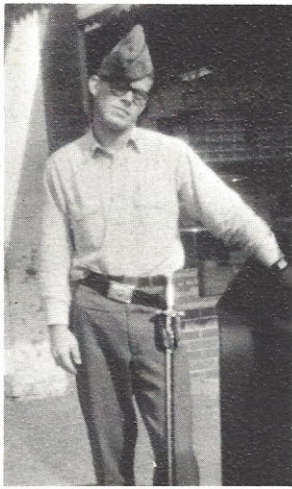


Would You Believe?



Rose on O. G. . . . Orderly of Garbarge.

Adams down a straight line.

Col. Risher granting general amnesty when it isn't The Citadel's 125th birthday.

Joe Berry getting a gold star.

Capt. Wallace flunking out.

Isenberg and Capt. Webber in a sprint medley team.

Drew without a senior ring.

Sgt. Wilson in a sailor suit.

Col. James is a Hippie.

Arazie and Sanders tied in the vote for the James F. Risher Award.

Doug Dills is only 14.

Our Fac Offs in the Army.

Prof. Brown worked his way through Barber School as a butcher.

Sir Edward (Capt. Sims?) you dance divinely.

Mrs. Dallas looking over the steering wheel instead of through it.

Capt. Sandel severely demeriting Cadet Peeples.

A quote from the 1961 **EXCALIBUR**, "The new gym will start going up next year."

Liverman on O. G.

Naylor rooming with Johnston, J. E.

Ford and Buckles mopping the floor at four a. m.

William Best is accepted into the college of his choice.

There is something Pete Lewis has not done.

Bobby Ebener is an introvert.

Mike Witmore has a hole in his chest . . . wonder what that means.

Carlisle actually expected to beat us in football this year.

The Adjutant is coming out June 4.

Lt. Col. Caliendo.

Major B pulling a report.

Litherland with a Beatle Haircut . . . Litherland?

The P. A. system working for a full week.

Waters checking out the white bus.

Draft Beer in the Com. Off. club . . . Draft Beer?

Mr. and Mrs. Russell putting in a four-hour workday.

Major Dukes being a square.

Col. Dallas misplacing a library book; with a big white ape on it, of course.

Do as I say, not as I do.

Joe Berry taking Loretta Lynn to see the Electric Heads.

Joey Parsons vs. The Red Baron.

Good meals in the mess hall.

Meals in the mess hall.

Food in the mess hall.

The mess hall.

Dumpy Barts already rules his own little world.

Isenberg really doesn't have glandular trouble, he just likes to eat a little.

Ware with Hair.

Bubba majoring in Home Ec. at The Citadel.

Col. James worked his way through The Citadel installing telephone poles and croker sacks.

Kenny Smith excelling scholastically instead of physically.

Carl Payne can't sing.

Forty dollars minus . . . uh, Pete?

Glisson thumbed home for a weekend furlough.

The command is actually "RISE" and not "WHISE".

Four Tops performed at our Junior-Senior. There were four of them and they were on top of the stage.

It only took ten minutes to form up for our first, and last fire drill this year.

Rose spotting a fly at twenty paces . . . on his nose.

Colombo and Creedon whistling Dixie in the shower.

Yesterday we came; We did our work; We took the rings on our heads; Today . . . Today it's different. This has been OUR YEAR. The year known by all seniors as OUR YEAR. This was OUR YEAR to sit on the Cess Pools, OUR YEAR to smoke in the canteen.

The Academy has been, for each one of us, our largest stepping stone in life thus far. None of us will ever shed the memories instilled on us by the Academy. CMA will forever be within our minds, and may we pray, that we, as a class, have done something that will enrich the lives of those we now leave in our footsteps.

Yesterday we came, today we rule, tomorrow it is yours, for we are gone.