

## **SQUADRONS THAT WERE SPLIT UP THE COM SHOP THE DAY AFTER '75 GRADUATED:**

CS-19 (Scott Arnott: *to counter the influence that the Firsties might have had on the underclassmen in the squadron*)

CS-08

## **FAVORITE S\_\_\_ SCREENS:**

Jim Carlson (*My favorite s\_\_\_ screen during BCT and later in my doolie squadron was Bob Lyons. I don't know how he managed to keep taking all the abuse, and still be easy-going and as friendly a classmate you can find anywhere. Bob seemed to attract upperclassmen like tours to Fred Weems. All during BCT, you'd hear Bob doing squat thrusts past counting or standing at attention at the tables during the entire meal. I know he would've starved if there wasn't a rule (established for our class after some nutrition issues when '74 were Basics) that we would have to have at least 1 bite out of each course. I can't count the number of meals Bob attended and ONLY had the 1 bite. It's a wonder he didn't pass out for lack of nourishment. I feel bad about it now, but when we were smacks in 22, and I had to step out in the hall to either read the meal menu, find out if I was a minute-caller, or go to the latrine, I'd wait and wait until I heard Bob step out and draw upperclassmen into his orbit; or hear, "LYONS, drive on out here!" It was only when the yelling and Bob's tormented responses reached a certain pitch that I knew it was safe to make it to the CQ board and back. If it weren't for Bob, I would've had a more miserable existence in CS-22 as a wad. But I wish now that I could've helped him out more. Here's to you, Bob Lyons, I'm glad you were in my BCT squadron (Guts) and in 22. You're a decent guy, and one heck of a great classmate.*)

## **DOOLIE RECOGNITION**

Flip Piontek (*Stalag 17 had it's unique doolie acceptance ritual that had absolutely nothing to do with the formal recognition/parade. At the time you were deemed ready (normally a freezing day in the middle of the dark ages), a "double horned-back growler" appeared in your room in the middle of the night with instructions to press your cheeks on the command post windows immediately and return to the squadron. As we looked back upon it later, we should have realized that the nights they selected were when 17th Sq. upperclassmen were on duty and waiting for us! It all seemed to go surprisingly well until we actually got to command post, dropped our trousers, and all hell broke loose: cameras, whistles and a pantload of scared wads running around the quad like chickens. By the time we got back to the squadron, many of the upperclass were waiting for us and were laughing so hard it was a terrific way to lighten the winter. By the way, my roommate at the time, Larry Crenshaw, and I eventually became the growler -- we added "two-tone" to the "double horned-back", and unfortunately I still have a slide of*

*this grotesque sight (the flash is usually what woke up the next set of unsuspecting smacks!)*

*Fred Basin (As you may recall, we were recognized 4 weeks earlier than any class before us (on 15 April 1972). The announcement was made the weekend prior to the Recognition Dance that it would not be mandatory -- and then changed on Wednesday night prior to taps. I decided if I had to go I was going to take a date. My date was 6-year old Miss Laura Crawford, daughter of Major Robert Crawford (USMA '59), my Math instructor. Luckily, he had a prior dinner engagement and didn't arrive with her until just as the receiving lines were closing at 9. One-star Wally and his wife were VERY interested in this situation and came over to find out what was going on. A friend from CS-08 (Steve Vargo or maybe Steve Chimelski) was dating Laura's babysitter, so we were double-dating. We had gone for punch and Steve was returning just as Wally arrives. Wally was informed of her name and that she was a cadet's date, at which point I walked up and gave her the punch. He was not amused, and they followed us around for most of the time we were there. He even had a table pulled into the center of the floor so they could sit there while we were dancing! At some point one of the photographers told me Mrs. McComas was looking for me in order to meet Laura, so I walked over to say 'Hi'. She was standing outside the Officers Bar area, and almost killed a couple of guys making her way to us. She was bending over talking to Laura when six officer's wives encircled us, at which point a photo was taken. That would never do, so Mrs. McComas had the six wives stand in a semi-circle behind us as I stood at attention holding Laura's hand. That photo, and the guy who took it, were never seen again to my knowledge. I ended up leaving shortly after that, as she was picked up at 10 pm. The next morning at chapel, I walked out right next to Wally's car and made direct eye contact with his wife. I took the escape-walkway to CS-34 and noticed his car slowly cruising the line of cadets going to brunch, down and back, to the mess hall. I wonder who they were looking for? I spent years trying to find that photo to no avail, right up until I left in June of 1974. If anyone ever got a copy of it, I think it was General Clark's wife. She thought we were cute. That's my story -- and except for 5 of 6 semesters on Ac Pro and flunking out (while getting two A's that semester), that's my only claim to fame. I was Mitch McVay's roommate for most of my 2 years in CS-36 and we were each other's Best Man. I pretty much lost touch with the class after his death in 1985. I finally finished my BSME in 2001.)*

## **MUSTANGS**

*Scott Arnott (As a young avionics maintenance airman (before the zoo), I got to fly 2 combat missions in an AC-119 in SEA while there on TDY -- testing an experimental AC-119 with new sensors and avionics.)*

Jerry Manthei

George Cook

## WHO PLAYED IN NCAA CHAMPIONSHIP TOURNAMENTS?

Paul Narzinski (*I know we in Soccer did in the 1972 season ( Lenny Salvemini, Paul Narzinski, Jack Shine. I believe Water Polo did in the 1974 season (Ben Phillips, Tom Calhoun and Jack McGee.)*)

Mike Magee (*Narz is right . . . the 1974 Water Polo team did make it to the NCAA tournament of eight in Long Beach CA. '75ers were indeed Phillips, Calhoun, & Magee . . . we had a great year!*)

Tim O'Connell (*Bruce Edstrom and I went to NCAA finals Firstie Year.*)

## FOOTBALL STORIES

Al Bready (*I'll title this story (one, no doubt you've heard before) as . . . "Up the middle, Up the middle, Pass, Punt". During the week prior to a Saturday football game, the football coaches and team would study film (yes, film) of our upcoming opponent's previous games. From this, the coaches would develop specific offensive and defensive strategies and plays to counter what we observed in the film. We refined the strategy and practiced those plays during the week in preparation for Saturday Game Day!*)

*As you all know from watching those games on Saturday, we went right back to that which the Falcon offense had become famous (see title of this story). The upcoming pass play fooled no one and usually resulted in a desperation throw to avoid the sack by one or two blitzing linebackers. I'm sure it frustrated the fans. You can't imagine how it frustrated the players. Bob Farr and I were the Falcon wide receivers. At the completion of our pass routes we usually looked back only to find the quarterback running for his life.*

*During one game . . . forgive me, I'm old and can't remember which one . . . the Falcon offense found its way to a first-and-goal situation from about the five yard line. Our quarterback, Mike Worden, called the play that Coach Terry Issacson (All-American, AFA '64, I believe) signaled in from the sideline (see first part of title for play called).*

*On second-and goal from about the five, the coaches sent in a substitute for me. I'm thinking, "Great! The coaches are sending in a play that we practiced this week for this specific situation!" (see second part of title for play called) only, the play was called off tackle, not quite "up the middle."*

*On third-and goal from about the five, the coaches send me back into the game with the next play to be called . . . another running play. I think my frustration got the better of*

*me. I changed the play to a pass play, which we had practiced during the week, before I got to the huddle. Bob is split wide. I'm in the slot. We ran a crossing pattern to "pick off" each other's defender. Mike spotted the open receiver (Bob, in this case) and threw a perfect spiral for a touchdown. The Fans Go Wild!*

*As I'm trotting back to the sideline with the noise of the fans still deafening my ears, I see Coach Issacson. He is fuming (and I think maybe even foaming at the mouth) that I changed the play called by the coaches! He grabbed me by the face mask on my helmet, dragged me to the bench, slammed me down and said some four-letter words that told me my playing days were over. As I turned around and looked at the cheering fans, I remember thinking, "If my playing days are over, what a great way to see them end!"*

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*John Charlton (And here I thought Bready's shining moment of AFA football lore was the ball bouncing off of his helmet on national TV during a punt in the Notre Dame game! Al is correct though . . . it was hugely discouraging in the stands watching the offense run-run-pass-punt. I remember as a Doolie, my best friend and I were up in the stands grousing about the play-calling, only to be jumped on (can't remember if it was an officer or upperclassman) about being disloyal, yadda, yadda, yadda . . . But game days were still my favorite times during all of those years (and hockey nights) . . . just a wee bit of normalcy inside the asylum .)*

*Wayne Willis, #57 (One cannot think of Al Bready without remembering Thanksgiving Day, 1973, in Notre Dame Stadium, on National TV. It was a beautiful clear November Day with a cloudless sky. Al was in deep punt formation ready to receive a punt (I think the only Notre Dame punt of the day) when the kicker boomed a high, hanging kick. Al settles under it, ready to make the catch, put a spectacular move on the defenders, and run into Falcon glory returning the punt for a touchdown . . . on national TV!! However, as I said, it was a cloudless sky, and as Al settled under the ball, he lost it in the blinding sun. He desperately searches for it . . . and it finds him, right in the middle of his helmet. The ball bounces at least 10 feet in the air, and Al, except for his helmet, never touches the ball. To add insult to injury, the national TV audience was given at least three replays of "Al's moment in the sun".)*

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## **WEIRD PROGRAMS**

*Scott Skinner (We were members of the Class of 75 "Treadmill Team" -- human guinea pigs at the mercy of firstie class pre-med students who (supposedly) measured our "biometrics". They were trying to see how squat-bodies from different altitudes adapted to the high altitude of USAFA. At any rate, we ran on the treadmill about a half-dozen times at USAFA (with face-mask attached so our oxygen intake and outtake could be measured - I guess), but then were taken on a trip to Los Angeles to run at sea level. Dubious enough on the surface, Larry Bryant told me years later that the flight surgeon*

*who was head of the trip was court-martialed for misuse of funds. Could we have been the unknowing pawns? I know I was.)*

*Larry Bryant (Scott is correct. Who else was in this program? I thought there were at least 5 of us. There were two Majors in charge of the project – Wat\*\*\* and Wal\*\* -- who were eventually court-marshaled for misuse of government resources. I think part of the charges were about the travel vouchers and some missing equipment, but I don't know any other details. We ran weekly to see how quickly we adjusted to the altitude. That Fall they took us to UC Davis, CA, and had us run at sea-level to compare results on a Saturday, but then we flew to LA and spent the night. Actually, they dumped us at the airport and left us to fend for ourselves. We got a hotel room near the airport by pooling our money.)*

### **ATTITUDE CHECK CHEER – and its variants – (sometimes used as a command to dismiss) when certain squadrons marched into Mitch's**

*Jim Carlson (banned by AOC of CS-33, but done anyway – inspired by CS-40 (who also had their own Ali Baba cheer), and CS-32, I think. One cadet (usually Colt Mefford in our squadron) would yell out the attitude check, and the rest of the squadron would respond when falling out. Colt was the best – we'd tell him that, while he served his cons after being written up for it every single time.)*

The basic cheer:

*“Attitude Check!”* (response: *“This Place Sucks!”*)

Variants:

*“Positive Attitude Check!”* (response: *“This Place Positively Sucks!”*)

*“Dirty Attitude Check!”* (response: *“This F\_\_\_ing Place Sucks!”*)

*“Mathematical Attitude Check!”* (response: *“Given This Place, Prove That It Sucks!”*)

*“Existential Attitude Check!”* (response: *“This Place Exists, Therefore It Sucks!”*)

### **THROWN DOWN THE TRASH CHUTE**

*Otto Dieffenbach (On 100's night, our doolie year, we stuffed a firstie's room (CS-34) with newspaper. When we were required to clean it up, we filled the trash chute, so . . .*

*we threw in Tom Calhoun, naked. I understand he finally crawled out on the 3rd floor and wound up getting chased across the terrazzo! I can't remember if he was written up.)*

**FALCONERS** *(Bud Calloway: This is something we all should have gotten into, if it hadn't seemed so goofy at the time. If only someone would have told us, that chicks dig this kind of thing . . .)*

*Johnny Sims (I handled Khap, a gyrkin, as a 3-degree and as a 2-degree. We also had a couple of gray gyrkins (they also come black and white, depending on latitude) that we weren't allowed to fly because they were confiscated evidence. Once the legal case fell through, another guy got to fly Khap at a game, my Firstie year. Summit, a tiercel, was the team star. Temujin, a tiercel I also handled, was one we had successfully bred (a first in history). "Gyrkin" is a male, and the female is called "gyrfalcon". "Tiercel" (as opposed to "falcon") also indicates a male. It means "one third smaller" which the males are.)*

*John Howard (I was one of the 4 class falconers - and was the one that flew Summit in NY's Central Park for the TV stations. I also, lost Summit at Annapolis before the Navy game. He was caught by the police the next week and the Navy flew him to Peterson Field in an A-6. Made the front page of the paper . . .)*

*Dave Fleming (Not sure I 'remember' all that Johnny and John say; but I do recall Summit "wandering off" on more than one occasion. Each class did have 4 guys but, like John Howard, I don't remember a 4th in our group. I think we may have only had 3 come to think of it. Many memories and many years ago . . . all good fun, and Doc Mac was a wonderful human being and mentor. Am sure John and Johnny would agree.)*

## **BEST NAMETAG EVER**

*Jim Carlson (Terry WADSACK, who didn't graduate. He always got a kick out of planning to put an "M" in his name to see if any Basics would snicker when he introduced himself as cadre during BCT as "Cadet Wadsmack" . . .)*

*Larry Bryant (Roger Olson wore his upside down one day (or more), which then read "NOSLO", so that's what we called him.)*

## OUT OF THE ORDINARY

Ric Lewallen (*Fall semester freshman year - phone in the room. This probably wouldn't seem like much to the cadets of today, but it was a big deal back then. I had some experience working with telephones in high school. In the Fall semester, I worked in the Amateur Radio Club, having had my amateur radio license when I came to the Academy. They had a class B (one which you could use to make local phone calls by dialing 9) phone in there. My room was one floor above (I was in Nooky Niners) and two half hallways apart. At the corner, there was an airshaft which went between the two floors. I had a girlfriend downtown by then and I was tired of taking grief from the upperclassmen to get to the Amateur Radio Club. Armed with 2 conductor wire, tape, a phone from my girlfriend, one late weekend night when few were paying attention, I strung the wire and hooked up the phone in my room. I kept it in my bottom desk drawer. Worked great until one night, a Firstie came by. Our desks at this point were facing the windows. Firstie came in quietly, I was on the phone looking out the window. My roomie, Pat Berg, immediately stood at attention (he was on the bed or just paying more attention than I was). Firstie asks, "What is Lewallen doing?" "Talking on the phone, Sir." "TALKING ON THE PHONE???" – which made me realize that someone was in the room with us, hung up and stood at attention. I thought I was dead for sure, but it turns out the Firstie wanted a phone in HIS room and my secret would be safe. I lost my phone and wound up hooking several phones up for Firsties. They were all on the same number, so the availability of the line degraded significantly.)*

Tony Toich (*There was the time in my doolie year when I was personally responsible for the entire Cadet Wing having a string of haircut inspections! I was a doolie in 40th Squadron and I had stopped in Vandenberg Hall to get my weekly haircut. On the way OUT of the barbershop I had the misfortune of running in to our "beloved" Com, B/G Vandenberg, Jr and his aide. After being chewed out for having long hair for about 10 minutes (which seemed like an eternity) they let me go. Fool that I was, I headed back to my squadron instead of getting ANOTHER haircut. By the time I crossed the terrazzo, word had reached the squadron. The AOC, Squadron Commander, and First Sergeant all got a piece of me before the noon meal formation. Of course, there was a Wing-wide haircut inspection that day, (which by the way I passed), and the next day, and the day after that. The following day, I went to the "Cowboy" (I'm sure you remember him) and told him I wanted to look like I got a haircut. Despite all the sound and fury, I never did get written up! I guess long hair was always in the eyes of the beholder.)*

Hoss Erving (*"Best Hairs" story has to go to George Franklin -- when his packed down, waxed, stocking-capped, panty-hose-over-the-head 'FRO exploded during an In Ranks Inspection at the Noon Meal Formation.)*

## **BEEN MISTAKEN AS A LUGGAGE PORTER AT AN AIRPORT**

Otto Dieffenbach (*At Stapleton.*)

Ed Zerambo (*Only since becoming an Airline Pilot.*)

Ralph Paul (*How about as a waiter at my sister's wedding?*)

Muddy Waters (*I was mistaken for a bell hop in a nice hotel in Chicago . . . we had been at Tom Calhoun's wedding in white mess dress . . . a year or two after graduation.*)

Dan Chapman (*I've never been mistaken for an airport porter – but Brad Shields and I went to the Washington DC Mardi Gras to escort the various Miss's (Miss Shrimp, Miss Gumbo, Miss Oil, and my personal favorite: the Hog Queen) at some big Louisiana Congressional ball. While there, I was presumed by one drunk congressman to be a waiter as he handed me his dirty plates and wineglasses and ordered me to get some wine refills over to his table. I did the first half without complaining . . .*)

## **French Air Force Academy Cadet Exchange Program (L'École de l'Air)**

Scott Baxter (*I didn't go to France, but merely hosted Bruno Berthaud and helped him on the rare occasions that he needed it. His command of English was excellent and he had no difficulty adjusting to the Academy or the United States. I recall one of his comrades was very excitable and got upset more than a few times over minor things. Bruno and I have maintained contact over the years. We visited them in Paris once and they came here once. We recently received an invitation to go to his son's wedding in January and I would love to do that but don't think we will be able to go. -- On a funnier note, one day several of us were walking down one of the corridors in Vandenberg and one of the French cadets spotted a sign outside a Firstie's room. The sign read "CONS." The French were flabbergasted and asked what it meant. I explained it to them and they reciprocated by explaining to me that, in French, it's a vulgar word for a female body part.)*

Jim Carlson (*CS-33 hosted Bruno Dauchet from the French Air Force Academy. Jon Ball was his roommate and sponsor. One day, as Jon, Bruno, and I were walking to the athletic fields, and crossing the ramp behind the old dorm, Bruno suddenly got the case of the giggles. We asked him what he thought was funny, and he pointed to the black-on-yellow road crossing sign. It said "Ped X'ing". "So?" we asked. Bruno then proceeded to inform us that in France, "ped" was slang for pedophile.)*

Colt Mefford (*At one point, Bruno Dauchet hung around with us and another of his French Cadet buddies (Dominique Jamaux or "Domi"). Either Bruno or Domi decided that he needed a shaving kit – something a bit more sophisticated than the blue nylon*

*five-and-dime Dopp Kit bags we were issued. So, a bunch of us headed downtown to the Citadel Mall on our way out to paint the town blue. I think it was me, Jon Ball, Mike Narkiewicz, Terry Kemp and the two French guys. We dropped into the main “anchor” store (Macy’s?), and rolled over to the Men’s section and Toiletries. Domi, I think, then leaned over the counter towards the quite attractive young lady behind it, and says in his best, sexiest, accented voice, “I would like a douche-bag...” One very confused sales girl . . . and immediate panic on the part of us ‘mericans around him . . . with four guys simultaneously talking . . . all saying something to the extent of, “Ah . . . no, what he wants is a shaving kit, a Dopp Kit . . .” Eventually the confusion was resolved. Domi couldn’t be blamed. As cadets, we called our shaving kits “douche-bags” – semi-rude and insulting, and in keeping with most of the cadet lingo. This of course, made perfect sense to Domi and the other French cadets, since the word “douche” in French means “shower.” They were again rather surprised at the language differentials, especially on finding out the true purpose of an American douche-bag . . .)*

## **FAVORITE CLASSMATE STORY**

*Jim Carlson (During one point in our Firstie year, many of us would gather in the SAR before the meal formations and kill a half hour or so in front of the communal TV by watching a game show or soap opera or news before heading out to the terrazzo. Many times, a popular program would have us all packed in there enthralled until the very last minute. It was one of those times when being a Firstie as a '75er was kind of pleasant. Until of course, we ran into the Wing or Group Staff bureaucracy.*

*One day, we formed up in our squadrons on the terrazzo as usual. After the normal milling around, we were all called to attention and got our lines dressed. After Roy Rice, 33rd Squadron Commander, had us all squared up and at attention, from the corner of my eye I noticed 4th Group Logistics Officer Al Bready march across the terrazzo over to our squadron. We had lost Al to 4th Group earlier that semester.*

*Al approached Roy and both spoke for a few minutes. An almost audible groan rose up from the ranks at this, because this was during a time of almost constant inspections of the squadrons, mostly for haircuts. No good news ever came of Group Staff talking to Squadron Commanders during formation.*

*After a few more minutes, Al sharply turned back and rejoined his position with 4th Group. Amazingly, we were not being inspected (or in equal probability, restricted for the weekend - or assigned some kind of training activity that would make our lives incrementally more dismal).*

*This had nothing to do with Al, who was probably the best thing that Group Staff had going in our 4 years there - it was simply the reflection of life at the Zoo when the pendulum swung back to conditions being relatively harder than our Doolie year.*

*After we marched into Mitchell Hall and got to our tables, I just had to find Roy and ask him what all that was about! Roy was his usual ebullient self (nothing fazed the guy, ever) and smiled when I asked him what he and Al talked about.*

*His response? "Jimmy, Al came over to tell me that he was held up at his staff meeting and missed today's episode of "All My Children." Roy added, "I told him Erika (played by the dazzling and popular Susan Lucci) was still jealous over Brad's affair with Nickie and had hired a detective to follow him around town." With that, Roy grinned even wider; and to this day, I tell and re-tell that story, to point out that not all of us were obsessed with rules and traditions back then, and that life at the Academy was a matter of attitude. Those are the times I miss most about the place. This is my favorite Al Bready story.)*

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#### ENDNOTE

*Mark Volcheff (I actually read all these accounts with total amazement. Either I've left the majority of my brain memory cells on a barstool somewhere in my past, or I lived my Zoomie days with my head stuffed in my laundry bin oblivious to what was going on around me. I have no recollection of being involved in any crazy spirit rallies, never could find my way to the weight tables, didn't find my wife until 13 years after I graduated, wasn't maintaining an off campus apartment against the rules (???), don't have a clue even today how to get into the tunnels, never served a confinement, marched a tour -- and truth be known, I don't recall ever getting a demerit, but as I recall, I was voted Second Group's "Squadron-Commander-most-likely-to-get-fired" (a certain cadet group commander didn't think my leadership style conformed to the norm). Oh yes, I certainly lived on the edge at USAFA! Boring cadet life I guess -- but an incredible 32 year career afterwards serving my country. I salute ALL our classmates! '75 Best Alive!)*

#### ENDNOTE 2

*Hoss Erving (A heads up to Mark "Chex" Volcheff - Hey, Room-o! Remember your date(s) with "Bubbles", the local gal who REALLY liked you (and Ted Parker, and Sam Ryals, and Dave Ruddock, and Greg Geiser, and . . .) Yes, you were an honorable young man, but the real story is still out there...!)*