

## **DUMBEST WRITEUP ON A FORM 10:**

Tom Laurie (*I remember the last weekend at the end of doolie year when I had a weekend pass left but no money to go anywhere so I didn't sign out on Saturday. I woke early Sunday and decided I didn't want to go to chapel, so I signed out on my weekend pass. You guessed it! They decided that I could have gone to Saturday evening Catholic Chapel and therefore I got written up for missing mandatory chapel. Served my tours and if you remember, mandatory chapel was declared unconstitutional that summer. So, the guy that is now the Head Deacon at his church was the last '75er smack to get written up for missing mandatory chapel.)*

John Koelling (*I had a Gibson SG electric guitar under the bed in my room. One day I went to play it and noticed when I pulled the case out from under the bed, that it was very light. You guessed it . . . empty. My assumption was that someone had borrowed it and would soon return it. As I recall, the next day I left for an extended road trip with the Hockey team and basically forgot all about it for a couple of weeks. After checking once more (case still empty) it dawned on me that my guitar had probably been stolen (naiveté is bliss . . .). I went through the process of reporting it, in an attempt to recover it (when did I first discovered it missing?, all right inspections? etc). The next thing I know, my AOC (Capt Ball) sends a Form 10 my way for something like "tardy reporting of a stolen item." My guitar gets ripped off -- and I get demerits . . . that's just so wrong . . .)*

John Howard (*It may not have been the most unusual, but when I was Deputy 1st Group Commander, I wrote myself up for having a car as a 3rd classman (a 1963 VW Bug owned with John Janson from CS-05). I was being "blackmailed" by one of the squadron commanders, so I decided to clear it up that way. It all got handled behind closed doors, with BG Vandenberg saying what was in the long past will stay there . . . Speaking of that "illegal" car, I had inadvertently left the gas cap off (in the trunk) one night when filling up in a snowstorm. I parked it under the dorm Saturday night. John and I couldn't get it started the next day because water was in the gas tank and the temp was very low. We ended up pushing it down to the lower cadet parking lot and we sweated it out for 3 weeks until the temperature got high enough for us to get it started.)*

Bud Calloway (*OK, I'm pretty confident of at least earning a spot on the podium for my answers to this one. (1) By one of the professors for riding an elevator in Fairchild Hall; it was really late one night, I had to go all the way from bottom to top and thought I could get away w/ it; dumb, really dumb. He asked me if I had permission to be on there and I said.....no. WRONG ANSWER!!! 2.) By one of our vainglorious classmates whilst walking across the terrazzo on what had been, just prior to this incident, an absolutely beautiful day, for having the sleeves on my flight-suit rolled one turn up my forearms, Robin-Olds style. Everyone did this, but by this time, it seemed that I had a big target on my back and was attracting a lot of these things, leading to my next Form-10. (3) By a Second Class member of the Wing staff for putting my blue jacket around my girlfriend's shoulders while sitting in the lounge in Arnold Hall (she was either cold or trying to prevent those horny boys that hang out in -Hall from staring at her boobies). This was during our senior year, mind you, and the only reason I was there was that I was serving hard time for #2 above and restricted to the base. This guy didn't even have the balls to confront me about this offense at the time but rather sent me the Form-10 through the*

distribution system. I went over to the Wing staff area, waited in his room (with his very nervous roommate) for him to return from class and convince him, under threat or serious bodily harm to retract it, but it was very obvious to me then that, sadly, I was carrion for the vultures there (and there were some vultures there). (4) What I recall as my most absurd: [Classmate name withheld] actually wrote me up on a Form 10 for speeding on Academy Blvd. because I passed him in my car coming back to base one night. I couldn't believe it! I went up to his 4th Group staff office/room and inquired if he had a radar gun in his car, had been deputized by the local sheriff, or what? He offered to rescind it only if I agreed that he had the authority to write up such an infraction, even if I was not guilty of any such transgression. Not being much of an expert on the Regs, I didn't really know for sure, although it seemed odd to me that one could get written up off-base. I mean, jeez, that was half the reason to get off-base in the first place -- to escape the authority and effect of [classmate name withheld] and his ilk. I took the deal; I couldn't really afford any more trouble at the time, besides I figured he was just jealous because I had a pretty girlfriend I was coming back from seeing (see #4 above) and a semi-hot car at the time -- neither one of which I was able to keep. But more to the point, neither one of which I believe [classmate name withheld] has ever been good or lucky enough to even have in the first place (BTW, although the car can be of any vintage, the girls have to be of legal age to qualify in this regard)).

Dean Cox (I got my first and only Form 10, with demerits and tours, my senior year. As near as I can figure, I got it because I hadn't gotten any in the previous three years, and they didn't want anyone graduating from the Academy without getting a demerit (didn't Robert E Lee manage that at West Point?). I marched about 4 tours one afternoon.)

Muddy Waters (Duke Buhyoff from my squadron was written up for "Hair looks like wood." He packed it with Vaseline and a watch cap and since he was a white guy from Upstate New York . . . he kind of looked like a Ken Doll.)

Ed Zerambo (Went to a hockey game senior year, with a date -- a rarity. I wore non-issue glasses (not the attractive, black, AF-issue, birth control glasses). A couple of days later, I received a Form 10 for being out of uniform. Sent by the d \_\_\_less [classmate name withheld]. He didn't have the balls to confront me personally, just sent it through the mail along with a few tours.)

Otto Dieffenbach (When we broke into the Commandants Office, during our 3-degree caper, we found a Form 10 made out to "Ace" for "Breaking into the Commandant's office" which I still find a little creepy.) (See SPIRIT MISSION entry.)

Mike Magee (The award for dumb-smack-of-the-day goes to Mark D. Holmes, of Horny 18, the red-headed football manager, who was reading a book and sunbathing on the Chapel hill one nice Spring day. He returned to CS-23, took a nap, and when he awakened, was blind! The reflection of the sun off the book at 7000'-plus burned his retinas, and he was blind for a couple days. His other senses did take over -- and we naturally had to pick on him! Now, did he get written up for that? Hmmmmmm, I think so! Why not!)