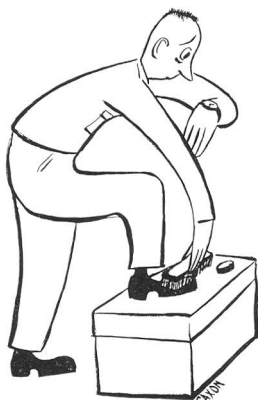


By A/C CHARLES D. SAXON

NOW we could laugh. That unbelievable, unbearable month was over, when your eyes pierced an unchanging, unimportant spot on the horizon and your shoulder blades had friction bruises from rubbing together. But we knew it was fun. We sputtered and griped, but there was always a rosy glow around the corner. We couldn't laugh then. But we could laugh as upperclassmen. And we did.



"THE UNDERCLASS IS NOW LATE"

Explanation.

We ran into an old friend of ours in the REC Hall the other night. How nice, we both remarked, to be at Maxwell Field together. We talked over old times and

eventually got around to the usual questions.

"And where is your squadron?" we asked.

"Oh, nice spot," said he, "Nice spot. We've located right in back of Colonel Hornsby Hall."

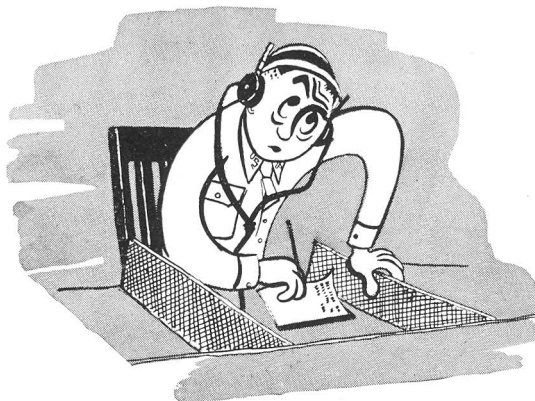
"Colonel Hornsby Hall!" we exclaimed, "why that's at Gunter Field!"

"No wonder," he said, "No wonder it's such a long walk to the mess hall."

Pride Goeth

Our academic section was trotting peacefully from maps and charts to code the other day, when we suddenly came upon a lone zombie. He wasn't very big but he stood with his chest all rounded and his back like a ramrod. His head was high; his eyes straight ahead. He had a glory. And as we passed you could just about hear him speaking.

"Look proud," he was saying, "Look proud, You're passing me!"



SOS SOS SOS

Wise Guy

One of the more eager upperclassmen had twenty or so zombies lined up for "garter inspection". It was the first time this unique maneuver was foisted on the group, and naturally the zombies were a little nervous. They always are, weren't you? The upperclassmen wanted left legs lifted by the numbers, ho, and all complied except one particularly bewildered lad in the middle of the line. He lifted his right leg.

"Okay, Okay!" roared the upperclassman in a righteous rage, "Who's the wise guy who lifted both legs?"

Conversation

Two zombies were sitting in a corner of the REC Hall. One, it was easy to see, was in the depths of despondency. And we could just hear the sad story he was telling his friend.

"Next Saturday," he explained, "is my first open post. I know a beautiful girl in Montgomery and all I have to do is call her up and we'll have a wonderful time. The only trouble is I am flat broke and we won't have another payday for weeks. I haven't the slightest idea where I can get some money. Not the slightest"

"Well, that's a relief," said the other zombie, getting up, "I thought you were going to try to get it from me."

Object Lesson

One of our corps commanders, whom we had better leave anonymous, was making a tour of inspection one day and came upon a group of cadets out on the rifle



"NICE COLOR COMBINATION"

*Lots of laughs
Paul Gistner
Lakewood, N.Y.*



"EXERCISE POSITION, HO"

range. It was the first time many of them had held a weapon of that type and the results of their shooting was terrible. The corps commander was beside himself. He ran over, grabbed a rifle from one of the men and posed before the target.

"Now, men," he said, "I'll show you how this is done."

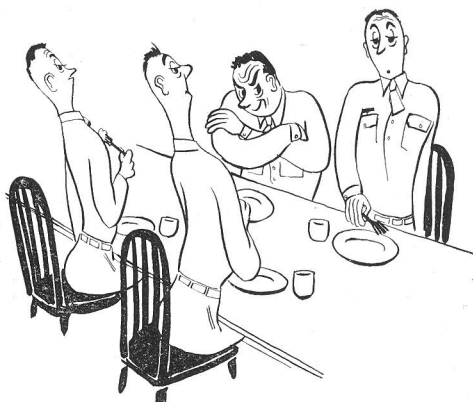
He took careful aim and fired several times, missing the target completely. It was a tense moment for all concerned, but the commander was equal to the situation.

"That's what you have been doing," he roared, "now learn to do it right." And off he strode with his head high.

First Step

It was a demonstration in first aid—the class of zombies were being introduced to the mysteries of the Traction splint. The instructor had all his cravats neatly arranged, his splints laid neatly on the floor. He called for a volunteer patient and placed him on the table in the front of the room.

"Now!" he smiled pleasantly at the class. "What is the very first thing we must do?"



"ARE YOU SPYING, MISTER?"

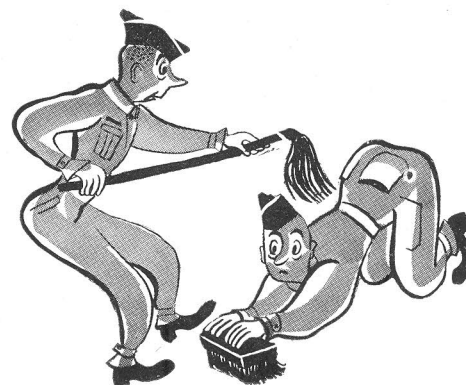
*Get those wings Red
"Red" Gagnier*

A thoughtful voice answered him from the back of the room. "Well," it said, "the first thing I'd do would be to break his leg."

Silver Lining

The first time we went to chapel as zombies there were, we noticed, several young men who were almost strangers in the fold, who had not been near a house of worship for too long a time. The subject of the sermon was the Ten Comandments and the lesson seemed to affect one of these cadets quite deeply. He left church a more serious and thoughtful man. He marched back deep in thought, his brow a mass of wrinkles. As we approached the squadron, however, his face broke into a beatific smile.

"Well, anyway," we heard him say, "I never made a graven image."



"G. I. PARTY"

Second Try

On our first open post a whole bunch of us decided to just walk and take in the Alabama country side. We went down the side roads—the ones soldiers wouldn't be likely to take . . . eventually we found one. On an old dilapidated fence, sat a very black wrinkled ducky, and the sight of a crowd of soldiers set him into paroxysms of glee.

"Gol dang it!" he cried, nearly upsetting his perch on the fence, "We gonna get dem Yankees dis time!"

That Inner Drive

Like our heroic roommate. He cornered us one day with a pugnacious gleam in his eye.

"You know," he said, "I feel like punching that upperclassman again."

"What's this?" we said, not a little worried.

"Yes," he said, "I felt like it yesterday, too."