



Instructor to Pupils...

A P O S T W A R A N E C D O T E

THEY were a group of aviation cadets in a classroom at the cadet center in Santa Ana, California. The fledglings were just becoming familiar with some of the phrases common in Air Force talk.

"Pilot to navigator," mumbled one of the students, as his wandering glance was caught by two pretty girls approaching the window on his right. "Two Stuka bombers coming in at three o'clock."

Over on the other side of the room, a cadet peered out of a window on his left to see what might

be cooking, and there he discovered three girls with very satisfactory figures about to sail by. In a low voice he reported to his buddies, "Three ME-109's coming in at nine o'clock."

Well, the instructor, up front, wasn't exactly deaf. And the instructor was a strict disciplinarian. He also was a humorist, of a kind. Combining the two qualities, he tersely announced: "Instructor to pupils, two Zero's coming in at the end of the week."

—ANTHONY C. WAYNE.