

# Jingo Belles

"I Didn't Raise My Boy To Be A Soldier" . . . Students are taught the art of being a general . . . honorary commander is a woman . . . the Standing Army sits . . .

**T**WENTY-THREE hundred years ago, in a little peninsula on the northern shore of the Mediterranean, fighting was so important that mothers gladly—perhaps proudly would be more exact—gave up their children to the State when the progeny reached the age of seven. The boys were taught to be soldiers. The casual observer will remark, "Barbaric." But that is not so. The boys were fighters—and splendid ones, too—for thirty or forty years. Why, in the battle of Thermopylae, one of the most famous in all history, only three hundred Greeks were killed.

With the adaptation of gunpowder to warfare, much of the glamour, and all the common sense went out of being a soldier. Percival could no longer shout, "On, you British." The run from Marathon was not even cruising distance for a respectable shell. The old days of battling (with half the ferocity and danger of the modern professional wrestling match) were gone. Battles suddenly became perilous ventures. More men were to be killed in the World War than lived in Golden Greece. However, the world was not yet civilized. Men would go on fighting. The question was, "What was to be done about it?"

## A Solution is Found

It is true the world was not yet civilized; but the world was learned. It was quick to grasp realities. Those men who were in the service, soon began to notice that some of their number were never wounded, and, of course, were never killed—dying rather of old age. This group became

known as **officers**. The name signified that they were in charge of the duties of the army, not that they were immune from bullets. It has been definitely proven on two different occasions that officers can be killed by a bullet. These were the men who sat ten miles behind the fighting and planned the next attack—a very necessary thing, be it understood. It was, however, a happy coincidence that the only places that were never bombarded were munition plants and officers quarters. So, if War could not be kept a gentle pastime, why not at least develop the art of being, no longer a soldier, but a general?

With this in mind, a unit was established in the United States known as the r. o. t. c. (Capital letters were not used until 1925). The r. o. t. c. was to be the finest army in the world. Every man would be an officer. He would wear boots. He would carry a sword. He would be able to dance. He would be able to purport himself always as a gentleman. There were a few other things such as ballistics, and drill-work, and map-making to be considered; but the meeting for organization had to be stopped short, so some things were never quite settled. However, the r. o. t. c. did become a fine finishing school for the military Four Hundred.

It was late afternoon. The autumn sun slowly sank—apparently into that quaint little creek west of Central Parkway. Already the last of the undergraduates' roadsters were leaving faculty parking spaces. The turf smelled—just smelled, as it has

always smelled—of decent bourgeois dust, intermingled with those clinging odors and almost fainted.

Of a sudden this ethereal stillness was broken by a rasping command, "Fow'd Mawtch!—Tu!—'Tree!—Fo! It was so authoritative, yet so soothing—so like the voice of the owl on St. Agnes' Eve. We breathed a sigh of relief and round the drive they came—four abreast (nothing abnormal, just the formation), heavily chevroned, booted and spurred. It was the Roteswehr! Our own army!

Another scene: early in December, on that same bourgeois sod (we must be democratic, of course) stands a row of Varsity's fairest Co-eds valiantly attempting to impress, with their respective charms, the sturdy squadrons of Generals that face them. Apart, and to the left stands another group of Rotcswehr officers—distinguished from the ordinary generals by an extra three-tons of decorations. Always remembering Napoleon's mistake (Josephine, not Waterloo), these hard-bitten veterans of the Co-op Day encounters are warily deciding on some new strategy to maneuver their favorite "femme" into a commission. A coup d'etat if you will,—for such is the scope of military science and tactics. It's the day the Honorary Cadet Colonel is chosen, and: All's fair in love and Honorary-cadet-colonel-choosing.

Still another scene: late in January. It is 10:30 P. M. on a Saturday night. Soft lights stream through the grimy windows of the Men's Gym and form intricately vague patterns on the snow. The