

# What to Do 60's

I think dad—Harry— was there in the '59-'60 range. Has a lot of stories from there—Big Al, building model airplanes, the site's record collection, rolling flaming barrels down a hillside—and something about a WWII surplus half-track. But there's one story that sticks out. Couldn't get him to relay it—not really into the computer thing—so I will. Long duty hours compounded by long periods of being shut in produced some strange results. There was one troop who had his quarters across the hall from the latrine. After a while he noticed that from his vantage point in his room he could easily see a customer sitting on the commode—something about the door not shutting all the way. Then the wheels started to turn in his head, thus embarking on a longrange program that was sure to yield results. He started out by finding a spare toilet seat. Two small holes were drilled in the seating surface and hair fine wires were installed—all barely visible to the naked eye. You get where I'm going with this right? Then over the period of weeks he slowly ran two wires from this room into the bathroom stall. Tucked in along the floor's black molding, up around the door frames, and back down to behind the toilet—connecting to the newly replaced seat. Like I say this took a while and no one was the wiser. And of course one of those crank generators from a hand crank phone was found and hidden in a desk drawer. Then came the big night. Oddly enough (or as fate would have it) there seemed to be somewhat of a mild intestinal bug going around. After getting off of duty our “cranker” settled in to his vantage point and secured the thumb nuts to each wire on the generator. Soon a victim had a seat. A few small turns of the armature were given—just enough to give a little tickle—the sitter fidgeted some. Then a couple faster turns resulting in more attempts to “reposition”, all happening when some serious downloading was going on. Then our “cranker” couldn't take it anymore. The build up to that moment was too much. He could have played it cool and stopped right there—drawing more into his hot seat later on, but he didn't. He let out and cranked on that thing like a 10 year old making homemade ice cream. The guy shot off the toilet like a rocket—leaving a 4 foot “trail” up and over the toilet. Standing there he saw across the hall someone rolling on the floor laughing his head off—holding the generator. He figured it out real quick. I guess he totally lost it and started beating up the guy—never taking the time to pull his pants up. He was going to kill him. Dad said a bunch of guys heard the ruckus and came running in to see that sight. Guess it took a couple guys to pull him off.