

Playing the sympathy card

Somewhere between the Stone Age and the Bronze Age I was a bachelor 1st Lt. in Topeka, Kansas. I had been assigned to the 343rd after 1 year in Texas. Of course, being a bachelor, I was happy to learn that a group of real good looking all American girls had invited any bachelor in the 55th to their party. So after applying 3 layers of after shave lotion and grapping my little black book I was off to the party. All was as described, though my little black book and I were having very mixed results. Then an interesting thing happened, off to my left stood a captain in my squadron who I believed was a pilot. But his demeanor was so lonely and forlorn that I was sure someone must have shot his dog. Then I hear the click click of the hostess approaching the sad captain. The hostess looks at him and says, "I don't believe I know you." the captain says "My name is Sgt. Garcia." The hostess being a hostess says " Don't you let all these officers scare you I'm going to introduce you to every young lady here!" She leads him away and I stand there with my stupid black book thinking that was really smart, and this man is going to bear a lot of watching. I was right. Who was Sgt. Garcia? Why it was none other Captain Reggie Urschler.

.....Bill O'Hara
