



HOCH DER KAISER

. . . Der Tag and other expressions fit in remarkably well with the military precision of the Reichswehr of Germany.

snow covering the paths has been tightly packed by the crunching steps of boots—spurred boots. Inside, too, these spurred boots were leaving their impression—especially on the shins and ankles of everyone within a radius of three feet. It is rumored that the Folk Dance Club and W. S. G. A. have petitioned the War Department to issue rubber rowels as a part of a general's commissary accouterments.

(Equestrian Note: The horses think this is a swell idea too.)

Author's Note: It is the opinion of the author that each general should give his date one spur upon entering the floor, thus evening things up a bit. Otherwise, the Marquis of Queensbury Rules should hold on the dance floor. A. A. U. catch as catch can everywhere else.

Guns stacked in the Foyer, the Men's Gym camouflaged with canvas to represent a barracks, still they can't fool us, 'cause we know. A mess-tent!

The music stops. A fanfare from the orchestra clears the center of

the floor and two columns of sober-faced youths—their faces reflecting the seriousness of the business at hand—file in. A young General, cool and brave under fire, steps out of line and solemnly summons Mr. Umpty Ump and General Fred Floop to become members of Scabbard and Blade—the inner order of the army—the true "Garde Regiment zu Fuss" of the Rotcswehr. It is an honor coveted by all candidates—to wear Achselklappen (officers shoulder straps).

Perhaps these scenes will go far toward disclosing the impregnable position that the Rotcswehr occupies in the hearts of the militant undergraduates. Little did President Wilson realize when he signed the Hay Bill of June 3, 1916, that this Act was destined to establish a literal "Wehrfreudigkeit"—(look it up for yourself)—throughout all the learned institutions in the land.

Nor did Colonel Guthrie realize on the same day three years later when he took charge as Commandant of the Cincinnati Rotcswehr that it would become so integral a part of the Campus. What

with supplying ushers for football games and guards for Co-op Day exhibits little more could be expected in the way of co-operating to the best interests of University life. Service is the keynote! Service to the **best school on earth** and the **grandest flag of all!**

Years later, in the days of Rooseveltian alphabetism and Tugwell-versus-Wirt'ism, when red-shirt Communists, brown-shirt Nazi's, black-shirt Facisti, and no-shirt Literati of the College of Liberal Arts have risen and subsided, the Rotcswehr alone has remained foremost in the annals of Campus publicity. Disregarding entirely such non-military organizations as the Fencing team and Jerry the cop, it is this army that has recently engaged the attention of the general staff of "Ill-Fortune".

The Rotcswehr is divided into two Regiments, each comprising three Battalions. Each Battalion embraces two Companies; each Company embraces two Platoons; each Platoon embraces a number of Infantrymen, while each Infantryman embraces another. Whoops, my dear!