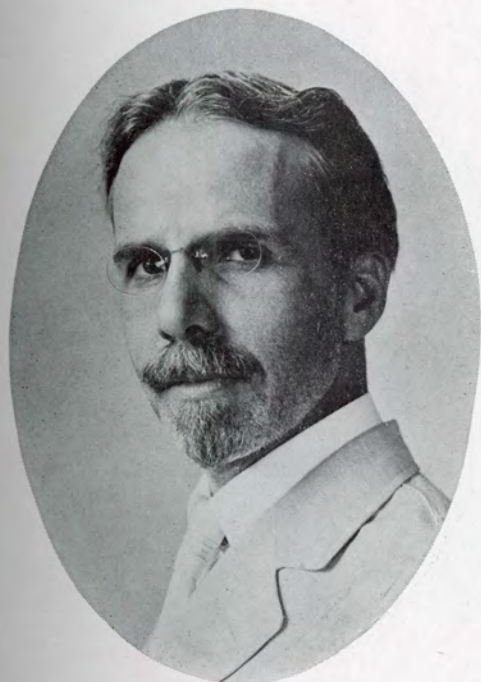
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College of Pharmacy



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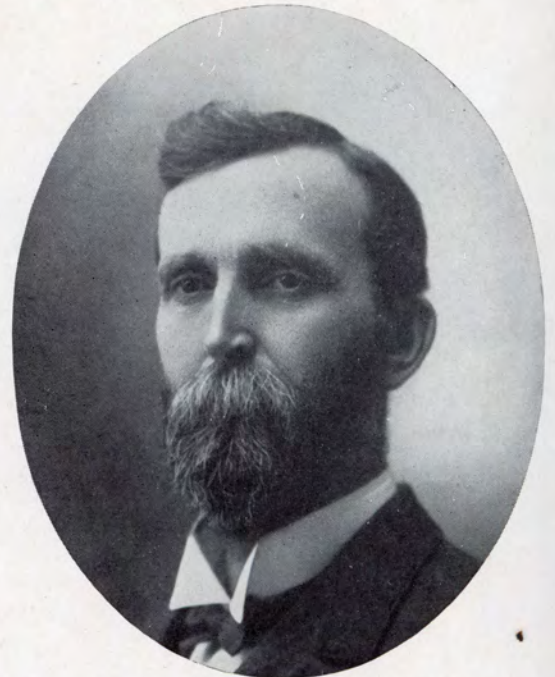


DR. R. J. POOL
Botany

College of Pharmacy



MARGARET L. HANNAH
Botany



CHANCELLOR W. G. HASTINGS
Pharmaceutical Jurisprudence



DR. H. H. WAITE
Bacteriology

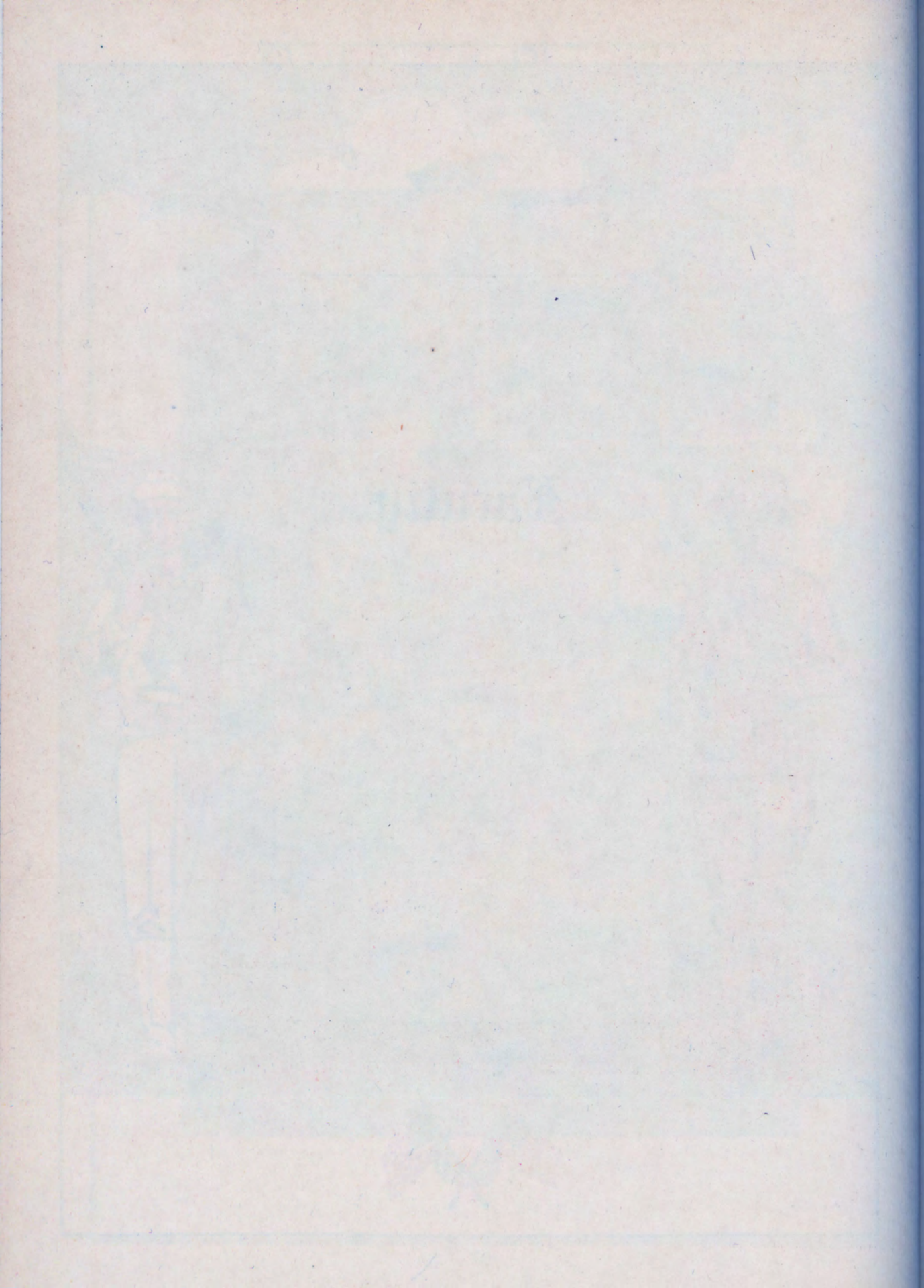


DR. J. E. LEROSSIGNOL
Economics



Student





College of Pharmacy

As the varied blendings of sound express the infinite possibilities of musical harmony, so one's friends play their parts in the divine drama of life and make up the music of one's life.

College of Pharmacy



Top Row—Herrmann Carlson Teeter Lewton Fisher
 Second Row—Oakley Brazda Thomas Tate Williams Colson Browne
 Third Row—Simanek Taylor Schafer Russell Anderson Starr Hallwell
 Thompson
 Bottom Row—Conrad Hansen Dr. Lyman Day Thompson Keith Marquis

Pharmaceutical Society

Officers

First Semester		Second Semester
ARTHUR PRAWITZ	President.....	ROBERT HALLIWELL
BYRON THOMAS.....	Vice-President.....	WEBB RUSSELL
LUCILE KEITH.....	Secretary.....	ELLA HANSEN
C. ROBT. CARLSON.....	Treasurer.....	C. ROBT. CARLSON

The Pharmaceutical Society

The Pharmaceutical Society of the University of Nebraska was organized for the purpose of bringing the Pharmacy students in closer contact with one another, and also in contact with many prominent men in the fields of Pharmacy. All Pharmacy students are members of this society.

At the regular meetings, programs are given consisting of papers, talks and discussions of current Pharmaceutical problems and events. It is through this society that all the business concerning the Pharmacy students as a whole, is carried on. Our two biggest affairs of the year are the Pharmacy Yearbook and Pharmacy Week. We are the only College who print a year book, and although not very large, the work in the book is unexcelled, and it shows an original and distinctive tone. Pharmacy week is always held the first week in May and is the biggest event of the year. At that time we have a wonderful opportunity of hearing men of national repute lecture on various subjects in the fields of Pharmacy.

We, as all other societies, have done our bit toward helping Uncle Sam and the boys "over there." We pride ourselves in being the first of many similar organizations of the University of Nebraska to purchase a Liberty Bond. Many of our alumni, as well as those in school this year, have gone, both in army and navy, to help Uncle Sam raise the stars and stripes in Berlin. Our beautiful service flag with 38 stars is very well represented.

May we only hope that the loyalty displayed by these boys in their College life, may aid them in the greatest battle of the life—upholding President Wilson's policy of freedom and liberty for the world.

LUCILE KEITH.

College of Pharmacy



Carlson Teeter Thomas
Colson Mason Schafer Marquis Thompson
Tate Borrowman Lyman Thompson Lewton



Phi Delta Chi

SENIORS

Jesse Browne
Robert Carlson

Arden Fisher
James Marquis

SOPHOMORES

Raymond Brown
Arthur Prawitz

Guy Tate
William Teeter

FRESHMEN

Wesley Colson
Ray Lewton
Ralph Mason
Reed Oakley

Millard Schafer
Byron Thomas
George Thompson
Bernard Neville

Phi Delta Chi

Phi Delta Chi is the oldest professional pharmaceutical fraternity in the United States. It was founded at Ann Arbor, Michigan, in 1883, by a group of students under the leadership of the late Dean Prescott, then Dean of the College of Pharmacy of the University of Michigan. From a local organization it has grown to a national fraternity with chapters in nearly every large University in United States.

Originally, the founders planned to make it a means of promoting scholarship and coming into closer fellowship with each other. Now however, its influence is also felt outside the school and everywhere its alumnae are striving to advance and better the profession of pharmacy.

The local chapter, Pi, received its charter March 22, 1912. Each succeeding year has found it continually growing until after six years, it has alumnae in all parts of the state, who are continually working for the good of their Alma Mater.

Today the local chapter has twenty-one men in the Service of Uncle Sam. This leaves the membership somewhat depleted, but those who have to remain behind will keep the "Home Fires Burning" until those who have gone return as Alumnae, or to finish their school work.

JAMES MARQUIS.

College of Pharmacy



"HATTIE"

HARRIET ANDERSON, Genoa, Nebr.

Pharmaceutical Society, Editor Pharmacy Annual
President Assistants' Club, University Party Committee

*Hattie is a girl, and we all like her
She is a splendid scholar.
But still she might be happier,
If she were only taller.*

"TED"

EDWARD BOGUE, North Platte, Nebr.

Phi Gamma Delta, Pharmaceutical Society, Associate
Editor Pharmacy Annual, Freshman Football, Iron Sphinx

*If there's any mischief under way,
Look for Bogue.
If there are any pranks to play,
Look for Bogue.
If you're feeling tired and weary,
And you're life seems sad and dreary
There's a greeting bright and cheery
That's Bogue.*



"BRAZ"

DANIEL S. BRAZDA, Dodge, Nebr.

Premedic Society, Komensky Club, Ademerys,
Pharmaceutical Society, Assistants' Club

*Steve assists in Anatomy lab.,
His work may seem rather dead,
It's a mystery how he keeps tab
Of the peppy, capricious, Phys. Ed.*

"JESSE P."

JESSE P. BROWN, Lincoln, Nebr.

Phi Delta Chi, Pharmaceutical Society

*Creams, lotions and soaps
He makes here no more;
He now mixes dopes
For the Hospital Corps.*



College of Pharmacy



"BUB"

RAYMOND BROWN, Scottsbluff, Nebr.

Phi Delta Chi, Pharmaceutical Society

*He is gone! We have lost him!
From this life of toil he fled.
He yielded to a sudden whim
And now he is, not dead, but wed.*

"C. R."

C. ROBT. CARLSON, Pacific Junction, Iowa

Pharmaceutical Society, Phi Delta Chi, Chairman Pre-medic
Uni. Night Stunt, Pres. Pre-medic Society, Bus. Mgr.
Pharmacy Annual, Vice Pres. Tegner Society, Assistant's
Club

*He gently, firmly grasps her hand,
The lights are dim and all is still,
The ticking watch the only sound.
His gaze is fixed, enwrapt in thought
He calmly sits and takes her pulse.*



"COLIE"

WESLEY COLSON, Stromsburg, Nebr.

Pharmaceutical Society, Phi Delta Chi
Associate Editor Pharmacy Annual

*Colson's a Swede so light and so airy,
He sure likes to work but he loves the library.
No wonder he's happy, no wonder he's gay,
No wonder he climbs up those steps every day.*

"CONRAD"

PAUL CONRAD, Sabetha, Kansas

Pharmaceutical Society, Delta Chi, Chemistry Club, Bus.
Mgr. Daily Nebraskan, Senior Class Committee, Treas-
urer Senior Class

*Though in his sojourn with us,
His efforts so ambitious,
We may have thought officious,
We extend from all, good wishes.*



College of Pharmacy

"WALT"

WALTER ERNST, Lincoln, Nebr.

Alpha Tau Omega, Pharmaceutical Society
Freshman Class Football

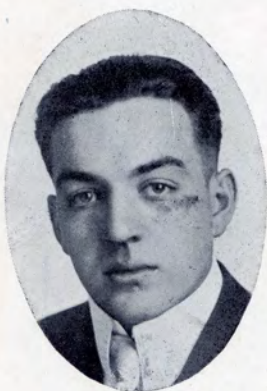
*And they gazed in silent wonder, till the
Marvelous hues o'ercame them. Striped with
Green and edged with purple; one small corner
Coily peeping from a pocket all enfolding,
Not the rosy hues of morning, not the
Brilliant flames of sunset, only Walter's
Sunday kerchief.*

"FISH"

ARDEN FISHER, Oxford, Nebr.

Phi Delta Chi, Pharmaceutical Society

*Here's the boy with the curly hair
And the ever ready smile.
He makes all kinds of remedies rare,
Just give them thirty days trial.*



"FLETCH"

GEORGE FLETCHER, Tilden, Nebr.

Sigma Nu, Pharmaceutical Society

*There's a famous nursery tale
Of the race of the turtle and the hare,
To remember the point, don't fail,
For I try to observe it everywhere.*

"BOB"

ROBERT HALLIWELL, Odessa, Nebr.

President Pharmaceutical Society

*Here is our friend Halliwell,
Of whose merits all can tell.
If he's worried, not a sign,
All he'll say is, Fine! Fine!*



College of Pharmacy



"MISS ELLA"

ELLA M. HANSEN, Lincoln, Nebr.

Secretary Pharmaceutical Society, Delta Delta Delta,
Senior Hop Committee

*Little Miss Ella, we know very well-a
Works hard by night and by day.
She's out of the door and down to the store,
In a truly miraculous way.*

"THAT MEDIC"

ALBERT HERRMANN, Lincoln, Nebr.

Pre-medic Society, Palladian, Senior Play Committee,
Assistants' Club, 1st Lieut. Co. H, Cadet Officers Assoc.

*His choice once made, he hold to it forever,
No eminent reasoning, not worthy logic
Can change his views. With the medics
He has cast his lot. From the innermost
Depths of grieving hearts we pity him.
We can but mourn.*



"KEITHIE"

LUCILE KEITH, Hastings, Nebr.

Secretary of Pharmaceutical Society, Alpha Xi Delta,
Iota Sigma Pi, Assistants' Club

*Lucile likes to look at the moon,
Then her hair, with silver is flecked,
We think she's going to leave us soon
For we notice her suit is checked.*

"LIZZIE"

HENRY LEISY, Wisner, Nebr.

Pharmaceutical Society, Freshman Football,
Assistant in Pharmacy

*Leisy's a happy-go-lucky "rare find,"
He gets to his classes ten minutes behind,
An easy going lad is he
As anyone can readily see.*



College of Pharmacy

"LEWT"

RAY LEWTON, Craig, Nebr.

Pharmaceutical Society, Palladian, Phi Delta Chi

*Lewton fusses the girls from the morn till the night,
He talks unto them till his head seeks light,
Then goes to bed and dreams of them
Gets up the next day and tries to work Chem.*

"JIMMIE"

JAMES MARQUIS, Stromsburg, Nebr.

Pharmaceutical Society, President Phi Delta Chi,
Pre-medic Society

*Our Jimmie's a lad whom everyone grants
Has been unusually busy;
Blood corpuscles he mounts,
Makes innumerable counts,
You'd think he would become dizzy.*



"RUMMY"

RALPH MASON, Walthill, Nebr.

Pharmaceutical Society, Phi Delta Chi

*Mason's a shark at the right and left bowers,
He takes heavy work for he carries six hours,
The boy has surely got the dough
For every night he sees a show.*

"GOVERNOR"

BERNARD NEVILLE, Hildreth, Nebr.

Pharmaceutical Society, Phi Delta Chi

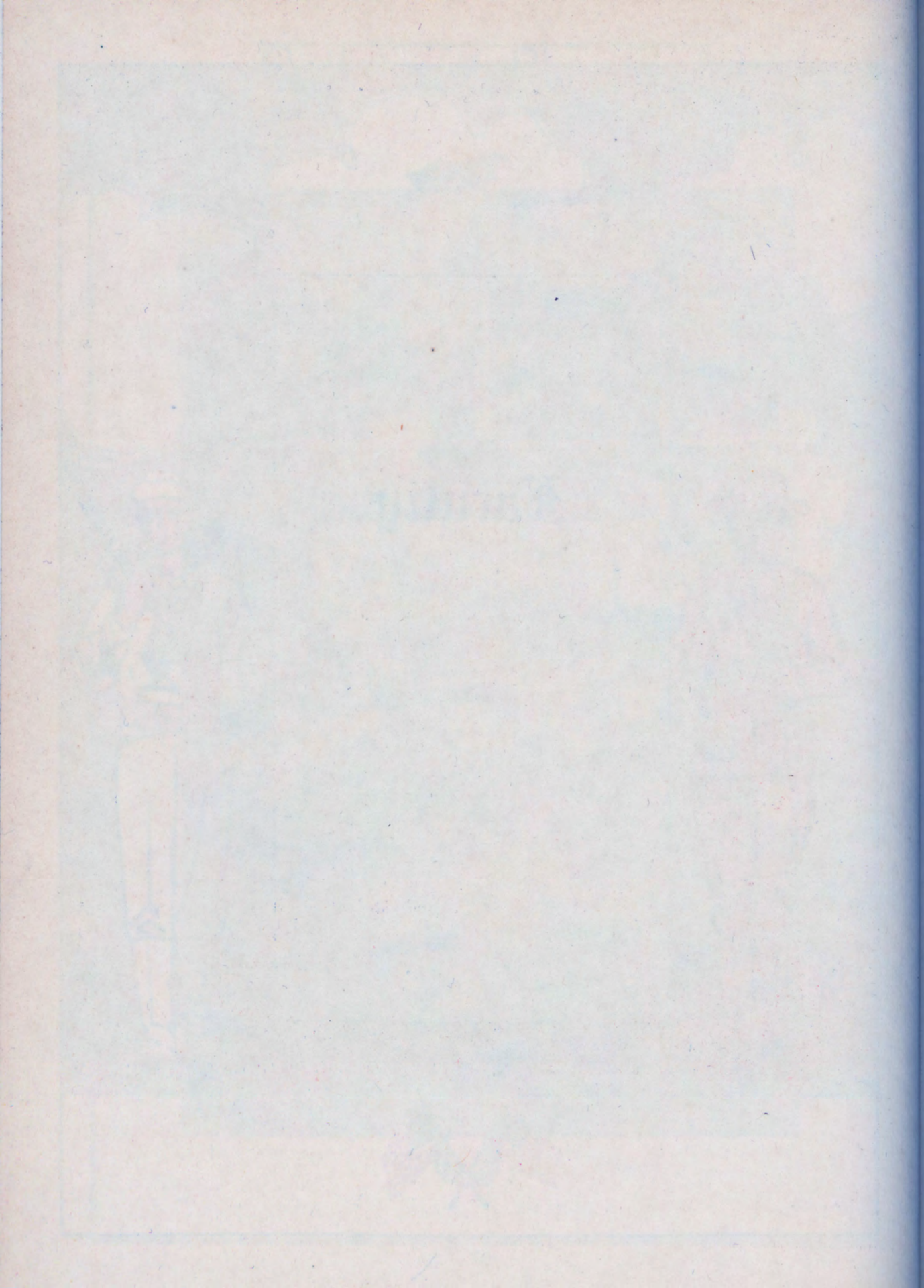
*He came very recently,
But we know him sufficiently
To have observed his tranquility,
Under conditions of adversity,
Such as exams in Physiology.*

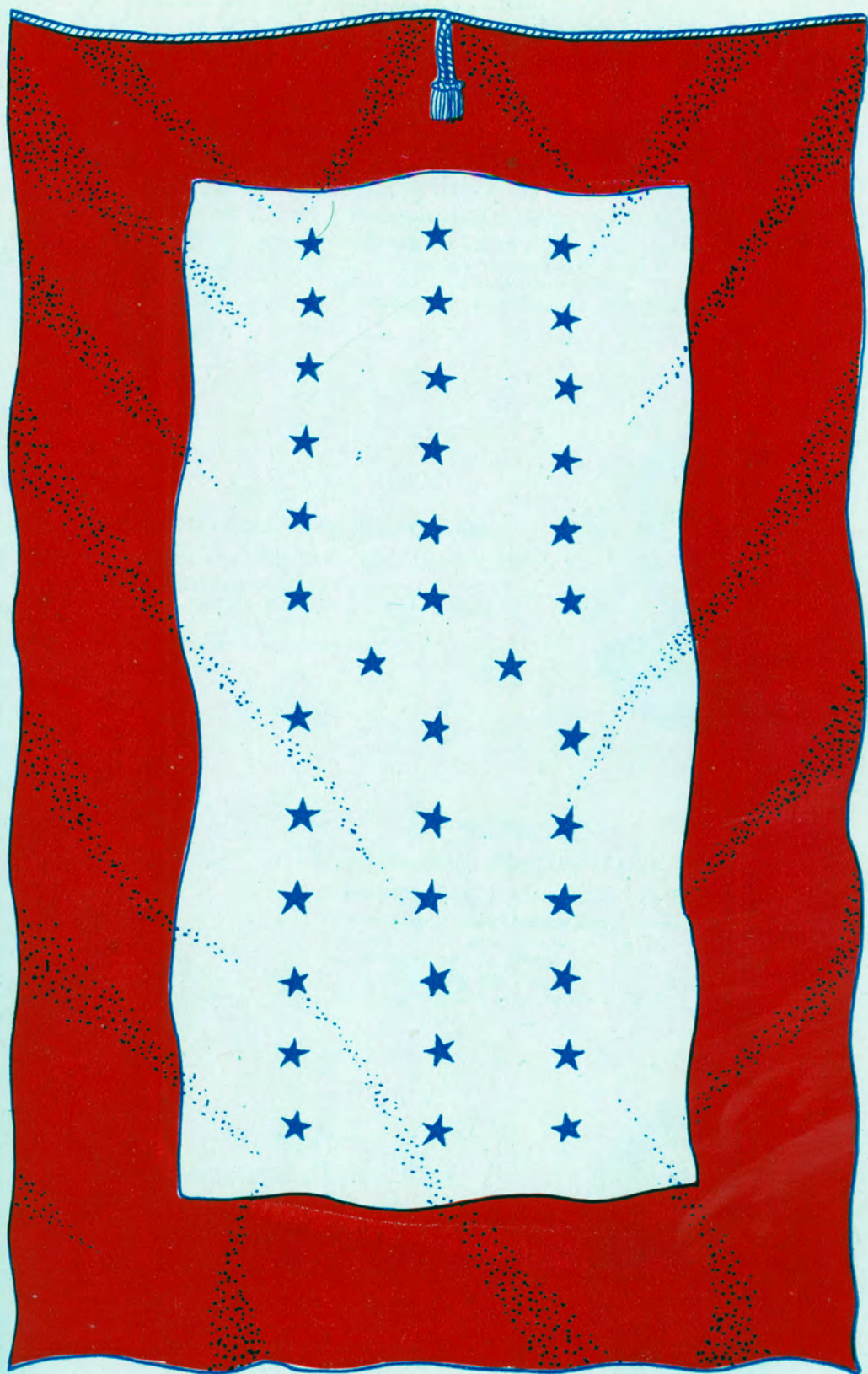


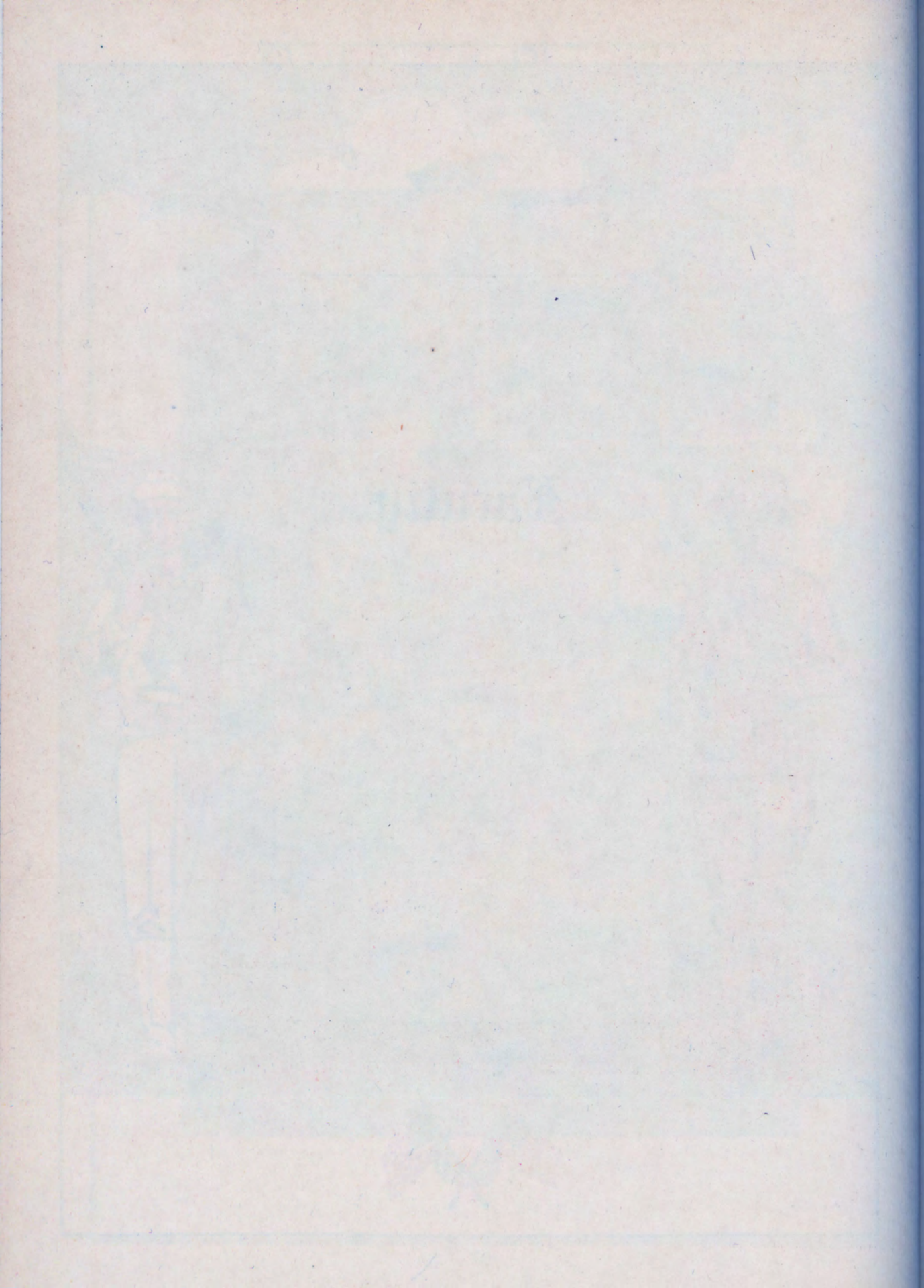


Military









College of Pharmacy



"DUDE"

REED OAKLEY, Palmyra, Nebr.

Pharmaceutical Society, Phi Delta Chi

*Oakley's the lad who likes to step out
You'll find him around only when he's about.
Over the hills he always goes
In search of something he only knows.*



"ARCHIE"

ARTHUR PRAWITZ, West Point, Nebr.

Pharmaceutical Society, Phi Delta Chi, Chemistry Club

*The girls flock into his section
Though grades are of no interest to them,
He'd win at a suffrage election,
This handsome assistant in Chem.*



"SHORTY"

WEBB RUSSELL, Weeping Water, Nebr.

Vice President Pharmaceutical Society

*There was a young man named Russell,
Whose motto was always to hustle.
Over his books he pored,
'Till he got by the board
In the army he'll make quite a bustle.*



"DUTCH"

MILLARD SCHAFER, Ohiowa, Nebr.

Pharmaceutical Society, Palladian, Phi Delta Chi

*If they tease about your girl,
Just smile.
If they tell you she's a pearl,
Just smile.
If they ask you what she wrote,
If they put frogs in your coat,
If they sometimes get your goat,
Just smile.*

College of Pharmacy



"EDDIE"

EDWARD SIMANEK, Prague, Nebr.

Pharmaceutical Society, Komensky Club, Assistants' Club

*Our country called its men to arms;
What else to do but answer her?
Especially when the French Maids' charms,
Are said to banish thoughts of fear.*



"DOC"

PERRY SKELTON, Spencer, Nebr.

*He's very, very quiet, and he seems rather shy,
If we should investigate we'd know the reason why,
He works and drills and studies thruout the livelong day,
He's such a busy, busy man he hasn't time to play.*



"GUY E."

GUY TATE, Omaha, Nebr.

Pharmaceutical Society, Phi Delta Chi, Comus Club

*Guy Irwin Tate
Stays out so late
Someone should examine his head.
If, guided by fate,
He arose at eight,
He'd meet himself going to bed.*

"?"

WALTER TAYLOR, Lincoln, Nebr.

Pharmaceutical Society

*His cheeks are like a rose,
His eyes of baby blue,
I'm sure where'er he goes,
He'll prove what he can do.*



College of Pharmacy



"BILL"

WILLIAM TEETER, Bartley, Nebr.

Pharmaceutical Society, Phi Delta Chi

*He studied hard and passed the board,
And in doing so grew wiser.
We hope his knowledge he will hoard,
And use it to get the Kaiser.*

"BUDDIE"

BYRON THOMAS, Malvern, Iowa

President Pharmaceutical Society, Phi Delta Chi

Associate Editor Pharmacy Annual

*Byron, the boy from over the line,
His absorption of knowledge is certainly fine,
He says he's in school to learn and to see
Just how it is best to serve his country.*



"TOMMY"

GEORGE THOMPSON, North Platte, Nebr.

Pharmaceutical Society, Phi Delta Chi

Asst. Bus. Mgr of Pharmacy Annual, Freshman Football

*George is from the North Platte town,
He'll surely win the greatest renown,
A druggist they say he's going to be
Because he studies his U. S. P.*



"CLIFF"

CLIFFORD WILLIAMS, North Bend, Nebr.

Pharmaceutical Society, Phi Kappa Phi

*Here is a man to evil sprites a prey,
Who sweats and toils in lab. day after day.
Plasters and pills ne'er seem to come out right,
They assume awful shapes or stick too tight.
Miss Redford chants to him the old refrain,
If at first you don't succeed, try again.*



Nebraska Hall

As the casual observer walks up the rough brick walk to old "N" Hall and steps over its worn doorsteps, his first impression probably reflect discredit upon the old building. The stairs, worn and hollowed from the tramping of many feet, creak pathetically as he climbs. The upper regions seem quiet and deserted, but from the basement arises unmistakable signs of life below stairs. Queer odors of shellac and mustard oil and asafoetida, and sounds of voices and laughter. If he has courage to investigate, the feeling of desolation is immediately dispelled.

The basement is indeed a busy place. The big physiology laboratory is filled with students bending over microscopes diligently counting blood corpuscles. The steady wheeze of the respiration apparatus indicates the cleaning of capillary pipettes. In one pharmacy laboratory the students are perched upon high stools intently adjusting their balances. They ruffle their hair and wrinkle their brows in the attempt to attain a degree of sensibility which will detect the alighting of a microbe upon the scale pan. The alluring odors invite further research. Here is another laboratory. Every one hurrying about, triturating and macerating, percolating and compounding; emulsion of cod liver oil and confection of chocolate fudge, in the making side by side; gay banter flying back and forth.

Is it any wonder that Nebraska Hall possesses a spot in the hearts of the pharmacy students; that they are able to overlook the age and shabbiness of the old structure and see in it only the growth of ambitions and the good times of their college days. New buildings are fast arising on the campus and soon "N." Hall will be a thing of the past, but it will never lose its charm for those of us who have grown to love it through long association.

College of Pharmacy



. . . . Stand
Firm for your country, and become a man
Honored and lov'd; It were a noble life,
To be found dead, embracing her.
—Johnson

Had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike,
I'd rather have eleven die nobly for their country,
Than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.
—Shakespeare



College of Pharmacy



HARMON



BOSTROM



LARSON



SPOONER



V. JOHNSON



CREUTZ



McMURRAY



E. JOHNSON



PARKER

Army Life in the Department Laboratory of the Medical Corps

We are located at Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas, and at present are one hundred nine strong. Our quarters consist of a large three story brick barrack which is steam heated and electrically lighted. However if our janitor does too much "Bunk Fatigue" the steam isn't always up, and due to General Orders the lights are turned out in the squad-rooms at 9:30 P. M. We have lights on in the recreation room until 10:00 P. M. and until 11:00 in our study rooms.

Our recreation room is almost as large as the old physiology recitation room where we sat for an hour at a time listening to the wonders of physiology as told by Dr. Lyman. The recreation room is also used for a recitation room during three hours of the day and during those periods an experienced eye might find very little difference. That is: he might see some students (for that is really what we are even tho we are all dressed alike) paying strict attention to the lecture or quiz while here and there one may have trouble keeping his head erect and his eyes open. Of course we are mostly university men and are used to staying up late at night, studying our next day's lessons or visiting the neighboring town, which is only three miles off. But we are all brothers and we don't enjoy seeing our bunkie called down by an officer as we used to like see some old sun dodger get his needings from Dr. Lyman when he used to put his specks up to his eyes and make that remark that was sure to keep the balance of us awake for the rest of the class period.

Our "Mess Hall" is another important room. About one hundred may be seen in there at 6:30 A. M., 11:30 A. M. and again at 4:30 P. M., each standing by his place waiting for the command to be seated. Then the real work starts. But as luck will have it when we have a good meal placed before us, as we always have, we don't have to let our belts out in the middle of the meal for our belts are this web material and they surely must stretch by the amount some stow away. One more joy about our meals here is that we have china dishes and we don't have to wash them either. That is left to the K. P. (Kitchen Police).

Our squad rooms are very large. Here we have white iron beds placed about five feet apart, having the head-ends and foot-ends alternating. These are equipped with two woolen blankets and white sheets and pillow and case. If you were to walk along the aisle you would notice a little tin tag on each bed with the soldier's name upon it. This little tag sometimes causes one a lot of trouble. You see each man must keep his own bed and bed space very neat. The bed must be scrubbed, the blankets aired and they must be folded a certain way, etc., etc. That tag will tell if you "turn in" on time if the sergeant happens to come around.

The laboratory is where we have our real practical work which prepares us for our share of work over in France. Here we learn to recognize disease causing bacteria and how to discover and check them; how to test the drinking water for the boys and a good many other little duties connected with a Field Laboratory.

SGT. V. E. JOHNSON.

College of Pharmacy



Jessie P. Greig - Chas.



Victor Hicks



The Two Boss



Wendell Brookley

Suggestions in Department

1. Strive constantly to improve on the Army Manual. Some day when an officer passes, salute him with both hands. This will be a distinct novelty and no doubt he will commend you heartily.
2. If by any chance, you should be called down by a superior officer it would be a grave breach of discipline for you to salute him the next time you meet. He may still be mad with you and not want to speak.
3. Whenever you are given an order for which you see no reason, in a courteous manner, but very firmly, ask the officer for further details and explanations. It may develop that there was no reason for the order being given.
4. Endeavor to relieve the monotony of parade by little witticisms and humorous comments on the various commands. When your company commander says, "Right face," reply that it is your right face but you can't help it. He will be charmed with your quick wit and probably will mention it to the entire company.
5. If you are absent without leave and your company commander speaks to you about it, tell him that you are taking your next furlough on the installment plan. This business like reply will greatly please him.
6. If you should be awake in your tent some night, reflect that there may be some other weary or homesick comrade in your company. To cheer him begin singing in a clear, sweet voice, "Meet Me in the Brickyard Where the Pickled Onions Grow," or some other old-time ballad.
7. If you think you are going to be sick, go directly to the captain—he will tell you what ails you.

A correspondent inquired of Bandmaster Richard Tainter what kind of an instrument produces foot notes.

"Tell him a shoe horn," the Office Cynic growled.

STRIKING CLOSE TO HIS PROFESSION

From the Eighth Regiment Camp Notes we learn that Otto Horn has entered Detention. He has enrolled for the band, not the garage.

Inspecting Officer (to recruit): "Where is the balance of your rifle?"
Recruit: "I don't know, sir; it was all here this morning."

THE ANVIL CHORUS

There's an opera singer over in detention who's having a hard time. On "the outside" he was greeted with "Bravo" when he warbled a song. Now it's "Pipe Down!"

College of Pharmacy

"FOREGIVE THEM FOR—"

At the command "Cover Off!" every man in one of the new companies in Detention uncovered and stood at attention.

FOOLISH QUESTIONS

"What's the matter, Bill, did you hit the deck?" asked a gob when he heard a sailor fall from his hammock.

"No, you boob, I missed it."

First Aid Hints

OUR DAILY HEALTH HINT

Don't ride on the target raft when the Armed Guard School is holding gun practice.

STAGE FRIGHT

If patient is unconscious hang him, face up, over a convenient fence. See if he is breathing thru his ears. Take off his shoes and throw them away. If he is still unconscious, go thru his pockets. That will bring him to.

PARALYSIS

Search patient for bottle and test quality of contents. If bottle is empty, hold to ear and listen for death rattle. Rub patient's back beginning in front and vice versa. Ask him where he got it, writing reply on back of your collar. Pull out patient's tongue a few inches, letting it fly back. Continue this operation till the wagon comes.

TOOTH ACHE

Wrap blanket around tooth and secure with rubber cement to roof of mouth. Lay your ear to soles of patient's feet and see if you can detect heart beats. If his pump is working ask him to count to ten, slowly, holding his breath. A fly-paper poultice in back of the knee will help in severe cases.

HOMESICKNESS

If patient is unconscious wind his watch, returning it carefully to your pocket. See if there are indications of rust mark on the back teeth. When patient is able to take nourishment, feed him hot goulash thru a straw.

SNAKE BITE

If patient has been bitten below the belt remove belt and place below bite. This is important. Remove patient's shirt and look for snake. When found, mark "Exhibit A" and replace carefully. Blow in both of patient's ears at the same time.

Life With the Marines

Quanteco, Va.

I will endeavor to give you a little sketch of life with the marines. In San Francisco we got up at 5:30 a. m. and at 5:45 had Swedish or physical drills. Since the new change of time we usually did this by moonlight. At 6:45 we had breakfast and at 7:00 were ready for school, having four one-hour lectures. Dinner was served at 11:45. From 1:00 until 4:00 p. m. we attended school again. The rest of the day we had for ourselves. We had to be in bed and all lights out at 9:00 o'clock.

The work in the hospital department is very interesting. The serious cases are sent to the hospital and all others are handled at the sick bay. After finishing at school, a hospital man is sent to a hospital for more training and then to the ships. Things are run in a very business like fashion in the navy and the hospitals are the cleanest places you have ever seen.

Twenty-five of us were taken from the school at San Francisco and sent here and I was mighty glad to get to come. Here each regiment has a dispensary which consists of a ward of fourteen beds, dressing room, dispensary and offices. All first aid work and minor cases are handled here. The serious cases go to the base hospital. We have two doctors and thirteen corpsmen in our regiment but these fellows are a healthy lot. All we have in the ward at present is one fellow with a sprained ankle and one with la grippe. We dispense quite a little aspirin, iodine magnesium sulphate, and cough mixtures each day.

Here we have the freedom of the whole camp and can go up town whenever we feel like doing so. Our regiment is heavy artillery but I have not seen the big guns as yet. Best regards to all of my friends at the University of Nebraska.

ERNEST RINCKER.

WHERE DOES HE LIVE?

A fireman who enlisted in Chicago gave the following address when asked where he wanted his insurance policy sent:

Kavinskay Gud, Novolisksandrvgoko, Yesed Wolosti Raksiski, Derevin Iekiske, Russia.

(Note to the proof reader: This is not a pi line.)

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ROBINSON



PRAWITZ



SIMANEK



COLSON



THOMAS



HERRMANN



BROOKLEY



FOSTER



HARLAN

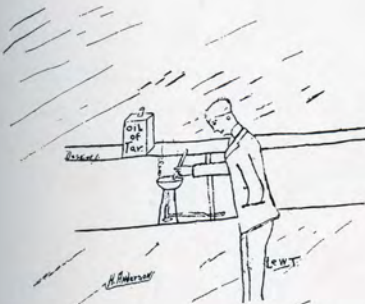
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Attack From
The Rear.



This only a frog



The bloomin' Tar won't stick.



No Man's Land.

Camouflage

If you see a complexion that's peaches and cream,
Remember things always aren't just what they seem;
Just take a good look and come out of your dream,—
It's Camouflage.

If the opposite player leans back in his chair,
Looks happy and whistles a popular air,
Why, just ask the dealer for all he can spare,—
It's Camouflage.

If you're touched for a loan by a friend who is flat
And who'll pay "the day after or swallow his hat,"
Just borrow his watch till the day after that,—
It's Camouflage.

If you don't want to drill when the weather is hot,
Why, just throw a fit in a suitable spot;
A mouthful of lather will help quite a lot,
It's Camouflage.

College of Pharmacy

Nebraska Hospital Corps Fort Des Moines

DESCRIPTION OF CAMP AND CAMP LIFE

The camp parade grounds take in some eight or one hundred acres. In the Southwest corner of the grounds is located our barracks, a very substantial, two story, brick structure. There are seven other such barracks extending in a line along the entire south side of our grounds. These barracks are all connected by a corridor which also extends beyond to the hospital. The barracks have been built, a number at least, as far back as the time of the Spanish-American war. The corridor connecting them, however, has just been completed. Each barrack building is capable of housing some four hundred men, and they are all modern.

Back of our barracks are numbers of barns, as this used to be a cavalry station. These have been used as store houses, but a good many of them are being fitted up for soldiers' quarters as they are fitting the present barracks for hospital use. This is to be a great recuperation center. We expect two hundred fifty over-sea patients this week and more will follow from time to time.

To the west end and north side of the parade grounds are the officers' quarters, fifteen or twenty large brick houses, large as our largest fraternity houses in Lincoln. On the east side of the parade grounds is another line of buildings that are connected by a corridor and this corridor joins onto our barracks corridor in an L. There is probably two miles of this corridor wide enough for six men to walk abreast. These buildings on the north are the Administration building, Guard House, Y. M. C. A. Quarters, Canteen, Dispensary, and Barber Shop. The Canteen is the place where the soldiers buy their candy, smoking, soft drinks, and toilet necessities. Back of this row of buildings are the non-commissioned officers building. They are about half as large as the officers' homes.

I will now take up our bugle calls. Reveille is our first call. It comes at 5:30 and we observe the new schedule of time, so that comes pretty early in the morning. We have fifteen minutes to get dressed and down in line in front of the barracks for roll call. After roll call we have about ten minutes of exercises, then breakfast call at 6:15. We are supposed to have our bunks made up before breakfast, so we don't have any time to loiter. Noon mess is sounded at 12 m., and mess in the evening at 5:15. At 4:50 is Retreat. We are lined up, roll taken and then we stand at attention as the flag is lowered at 5:00 p. m. After evening mess, we usually have an hour, sometimes two hours, of lectures. Tattoo is sounded at 9:00 p. m. and lights are put out; most of the men are in bed. At 11:00 p. m. the bugle sounds Taps, the last call to be sounded, and everybody is, or at least supposed to be, in bed.

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During the day we have considerable drilling and we also have allotted duties. We are lined up about 7:30 in the morning and assigned our task for the day. It may consist of Guard Duty, Orderlie at Hospital, Work in Dispensary, work at Medical Supply Depot, Kitchen Police, or one of several other duties which might come up. We each get a chance at all of the different kinds of work. Some fellows take it rather hard but most of them make merry of it, though it may seem below their dignity. At 7:30 the sick call is also sounded and all needing medical attention are marched to the hospital. If they are unable to march they are carried on a litter.

We are dismissed from duty on Saturday p. m. and all day Sunday except the unfortunates who have happened to draw kitchen duty for that day or are scheduled as a hospital attendant. The Hospital attendants' duty is of ten day's duration and they work in twelve hour shifts, from six to six. When on this duty you do not have to get up at the sound of Reveille. Night guard is only six hours on and eighteen off, so it is not bad unless you draw the early morning shift, from midnight to six a. m. and it happens to be a cold night and the wind gets a good sweep around the corners. Taken as a whole, though, camp life is fine and we like it.

JESSE P. BROWN

EQUIPMENT

While the government furnishes the essentials of military life, experience has taught that the following articles contribute to one's personal comfort:

One paper hanger's outfit.	One vanity box.
One case of dominoes,.	One fly rifle.
One Chicago directory.	One brassiere.
One manicure set.	One chiffonier.
One Morris chair.	Two clothes pins.
Four dozen pairs suspenders.	One automotic tooth brush.

The recruits were not doing very well at rifle practice.

"Look here," cried the Instructor, "what's the matter with you fellows? There hasn't been a hit signaled for ten minutes."

"I think me must have shot the marker, sir," replied one of the men.

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Wendell Brookley.



Vic Johnson.



Martin Chittick



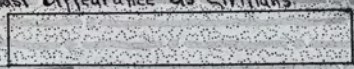
Slens-Gang.



Our last appearance as civilians.



Shembeck.



Wendell landing from an aeroplane



ΦΔΧS at Camp Perry



College of Pharmacy

Army Slang

- "Bunkie"—The soldier who shares the shelter half or tent of his comrade in the field.
- "Doughboy"—The Infantryman.
- "French Leave"—Unauthorized absence.
- "Holy Joe"—The Chaplain.
- "K. O."—The Commanding Officer.
- "On the carpet"—A call before the Commanding Office for admonition.
- "Rookie"—A new recruit.
- "Top Sergeant"—The first sergeant.
- "Sand Rat"—A soldier on duty in the rifle pit during target practice.
- "Come and get it"—The meal is ready to be served.
- "Infantry Drill Regulations"—The Book of Moses.
- "Officer of the Day"—A man who should be asleep when he is not.
- "Guard House"—A place they put a man when broke, but charge him a few dollars for their kindness.
- "Soldier"—An able-bodied man repenting at leisure.
- "First Sergeant"—An angel without wings.
- "Sergeant"—A man who receives money for what he does not know.
- "Corporal"—A man who says a great deal and does nothing.
- "Cook"—One who makes and slings hash while the sun shines.
- "Private"—A public animal.
- "Guard"—The only man in camp to whom everybody is a friend.
- "Mule"—A reptile with a private's love for work and a sergeant's disposition.
- "A Buck"—One dollar.
- "Pay Day"—A mirage; the private has visions of spending thirty bucks, but finds that owing to insurance, Liberty Bonds, and allotments he owes the government \$1.70.
- "Rifle"—An instrument for collecting dirt.
- "Coffee"—A fluid which looks like cocoa, smells like tea and tastes like mud.
- "Furlough"—Sent away from home on trial.
- "Guard Mount"—A few men getting together to see which one can borrow the best clothes.
- "Ideal Soldier"—One who gets home before 1 p. m.
- "Hero"—Here he lies.
- "First Call"—An unearthly noise heard every morning before daylight.
- "K. P."—Kitchen police, one day of which changes a lamb to a roaring lion, a pacifist into Roosevelt.

MOVEMENT OF TROOPS

She (Her head on his uniformed shoulder): You have not told me where you were last night, and you promised you would keep nothing from me.

He: I can not tell you dear, against orders to reveal movements of troops.

College of Pharmacy

ORDERS FOR A K. P. SENTINEL

Headquarters K. P. Brigade,
April 44th, 416.

My General Orders are:

1. To take charge of these spuds and all gravy in view.
2. Dish slum in a military manner, keeping on the alert and observing all meat balls that go within sight or hearing.
3. To report any private or non-com who asks for thirds.
4. To receive, transmit and obey all orders from and allow myself to be relieved by the mess sergeant, first and second cooks only.
5. To quit the coffee only when properly relieved.
6. To report all calls for "seconds" from the dining room.
7. To hold conversation with no one who asks for onions.
8. To allow no one to pass the cooks tobacco or booze.
9. In case of fire take out the ashes and get a bucket of coal.
10. Between reveille and retreat turn out the cook and the cook's police for all objects found in the slum, such as tarantulas, centipedes, horned toads, lizards, rattlesnakes and other insects not on the bill of fare.

By orders of

GENERAL U. R. HUNGRY,
PEELUM SPUD,
Commanding Kitchen Police Brigade.

Official:

O. U. MEATBALL,
Major, Third Cook Corps,
Brigade Adjutant.

COMPANY STREET

Private: Having failed to salute a captain passing by.

Captain: Don't you salute an officer; don't you see I'm a captain?

Private: Well, I'll be ——! You certainly are lucky, I am only a private.

Guard: Halt! Who is there?

Corporal: Relief.

Guard: Advance relief to be nice.

LOVE AND WAR

Rookie: Doctor, I am feeling awful, I can not eat, I can not sleep and——

Doctor: I can cure you! Ask her to marry you!

Outside to police up.

DISMISSED.

H. JENSEN.

How We Spend Our Idle Time in Camp

If some person should ask me the question, "How do you spend your idle time in camp?" I should be inclined to answer, "There ain't no such animal." For a soldier boy's idle time during a day, especially when going thru a course of intensified training for over seas service, is very limited. But, of course, there must be short periods during the day for recreation, and when these do come, they are appreciated and put to good use.

Let me say that the greatest indoor sport of all is letter writing. In order to receive letters, letters must be written, and as mail time is the big event in the course of the day, the fellow who does not "draw" at least one letter feels sadly neglected. So hence he must have a large mailing list in order to keep the letters coming in, and thus the great part of idle time is spent in correspondence.

About the only "idle hour" of the day is in the evening, after the day's work is done, and before the call to quarters. This is the big time of the day—and as to Orpheum, its programme has nothing on the stunts which are pulled off around the barracks. Over in one corner of the room will usually be found the jazz band, accompanying this, some "barber shop" melody by the Kitchen Quartette. All these "moon and spoon" songs—sung with all feeling, especially when an exceptionally harmonious chord is picked up. Now the jazzers start up a good old Hula-Hula—break away and form a circle, here comes the Hula dancer. Gertrude Hoffman is simply outclassed by this star-eyed individual. The jazz breaks into 2-4 time—Oh, yes, the little Russian Jew with the big feet is going to give us the "Kozizky." His ambition is remarkable, but as to gracefulness—it isn't supposed to be a very graceful dance. Now for some jig time. Here is the cook in his white uniform, one of these regular clog dancers—and he goes on till either he or the jazz is ready for rest. But we have forgotten—the English lad has not sung his yodel song as yet—he simply must have his turn. His volume is remarkable—we do not care to pass opinion as to the timbre. Now boys, all gather around again for some more joy-jazz, and then lights out, another today finished and a yesterday created.

But there are those few who are not musically inclined, who prefer the less strenuous pastime of friendly game or drawing to fill a straight. Innocent looking matches are pushed out into the pile at the center of the table, but occasionally there is recklessness; well, to tell the truth, I have lost all interest in this sport. I entered one of these aforesaid "friendly games," but upon agreement between members of the round table, we thot a slight intrinsic value, besides that of the wood and the phosphorous, placed on these matches would increase interest in the game. Since then, I prefer joining the jazz-birds. I lost all interest in the paste-board pastime. And just because that man with the pale blue eyes fooled away his time and mine by covering my four kings with four one spots. But understand me, this pastime is frowned upon by the authorities, in fact prohibited—and woe to the fellows who are intercepted in the act. So other than strictly "sociable" are undertaken by none but the bravest.

College of Pharmacy

The weather permitting, the ball diamond receives its quota of recruits. Try outs are being made for the detachment team and the material we have is some of the best from Nebraska. On Saturday afternoons or special holidays, games are played with other like organizations, and excitement runs sub-normal. A howling mob of the khaki clad boys swarm around the lines, thrusting the customary taunts at the rival teams and rooters. And some are pretty clever, too. The track team also are out having their work-out, in preparation for some track event to be scheduled with other detachments.

And there is the band and orchestra. The time given to the band is not really spare time in the day's work, but time allowed from regular work for rehearsal. Melodious music can be heard floating out of some empty barracks or other buildings, intercepted by occasional "blue ones"—but this just means that the boys are working up a band that, tho smaller, aim to rival the old Uni. band. Several of the old Uni. Band Boys are in the organization, so they have some idea how to do it, and to those who know the Uni. Band, all it means is plenty of pep, and the soldier boys have it. After rehearsal, when they come marching down the line and serenade the barracks with "U-U-Uni," it brings back to mind the days of the foot ball games at Nebraska, and it invariably revives the spirits of those boys who know it and realize what it has meant to them. They cluster around and "Again, Again!" is the cry, until the boys throw down their horns, just "blowed out."

Saturday afternoons and Sundays are usually time off except to those on special duty, but this is not usually spent in camp, for it means town, date, dance or jit show. And this is not especially interesting to you in civil life, for we act just as you do on these days; in fact, we spend our spare time just as we ever did, with some restrictions on account of our military environment. But at that, this seems just a large frat house, except for the fact that we arise a little earlier, are slightly more industrious, and probably more orderly in our habits. There is work and there is play; when we work we try to do our best, and when we play, we try and forget all about our work, thus our idle hours are well spent.

PVT. FRED J. CREUTZ,

Uni. Nebr. Base Hospital Unit No. 49.

WORDS USED—WHAT THEY MEAN

Pipe down—Keep quiet

No Soap—Nothing doing

Cork off—Go to sleep

Shake it up—Hurry up

Hit the deck—Get up (in the morning)

Turn to—Get to work

Punk—Bread

Sand—Salt

Gun powder—Pepper.

W. J. JOHNSON.

College of Pharmacy



H. JENSEN



W. JOHNSON



E. RINCKER



E. JAMES



REX BIXBY



R. GRANT



W. TEETER



R. LARSON

College of Pharmacy

Meal Time in Camp

If you see a soldier hurrying or on the run, you can with safety infer that he is getting ready for or going to mess. Of course he may hurry at some other times, but you can notice a perceptible difference in the degree of hurrying when he is on the way to the mess hall.

Mess is the official name for the army meal, be it morning, noon or night, and the name is sometimes significant of its military appellation. One degree of difference from the meal of the civilian is that it comes at a regular time, and if you are not present at this stated hour, you will probably have to wait until the next regular mess call.

In the morning the mess call is sounded at 6:00 o'clock. At the first blast of the bugle the barrack room begins to resound with the scurrying of feet. The mess sergeant meets the on coming rush at the door of the mess room, and if everything is ready, we are at once admitted, otherwise we may have a few minutes to wait. The plates are laid twelve to the table, five on each side and one at each end. Stools are in place, as we don't have chairs with lazy backs. Each plate is usually steaming with a generous portion of slightly sweetened mush or oatmeal, and the canned milk diluted with H. O. H. has also been poured over it. Coffee also comes to the table creamed and sweetened in the same way; it is put on in huge china pitchers of some Congo and a half capacity and which apparently weigh 50 pounds, especially at noon or night mess, after you have packed a litter for several hours in litter drill.

After we get around the breakfast porridge, we sometimes are served two slices of bacon or a good piece of ham. Of course we observe the meatless and wheatless days and meals the same as the civilians. We get lots of corn bread in the army, considerable graham and whole wheat and occasionally white bread or baking powder biscuits.

At noon mess bugle is sounded at high noon and as we have most of our heavy work in the forenoons, this is usually the time that the soldier is the hungriest, but as far as that goes, the soldier is ready to eat any time. The way we store food away is a caution. You would not believe the amount we consume, unless you could witness us in the act of feeding our faces. Hash, potatoes, bread, canned corn, peas, beans and tomatoes or what ever happens to be on the bill of fare disappears as if by magic.

One of the most important things to the soldier in the evening is the evening mess. It takes place at 5:15 and if we have drilled all afternoon we feel like the commuters of that hour and are ready to eat any thing in sight. The soldier eats his meal in about fifteen minutes as a rule, and is then on his way back to his barracks, where he awaits the next call of the the bugle.

College of Pharmacy

Nothing is wasted in the food of the army man. If there is anything left in the dishes from one meal, we get it camouflaged in the hash, pudding or soup of the next meal, and if an individual dishes more out on his plate than he can consume, he is very apt to get the same plate handed back to him at the next meal, and then he must eat that before he takes anything else. Bread is especially in this class and the officers will call one on that sooner than anything else. In fact it will not be tolerated at all; unless some fellow is sly enough to get away without being caught he must suffer the consequences.

After mess is over each man takes his utensils and places them on the table after scraping off refuse. There is a receptacle for forks, one for knives and one for spoons. This saves lots of work for the K. P. K. P. is the designation for the men working in the kitchen and stands for Kitchen Police.

We have several Jews in our unit and one of them is a typical Yid. That affords us considerable amusement. For instance, the other night when he was sitting at the table, he wanted some bread, so this is how he asked for it: "Hendle (handle) to me the bread." It caused considerable of a titter, but he took it all good naturedly.

Meal time is a very important time in camp and that is the one thing that would cause the soldier to resign, if it were dispensed with, and the way he would resign would then probably be like the horse, whose owner kept cutting down on the ration of oats, until finally he did not give his horse any at all. The owner said he just got the horse trained to this point of keeping him economically, when the horse died.

"Until the last page of the last volume is written in the book of years, Merit alone will rule the earth."—Kaufman.

Discretion of speech is more than eloquence; and to speak agreeably with whom we deal, is more than to speak in good words or in good order."—Bacon.

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School as a Training Camp

The past year has been momentous. War with Germany was on; mobilization was begun; great training camps were established; draft laws were enacted; and all of the other preparations were authorized which inevitably come when a country is declared to be in a state of war. It is only natural and commendable that great numbers of our university men volunteered their services. Many of those who are prevented from enlisting by age, parental objections, physical disabilities, and so forth, regard it as a hardship rather than a privilege to be able to finish their college course. They are assuming the wrong attitude. Their time for serving their country lies in the future, if not in a military way, then in exercising the duties of good citizenship.

In a way, college itself may be regarded as a training camp, the faculty as the superior officers, the students as the men in their charge. In the camps the men are required to perform the same maneuvers day after day, until the point of maximum efficiency is reached. In a like manner, we go thru the daily routine of school work. We may question the wisdom of spending days and even weeks developing the technique necessary to run an analysis correctly to the third decimal. The little exercise, however, develops the same precision which the military men strive to attain and like them we reach in this way our maximum efficiency.

It is not so much a question as to what shall be our part as it is a question of playing that part to the best of our ability—whatever it may be. To be sure, the man behind the guns seems all-important at the present time, but this need not belittle the man who cannot go. He can render his country an efficient service, though at home. If he has the advantage of being in school, let him prepare himself as best he can for public service; if he be a student of the Pharmacy College, let him strive to uphold the higher ideals of Pharmacy. Indirectly he is working toward this same end as is the soldier. The soldier is fighting to preserve democracy. Democracy depends upon good citizenship as one of its fundamental principles. A pharmacist, to be a good citizen, should have the best training available in his work, and should stand for all that is best in the profession. Then the boys who are compelled to stay in school are not neglecting their duty to their country if they work with the right attitude. Each in his own niche can do his part.

“War educates the senses, calls into action the will, perfects the physical condition, brings men into such swift and close collision in critical moments that man measures man.”—Emerson.

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Moving day



Glen



Rink



Wilmer

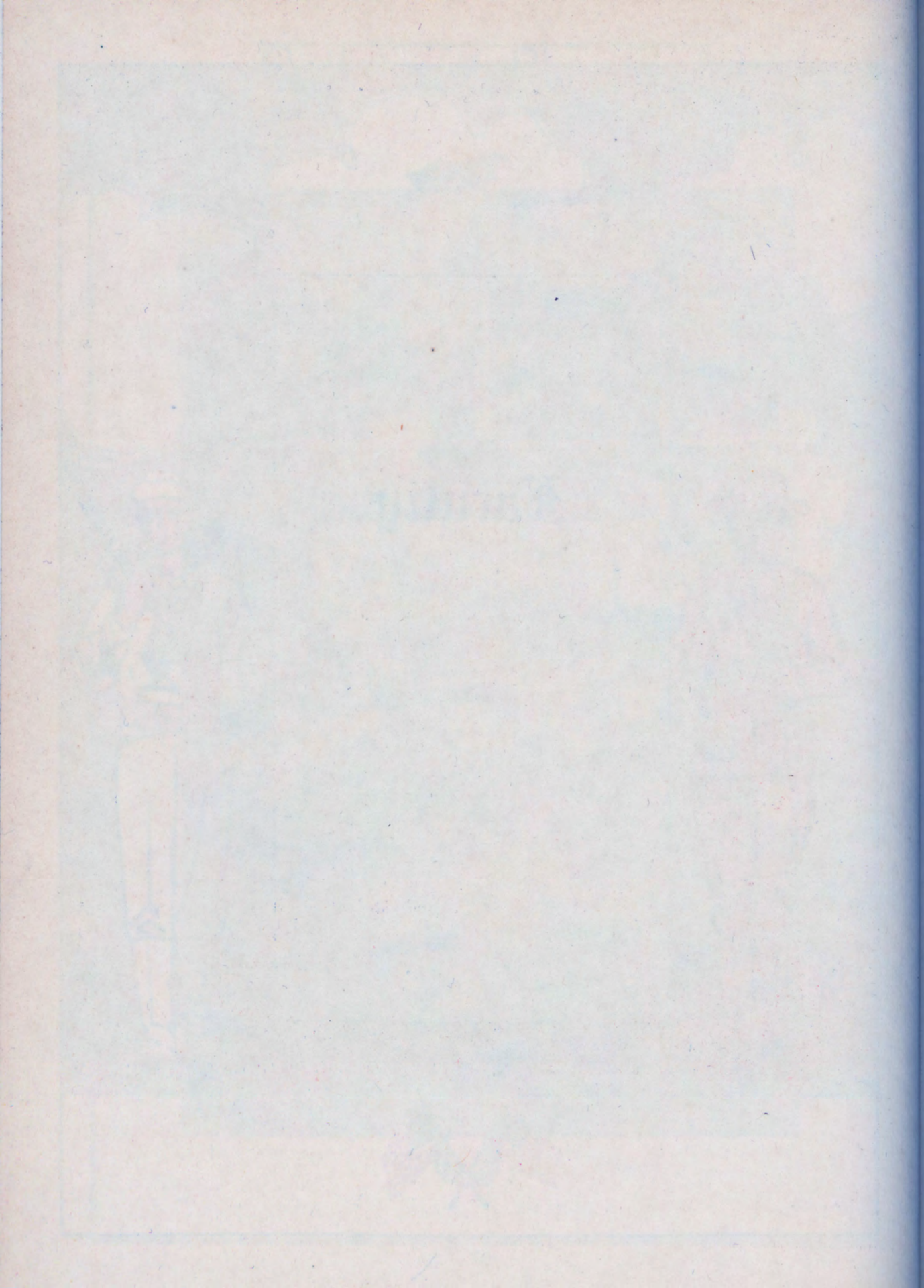
Over-the-Top





College Life





College of Pharmacy

Fun and frolic mixed with the serious and solemn makes life liveable.

College of Pharmacy



Walt.



George.



Hattie.



Boston-Exercise.

Photographers.

General-Nuisance.



Governor?



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THE PHARMICS

The Pharmics are a happy gang
They work till late at night.
But never seem to give a dang
And always show the same old fight.

Sometimes the bunch gets on their ear,
When Thompson raves about his scales,
But seemingly we have no fear,
Of Lyman, Borrowman or Dales.

We are one great big family,
Sometimes we make an awful noise
The Situation has a key,
Because we're almost wholly boys.

And so on thru the year we're working
Making tinctures, salves, and pills.
Doing our duty and never shirking
Because we have to cure the ills.

SCHAFFER

Miss Redford's assistant in
Lab. 22,
Assistants like her are cer-
tainly few.
Keep your desk clean, quit
being so mean,
And like a real friend she'll
see you get thru.

"ODE TO WILLIAMS"

Cliff must have it stored up in
his dome,
For thus far it's been kept at
home.
But someday sure his head will
rent
Boosting up Sloan's linament.

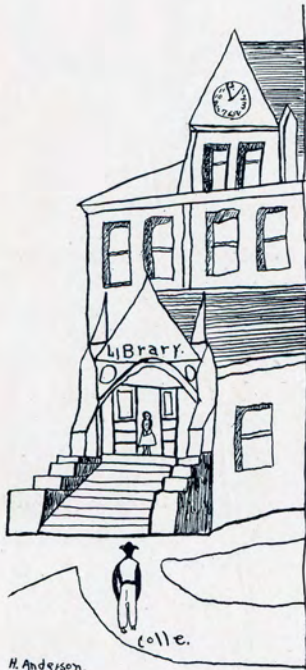
ORIGINAL RESEARCH IN ZOOLOGY

1. An astroid is a small planet between Jupiter and Mars; The chromosomes represent the asteroid between the two centrosomes which represent Jupiter and Mars.—THOMAS.

(Correction by Herrman) This is a course in Zoology and not Astronomy.

2. The systematic position of the Hydra is at a perpendicular or at a slight tilt but always having the foot below the hand and tentacles.—"LEISY."

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I stole a kiss the other night,
My conscience hurts, alack
I think I'll go again tonight
And put the blamed thing back.

He called her lily, violet, rose,
And all the flowers of spring.
She said, "I can't be all of those,
You lilac everything."

There are meters iambic,
There are meters trochaic,
There are meters of musical tone;
But the meter that's sweeter, neater, completer,
Is to meter in the moonlight alone.

(Phys. Ed. Student)—Dear Steve: Will you
please leave some cotton in the anatomy lab. With
very much love,

STUDE.

WHO?

A pharmit sat drawing an isogamete,
He said to the girl in the opposite seat,
"Well, Ruth, can you see it? Now tell me the truth."
She threw down her pencil and jumped to her feet,
Did you ever see such a bunch of conceit?
You ignorant freshman, you can't call me Ruth.

Want Ads

Wanted:

- A job as kitchen mechanic.—*Walter Ernst.*
- A book on "How to be a Soldier."—*Eddie Simanek.*
- A means of locking the store room door.—*H. L. Thompson.*
- Three lost note books. Appropriate reward.—*H. Anderson.*
- A detective. No amateurs need apply.—*Halliwell and Schafer.*
- A cozy, nicely equipped rest room.—*Elsie Day.*
- A social secretary.—*L. Keith.*
- A tank attachment for fountain pen.—*E. Bogue.*
- A perfume stronger than Ammonium Valerianate.—*H. Anderson.*

QUERIES

Marquis—Is there any way of detecting the difference between a case of intoxication and paralysis?

Keith—Is it wrong to accept attention from other men when your fiance is in the army?

Thompson—How can I reach the high C's without joining the navy?

Ella—Why do Bob and Russ say that w-h-i-t-e spells green?

Bob—How do you remove odor from Ioderform?

Bogue—Is flatulency a thin emaciated condition of the patient?

Herrman—Does salicylic acid kill dead tissue?

Leisy—Is the head intended for any purpose other than holding the collar on?

Lewton—If c-a-r-e-d spells cared, what does t-a-r-e-d spell?

Carlson—Can you suggest how I can best get into school politics?

Conrad—Can you suggest how I can best get out of school politics?

PREMEDIC PILLS

Folks hail the Premedic pill-rollers of old!
Some real applause they have undoubtedly earned.
The pills which they make are as good as pure gold,
Just as far as experience is concerned.
The pills are to be shaped twixt thumb and finger,
But the difficult part is to make them roll,
The odd bumps and creases are sure to linger,—
Of sizes that no two fall thru the same hole.
Parvules, too, are difficult to make, we find,
I overheard a Parvule say to his brother,
"If I will only pass, then why should I mind,
But I am really worried about mother;
I am sure no one could swallow her and live,
In someone's esophagus she's bound to catch.
Poor sister, over there, will fall thru a sieve,
Not even in this lab will she find her Match."
In troubles like these there's one consolation,
Repeated stimuli lose their first effect
And in their periodic consummation
A small one first then what next would you expect?
Then take the law of gradual progression
And apply that of diminishing returns,
Though it is something new in the profession
'Tis exactly that for which the scientist yearns.

H. LEISY.

College of Pharmacy



Buddy



Ernst. Smiles. Shaffer.



As Williams.



Lewton.



Doing Some. Leisy.



We don't want to get Well.



The Gang.



How characteristic.



Find the Center of Gravity



Mason.

Women in Pharmacy

The entrance of women into the fields of medicine and pharmacy is not as new as some people may imagine. Women were mixers of herbs in the olden time, although the practice was very closely allied with the superstitions of witchcraft and magic. Not only were healing potions made and dispensed, but, as in the scene of the witches in "Macbeth," repulsive materials were combined to make magic philters. As superstition and medicine drew apart, women were pushed back with the former. Times have changed, however, and women are no longer restricted by convention in their choice of a profession. They may again become pharmacists, but this time with a sound, scientific knowledge as a basis instead of superstition.

What we call the field of pharmacy may be divided into two parts: that of the retail pharmacy and that of manufacturing pharmacy. In the former the requirements necessary for a registered pharmacist are (1) Graduation from an accredited school or college of pharmacy; (2) Two years of experience as a drug clerk; (3) Satisfactory grades in the state board examination. In the latter a knowledge and practice in assay, standardization, and manufacturing pharmacy are necessary. Graduates from accredited institutions are, of course, preferred.

In either branch, women seem especially fitted for the work. It is usually conceded that women go into detail more minutely than men. This gives them skill and accuracy in weighing, compounding, and dispensing, and thoroughness in chemical analysis and drug assay. Most women seem to have an instinctive sense of neatness and cleanliness. This is invaluable in drug work of any kind. A neat, tidy store is an effective advertisement, and absolute cleanliness is fundamental in manufacturing pharmacy. Along with this air of neatness and tidiness in the drug store, there comes a new dignity and air of refinement. A drug store is a drug store and not a tobacco shop and should be maintained as such. The very nature of the drug stock makes it, if not essential, then desirable, that there be at least one woman clerk in the store.

It was formerly thought that women did not have sufficient brain capacity to enter into any profession as scientific as that of pharmacy. This is being disproved every day. We find that women enrolled in the scientific courses in our colleges and universities are as bright as the men. Not all women enjoy science. It is only to those who do that I am making my appeal to enter into pharmacy. The hard work rather than lack of brains probably acts as the greater preventive. But what is there worth striving for which does not require hard work? If a woman is to go into retail pharmacy the long hours and no vacation have their drawbacks, yet time never hangs heavily on the hands of anyone genuinely interested

College of Pharmacy

in his work. There is always room for change and improvement and it need never become monotonous. The woman of today is demanding equality of rights with man. Then it is her duty to share the hard places as well as the easy places in the business world.

If women care to enter pharmacy for no other reason, patriotic duty should be taken into consideration. Women are being asked to take men's places wherever possible. Who will take the places of the pharmacists? Is it any more necessary to public welfare to fill the positions of street car conductors, elevator boys, and farm hands than that of the pharmacist?

Pharmacy is the rising profession for women. They seem naturally endowed with many of the qualities and virtues which go to make the business a success. The work is not so hard that they are physically unfit for it. They owe it as a patriotic duty to keep the ranks of the pharmacists filled.

In my garden plot I stand, thinking Kaiser Bill of you,
And my mind is filled with words I cannot say.
The sweat stands on my brow, there is dirt within my shoe,
And my poor tired back aches yet from yesterday.
Dig! Dig! Dig! we're all conserving,
Beans, peas, cabbage, all help some,
And beneath the summer sun, we will hurry on again
Shouting the Battle cry of Feed-'em.

Democracy will itself accomplish the salutary universal change from delusive to real, and make a new blessed world of us by and by.—Carlyle.

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Thompson: "Dipping a child's fingers into quassia prevents sucking of the thumb."

Bogue: "Haw."

"What did Herrman say about the case?"

He examined her with his telescope and took her temper and said her utensils was out of order."

Dr. Dales: "Mr. Schafer, give the chemical formula for tomato."

Schafer: "T O M 8 O."

Miss Day: "Mr. Tate, have you ever seen the acacia?"

Guy: "Yes, I go past their house every day."

Webb (with mucilage of tragacanth excipient): "The more I triturate the bigger they grow. What shall I do?"

Miss Redford: "Triturate in the opposite direction for a while."

Miss Redford: (checking apparatus): "Mr. Oakley, where's your gauze?"

Mr. Oakley (blushing): "Why—er—I haven't had them on since last summer."

(Miss Day sends Russ to the greenhouse after digitalis leaves and Russ lingers an undue length of time.)

Miss Day: "Mr. Russell, did you get two-year-old leaves?"

Russ: "I think so, why?"

Miss Day: "I thought so too from the length of time you were gone."

Bob: "They say a pound is equal to a pint."

Thompson: "That is Perusse's system of oratory. Every time he pounds the desk he's made a point" (p'int).

Thompson (in pharmacy): "Next laboratory period we will make any kind of tablets which you wish."

Russ: "Good, I'm just out of writing tablets."

(From Schafer's Revised Edition of National Formulary):

To MAKE No. 85

No. 7, 25 gms.

No. 16, 75 gms.

Triturate No. 7 in a warm mortar with small quantity of No. 16. Add remainder of No. 16, and stir frequently until No. 16 is completely dissolved.

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Where the
Sugar goes so
Fast.

WELL KNOWN SONGS AND THEIR AUTHORS

Brown: "Look Out, Kaiser Bill."

Ella: "Billy Boy."

Ernst: "I'm a Twelve o'Clock Guy in a Nine o'Clock Town."

Lewton: "Oh, You Wonderful Girls."

Halliwell: "Sleep, Baby Sleep."

Williams: "It Wasn't My Fault."

Keith: "What do You want to Make Those Eyes at Me For?"

Colson: "For Me and My Gal."

Prawitz: "Good-bye, Germany."

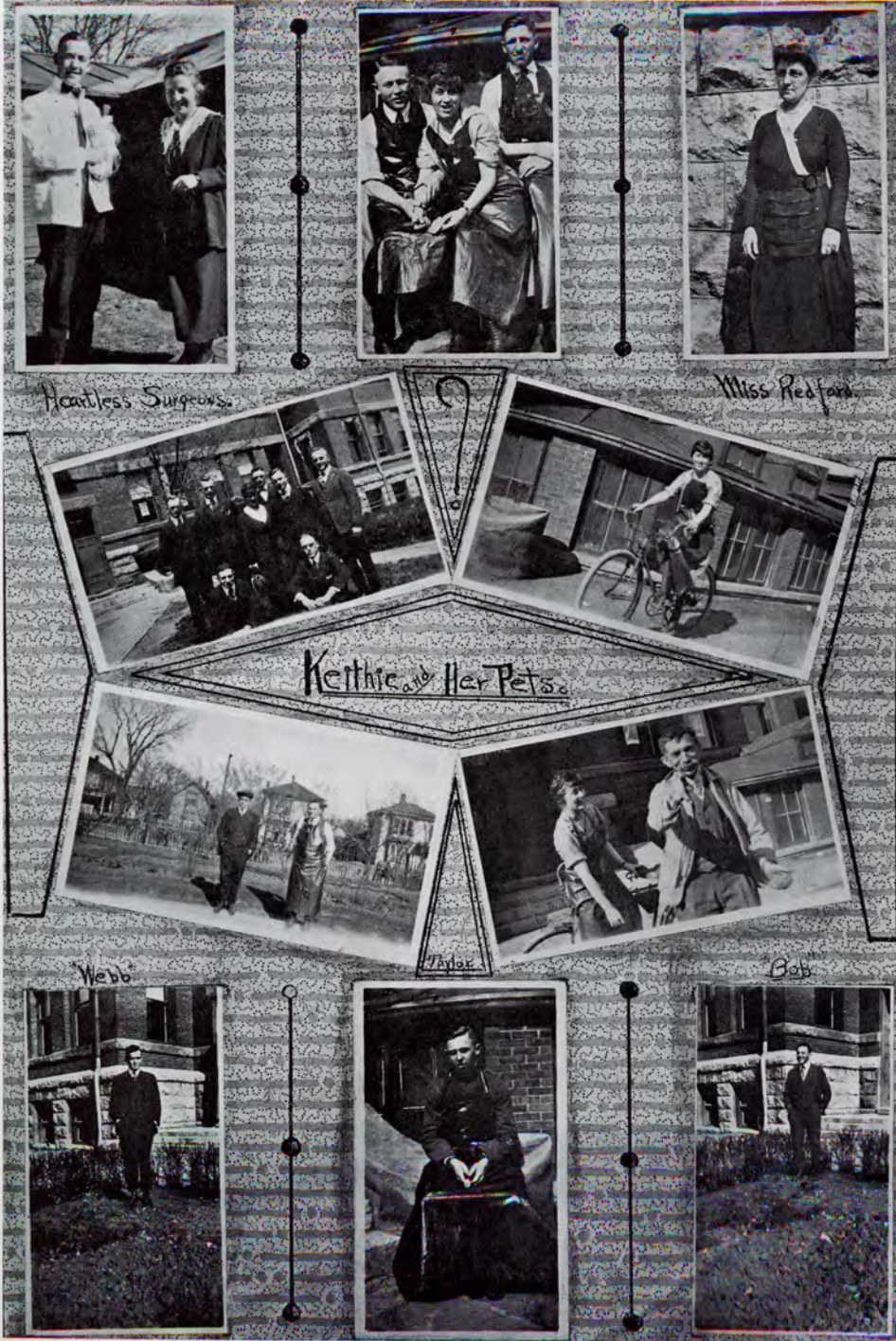
Herrmann: "Don't Slam That Door."

Anderson: "Keep Smiling."

Fletcher: "Sometime."

Schafer: "Just a Thinkin' O' You."

College of Pharmacy



Heartless Surgeons.



Miss Redford.



Kerthie and Her Pets.



Webb



Taylor



Bob



College of Pharmacy



Sol. vs. Howell.

Game Called 8:00 A.M.

Mon. Wed. Fri.

No Rain Checks.

BRIGHT SAYINGS OF PHYSIOLOGY STUDENTS

Sleep is produced by an accumulation of waist products.

To determine blood pressure, adjust the apparatus and listen for the pulse with the spectroscope.

With Osmotic pressure, fats give a black precipitate.

(Definition of inspiration): Something which I need at the present time.

Assistant: "Discuss the theories of lymph formation pro and con."

Student: "We'll discuss it pro all right, but we're afraid you'll give the con."

If mistakes were copyrighted, it would be impossible to make one without infringing on some other fellow's patent.

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*Who asks you in her sweetest tones
To make a list of official "bones."
Who begs you on her bended knee
To discuss uplift in pharmacy?
Who gives you ideas to cartoon
To be handed in next week at noon?
Who nags and nags from morn till night,
You dodge and hide to escape her sight,
Who has to shoulder all the blame
Instead of earning eternal fames?*

THE EDITOR.

PHARMACEUTICAL LATIN

Givit tu em gud ant plenti,
Soc et tu em gud ant strong,
Nev er letem geta stand in
Gopher evri wurd that's wrong.
Makem flunk and makem wurri,
Makem sit up nights and buck ;
Makem wun derwat cher thinking.
Makem cursther evil luck.
Nev er let em getoo hopefull,
Nev er sayther doing well
Makem wish they hadn't cum here
Makem wish they were—at home.

WEBBISMS

I don't care for expenses, I have lots of them.
Keep your temper ; nobody else wants it.
It's going to clear off cloudy and give us a dry drizzle.
Sit still and still see the still go.

College of Pharmacy

"Pharmacy Week"

Pharmacy Week, the biggest event of our college year, began May 7th and lasted until May 9th. The three days were enjoyed by all the Pharmics. During these three days, every one was too busy to study and as the professors even became lax in their attendance at class, we took advantage of same and didn't appear at class.

The Pharmacy Week this year was of more interest than it had been in former years, because so many of our Pharmacy students have left to take part in the present great war, and the number remaining got together and made the Pharmacy Week a success.

Because of the number in school, it had once been decided not to have a Pharmacy Week, but the day was saved when it became known that Dr. Henry Kraemer, University of Michigan, was to be in the city to deliver the annual Sigma Xi and P. B. K. address. Then the Pharmacy College, in order to show a proper welcome to Dr. Kraemer, decided to have a Pharmacy Week and committees were chosen and every one got to work.

The Rag gave the program of events as they were to come off.

On Tuesday at 11 o'clock, Dr. Kraemer gave a most excellent and interesting lecture on "Drug Plant Raising," which all Pharmacy students, and as many Botany students as desired to, attended.

A number of slides of our own University Garden were shown on the screen, showing beautiful patches of valerian and other flowering drugs. H. L. Thompson acted as helms man and saw to it that the slides were projected onto the screen properly (?) He did try to save time by throwing two pictures on the screen at once, but as Dr. Kraemer couldn't keep pace, Thompson decided that one would do, and consequently we all enjoyed them much better.

But the lecture by Dr. Kraemer given to the Pharmacy students on the 8th was enjoyed by all, especially by the ladies present. Why? Because they obtained the formula for the making of Djer Kiss face powder and saw projected onto the screen the make up of same. But to be serious, the "Future of Pharmacy" as told by Dr. Henry Kraemer lies with the Educated Pharmacist. He showed why short courses are not practical, illustrating his point by slides of the drug store owned and operated by the higher educated pharmacist; showing that he not only had to be a good salesman, advertiser, but a good chemist, etc. In short, Dr. Kraemer tried to show the Pharmacy students that this is the day for the educated man, and brains is the main constituent of a drug store.

The day came to a final conclusion by the Tenth Annual Banquet held in the Chinese room at the Lincoln Hotel, at which about fifty were present. The special guests were Dr. Henry Kraemer, Uni. of Michigan; Niels Mikkelsen, president N. S. P. A.; J. G. McBride, secretary N. S. P. A.; Prof. Geo. L. Borrowman, Prof. Benton Dales; Chancellor Hastings, Dean Engberg, and a number of others of the faculty were present.

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Mr. George E. Thompson, our toast-master, carried his part very well, and those whom he called on responded ably and showed considerable pep.

The great feature of the evening was the dedication of the College Service Flag which had been made by our Pharmacy Girls. Three cheers. Dr. Lyman spoke about the boys and his talk was very impressive and appropriate for the occasion.. The flag will be hung in the Dean's office and stars will be added to it as we hear of any of our Alumnae or students leaving for service. The banquet came to a close, every one feeling well pleased.

The next day the Pharmacy Picnic was a feature on the program, to be remembered, and will be remembered by Hattie probably longer than the rest of us. Why? The picnic was held at Crete, Nebr., and while boat riding, Hattie got her finger mashed between two boats, but she took it with a smile and in a few days was the same Hattie except carrying a bandaged finger. Everyone who went on the picnic said they had a most wonderful time.

The picnic ended the activities of the Pharmacy Week, and I want to say it was worth while because it brought co-operation, and in so doing brought the students closer together. The bond of friendship was strengthened. The success of the Pharmacy Week was due to the co-operation of every Pharmacy student by taking part and co-operating with the following committees:

Pharmacy Week Committee:

*Robt. Halliwell—Chairman
Ray Lewton
Lucile Keith
A. E. Herrmann
M. F. Shaffer*

Picnic Committee:

*Harriett Anderson—Chairman
Lucile Keith
Webb Russell
Geo. Thomson
Reed Oakley*

Banquet Committee:

*C. Robt. Carlson—Chairman
James Marquis
Walter O. Ernst
Edward V. Bogue
Ella M. Hansen*

Service Flag:

*Harriett Anderson
Ella Hansen
Lucile Keith*

C. ROBT. CARLSON.

Mistake, error, is the discipline through which we advance.—Channing.

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Camouflaging

*The war is responsible for many alterations;
From deciding what we eat, to the downfall of nations.
Here is yet another grievance to be laid at its door,
Unpronounceable, foreign words have increased by the score.
It was hard enough to accustom ourselves to garage,
Now our tongues refuse to twist around that word camouflage.
Noah Webster says it means to conceal or to disguise,
But there's a simpler definition in the student's eyes.
To them it is sufficient and quite sensible enough
To make a detour round the word and simply call it "bluff."
We have it in our college in its each and every phase,
We are convinced by this time that undoubtedly it pays.
The medics who take pharmacy are adapts in the art,
When it comes to camouflaging they surely play their part.
What's the use of hours and hours of tedious macerations,
When colored, flavored, water makes such sightly preparations?
You'd probably never think Lucile a deceitful girl,
Yet awful accusations at her I am forced to hurl.
When all their precious alcohol the others try to hide,
Her's stand upon the shelf labeled potassium cyanide;
Her tenth normal solutions no one would care to borrow,
Marked with fake equivalents they learn, much to their sorrow.
She acquired the deceptive practice from observation
Of Mr. Thompson's methods. His careful conversation
And success in hiding certain articles, we admit,
If he marked the sugar can potassiom iodide,
The sugar once obtained, how very often we have tried
To camouflage our chocolate fudge as pills of A. B. S.
Tho in covering up the odor we meet with small success.
In fact, fate seems conspiring with our teachers to detect
Our little subterfuges. Now what else would you suspect
When I tell you how old Mother Nature punished Ed.
He was to plant some Boneset seeds in neat rows in the bed.
He did as he was bidden for eleven rows or more,
Then came to the conclusion that gardening was a bore.
And dumped the contents of the package in a single hole.
As is the usual custom when onward time doth roll,
The little seedlets sprouted and then began to grow,
But not a sign or semblance was there of any row
And in the center of the bed there grew a thrifty patch
Of Boneset. Naturally Miss Day's suspicions would attach*

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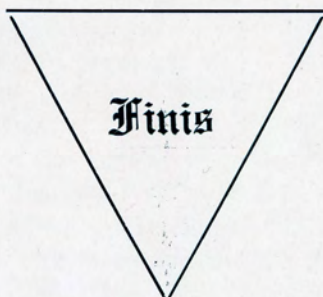
*Themselves to Ed. We Assistants, too, meet with our share.
The dental students fake their curves, then wonder how we dare
To give them zero. Say it is a mistake on our part;
When we refuse to reconsider, they have the heart
To smile and reluctantly admit that for once they're caught,
Their camouflage has failed and they will do it as they ought.
Perhaps he won't admit it but, e'en our respected Dean
Takes pleasure in the milder forms; sometimes we think it mean.
He talks of his star chamber quiz in lectures all the year,
When finally the time arrives his students shake with fear,
He calls them to his office, little chills creep up their spines,
His book lies open before him and other awful signs
Of torture. He smiles and asks them how they are today,
Then, that's all, you may go; and wonderingly they obey.
Now if you think that I am brave so boldly to reveal
The secrets of the college.
The composure isn't real,
It's Camouflage.*

Experience is a safe light to walk by, and he is not a rash man who expects to succeed in future from the same means which have secured it in the past.—Wendell Phillips.

God hides some ideal in every human soul. At some time in our life we feel a trembling, fearful longing to do some good thing. Life finds its noblest spring of excellence in this hidden impulse to do our best.—Robert Collyer.

If we could read the secret history of our enemies we should find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility.—Longfellow.

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C
P

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