

SOCIAL (or When Do We Have Time For Anything Except Academics)

No, we don't really spend all our time studying. We also prepare our room for inspections, shine shoes, clean rifles (occasionally), and, most important of all, buff floors (more about this latter). One of the best squadron extracurricular activities took place earlier this month when everyone and his girl went to Carroll Lakes for a picnic and overnight (for the upperclass types). Mike Goold, the 2nd classman in charge of the shindig, will now give you the scoop.

Watusis Whoop It Up by Mike Goold '63

The 24th Sqd. held its first annual Carroll Lakes picnic and overnight on the 3rd and 4th of February. Carroll Lakes is the base recreational area lost in the mountains some five crow miles to the west of the academy. This lakeside resort, resembling a hunting lodge and containing odd and sundry stuffed creatures, was soon filled with 40 "watusis" and their dates. None of the underclassmen objected to the wall to wall cadeting as activities of this type offer one of the few refuges to which "doolies" can flee for relaxation in a non-military atmosphere.

The forty sporty couples wound their way over the muddy snow covered mountain roads, and arrived early Saturday afternoon. This left time to enjoy the usual winter activities and also a few unusual ones. These included ice skating, horseback riding, and duck feeding by the younger set composed of the newly elected squadron princesses, Heidi and Babbette Barmettler. A few of the more daring and less intelligent couples took their chances bobsledding on "suicide hill." Most returned alive though somewhat maimed.

As night closed in, the couples were attracted into the warm confines of the lodge where hamburgers were waiting, prepared by the world famous Swiss chef, Roberto Barmettler. Most of the evening was spent chatting around the fire and dancing. This latter activity was interrupted long enough for a few of the more primitive types to engage in several "twistibouts." Throughout the evening, actions were recorded through the eyes of Mrs. Barmettler's candid camera.

Several skits were presented by the 4th classman, followed by a period of group singing. This mellow-dynamic event was led by a trio of cadets who had entertained us earlier in the evening with folk songs and guitar music. Many admitted that the afternoons of auditory torture associated with living near cadets Preston and Tippen's high decibel domicile, was partially (they emphasized) worth the entertaining results. Other than Larr Tippens and Curt Preston, an out-of-squadroner Gill Merkle, joined in the music-making.

As bewitching hour neared, the Cinderellic doolies headed for the protection of their 15'x20' rooms while the upperclass remained in the lodge overnight, afloat in a sea of bodied bedrolls. Their dates spent the night in a neighboring lodge.