



LOOK, FROUD, MISTER, THAT'S YOUR WIFE OUTSIDE THE REC HALL



"SIRS, DOES ANYONE CARE FOR A SUNDAE?"

## Just A Boomer

IT is only a little while and we, the Class of 43-K, will leave.

Dear Zombies:

There are only a few more agonizing days left and you will be reclaimed by the world. We, the class of 43-K, will meet many rendezvous with many trains to seek our "crates of thunder", and then, and only then will you step forward to claim all that we leave behind. And, Zombies, there is much that we do leave behind.

To those of you who have been "eager beavers", we shall bequeath our most precious possessions—the telephone numbers that we have kept sacred even from those who were our buddies. But it must now be said, there are few such numbers. (In fact no one ever had enough to start a Bingo game). So, as a supplement, the following information is added. Please act accordingly.

First, there will come a time when the announcement will come over the Public Address System that your wing will be entitled to recreational privileges. Yes, they will mean you—not the Misters who live in the rooms at both ends of the hall, not the men who have chilled you and racked you and gipped you

for all the long, long weeks that have just passed. They'll mean you—the new upper-class.

So you'll walk the road to Mecca—and a Mecca it is in the shape of the Cadet Recreational Hall. Hear that hot trumpet solo? That's not a record mister, but one of the Cadet Orchestras. These orchestras are composed entirely of cadets, 48 in all. They are led by the genial Mr. Perry Bremer. Maestro Bremer is the musical director here at Maxwell Field.

Further on you'll find billiards and darts, table tennis and shuffleboard, a soda fountain and a branch of the telephone company, juke boxes, phonographs, radios—and a Date Bureau!

Now much can be said about all these things—but most can be said of that Date Bureau. Miss Georgette Johnson—105 pounds of vivacious, piquant charms runs it. She's there to give you a girl to date, a girl to dance with and a girl to impress with your new status, a girl to come and visit you at the base—in short 'zombies'—a girl.

Well, that's only a part of it, because the day when you are told that Open Post is scheduled—'zombies', that's "der tag". You'll



TOP LICKS IN HOT LICKS CAN BE HEARD WHEN  
CADET MUSICIANS GIVE OUT

# Open Post...

dress up and polish up as though you were a super AMI and when the time for your pass to begin ticks around, you'll grab the nearest vehicle and charge into Montgomery faster than a P-38 in a 9G dive.

Open Post. The beauty of those two little words! But you've got to know what to do with it.

Go to the Cadet Club. It's your club. Located at the Jefferson Davis Hotel, it has everything—a bar, an orchestra and the girls from Huntingdon College.

There's the Standard Country Club—what a place! If the cadet club is like apple pie, this place is like apple pie with sugar added.

We're leaving all this, leaving it to you. There's a lot we'd like to say to a lot of people about it all. To the people of Montgomery who have stood in review and watched our passing, to those who cheered us just by their presence, to those who said little unimportant things at the important times—you'll feel the same way when it's time for you to go. But like us, you too will be tongue-tied. And though you'll feel a lot, it's a bet you won't be able to say much more than the words we're saying to them right now. Just—

Thanks for the memory.

—A/C Robert Emmett.

