

Historical Subject Files

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to stop and continued on his way. Unable to shoot, the tyro sentinel discarded his useless weapon and raced madly after the offender. The love of contest immediately cropped out and the situation developed into an excellent foot-race. Buildings sped by, but still the aviator held his lead. Undaunted, the sentry pursued the culprit until he finally disappeared within the protecting walls of Brown Hall,—one of the aviators' barracks. Thus did the rookie fail to pass his first test.

The Naval Unit has also contributed its share of amusing incidents. Having stopped a commissioned officer one dark night, a naval sentinel was at a loss to know what to do with him. It was an embarrassing situation and one that demanded quick thinking. Suddenly remembering his book on Interior Guard Duty, which was tucked away in his

pocket, the rookie dove frantically for this live-saver and proceeded to turn the pages. But it was too dark to read the rules, so the resourceful sentry lit a match, several matches in fact, and found the desired information. Having now detained the officer about ten minutes, the lowly sailor saluted in the approved manner and permitted his superior to pass on.

These are but a few of the amusing incidents which are occurring daily (or rather nightly) within the lines. Rivalry between the Army and Navy has developed and the sentinels are carefully instructed in every detail before they are permitted to assume their responsibilities, upon which the honor of their unit rests. Unversed in military matters, the members of both units are learning with surprising rapidity and are rounding into well-ordered organizations.

few moments. The lines are formed and the last man has barely time to douse his face and hands under a deluge of cold water, before assembly is again sounded.

By this time, the sky is beginning to show some signs of daylight, and faces are recognizable. A brisk march to Commons creates an excellent appetite for any who may need aid in this respect, and morning "chow" is most welcome. The men march into the dining hall in an orderly manner and stand at attention until the command "Seats!" is given. Then ensues a busy twenty minutes.

If any sailor has not been sufficiently busy, the command "Rise!" separates him from any remaining food, and once more the battalion forms. Minus their lean and hungry look, the sailors are hurried to the barracks and the next fifteen minutes are devoted to a thorough cleaning of quarters. Bedding must be aired, floors swept, and the rooms tidied, as a rigid inspection is held every morning.

At seven-thirty, sick call is sounded and any member of the Unit who is not feeling well is expected to report to the Medical Officer. If his condition warrants it, he is sent to the University Field House, which has been converted into a sick-bay. A careful inspection of the entire battalion every day has been the means of avoiding the prevalent epidemic of influenza and too much credit cannot be given to Lieutenant Luby, U. S. N., who is detailed to Princeton as Medical Officer.

Classes start at seven-fifty, although the formation is called at seven-thirty-five to make sure that the men report to their classes on time. The morning is divided into four periods of an hour each; in case a student has no class, he is expected to be in his room and studying. Musical instruments are a forbidden pleasure during these hours and a strange quiet pervades the campus.

Luncheon comes at twelve-thirty, allowing scant time for the men who have an afternoon class at twelve-fifty. Drill starts at one-fifty and its duration usually depends upon the degree of excellence exhibited, although one hour and one-half is the usual time allotted to this essential.

Recall from drill brings a relief, as it marks the leisure hour. However, any man who has been late to a formation, whose room has not passed inspection, or who has been reported for any misdemeanor, is retained on fatigue duty. This curse consists in marching around Brokaw Field for about forty-five minutes, the theory being that an extended walk will impress upon the culprit the full meaning of his transgression. And, let it be herein stated once and for all, the theory is correct.

Dinner is at six-fifteen and once more a hungry Unit besets the University Dining Halls. A busy day, hard work, and healthful exercise combine to produce enormous appetites; never before was the

## The Daily Life of the Student-Sailor

PRINCETON'S prospective naval officers have a busy schedule six days in the week and the daily routine precludes an overindulgence in the undergraduate's favorite pastime—"bicker." On the jump from reveille to taps has always been the Navy's policy and Princeton's Unit has not been overlooked in that respect. Here is the daily schedule:

### Daily Routine of Princeton Naval Training Unit

6:00 a. m.	Reveille.
6:12	Monkey drill (calisthenics).
6:35	Mess formation.
6:45	Breakfast.
7:30	Sick call.
7:30	Inspection of rooms by entry leaders.
7:35	Formation for first class.
11:50	Recall from last class.
12:20 p. m.	Mess formation.
12:30	Lunch.
12:50	Afternoon class.
1:50.	Formation for drill.
3:30	Recall from drill.
6:05	Mess formation.
6:15	Dinner.
7:30	Call to quarters for study period.
9:30	Recall from quarters.
9:50	Call to quarters.
9:55	Tattoo.
10:00	Taps.

### SUNDAYS AND HOLIDAYS

8:00 a. m.	Reveille.
8:20	Mess formation.
8:30	Breakfast.
10:40	Church call for Episcopalians.
10:45	Church call for other denominations.
12:50 p. m.	Mess formation.

1:00	Dinner.
6:05	Mess formation.
6:15	Supper.
7:30	Call to quarters for study period.
9:30	Recall from quarters.
9:50	Call to quarters.
9:55	Tattoo.
10:00	Taps.

*Exceptions:* No drill on Tuesday and Saturday afternoons. No study period Saturday night.

*Liberty:* Every other week-end from noon Saturday until taps Sunday night.

Reveille is sounded promptly at six in the morning by a lusty-lunged bugler and the results far exceed those which Big Ben, the reminder of an eight-ten class, was accustomed to produce in the days of yore. Three hundred and fifty sleepy-eyed youths, clad in everything imaginable, pour out of various entries inside of ten minutes after the last note has died away, and blindly stagger into formation. The daylight-saving plan finds six o'clock a rather dark hour this time of year; deprived of both sun and moon, the undergraduate sailor must grope his way to his proper position in the ranks.

When he finds his place, the schedule proceeds and the Unit is put through ten minutes of the severest calisthenics. This much despised "monkey drill" is the most efficient "eye-opener" imaginable; when the companies are dismissed, the Unit has become a swarm of vigorous, wide-awake sailors, who dash madly back to quarters to wash and put on their uniforms.

And here is where another problem presents itself to the aspirant for punctuality. Princeton dormitories were not intended for barracks and, with the number of roomers doubled, wash bowls are in great demand during these precious