

NOTICE

THIS PERIODICAL HAS BEEN DECLARED UNFIT
FOR EXPOSURE TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC.
ANYONE UNDER THE AGE OF 35 MUST BE ACCOMPANIED BY AN ADULT, AND ALL DOOLIES MUST
HAVE A NOTE FROM THEIR ELEMENT SGT.

YOU ASKED FOR IT,
SO HERE IT IS . . .

EVERYONE HAS HEARD OF THOSE ATROCIOUS TALES OF
LUST, SUCH AS **I, A GADGET**, AND ANYONE WHO WENT TO
NORTON KNOWS ABOUT **THE (4) STEWARDESSES** — WELL,
NOW THE PRODUCERS OF **EVIL ESQUIRE** BRING YOU...

EVIL DEEDS!

SEE THE **CENSORED!**
AND THE **COMPLETE**

CENSORED! INSIDE!

FOR AN IDEA OF WHAT AWAITS YOUR



RATED "X"
FOLKS!

Hello, all you "Evils." I'm glad to be here to talk to you today. We don't see each other often enough. The time passes by without our knowing, and then it's gone forever. I want to talk today about something that is too often misunderstood between us, the Honor Code. Your Code is too frequently a riddle and a mystery to outsiders, who fail to accept your explanations about "why this" and "why not that". The lack of understanding by outsiders often manifests itself in unfair attacks and deliberate innuendos that prejudice the truth.

The answers I hear you make to these gross assertions are defensive, ragged, and confused: "You just don't understand the Code;" "It's our Code, not yours;" "Things are different now, but I can't explain it to you." As an outsider who used to be an insider, I am wont to wonder if you know what the Code is yourself, if you can explain it to others.

Even in those faraway days when the earth was still cooling, when Captain Lawrence and I were cadets, the Code was not always understood. The smaller size of the Wing did not vouchsafe clarity of purpose. Often, then as now, the reason for having an Honor Code became a bit lost in the day-to-day living here at the Zoo, but I should like to think that the "spirit" of the Code was a thing fairly well understood and abided in by my peers.

I would hope that shortly after you entered the Wing, the spirit of the Honor Code became clear to you. The spirit of the Code is the key, because when you graduate into the Real Air Force, you go as an individual. No longer will your peers and contemporaries demand obvious, apparent standards of honor; no longer will you be banished for telling that "little lie". In fact, from a quick glance, you might surmise that the RAF is dog-eat-dog, with every man-Jack you see lying and cheating at supersonic speed to protect himself. You're partly right: people do lie and cheat, and most of the time, they seem to get away with it and get ahead by it.

Has your quick (and incomplete) glance convinced you that you wasted four years at the Zoo "playing the Honor game" for nothing? If you answer yes, then I say take a longer and more inquisitive second glance. Your first look missed a lot of honorable men and women in the Air Force. These will be the people to whom you will gravitate, because they are honorable, just as you are honorable. What you hope for in the long run is that you, and the other honorable types with whom you choose to associate, will win over, or remove from service, those who lack your spirit of honor.

JD MANNING, Captain, USAF

SALUTATIONS squadron cell-mates. Simply super seeing ya'll so savagely superior.

#2-WE HURT HARDER

The BIG EVIL MACHINE stands only $1\frac{1}{2}$ points out of first place at the end of winter intramurals. Only one cog in the Machine failed to turn out a .500 season or better. Somehow the legend of "Aquatic Eight" doesn't appear to be much closer.

To no one's surprise, volleyball permitted 18th squadron to snatch defeat from the jaws of victory. Two-thirds of volleypower tested the second corollary of Marx's law (if you push hard enough on something, it will fall over); this corollary states that if enough impulse is applied to a large object, it can be strained through a small hole. Thus the net received cruel and unusual punishment as the serves tried unsuccessfully to prove the corollary. Several members of 18th sqdn. volley folley team were seen with "VOIT" stamped on their foreheads. Hirschi and Bosma both played over their heads and kept their cool when things looked tough. It seemed that Lagulli and Parmentier were everywhere as they did a superlative job

the middle of the Clovis-Portalis sin strip of New Mexico. Remember, buddy, the cattle smell a little but it's the pigs that'll kill you.

Crazy Bob is tearing his hair because Trans Ams don't come with E&E-Easy Rider Rifle Packs. Louisiana is a nice place to visit, but I wouldn't want my sister to marry one.

Atwauss, the squadron rock, has broken down completely and will spend the summer erecting missiles at Offutt.

Larry G. and T.J. Powell will be able to go home for lunch.

Blanket Party Award goes to Oz who's pushing a month and a half of leave.

Sick Honcho Award goes to Ghouls with three bag days. But there's a lot of things you can do in 72 hours. Like make it back in time for BCT.

Wesnaack got stuck with the Korean Dagger. Remember to keep your hands in plain view and smile a lot. You'd look funny with two mouths. (No sweat if you screw-up, with a double chin it won't be too bad.) More problems. They think Patton is a kind of shiny leather. Really though, you've probably got a good deal. You can play Tarzan with the natives. And, you've got a chance to get kissed-off in another language. But they all speak English over there. "You got gum, GI?"

No comment from the Wing CIC. He's probably pretty happy to get Second breast.

Mystery surrounds the options list. For instance, what does the "STD" and "PRP" in the Beast assignments mean? We suggest: "Screwed to Death" and "Probable Rip-off Position". Or is it, "Sour Turkey Dung" and "Furiant Rancid Poop"? Or maybe "Saturday Tripe Detail" and "Picayune Retreads Preferred".

But one thing is no mystery. At the Zoo, life is a big brown swimming pool and every day you take another lap.

Da Wit

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EVIL GOES TO NORTON

On that fateful Friday (18 Feb.) Evil Eight blasted-off from Pete for what proved to be a great Squadron Sponsor Trip. After an uneventful C-141 flight we landed at Norton at about 1200 PST. Amazingly, on hand to greet us as we stepped-off the plane was Gen. Kearney, 63rd Wing Commander, and the Sq. Commanders of the 63rd. Later that afternoon we were treated to a briefing by a MAC briefing team.

On Friday night we were treated to a RAF Dining-In complete with real, live, alcoholic-type wine. I scarcely realized Dining-Ins could actually be worthwhile. Perhaps the best thing to come of the Dining-In was the chance for cadets to mingle with the officers of the 63rd. I always thought that the lowest rank in the Air Force was Captain.

Saturday at about 1300 everyone going to Disney land struggled through the clouds (it was clouds wasn't it?) to board the buses for Disneyland. Everyone seemed to have a good time including those who were almost left behind. A few lucky Evil Eighters managed to pick-up some feminine-type companionship which greatly enhanced the pleasure of the trip. By the way, Bill, where did you pick up that? After returning from Disneyland a few hardy souls managed to wander to the O-Club to complete the day.

Unfortunately, Sunday came much too early for most and we found ourselves aboard the bus on the way back to the plane. It was indeed a good trip but everyone will agree that it was even better to be back home again, RIGHT?

####EVIL'S KNIEVEL####

?????????PLANNING PARENTHOOD???????????

It is well known that certain members of Evil Eight have become so disen-
 charmed with their bachelorhood as to sacrifice their Bachelor of Freedom degree
 for an opportunity to do post-grad work in the field of hopeless matrimony. I fail
 to see why anyone would want their M.S. (Master of SERVITUDE) degree so badly.
 "Gentlemen, you are dismissed." HA! HA! HA! Out of the frying pan.... Remember the
 day you proposed (without having the faintest conception of the disaster you were
 proposing)? When it was all over she had a ring and she had you (right where she
 wanted you). Up against the wall, Wilbur! What did you have? One-hundred and ten
 pounds (the weight varies as you'll soon learn) of frantic stubbornness, guaranteed
 gray hairs, a set of uncompromising chains vulnerable only to an obese alimony
 settlement, and a commitment for life. The Zoo never looked so good.

She'll waddle daintily around the kitchen practicing her 101 exotic recipes for hamburgers and ham and cheese sandwiches on your precious pink pallate. It brings back visions of Auschwitz, Buchenwald, and Treblinka. Her exquisite espresso (the only cup of coffee with a lager head) will have you returning to Mitches for a sip of the good life. She'll mismanage your paycheck, give you heartburn, and even weep tenderly at your funeral. How touching.

But then there's the moment of your most supreme joy. It's when that little witch spends nine months carrying your child, braves the terrible pains of labor, and blesses you with the most sincere gift of life...life itself. You'll burn with gratitude. It's inevitable. It's a unique happiness to follow the little rug-rat through childhood and adolescence. But then that rebellious tax-deduction will flee the brood to play lead fiddle for the Weathermen and other assorted pyromaniacs. Shades of Nero, it's inevitable.

When you retire to a splintered life of fantasy leisure you'll recall that simple ceremony that joined you and that beautiful bride in the bonds of unholy masochism. She wanted a small chapel wedding. Just two or three thousand of her very closest relatives, one-hundred old boyfriends (good nostalgia affect), Carole King and James Taylor to sing "It's too Late, Baby", Black Sabbath to render the wedding processional, and, of course, your parents.

At the reception you watched her old flames guzzle away your CPITF, two months advanced 2nd Leuy's pay, and your Nav 470 cross-country per diem, while exchanging bold anecdotes of a thousand romantic encounters with your new bride. You recall that unforgettable Bachelor's Party that she threw for you on the Eve of your ultimate demise. Two Marlbores, a can of Bud, music by your father's league bowling team, the Evil Eight Marching Sickcall Precision Liquor Inspectors doing saber manual in the West latrine, and a quick game of Kick-The-Budweiser-Can-without-breaking-the-Groom's-Nose. Of course the high point of the evening came when Bob Ryan jumped out of the hole in a Mitche's doughnut. In the vernacular, "Wowie Zowie".

PATENTLY OFFENSIVE

Here we are doing our level best to put motherhood in every American home, a father in every tenement, an apple pie in every oven, a sunburn on every neck, and a bullpup in every doghouse, and you, the stalwart comrades of Evil Eight, insist on putting the latest issue of Playboy on every cadet bookshelf! It's disgusting! Downright patently offensive! I protest! I propose to perform a bit of regression analysis and show you just how wrong you've all been to persist.

It's uncanny how responsive you've all been to such a burlesque figure as little Annie Bunny. You gaze at her, spellbound and speechless. Had you concentrated half as hard on your doolie English then you wouldn't have found yourselves so lost for words.

Mr. Cadet, I'm disturbed. How much do you really understand military objectives anyway? Don't you have courses on this subject?

Sure. I take M.T. for 4 years here. We get an excellent background.

Oh, really? What do you study?

Oh we study organizational charts for the Army, Navy, and Air Force, watch gun camera flicks, learn nuclear strategy, study weapons systems, the whole 9 yards.

Yes, but don't you study military objectives, the *raison por etre* of the military?

Don't you discuss the effect of killing on the human conscience?

No, man, I guess we don't have any courses like that.

But aren't you interested in knowing what the effects of war will have on you and your buddies? Or would you rather go to war unprepared and find out what you must?

I don't know, man, but I think you're screwed-up. I'm just a young care-free cadet, trying to live a cadet life and enjoy it. You've got to work at it here a little bit to have fun...But anyway, I've got to go now. A date you ~~kn~~ know.

Sure hey, what's your girl think of you being in the military anyway?

Well she thinks my hair is too short.

000H HHH : : :

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[illegible]

EVIL NOTES Rainer Ullrich soloed, Captain Lawrence is his IP. Both are alive and well. More Evil surly bond slippers to come, provided the weather cooperates.

Only 99 more days until '72 posts away. 100th nite was celebrated in grand style at the Lawrences". If you are under the impression that '75 did a good job on '72's rooms, you should here what '72 did to '64's home. '72 will not soon forget what transpired last evening (provided they can remember anything at all). Mike Ward tried to hide under Ozzie's dust cover and Bill Vinal tried to split his skull on the edge of the editor's desk. Both, fortunately, failed. Parmo did succeed in ripping-off a few t-shirts. Congrats '72, we all join with you in counting the days.

??????Spring break Sponsor trip to the sunny South Pacific??????

Many thanks to T.H.E. Major and Mrs. Lawrence for watching over our Firsties for us while the rest of us remained in the area and finally got some work done.

All our Evil Dools are encouraged to really take their training seriously and to perform well on the Phase Test so that Keith Walker and Dick Schaller can start taking unlimited privileges.

'74, are you Professional? Are you experienced? Are you Evil? RIGHT...Oh!!!

Many thanks to the Esquire men who brought this milestone (?) issue.

J. Manning

Da Wit Searles

Ralph

Serially of 2B9

Speed

D. J. STANIS

Tricky (make no mistake about that)

Don't know where to do your shopping? Just truck on down to your local C-Store for the most comprehensive selection of car-related goods and services listed below:

PANASONIC FULLY IDLE MODULAR MULTILAYERED PSYCHIC CATHODE FOOD