



SPECIAL ISSUE OFFICIAL ORGAN Y.C.L. ROTC UNIT

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"WE WHO ARE ABOUT TO DIE, SALUTE THEE"

That's what the Roman gladiators said as they went out to die for the amusement of the mad emperors of Rome.

That's what the Mili Sci Dept wants us to say this Friday - not in words - but by parading around and playing this deadly game of war for a few little trinkets and medals.

The gladiators were slaves, or men so depraved that neither their own lives nor those of others meant anything to them. But we, who now stand face to face with death, find our lives very worthwhile in spite of everything. WE WILL NOT DIE FOR AN UNWORTHY CAUSE!

And yet the modern mad emperors of Wall Street, of Berlin, of London, of Tokio, and of Rome would have us die to protect their profits. This is no idle dream or soap-boxer's piffle. Didn't our older brothers die in a war whose only result was to make the rich richer? What happened to the democracy for which they were making the world safe?

By now, the wealth that the fat boys cornered in the last

gladiatorial combat is vanishing; they're asking us to shine up the old bayonets, rusty from the blood of the last battle and pass in review, in readiness to make them a little more blood-money.

If you think that's a visionary's dream, look around buddies. Everybody's arming to the teeth, trying to beat the next one to the jump. Our own government's biggest "peace-time" war-budget is so enormous that even WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST IS ALMOST SATISFIED!

Here's where our little "Field Day" comes in. To keep us ready for the big Wall Street Push they rope us into these little circuses. We drill, they pass around medals and pig-stickers; the DAR ladies in the stands coo and try to make this grim business seem like a pleasant game; seeing through this tripe, student tradition has aptly named this masquerade JINGO DAY - which means PAYtriots' day.

Hell! Are we Hottentots to be seduced by a shiny trinket into giving up our (most precious possessions) lives? And so damned nearsighted as to surrender for fear of that final Exam?

BOYCOTT JINGO DAY