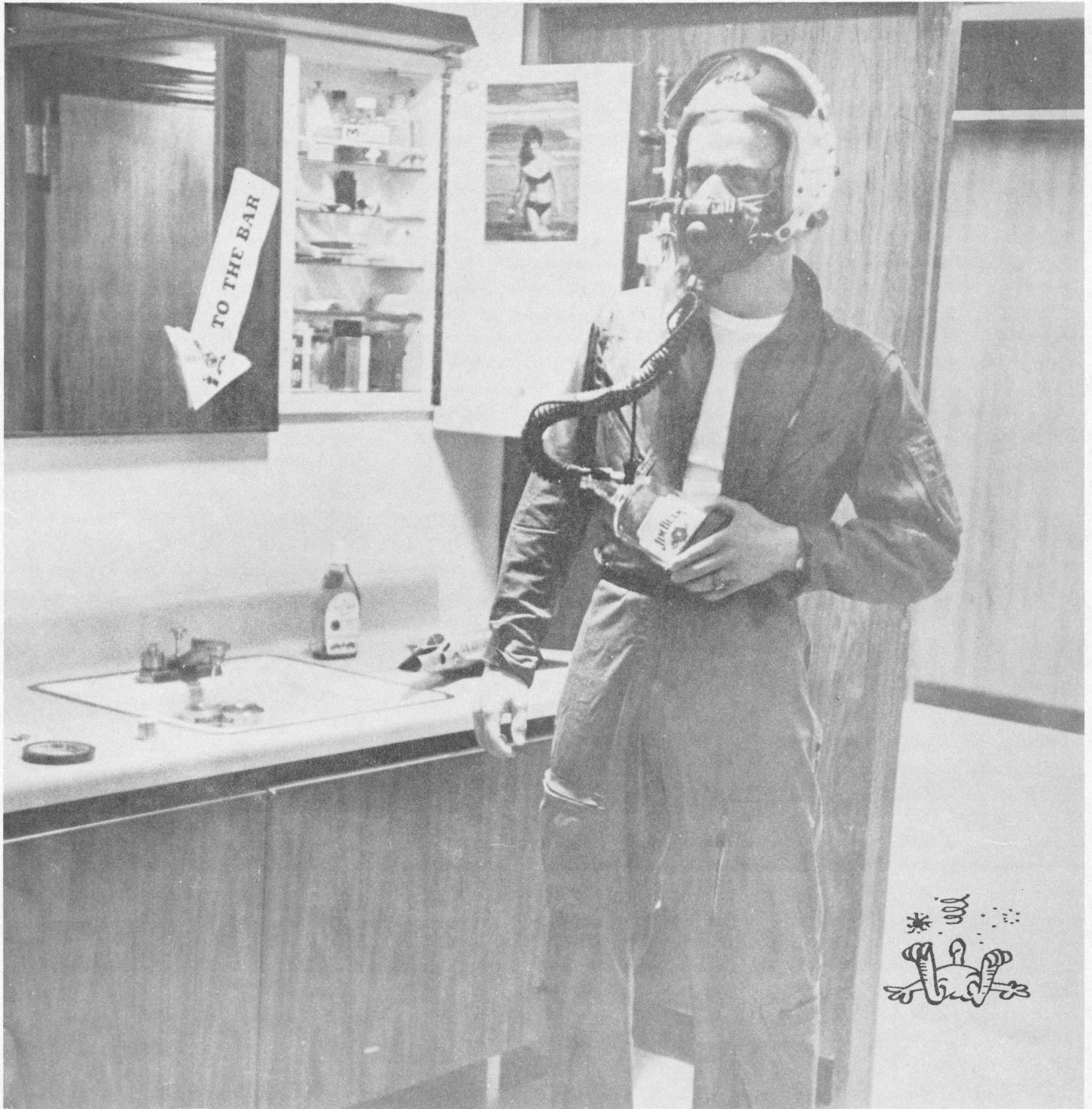


THE DODO

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unofficial — TODAY AT AFA A CADET ANNOUNCED THAT HE HAD DISCOVERED A NEW AND STARTLING WAY TO FIGHT HYPOXIA—

THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER F. DUBMSQUAT

Walter F. Dumbsquat sighed. It had been a bad day. Very, very, bad. He had been ten minutes late calling minutes for reveille, and there had been some kind of trouble with Security Flight not getting a report. "Dumbsquat," his element leader had shouted, "you're on SI's for ten years!" Then with one minute till first call for classes his shoelace broke. His instructor had made him do board work all period for not having done his homework. At lunch the waiter had spilled ravioli all over his sleeve. Then coming back from lunch he had stumbled on a crack in the terrazzo, wiping out both shoes. After dinner he had gotten trapped into holding the door open for all the upperclassmen, and as a result he could not give an all right in the hall for call to quarters. Then he had a class meeting, organizational meeting, fourth class meeting, a meeting to decide when to meet again, a ring meeting, a meeting for all fourth classmen who did not have a meeting at the time, an honor meeting, a meeting to decide how to sort laundry, a meeting for minute callers, a tattoo meeting, a flight meeting, an element meeting, a squadron meeting, and a group meeting. It had been a very bad day indeed.

But Walter F. Dumbsquat did not despair. He did not cry or become hysterical. He stood up bravely in spite of his life as a fourth classman. "Ho Hummm," he sighed as he climbed into bed. "I'll make up for it tonight."

The alarm rang. Walter F. Dumbsquat peered at the time, 2400 hours. Yawning, he climbed out of his bed. But now his appearance was changing. Proud, haughty, and with a look of independence, he walked down the hall to the elevator. He pushed the button that said basement. Switching on the lights for the tunnels, he strode down the cobweb way. He stepped into a room. Minutes passed, then from the door strode not C/4C Dumbsquat, but Colonel Walter F. Dumbsquat. Pushing the button for the third floor, he fitted a cigarette into his silver-plated holder. He strode into Security Flight.

"Room attention!" The SOD shouted.

"I want a car immediately, mister!" Colonel Dumbsquat demanded.

"Yes, Sir!" The SOD replied promptly. He dialed for the motor pool, and got the car.

"I want this room straight when I come back at

0400. These windows had best be polished, the floor waxed and everyone's shoes shined! Are there any questions?" Colonel Dumbsquat strode out the door.

"Gee," The SOD remarked. "he sure looked very young!"

"Probably flew out of England and got rank fast." The NCOD replied.

"Yea, but I would swear that he was about 19."

The IOD said while polishing the windows.

"Oh, Walter!" Bell Air cried, melting into his arms. "It seems an eternity since last night!"

"Now, now, now, dear," Walter cooed. "You'll wrinkle my uniform—Driver! to the Broadmore for dinner!" He then shouted.

"Good evening, Colonel," The head waiter syr-
uped, showing them to the best table.

"We will have the same as last night, Charles, charge it to the BOQ at the AFA."

"Fine, sir, anything else?"

"Ah, Yes, have the orchestra brought back."

"Yes, Sir!"

"And Charles, give each man a ten dollar tip and twenty for yourself."

"YES, SIR!"

The evening slipped on into the morning. Walter left the Broadmore and headed for home.

"Good night, dear." He said to Bell Air.

"Good night, Walter." She murmured with tears.

The car headed for the Academy.

"That will be all for tonight, Driver." Walter said.

"Room Attention!" The SOD cried tiredly.

"Much better, Mister, but those windows could do with some more work."

"Yes, sir!"

"Oh, Yes I want you to wake up all of 17 squadron and take them for a run immediately!"

"Yes, sir...." They were crying now.

"Good evening men."

Back to the tunnels Walter went, into the little room. A few minutes later once again C/4C Walter F. Dumbsquat stumbled out, haggered.

It had all of the making of a glorious day. He called minutes on time and made it back to his room without being caught for not wearing pajamas.

"Gee, Walter, what a night," his roommate remarked. "I couldn't sleep a wink. Some squadron was running all night."

"That's funny, I didn't hear a thing," Walter replied.