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VOLUME IV, NO. 15

A Cadet Publication for Cadets

18 December 59

'Twas the week before Christmas, and all through the rooms
Apprehension foreran the imminent doom.
Though the cadets were nestled, all snug in their beds,
Visions of turnouts said, "Christmas is dead!"

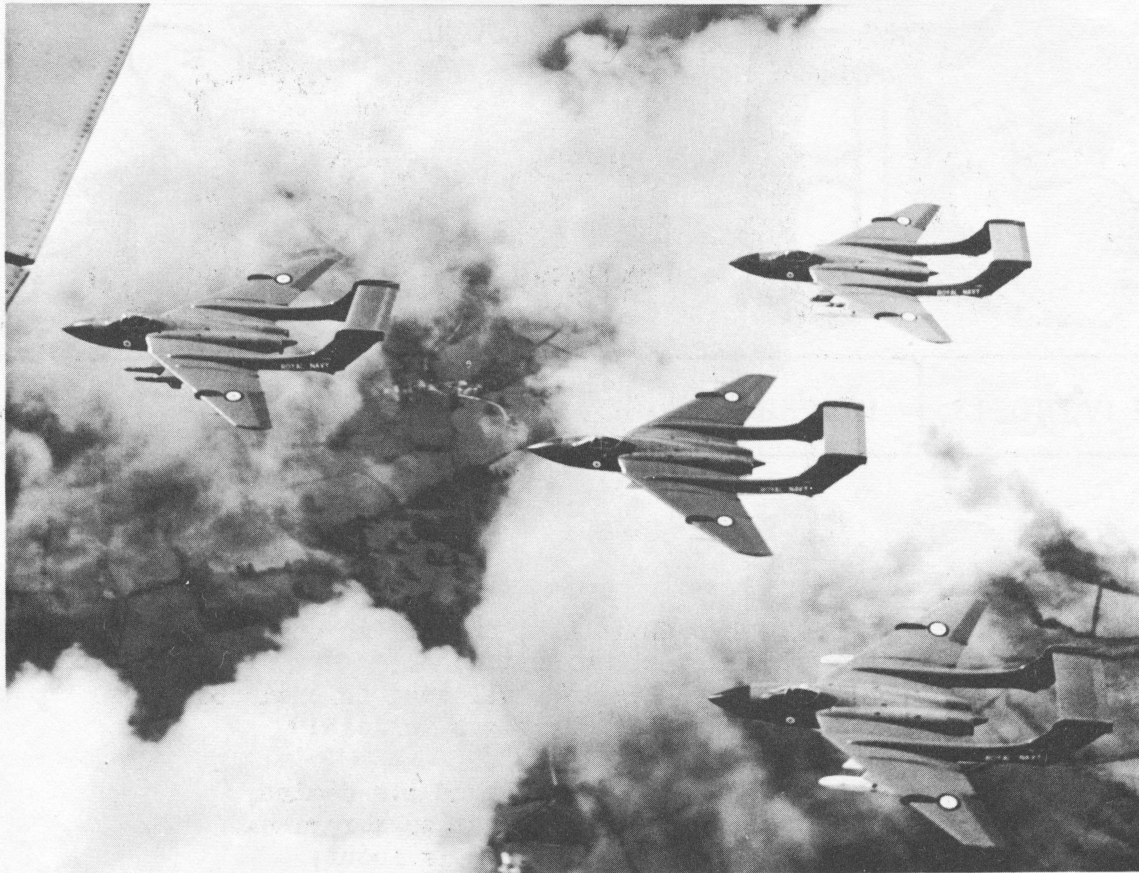
Next morning the squawk-box confirmed its demise,
As we were presented with our Christmas surprise.
In case you are wondering what this is about;
Someone had said, "Turn them all out!"

So the heads of departments all cackled with glee,
As they thought, "Ha! they'll spend Christmas with me!"
The meaning of Christmas was somewhat obscured,
As we took the finals which they had conjured.

We were duly impressed by their Christmas spirit;
We learned not to love it, but rather to fear it.
The Dean, he had shouted the murderous roll
Of the courses which took such a ponderous toll.

"Now Aero! Now Thermo! and grand Double E!
Chemistry! Physics! and even PT!
On to great things! We're having a ball!
Now turn 'em out! turn 'em out! turn 'em out all!"

And they did; yes, they did, so bless every one;
You can't really condemn them--they're having their fun.
And I heard one exclaim, as he slunk out of sight,
"We've shafted them all; we'll sleep good tonight!"



THE SEA VIXEN--Built by deHavilland, the two-engine British carrier fighter is employed by units of the Royal Navy. The Sea Vixen is an all-weather interceptor that carries four Firestreak infra-red-homing missiles.

DODO SINGS THE CHRISTMAS SONGS

Let It Snow. Let It Snow. Let It Snow. - Maybe the parade will be canceled
 O Come, All Ye Faithful - - - - - First Call for Tours will be 1525
 Have Yourself A Merry Little Christmas - - The next holiday is in February
 Nothin' For Christmas - - - - - You mean I still got a turnout?
 It Came Upon A Midnight Clear - - - - - Answer on final
 Dig that Crazy Santa Claus - - - - - 4th Classman at Orphan's Party
 O Little Town of Bethlehem - - - - - Larimer Street
 We Three Kings - - - - - Gens. Stone, Sullivan, and Mc Dermott
 I'll Be Home for Christmas - - - - - After turnouts
 We're All Kids At Christmas - - - - Dignified 4th classman to 1st classman
 I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus - - - - - Nosy
 I'd Like to Trim A Tree With You - - - - - Miss USAFA
 Hark The Herald Angels Sing - - Our substitute for Kingston Trio practices
 Hang Your Wishes On A Christmas Tree - - - - - But DON'T hang one on
 Jingle Bells - - - - - This is a test of the fire alarms

by PEEJ, '60



MAGGIE PIERCE is a young M-G-M starlet who will soon be seen with Frank Sinatra and Gina Lollobrigida in "Never So Few."

EDITORIAL COMMENTS

In this last issue of the Dodo, it is only fitting that the staff wishes all a Merry Turnout and a Happy New Life.

Let's all drink a silent New Year's Eve toast to those among us who will be among the missing when Christmas Leave is over. When the wheel of fortune turns, it doesn't always stop spinning when we'd like it to.

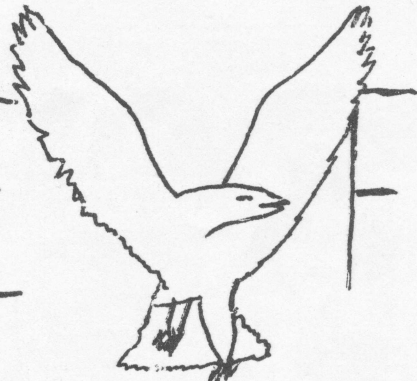
Inasmuch as Christmas is coming close, the Dodo Staff would like to extend its best wishes to the Cadet Wing for a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

Since its first issue in 1957, the Dodo has been happily supported by the Cadet Wing. Until the Aero-space Newsletter, however, we never, never, had competition. The AN is in theory an information sheet for the Professional Studies Group; in reality, though, it is a 9th Squadron issue with its editorial viewpoint. By virtue of its editorial capacity, it is a de facto rival newspaper. USAFA won't support two cadet newspapers--- therefore that without official sanction must go.

The Dodo is a Cadet Publication for Cadets.

-ghhines-

PURPLE FALCON



Finals are over and everyone is eagerly awaiting turnout announcements for various reasons; some so they can go home, some so they can take the slot on some plane of someone taking a turn-out. Merry Christmas?

After this furlough away from the institution we can all look forward to a number of changes for the coming semester. Perhaps they will adopt the policy that seven (7) demerits is the most you can get for one room inspection.

And we might even start getting the morning time hack before assembly for breakfast.

The Dean may even reinstate the policy of only one G.R. per day.

Perhaps the bus company will adjust its schedules so that we can take a privilege on Sunday.

Maybe Aero won't have so many turn-outs.

With a little luck we'll go back to the procedure of paying for our own laundry on a bundle basis.

Maybe I'll get out of debt.

Maybe I'll go pro.

And (the biggest "maybe" of all), maybe the Purple Falcon can appear in the Dodo with the screw and shaft of purple. (Note from DCOC: NO!)

One thing too many of us don't understand is duty. The latest version of the regulation book is based on duty. You have to be quite duty-conscious to enforce regulations. Too many have the attitude that anyone who writes up someone in his own class or in the class under him is simply a dip. Anyone with this feeling who graduates is going to go into the Air Force with the sole purpose of getting the most out of the Air Force for himself and to hell with the rest of the troops. Too much of the Air Force is already that way.

The idea of having an Air Force Academy is to provide a "hard-core of professional officers" complete with a developed sense of honor and duty.

A lot of NCOs are just waiting for this hard-core. And they're not the only ones. Let's all do some serious thinking about "duty" over the holidays and come back with a different attitude.

(Editor's Note: I got to thinking the other day that perhaps Dodo readers might like to know a little about the Purple Falcon, so I determined to tell them what little I know about him(?).

All I know is that suddenly, on Sunday evenings 'round about 2400, a swish sounds under the door and, with a mysterious flutter, a single piece of paper appears under the door and wafts its way across the room. Continued trips to the door yield only a handful of purple feathers, so the mystery remains. -ghh-

THE FALCON'S MOUTHS

The First Annual National Invitational Debate Tournament held here at the Air Force Academy came to an end Saturday afternoon when Brigham Young defeated Washburn University in the final round to capture the sought first place trophy.

The Academy's entry was the team of Walker & Hinton. They got off to a bad start by losing a close decision to the College of Saint Thomas in the first round. From there they came back strong to defeat Southwestern Missouri College, University of Southern Illinois, University of New Mexico Merchant Marine Academy, and Regis College.

The Academy's 5-1 record qualified them for the elimination rounds. In the quarter-finals, Walker & Hinton lost a close 2-1 decision to Augustana College of South Dakota, thereby finishing 6th out of the 30 teams in the tournament.

The following is a list of the final standing of each team entered:

- | | |
|--|--------------------------------------|
| 1. Brigham Young University | 16. University of Minnesota |
| 2. Washburn University | 17. Saint Olaf College |
| 3. Army | 18. University of Houston |
| 4. Augustana College (S.D.) | 19. Denver University |
| 5. University of Southern California | 20. Southwestern Missouri St College |
| 6. AIR FORCE | 21. Notre Dame |
| 7. Kansas State Teachers College | 22. University of Oklahoma |
| 8. Southwestern University | 23. University of Redlands |
| 9. Colorado University | 24. University of New Mexico |
| 10. University of Oregon | 25. Southern Illinois University |
| 11. College of Saint Thomas | 26. Idaho State College |
| 12. Augustana College (Ill.) | 27. Montana State University |
| 13. Wisconsin State Collete (Eau Claire) | 28. Regis College |
| 14. University of Nebraska | 29. U. S. Merchant Marine Academy |
| 15. Marquette University | 30. Navy |

Administration wise, the tournament was a hugh success. It was by far **the best run tournament I have ever seen, and the civilians were tremendously impressed.** I would like to offer a very sincere thank you, on behalf of the Forensic Association to the many men who gave unselfishly of their efforts to make this tournament the success that it was.

I would particularly like to thank Tom Owens, tournament director, and his two assistant, Ed Brophy and Ed Zompa, Gerry Stack, who was in charge of transportation, George Hines, in charge of communications, Don Stevens, in charge of statistics, and Tom Williams, in charge of time keepers. Thanks too, to the fifty-odd men who worked one the various committees, and to every cadet at the Academy for giving his full cooperation and for giving our guests such a high regard for the Academy and its men.

See you next semester. MERRY CHRISTMAS

HAPPY NEW YEAR

Fred T. Walker '60

MEWS NEWS

At each of our home football games, the falcon demonstration has started in the same way, but somehow they all have ended differently. At least, we have a little variety. Someone came up to me after the game last week and he wanted to know who was training who.

Each time we fly the birds, they teach us a new trick, like catching the lure on the way down from a split-S. The classic is for both birds to come screaming in to the one lure in trail or, better yet, from opposite directions. Each flight is a battle as to who can outsmart who. Every so often I wonder who is winning.

We have a pretty good time trying to fly those missiles, and I hope that everybody else has a pretty good laugh seeing us become frustrated.

I do believe that our falcons are regular showmen; they always do better in practice. If anyone would like to see your mascot fly (we would, too), it would be wise to drop down to the mews, that old shack with the big red door.

If you're looking for something to do with your date on those empty week ends, we always have something doing at the mews, whether it is butchering four hundred pounds of delicious beef-heart or racing after the one that almost got away.

A word to those who will be left behind during the Yuletide and turnout season--we would be very happy to show your parents what our falcons can do. Maybe I shouldn't say we, because I hope to visit my second home then. A few of the doolies down there will be caring for the falcons during our absence. There could be more doolies down there if they could come to the mews on the weekends and off intra-murder days. You, too, can be a flyer.

I am often amused at the questions that people ask me. A conversation often goes like this: "Is it real?" The bird then flaps his wings and the conversation suddenly ends. Another person will ask, "Does he bite?" "Yes, m'am." "Will he bite me?" "Yes, m'am." "Can I touch him?" "No, m'am." "I can't? Why not?" "He bites, m'am."

These are some of the ones that the New Yorkers would ask. "What kind of an owl is he?" "Is that the mascot of the Falcon football team?"

"Does he talk?" "No, m'am." "What does the poor darling do?" "He flies m'am." This last one is a classic. "Does he carry messages?"

On one of our road trips, I was talking to a TV announcer about how to pronounce falcons. I told him that we aren't too particular, but we feel the correct way is fawl-cons, rather than fowl-cons, like the Ford people contend all the time. I mentioned that the worst sin is for someone to call us a corps. I explained that we are a wing of cadets. He replied that he understood. "It is the Air Force Cadet Wing of cadets at the Air Corps Academy."

T&T

----- RECOMMENDED READING FOR DISCRIMINATING DODOS

Several new books have been printed lately that are of a significant value professionally that Dodo readers would do well to read. See the December Talon for reviews.

The War Lover by John Hersey: A WW II tale of a B-17 pilot, his life and loves.

The Soviet Air & Rocket Forces by Asher Lee: A documentary work that is an essential part of any well-briefed AF officer's library.

Smiles from the System

Did you know that if you drink a glass of milk every day for 1,200 months, you will be a hundred years old.

* * *

Nowadays in the dining hall we get 'steak' every single day. Of course, it sometimes arrives looking like they pounded on it with a hammer for a while, and they call this cube steak. On Tuesday, we have hamburger steak and we feel like kings from our all-steak diet. Next day chicken fried steaks are on the menu, followed on Thursday by a newcomer, a big, delicious tube steak (I used to think of them as hot dogs). Of course the big 12 oz. steak rounds out our steak diet for the week. No wonder the dining hall has such high ratings. It serves the cadets steak every day.

* * *

ODE

Well, well, well
The time draws near
A few more hours
The coast is clear

Beds for airing
Indicative signs
Mass migration
To other climes

Goodbye, you all
Have a good time
To your best health
We raise our stein...

14 Days
of Sack and play
14 ways
To spend our day

Tomorrow noon
Will see us be
Grinning wide
With new found glee.

It was a bitter cold morning and ice sheeted the ground. The squadron was turning into a gaggle in an attempt to retain its footing. Every larly icy point and barely keep from falling. Finally a voice came from somewhere deep within the squadron, "Stay in step, men. If we're gonna fall down, we'll go down together.

* * *

Nature gave her a beautiful face but she picked her nose herself.

* * *

CRUELTY JOKE DEPT:

Then there was the one about the mute who fell into a deep dark pit and broke three fingers yelling for help.

* * *

First Cadet: "C'mon, get cleaned up and I'll get you a date."

Second Cadet: "Yeak, and suppose you can't get me the date?"

* * *

If all the cadets in the Wing who are always falling asleep in chapel were laid end to end, they would be alot more comfortable.

* * *

Then there was the cadet with a gross roommate who had bucked up his side of the room perfectly and was working on his roomie's side, which looked especially gross this Sunday morning. All of a sudden, in walked the OIC, who had just been strolling through the halls, and had noticed a light on. Feeling in a rare friendly mood, he asked the cadet where he was from. Espying the yellow pad in the officer's hand, the cadet thought fast and came up with, "Sir, I am from the other side of the room."

pewynne '63

MERRY CHRISTMAS, CLASS OF 1963:

The members of the upperclasses extend to the Class of '63 our most sincere wishes that each of you will enjoy a very merry Christmas. There is nothing that would make us feel better than to know that our Doolies are taking full advantage of the many opportunities to "let off steam" during the Holidays.

For many of you this will be your first Christmas away from home and your family. We hope that you will gain the ability to adjust yourself to this new situation and to realize that Christmas is what you want it to be. You can be almost as happy during your holiday here, provided you make an attempt to make your time work for you. Christmas Eve, give the folks a call and brighten their holiday a little more.

For those of you who cannot understand why you are staying here instead of going home, consider this question: How many of your classmates, even in your own squadron, do you really know? How many of you know what it is like to "fall out" and enjoy the privileges of an upperclassman? The Academy has a great deal more to offer than what you have been exposed to up to now. During this period you will have a chance to sample part of the things you will get in later years here.

But there is still more reasoning behind you staying here. Your training goes on continuously and will go on for the rest of your career in the Air Force. The Christmas Holiday will give you an opportunity to hold positions of responsibility for the first time. All of you will learn that even with something as dear to you as Christmas, the mission comes before all else. You are training yourselves, this Christmas, to endure one of the many hardships that will, in future years, enable you to realize that personal pleasure ranks far behind the Mission. When you have learned this lesson, you will be ready to stand beside the selfless men who are devoting their lives in the hope that your family can enjoy a Merry Christmas every year, in a peaceful world.

So again we say, "Enjoy yourselves", always remembering that you are Air Force Cadets. And as Cadets, possessing the indescribable ingenuity of Cadets, we know that you will find happiness in applying yourselves to having a good time and reflecting on the fine progress made thus far.

Merry Christmas to all,
'60, '61, '62

(thru the mouths of Good Will and BED)