

Under the command of General Cadet Col. James W. Seltzer and General Lt. Col. Courtney Winall, this small but mighty fighting unit is well equipped to take the field, with:

Rifles	1,200
Uniforms	175,000
Corporals	3
Privates	1
Generals	100,000
Field Guns	none
French 75's (now quoted at 59½)	4
Trenches.....(see parking lot)	
Sabres	79,852½
Bullets (spent).....	55,000 rounds
Honorary Cadet Colonels.....	2
Tanks.....(don't mention it)	
No more.	

Indeed, the day of the dumb disciplined cannon-fodder is past. Modern armies are targets of well-trained technicians. No longer need the modern General hide calloused hands or feel ill at ease in the tea salon, for tea-dancing has become another phase of the rigid training that the neophyte general must endure. Just a month before he died, old Grand Admiral James Patirpitz ("Honest Jim") Von Walsh, famed for his parted whiskers and departed wallet, said, "Whether our enemies like it or not, these uniforms sure play hell with the ladies".

The ordinary general of the Rotcswehr is paid roughly about fifty-three pfennigs a day. The Rotcswehr accepts none but the best of Varsity's man-power. They will not deviate in the slightest from their strict physical requirements, the essential qualifications being two arms, two eyes, one head, one torso and two feet (preferably not flat).

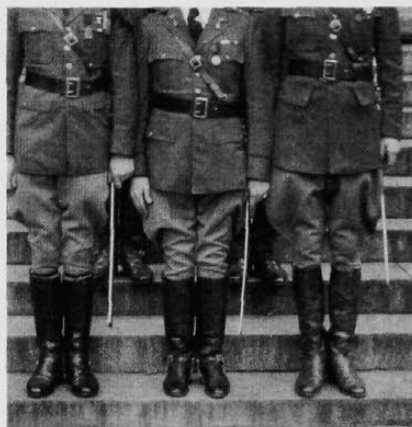
The Cadet-General is taught to handle a rifle (either end), to dig a trench (the Co-ordination Department usually takes care of this), the mysteries of ballistics, range finding, scouting, ball-room dancing and fire-by-friction.

Every year, shortly after the Spring mobilization the "Man-overzeit" is held. It is holiday time for Generals. Here the routine of drill and manual is dispensed with for the lighter pastimes of "Drop-the-handkerchief, red-rover-come-over, and go-sheepie-go." The Pacific fleet may go to Atlantic waters, but the Rotcswehr will go on forever—as long as engineers continue to wave the flag.

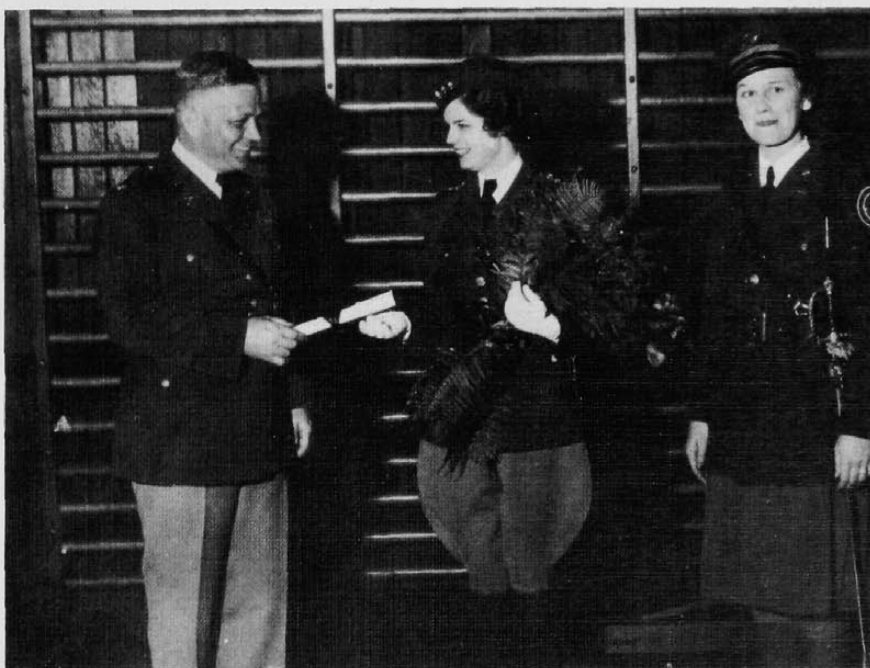
The Rotcswehr, like every other army has its secret new-fangled devices the most guarded of which are: a delicately intricate mechanism, officially known as the Iwon'tdoit-ograph, to measure the amount of insubordination in every embryonic General; a respirator to keep Generals from dying in bed; a self-packing parasite to hang on to when you fall out of airplanes; and a smokeless, noiseless, non-existent bullet. These adroit misapplications have done much to further the impotency of our estimable "Truppen". However, the most zealously guarded of all military secrets is the discovery by Major-domo Fitzgerald-Pershing Von Himmeltott Lord&Taylor Dusseldorf of a blond Big Bertha whose acquaint-

ance we have been unable to make at the time this publication goes to press.

We hope you will feel only that this is a protocol inspired by common weal, for no mean mortal could fully and aptly describe the glories of the Rotcswehr! But then soldiering has lost its charm. Why is it not better to use the uniform for school clothes, to beat the sword into plowshares? Why is it not better to keep one's respect for an Honorary Colonel rather than a Himmelstoss that feels for no one? There will be more wars and more men will be killed. But generals will die in bed—their own, even—perhaps.



EXCLUSIVE PICTURE
... showing officers dying with their boots on.



THE HONORARY COLONEL
... is the only one who doesn't wear his uniform to school.