

Short, Short Story Of A Belt

By A/C Charles D. Saxon

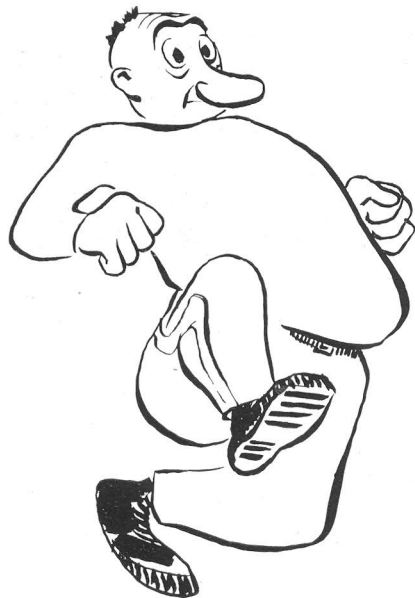
INTO the Air Force came Averill Thatch
(A very large man with a waistline to match)

He was built like a bomber—B17A
And he measured flat 40 around his bomb bay.

At first they were puzzled—just one of these things—

Should they teach him to fly, or just fit him with wings?

But Averill wanted the wings on his chest
So they sent him to Maxwell and hoped for the best.



THE PRESENCE of large Mr. Thatch was auspicious—

The comment created was violent and vicious;
For the upperclass, this was a fight to the finish:

"This waist-line," they yodeled, "this gut must diminish!"

An inch to the left and an inch to the right,
And poor Mr. T. found his belt getting tight.

Though Thatch measured 40 around his bomb bay,

His belt shrank to 30 the very first day.



IT'S TOUGH for a zombie—this shortness of belt—

But posture and bearing must make themselves felt,

And after the rigors of P. T. and drill

The trousers get almost too baggy to fill!

And such was the case of our Averill Thatch
(The build of the man would be quite hard to match)

He may have been large 'ere the training begun,

But Averill now flies a P-51.