Military Recitation 101

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TEN-SHUN!” Military Recitation Class 101 knocked chairs noisily together rising to their feet as the captain came through the doorway. “Be seated, men.” The captain took off his steamed-over glasses, blew on them, and wiped them with his handkerchief while he briskly announced, “Discussion for today is organization of the army.”...
Sketch

frail faith strangled by brute reason. We must wait—no money—what about a job—it's sheer madness—living in one furnished apartment after another—war widow. But isn't madness the privilege of youth? When else can we be mad? And so faith is gone. "Maybe sometime again, Dick."

Janet met his eyes and felt sorry. Sorry that it wasn't easy as it had been when they were young. Sorry for him because he was unhappy. She played with the ring in the palm of her hand, and held it out to him. When he did not take it, she reached over and dropped it into his pocket, stood up quickly. He rose, his hands still in his pockets; walked over to his coat.

"Goodbye, Dick. I could say I'm sorry, but I didn't start all this."

"I know you didn't. I guess I'm sorry. I know that I want you very much."

Janet smiled as she closed the door. All this and she felt nothing.

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The class thumbed through their manuals for the chapter entitled "Organization" and left them open on the desks in case of questions. The captain started at the beginning of the alphabet as usual. Aasgardson was the receiver of the first question. Blonde, Swede, and flustered, he came to attention. "Well, sir, the purpose of organization in the army is to, a, to," he glanced at the manual on his desk, but the pages had flipped over to another section. "The purpose is in order to have an organized