

THE SECRET LIFE OF WALDO F. DUMBSQUAT



Mrs. Waldo Dumbsquat was thrilled to attend Waldo's 40th reunion; she had heard the zero reunions were the best. Waldo wasn't so sure.

The deliriously happy couple made their way to the registration desk of the Colorado Springs Marriott, "Mr. and Mrs. Dumbsquat checking in. 75 Best Alive!"

"We have no record of any registration for a Dumbsquat," the pimply faced front desk person whined.

"That's Waldo F. Dumbsquat," Waldo stated.
"Please try again."

"No registration, Sir," the clerk repeated. "Are you sure you have the right hotel?"

Waldo's temperature started to rise and he began looking for some sort of room to transform into the Man for all Reasons: General Dumbsquat.

Mrs. Dumbsquat laid a hand on Waldo's arm to calm him down as she whispered in his ear, "That won't

work here dear. These are civilians." She turned to the front desk clerk as she rummaged through her pocketbook, "Could I please talk to the front desk supervisor, Ms. Cook. I would like to show her a copy of our registration." Mrs. Dumbsquat had seen Ms. Cook's photo behind the desk.

The front desk clerk wanted to refuse, but Mrs. Dumbsquat was so nice he had no chance. He ducked out back for a second and came back with Ms. Cook in tow.

"Your front desk clerk has been so helpful," Mrs. Dumbsquat started. "But this situation is beyond his authority. It seems your registration system has lost our registration and I was wondering if you could help us." She handed the registration to Ms. Cook.

Before they knew it, Mrs. And Mr. Waldo Dumbsquat were unpacking their bags in the Presidential Suite. I guess the President wouldn't be in town tonight.

The week had been going great and Mrs. Dumbsquat couldn't wait to eat in Mitchell Hall having heard so many great food stories from Waldo; she was secretly hoping for Mitch's Mountain for dessert. Waldo was hoping to not be poisoned.

Finally, they were seated at the 39th Squadron Commander's table. Cadet Colonel Francis E. McIntire IV bragged that his grandfather was in the renowned class of "74". Waldo didn't remember the class of "74" being all that great, but he didn't say anything.

"Do you think the 4th classmen can eat at rest for this meal," Waldo asked?

"Absolutely not," the Cadet Colonel replied. "They don't deserve it. In fact, they will be lucky if they don't spend the next two years as Doolies!"

"Watch this." The Squadron Commander said with glee. "Fourth Class Cadet Browner."

"Yes Sir," the pathetic Doolie drawled as he spilled half of the canned spaghetti off his plate into his lap.

"Mr. Browner, what is the wingspan of the F-22 Raptor?"

Looking like he had just lost his only friend, Cadet Browner couldn't even think of anything to mumble.

"You see," the Squadron Commander beamed.
"They're all pathetic; just like this one."

"When is your next class today Doo-Jaz Browner?"

"I don't have any afternoon classes, Sir," Browner squeaked out.

"Perfect," Frank McIntire smiled. "Meet me in front of my room in twenty minutes in full parade uniform with your rifle."

"Yes Sir."

"And Browner... make sure you have no spaghetti sauce on your shoes."

Mrs. Dumbsquat didn't look like she was enjoying the shoe leather garlic bread, but she was enjoying it much better than the antics of the Frank McIntire.

Turning to the head of the table, she put on her sweetest smile, "Cadet General McIntire, we missed the tour this morning, would you assign one of your underlings to show us around 39th squadron?"

"I'm just a Colonel ma'am," Cadet McIntire beamed. "I'm sure 2nd class cadet Rebecca Dorn will show you around. I would, but I have an appointment."

Mr. and Mrs. Waldo Dumbsquat and Cadet Dorn lingered at the squadron table as the 4th classmen and the Squadron Commander hurried back to the dorm. Mrs. Dumbsquat was glad there was no dessert; it probably would have been freezer burned.

It was a beautiful October day out as the trio ambled back to the dorm. Mrs. Dumbsquat was looking forward to seeing the elegant dorm rooms where her hero Waldo once resided.

"What is that awful din?" Mrs. Dumbsquat asked as they got closer to the 4th group dorms.

"I believe you are going to get to experience a special inspection," Waldo replied. "And, I don't think you are going to like it, my dear."

As they rounded a final corner into 39th squadron, Mrs. Dumbsquat was horrified at what she saw. Cadet 4th class Browner was pumping his legs with his rifle over his head as he belted out all four verses of the Air Force Song.

Cadet Squadron Commander McIntire said, "Enough, I'm really getting tired at the effort you're putting out. Are all Southern Boys wimps just like you, or are there any real men from Alabama?"

Cadet Browner refused to rise to the bait which just seemed to make Frank McIntire all that much madder.

"There's a reason the South lost the Civil War Browner," McIntire continued. "I'm sure some of your relatives ended up running away from, instead of towards the action!"

Mrs. Dumbsquat knew the danger signs of her husband's heavy breathing and she turned and placed her hand on his arm. When Waldo turned and looked her directly in the eyes, she mouthed the word, "Now!"

The sloped shouldered, paunch bellied, gray haired Waldo Dumbsquat ducked out of sight and a mystical transformation occurred that sounded almost like a sonic boom. The doors to the latrine burst open and the champion of all underdogs, General of the Air Force Waldo F. Dumbsquat sallied forth.

"Squadron, Atten-hut!" Cadet Dorn belted out. All she could see was the four brilliant stars adorning Waldo's shoulders.

General Dumbsquat carefully inspected each cadet in the squadron area making all positive comments until he reached Cadet Squadron Commander McIntire. "A true leader never belittles the men that serve under him, Mr."

"I don't expect you to understand that statement any better than your grandfather did," Waldo continued. "He was almost as much of a jackass as you are. Now, are you ready to repeat after me?"

"Yes sir," Frank's eyes were as wide as saucers.

"All 4th class cadets in 39th squadron are at rest for the rest of the weekend."

He hesitated, "All 4th class cadets in 39th squadron are at rest for the rest of the weekend."

"Good, now give me twenty squat thrusts and then run over to command post and make the following announcement," General Dumbsquat whispered something into Frank's ear. "Now count them out Mister."

Mrs. Dumbsquat started walking away and was joined by Waldo after he had changed back to a mere mortal. As they were making their way to their car they heard the heard the metallic click of the Command Post speakers, "Attention in the area. 75 Best Alive!"