



Morning calisthenics. Mention the words and our hero's blood turns to ice water. As the eternal Amoco flame bursts gloriously over the horizon, Snoof braces himself for the tortures. He dances through the body twist, the squat thrust, the bunny hopper, the eight-count Boogaloo, and finishes up with the half-mile stroll. Following a quick shower and careful grooming of the peach fuzz left on his head, Snoof is off to chow. Chief Hinton's domain in the morning is a gastronomic wonderland filled with multi-colored nectars, a viscous ambrosia known as grits, and various types of forbidden fruit. Stopping briefly at the morning inspection for his daily allotment of demerits, Snoof trots off to classes.

Mornings were the worst. Reveille, callies, rushed or omitted showers, formations, and inspections made anticipation of the morrow something less than nourishment for a tired soul. If only the day had begun at eight. . . .

