

Christmas Furlough—Back to Civilization

When the following words are read by the adjutant in the mess hall—"The Corps of Cadets is hereby granted furlough from December 17, 1943 to January 5, 1944"—you can feel assured that there is a smile on every man's face and happiness and warmth in his heart.

This is the day that we have all looked forward to since the beginning of school—the day that we leave for three weeks and journey homeward to "Mom" and "Dad" and our "Joyces" or "Janes."

We depart in good spirits and each boy is going to his own particular version of "God's Country." We wonder if the "old home town" has changed much in the last three months, and our minds are filled with plans for those three short weeks.

When we return we'll be ready to get back into "the old grind," but now, we'll forget school and everything that pertains to it.

At last!! . . . Baby's first Xmas . . . Merry Xmas, Cap! . . . Goodbye! . . . Happy boys?

