



**It's That
Time Again**



Reading Through

Articles:

WHAT IT MEANS TO ME TO BE A POLISH CADET
Walinski '69

NEAT THINGS TO DO
Owen Achby '69

SPOTLIGHT ON SPECTACULARS
(i.e., Light on Losers- more putrid acts that some officers thought we'd enjoy)
Jose Iturbi and the COS Symphony
Sly and the Family Joules
Silas Warner and the Inspectors

HOW TO DRESS STUD AND COOLY
Ippolitti '72 w/ Hirsch and Tyler
(Fruits of the Loom); ref
inside right pocket of alphas

OLD DANCES SHOULD BE RENEWED
a forceful article by Max Gorf '70
w/ Gingerly Knockers and Fred
Astareatem

TALENT OF THE MONTH
Miss Zsa Zsa Carriage from Ft. Atkinson,
Wisconsin

ANOXIA
Barfly '69

PHOTOS WE DUG UP AND PUT INAPPROPRIATE
CAPTIONS ON

NEAT POEMS AND THINGS



CAUTION: Being DoDo Editor may be hazardous to your health!

one-line filler

ON THE COVER:

One of our more avid fans reacts as he reads his issue.

75bestalive.org

Cadets Run The Wing ! i am i Cadets Run The Wing ? ?

The L.O. TALENT is published monthly, October to June inclusive, sometimes on time, by the Cadets of the United States Air Force Academy. Second Class postage refused at USAFA, Colorado 80840. The opinions expressed in this fishwrapper are the approved solution version furnished for the parents who want to see the image upheld, and are probably not those of the Air Force or any cadet, for that matter. Solicitations are gladly accep-

Editorial:

WHO is the individual who lives and strives to attain the ideals and goals with the motivation that he is supposed to possess? Is that You? I doubt it. Why are we content to live in the middle and to not excel? Why struggle? Who cares? Instead of posing questions, we'd like to give you the approved solutions.

Actually, I'm shocked. When I wake up I look in the mirror and say, "Upson, what can you do for the ole AFA today?" Then I go out and "press on," knowing that I'll be a better man for it.

Another side of the coin is that this is a school for the cream of the crop. The mean is too high for everyone to beat; some of us have a major goal of just MAKING the mean. We try so hard

THE GOLDEN MEAN

OR

HOW EVERYONE (ALMOST) TRIES TO LIVE IN THE MIDDLE to rest up during the week so that we'll have enough energy to have a good time the ONLY time we can: the weekend. How about the double standard? How can a firstie chew out a doolie when the smack has better shoes? It's really not hard; the firstie had to have great shoes once, too - why bother now? Why live in the past? This is why we are content to live in the middle. You must consider, too, that I have only three guys who are willing to work. If you curve riders would help, we could do better.

UPSON

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The L. O. TALENT
CDUMB

USAF Academy

Dear Sirs:

I was just super-thrilled about your really cool latest issue. Congrats!

My copy arrived just like a well-directed dirtbag - ZAPP - just in time for the Lunar New Year. It has been forwarded to Tony Weems, who left over a year ago. He will really be interested in all the fascinating poems and action photos of the dorm at night.

Thank you, and keep those fish wrappers coming.

Sincerely,
Mrs. I. M. Pork

Dear Upson,

Why is the L. O. TALENT soooo hurting???

Dick Dounce

Dear Cadet D,

Your last issue is one of the most enlightening publications I have ever had read to me. I shall not forget your theme and I believe everyone could benefit from the word inspection.

I have watched the Academy grow from a handful of men with stars in their eyes to a lot of guys with bags under their eyes, and you even beat Annapolis and West Point. [Was that hard to do? Ed.]

The kind of thinking you guys did shows the true cadet ability, as viewed by the officers. I was real impressed.

Sincerely,
Shy L. Gaw



" 'Tis A Privilege . . . "

Choosing Your Threads

/ t.n.e. slide, '69

Blowing around the area on Saturday night or smoking over to the library on a Sunday, you may have found yourself at a loss for what sort of neat threads to wear, or what collections of suave cliches you could use to describe your blue suit to all the swell chicks you're sure to meet during your travels on the terazzo. Well, fear not--your Lack of Talent field rep has done some really deep research on this and has come up with what are probably some of the most inane bits of trivia you'll ever read.

Most cadets find weekend wear to be of little challenge, if they have a privilege; anything will do, from tie and tails to a moth-eaten loincloth--even a hanky and two safety pins. The real problem arises when no privilege has been forthcoming, or the Commandant's Cozy Corner of Counseling has advised you try to slip in a little more military training for your busy schedule this weekend, or if as first class SDO you get to watch all the lower class tie-ups and make sure they don't waste any of their own money by not eating when they said they would, while all your classmates are out having a ball. So, if you're one of the fortunate few who get to stick around this weekend, try these helpful hints, compiled by Jacques E. Stroppe, long-time marcher, rifle manual expert, and weekend athletic supporter.

"Many cadets are concerned with the apparent lack of style mobility imposed upon them by the ubiquity of the Distinctive Cadet Uniform. Faced with this challenge, it becomes then only a problem of making yourself stand out in the sea of blue. For only a small investment of a few hundred dollars you can have your Alphas done up smartly with Italian silk linings in colors of your choice. Some object that these improvements cannot readily be seen and are thus not appreciated by the mobs of lovelies crawling around the air gardens. This condition is soon rectified, however, when the suit

begins to come apart at the seams (which all of them do, sooner or later--usually sooner), making the lining extremely obvious, and initiating another outlay of hard cash to the Basement Banditos of the Nugh Dorm, so they can put their quality distinctive uniform parts back together, as the monthly allowance now deducted from each cadet paycheck barely keeps them in coffee money.

Those after a more daring look will find a powder-blue turtleneck sets off the Alpha blouse quite handsomely, while a gold scarf tied about the neck improves the blue shirt and Alpha blouse combination 100%, making it almost wearable.

Finish off your choice of the above wear with a fine pair of over-the-calf stockings; although many dismiss these as "old man's" style, you will find them especially valuable on the Pad, since it is very embarrassing to be written up for "stockings collapsed around ankles", an item which a surprising number of OIC's check.

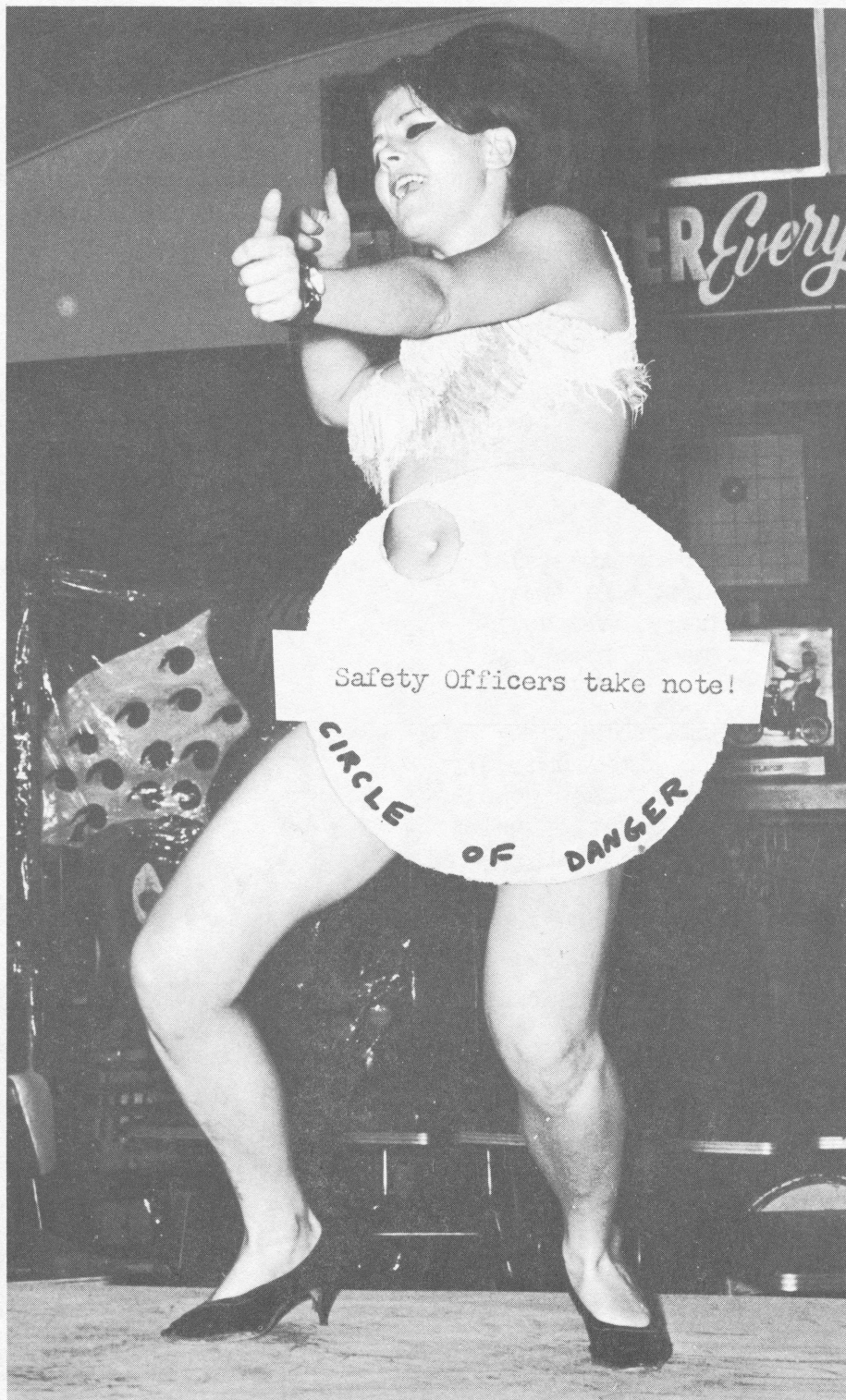
As a final note, your investment in the outfits described above will pay off handsomely during the week, as it seems anymore that a full set of Alphas is the only authorized uniform for being in the hall; many OIC's will question the fact of whether or not the T-shirt you wear with your fatigue trou was issued or not, and bare feet are definitely not specifically authorized by regs.

So purchase your clothes for USAFA wear intelligently; don't go out and buy a bunch of uni's you can only wear for four years or so; get something you can wear during your five years in the Air Force as well."

PUT IT IN WRITING!

WE DID.

Girl of the Month



Our Lovely this month is Miss Zsa Zsa Carriage. Miss Carriage is a Go-Go dancer from Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin, and we won't say anymore cause we've already mentioned more specifics than we usually do. Note the appendectomy scar.

WHAT IS MEANING TO ME, BEING A GOOD RUSSIAN CADET

by Cadet A

- It means that everyone in Russian 338 hates you because you are a curve-buster.
- It means that on SERE you give Russian lessons to your interrogators.
- It means that you can swear and curse at people without them getting bent.
- It means that everyone wants for you to teach them how to say nasty words in Russian.
- It means you get to miss all the really boring lectures because they're classified and you don't have a security clearance.
- It means that people stand and stare whenever you talk on the phone with the old folks back home.
- It means that people talk to you with fake accents, like they've got epileptic tongues, or somethin'.

If I have but one life to live, let me live it as a Polish cadet. To some, this may sound strange, crazy, and downright disgusting, but to me it is a way of life.

Being Polish has innumerable compensations. I think of the times when I was dying for a smoke, my last weed gone, 2 a.m.--how many cadets can boast of going to the ground floor ashtray and fishing out a usable butt? But of course, I have pride--nothing but Benson and Hedges.

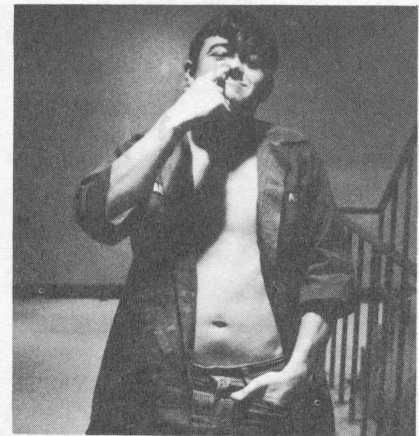
This brings up a very sore subject to me--why do people insist on torturing me by flushing their half-used cigs down the commode? If they would just leave them--they are wet, but can be dried!

Parties are another area in which it pays to have my illustrious background. Everyone else buys max threads, slick ties, great shoes--me, I wear my grease-spotted Levis, blue tennis shoes, and a Mustang sweatshirt. When they get dirty--every few months or so--a walk through the air gardens cleans them right up!

Dating Polish girls has its compensations, too--they are so BIG, and they have multitudes of wrinkles--

To sum it up, being Polish is great. Many opportunities and good deals in life are missed by the average cadet.

What It Means To Me To Be A Polish Cadet



75bestalive.org

As a Wing Champion butt smoker, PFT administrator and a Polack, Otto Walinski expresses his views on the role of the Polish cadet in the Wing. Cadet Walinski went to high school before coming to the Academy and hopes to enter the cesspool area after graduation.

THIS IS THE LIFE FOR USAF ACADEMY CADETS



Your curriculum at the Academy is balanced almost evenly between basic and applied sciences and the humanities and social sciences- all fundamental to your career as an Air Force officer.

But where do you learn about retirement income, or caring for a wife (or mistress) and children in case you're not around? Not from us, you can bet your sweet bippy!

The answer is easy for all of you we duped into having insurance while you were here when you have no dependents to support.

Our representative, Bill Shady, will soon be available to **good** discuss this conversion privilege with First Classmen. He will convince you that you can get 40 years of free insurance and get paid a few thou while you're at it! If you prefer term insurance, we have the exclusive "term to age 45" program, suited especially for the man who plans to die at age 45. After all, you'll probably not need any protection for your family at that ripe old age.

If anybody tries to tell you that you can make more with term and investments, don't believe him! He's running us out of business.

We believe that you'll always feel that United American Life is in a class by itself! In the meantime, have a successful '69, gentlemen!

Arthur A. Crock
President

UNITED AMERICAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

1717 California Street, Denver, Colorado 80202

75bestalive.org

The end of February finds the First Class with ninety-some odd days to go - or about 3.43 m.m.c.'s; with the associated care factor drop coming shortly, things should start getting veery interesting.

Did you notice that for a month we had no soap in the gym showers? And then, in time for the PFT, we got soap - and no towels!

Word is that it's time for a certain Dining Hall officer's Mexican vacation thanks to all the dough he must be saving. Where are the cokes, candy bars and breakfast tenderloins that we need to get our 5000 calories?

Then there's the one about the Group Deputy who wrote up half his staff when they were excused from the SAMI.

It seems to us that the next step after forbidding sideburns is telling us when to breathe.

There's this major running around our room trying to avoid getting his name in the DoDo so we won't mention it. (Who says khaki trou are non-reg?)

We'd like to welcome our new OIC, Capt Robert Zawacki (and his secretary); we look forward to a great relationship.

How about a certain Marine who carries a saber when he's OIC, who believes that second classmen must have late lights, and almosts zaps second classmen who enter their element leaders' rooms after to ask for those late lights?

Once upon a time there was a Naval Academy graduate who was worth something. But that's just a fairy tale.

March and Spring Break are just around the corner, so just thinking about your dolly might get you through.

Oh yes, almost forgot - Hundredth Night will be remembered by all. Maybe, if we're lucky, we can get the speaker to present our commencement address. The graduation Ball this year will be held in the afternoon so we won't have to miss an academic study period that evening.

HUMAN PROBLEMS in
COLD CLIMATES

The ~~JAW~~ Staff

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(REALLY!)

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MAX GORF

We'd like to close with this little gem:

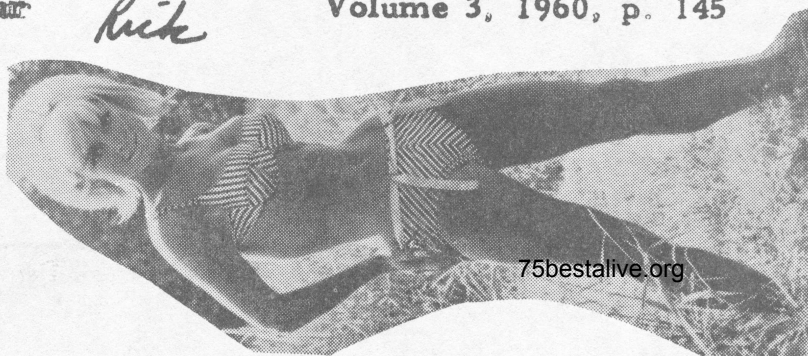
THE GRAY FLANNEL VOID

Well-rounded, adjusted, happy--these are the things we are told it is important for us to be. No points, no sharp cutting edges, no despairs and elations. Just nice smooth billiard balls, rolling quietly on soft green cloth to our appointed, webbed pockets, and dropping slowly into the slots under the table, to be used in the same meaningless way in the next game. Chalk one up for mediocrity.

Melvin Tumin

The Graduate Journal
Volume 3, 1960, p. 145

Rick



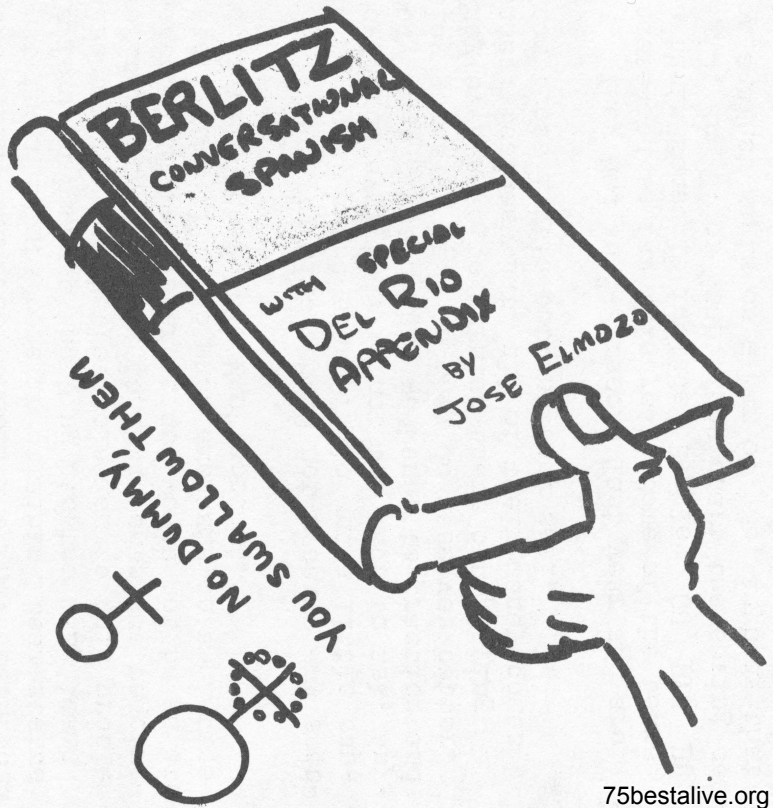
the LOTTERY

♀ ♂
TINY WHO?

...DRAWING FOR UPT,
CAN'T FIRST CLASS
SHAGNASTY.

- GULP

CHRIST!!



SMUT

STRANGER
THAN
GOSSIP!

This issue we have a special feature for all you junior officer types - A Spotlight on Personality! Our personality this time is:

Second Group!

First of all, it is the home of Second Group Investments Incorporated - dealers in penny stocks and uranium camps (Buy high-Sell low). Watch out for more hot tips.

Second Group also managed to call a few ludes at the Comm's ball and have them come back for cons. Sorry bout that dates!

Finally, Second Group also managed to ask that immortal question after a recent tragedy: "Was he signed out?"

Hats off to second group (got to check that hair you know).

FLASH - New resignation policy for '70 - you just have to march 80 tours (plus 2 years of hard labor of course).

The latest fad in the wing is to keep a diary of your happy, carefree life here. Magazines and Congressmen are offering good prices.

The Comm Shop better speed out on that new safety program. Spring Break is not far off and the maternity rates from Christmas were better than ever.

A little personal advice to 5th Floor, Fairchild Hall:

THIS IS NOT WEST POINT!!!

Coming soon - the Air Force will have all its officers carry swords (just like the Marine so they can fight the indians off their planes.

There has to be some place worse than Del Rio - and the geography dept. is working on finding it for the class of '70.

- your cage is ready!.

Well, guess that's all the truth the haircut mongers will let slip pass - see you on the commies list.

Luv
#

CELEBRITY

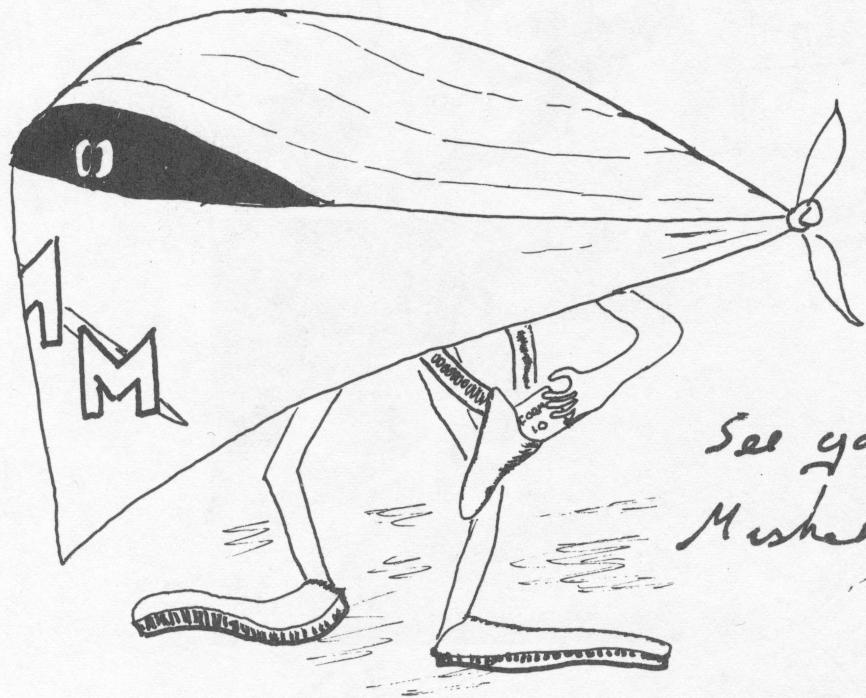
"Leather Jocks"

The Rugby Club, better known as "those stupid fools who give up their weekends for nothing", is coached by Capt Osur and Capt Hubbard. They have been barred from our indoor all-purpose field, and even their outdoor practice field has been taken away. Because of this, they are forced to play all of their home games at the Cadet home field, the Prep School. They have been told that their future hope in attaining team status is forlorn because the Wing has too many teams already. Maybe a better solution to this problem would be to lower the athletic entrance requirements. That way, every cadet would not be an athlete. After all, too much emphasis on athletics would ruin the "Whole Man" concept.

The Rugby Club should not receive any special favors, but a spare field and a little support from everybody is not too much to ask. Anybody that gives up his weekends to practice and play games as hard as they do deserves better. They even have to furnish their own playing shoes. Besides that, all of their money comes from those little buttons they sell.

They had an 8-2 record last year and are undefeated so far this year. Some of the teams on their schedule include: Berkeley, CU, BYU, DU, Regis, and U. of Utah. They start the spring season against Regis on 8 Mar 69. So, anybody that is interested in playing should contact Capt Osur or Capt Hubbard. Take it from me, their parties after each game are unique.

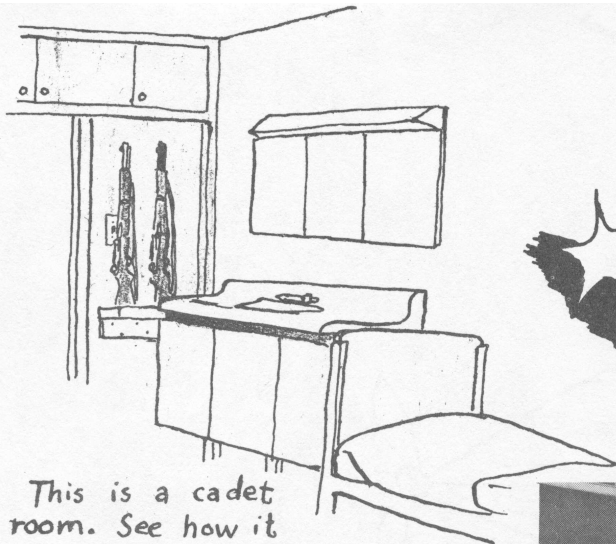
AND
Now - just as
we promised
you -



See you at the Board
Mushed Maluk

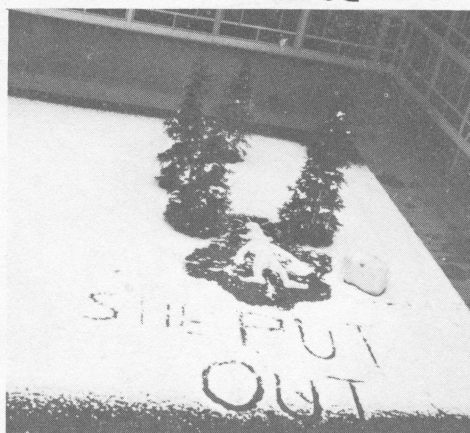
96
DAYS...





This is a cadet room. See how it shines!

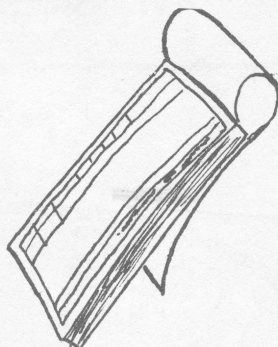
Try to find the dust. Cadet rooms are perfect!



Cadets make good wives

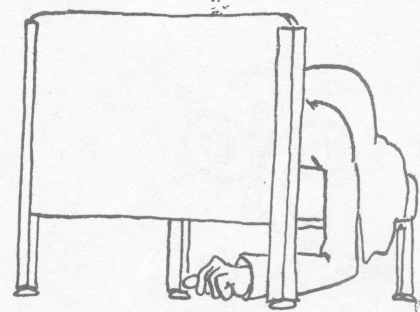


See the sharp cadet. He is our friend. He is a hero. He is the S.O.D.

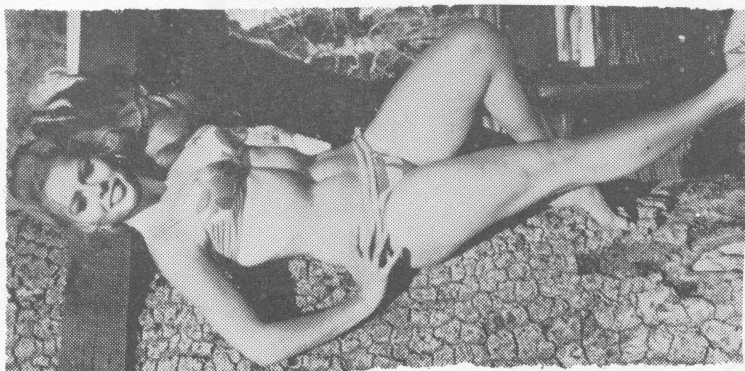


See his yellow note pad. What fun! What power!

Z-z-z



See his other yellow pad. What is his favorite color?



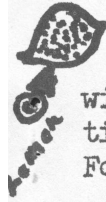
HAIR!

It's official--in the regs!(Or so I learns) That no one here will sport a pair of burns. But why have hair that grows below your ears? "Anyone can grow hair--even queers." So the question at the bottom of the batch is "Does that apply as well to, say, moustaches?"

--Hookus Unrealus

the Bitter Conner

(WHICH MAY SOON
OVERTAKE AND ENGLUF
THE REST)



"Our Honcho, who art in Washington, hollow be thy fame. My promotion come, Thy will be done, in the Air Force as it is in Congress. Give us this day our daily motivation, and make us not civilians, but deliver us from reality. For thine is the Air Force, the Army, and the Navy, for ever and ever.

The Air Force is my crutch; I will not think. It leadeth me blindly; it destroyeth my initiative. It leadeth me in the path of quiescence for my country's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of laziness, I shall fear no achievement, for it isn't all that critical. Surely figmosity and idleness will follow me all the days of my life, and I shall dwell in the Air Force forever.

- I Thou shalt not think.
- II Thou shalt not place thy hands in thy pockets.
- III Thou shalt not stay up later than 2400.
- IV Thou shalt not laugh at childish leaping majors.
- V Thou shalt not use any words above the comprehension level of an AOC.
- VI Thou shalt not do things in a logical manner.
- VII Thou shalt not have hair.
- VIII Thou shalt be always motivated.
- IX Thou shalt fear the Almighty Comm Shop.
- X Thou shalt believe in the "Real Air Force".

MOTIVATIONAL PIX NO. 5,6



You may have Robin Olds, your own car, ski, go to Colorado Springs, and drink, but we've got showers in our rooms.

EPITAPH

Jim Scott is dead. In this microcosm of reality we call USAFA, Jim was a small but important part, no more or less meaningful to the ends and means of our institution than any of the rest of us.

Jim Scott and Steve Turner were no different than anyone else who swore when he had to get up Monday morning or who blew an aero quiz because he decided to write his girl the night before or who, maybe, felt a lump in his throat when the national anthem was played. They were human and they are dead.

So now the time comes, as it must after each of us takes his place in the earth and sky, to ask the necessary questions and point the accusing finger of guilt. Some people are going to be concerned because these tragic happenings are blemishes on their permanent little files in permanent little cabinets. One little man was concerned because someone forgot to sign out. Some people are going to be concerned because \$35,000 worth of education was lost (allowing for depreciation and being incomplete of course). We are concerned because we feel a deep personal loss, and we are concerned because ten years and God-knows-how-many deaths

later, the people who say they care about these deaths and our safety, who have had and still have it within their power to remove some of the causes of these deaths will still be too bound by "tradition" and "the way things have always been" to change.

How many times have each of you started driving back to the Academy at midnight, completely exhausted because you had to make up, in a few brief hours of respite "granted" you during time no one else deemed necessary for training, for a week of cloistered seclusion from the frivolity and enjoyment most people consider normal for a young man? How many times have you had a little too much to drink because your fun had to last an entire week, or how many times have you fallen asleep at the wheel only to be awakened by the rude bumps on the shoulder of the road? How many close calls have you had?

So we ask only one question; answer it if you can, and if you can't, ask the next man up on your chain: Why can't we be allowed freedoms that would make a week of living on Saturday night unnecessary?