

6. uSHI JJ The following story takes precedence over all other Hq Co news:

The Capt. & Lt. are both very mad.

They Both should have drowned.

na-la-lan, said the man'sels as our CO and En Mess a~ficer, decked out in all of their military finery, strutted down to the local boat club last Sunday afternoon to go canoing. As usula, they wore the symbol of dignity and perfection in dress that afternoon.

Arriving at the club and making the necessary arrangements, they marched down to the dock and prepared to become sailors for the day."

Captain Hathaway descended first, leaving the agile young Lt Lindley with the task of shoving off. The Captain sitting there with his customary cigar, glistening bars, and dark sunglasses was the envy of all of the lowly Pwts in the vicinity. While the Lt, with his muscles bulging from beneath his OD's and dark eyes flashing, was the "Adonis of the Pier."

"All right Lt," said the captain, "everything appears to be in order, so you may proceed to launch this craft." "Yes Sir" replied the Lt, and stepping into the canoe proceeded to shove off by pushing against the dock with the paddle.

At this point, the canoe, realizing that it had the two officers in its clutches powerless, in fact--decided to turn the tables on them and quickly rotated its body, throwing the Lt and Captain out into the murky depths of the water. (cont'd)

ANCHORSWEIGH!!!

The captain, with his hat at a rakish angle, sun glasses, and dripping cigar, steamed quickly to shore. The Lt, with his hands in his pockets protecting Beaucoup francs, has considerable difficulty swimming with only his legs and feet but he, too, finally made it. Unefficially, the two broke some sort of record, swimming all of four yaras with full dress uniform on.

Arriving back at Hq Co a few minutes later, drenched to the skin, both Officers were subjected to loud, but polite, laughter. After lingering for a few minutes and failing to receive a sympathetic audience our two Officers left for their quarters--the sound of laughter still reverberating in the courtyard.

Reaching their quarters, our Captain, being the diplomat that he is, decided to employ some means to keep the story from circulating further. "Ah, I have it", he muttered. Then aloud, "SuIIIlll the 1st Sgc., Lt, and I will give this situation my personal attention."

Upon entering the room, Sergeant Short was greeted by, "What will it be Sarg--- Scotch, Cognac or wine, anything your heart desires (that little was accentuated later) is yours? The Sergeant took wine and listened to their story of the events of the afternoon. He was cautioned, of course, before knowing that all he had been told was in strict confidence, and that they would appreciate his keeping the story quiet.

In compliance with the VaCO, received by the First Sergeant, you, the reader, are cautioned against reading the above article.

Isn't Freedom of the Press wonderful?

-Seabolt-

G.L "What-cha-got in the shape of tires Bud? "funeral Wreaths, Life Preservers, invalid Cushions and doughnuts, soldiers?"

First Souse: "Hey, Barterder, give me a horses neck?"

Second Souse: "I'll have 3 horses tail --no use killing two horses."

There are three classes of women: The intellectual, the beautiful and the Majority.

