

Really Dumb Events, or You-Just-Can't-Make-This-Stuff-Up, Category:

Rick Townsend *(J. P. Waller, one of the greatest guys ever to walk the face of the terrazzo, used to tell the story of surprising our AOC doing a no-notice inspection of his (J.P.'s) laundry bin. J.P. returned from class to find our AOC, a squirrely little dude named Captain Wells, as I recall, with his head deep in the bin, digging sort of like a dog looking for a bone. J. P., thinking quickly, exclaimed loudly, and with convincing surprise, "Oh!" At that point Captain Wells, startled, started to bolt upright to a more dignified posture, and slammed his head into the countertop as he extracted it from the bin. J.P. continued, without missing a beat, "Oh, Oh, its You, Sir — for a moment I thought it was the world's largest weasel, digging through my laundry bin!" Captain Wells, struggling to regain his dignity, stammered, "No, no—no, it's just me . . ." And the good Captain staggered back to the AOC office. I don't believe he ever made Major, but wish him the best nonetheless if he is reading this. I am sure he turned out to be a great guy (benefit of the doubt and all that!). I will never know if it would have been funnier to see the event happen, or to hear J.P. tell the story.)*

John Koelling *(OK . . . so here's the scenario. I'm in CS-25, which was, IMHO, one of the least jock-friendly squadrons in the Wing, though I don't suppose it had anything to do with my attitude . . . I remember hearing from my roommate about a Saturday morning lecture delivered by our AOC (I was on a hockey trip) who was up in arms over what he saw at the previous week's hockey game. It appears as though one of the players for AF (I wonder who that might be?) had been chewing gum during the national anthem . . . busted! Interestingly, he never approached me about it, just talked about it when I wasn't around . . . very strange.*

That sets the stage for the infamous (at least in my mind) weekend. Our hockey games were typically played on Friday and Saturday nights, and when the game was late Friday night, we were excused from all the Saturday morning hoopla (though the room had to be in SAMI shape...except for the sleeping lump in one of the beds).

On the Saturday morning in question, I am sound asleep when my door is jerked open and in walks the Group AOC, Group Commander and an untold number of Dancing Bears. They appeared to be oblivious to the fact that I was sleeping in the top bunk since the first thing I heard (other than the pattering of little feet on a waxed floor) is, "We've got him now!" Someone in this entourage, points to a corner of the room near a window and directs one of the underlings to investigate . . . Freeze Frame.

A day or two before all this happened, I received a care package from my mother (I believe it was just before Christmas) that was essentially one of those huge Hickory Farms gift sets (Cheese, sausage, crackers, spread, etc). Well, being the gracious kind of guy that I am (not to mention having hoards of hungry friends), almost everything in the package got opened immediately, but very little was actually finished. Of course, all of this stuff was labeled "Refrigerate After Opening." which would present a problem to the average person, but not to a resourceful zoomie (I've always claimed that if you hand a Cadet an empty Coke Bottle, a piece of string and a Buffalo Chip he could at least make some fun game out of it). No fridge? Not a problem if it's December in USAFA-ville and you have a spare laundry bag, along with a window that opens.

Back to the action . . . the posse member who had been directed to investigate, climbs on top of the desk, opens the window, and reels in a very suspicious looking laundry bag (cadet issue, size Small, 2 ea). He peers inside with what I'm guessing is a rather puzzled look but says nothing. "Well . . . what is it?" asks another member of the task force. "Sir . . . I think it's . . . cheese." is the reply. "CHEESE?????" "Yes, Sir . . . Cheese . . . " Never in my life have I wanted to sit up in bed and shout, "GO PACKERS!" so badly . . . fortunately I thought better of it and continued to be "asleep", or "playing possum" as my mother used to put it.

After some mumbling (I was concentrating so hard on not laughing that I don't remember what else might have been said), they left, and didn't even bother to hang the cheese back out the window. I guess the good news is that at least I know who moved mine . . .)