

## The Secret Life of Waldo F. Dumbsquat

By Don Hall '76

### Letter 3

C/4C Waldo F. Dumbsquat, "Regs" Buch, and Warren Heels sat at their dorm desks. Each doolie painstakingly pressed piles of underwear with an ink stamp.

"I wish my last name was shorter, said Waldo absently, "I'm running out of black ink."

Before the author could think of anything else, C/4 Wags Hizasov burst from the alcove, through the freshmen's door, and skidded to a stop, leaving scuff marks on the floor. He bent over and gasped for air.

"Welcome to 7250 feet!" said Warren.

"Why are you out of breath?" quizzed Regs.

"Well," wheezed Wags, "I just ran up from the Lower-Lower Lot."

Waldo pretended to be interested. "Why?"

"That's where the firsties on AC Pro have to park, so I was looking to see what cars were available this weekend."

The fourthclassmen were amazed by their friend's resourcefulness.

"Did you get an ODP or Weekend privilege?" Warren was incredulous.

"Negative, but we have a chance to earn one! One of the squadron project officers got tasked to come up with activities for some VIPs who will visit the squadron."

"The Board of Visitors is coming to see us?"

"No, some old grads from the brown shoe days are coming through during their 50<sup>th</sup> reunion."

"I thought you said VIPs," groused Warren.

"I believe the Class of '76 wore Corfam shoes," announced Regs, after doing the math.

“Well, we need to bail out the project officer by coming up with ideas for things to do. We just need to distract the old folks for about 3 hours... and we don’t want anybody to see we had an easy Beast.”

Waldo nodded. “How about a grad shower formation?”

Regs worked hard to keep down the Shepherd’s Pie he had for lunch. “Thanks for an image I’ll never be able to unsee, Waldo!”

“They could memorize Cadets at the table and Wing Staff.”

“It wouldn’t hurt for them to learn Checkpoints, too.”

“I bet we could get them to make SAMI beds,” suggested Wags.

“They couldn’t get under the bed to hook the blanket,” noted Regs.

“Buffer rodeo?”

“Minute calling?”

“Answer the pay phones for the firsties?”

“I know,” said Waldo, “We’ll take them on a tour of the Trunk Room!”

“I don’t know about that,” advised Warren, “we tried that last year with the Class of ’75 and three of the grads got lost in there. They may still be in there.”

Waldo shuddered.

“They could watch *Star Trek* in the SAR.”

“Foosball tournament.”

“Ride the ‘vator.”

“Mirror magic show.”

“Well,” said Wags, scrawling notes on his issue calendar, “I do believe we have earned some weekend privileges! Better start planning.”

“Do you already have a ride in mind?” asked Regs.

“I’ve got my eye on an apple red Pontiac Firebird – 400 4 barrel with radio *and* cassette! Belongs to the Poli Sci major in B Flight.”

“Why not a Corvette?” asked Waldo?

“The secondclassmen always snag those early,” Wags informed him.

Suddenly, the door flew open and C/1C Dan Beatty walked in the room. The doolies stood at attention, chins and elbows in.

“You smacks stand at ease. I just came by to say I appreciate your work on the visit coming up. Give me your ideas and I’ll turn them into the ops officer. As a reward, I’m empowered to give you these 50<sup>th</sup> Reunion Spirit Buttons. Unfortunately, they are not authorized uniform items, so you can’t wear them anywhere.”

Cadet Beatty shrugged.

“Just consider it another good deal for doolies.”

Waldo, Warren, Regs, and Wags sighed.

\*\*\*\*\*