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VOLUME IV, NO. 16

A Cadet Publication for Cadets

15 JANUARY 1960



THE ME-262 JET INTERCEPTOR was the world's first mass-produced jet-propelled aircraft. Introduced by Germany during the latter days of World War II, the twin-jet Messerschmitt aircraft was too late to have any great effect on the progress of the conflict, but did throw a scare into the surprised Allied air arms.

PURPLE FALCON

Here we are, back again, singing that song about going "D"...

There's not too much worry about going D, though, since it takes about two to four weeks from the time the academic types turn in grades 'til the time they're posted. It seems the only way you can find out what you've got is to look at the D list. But the only grades on a D list are below a 70 and...sounds like that old merry-go-round last year on late lights.

At any rate, there are going to be lots and lots of grades. Someone figured out that in Mechanics 302 we will average something like 3 recitations per class. This was calculated by dividing some 40 classes into the 121 recitations the Mech. Dept. promised us.

The English Dept. gave us their approved solution. Merely spend the $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours allotted per class on the class concerned. They have come to the conclusion that $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours is all anyone needs for any course. (Except, of course, English, which necessarily requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours.) According to one instructor, West Point found it successful, so why not here?

But if you look at what the English Dept. is teaching now...

They're giving the Idiot and the Odity, by Homer (Jethro probably had a

hand in it, but he was not given any credit.)

One cadet suggested that if each instructor spent $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours for each of his sections, he'd have some idea of how much time we'd have to spend on academics. The guess is that most of the academic types don't make their own beds, don't sweep their own floors, do not march to meals, don't dust (volumes could probably be written on the subject), etc.

The Dispensary has finally disclosed what APC stands for: "All Purpose Capsule."

It seems that some cadets haven't yet gotten the word about removing the blouse in public, i.e., it isn't done. Have you ever seen an officer remove his blouse in public? And cadets are supposed to end up as officers. Better get hot.

And to hear some of the Third Classmen talk about the Marriage Course, you'd think they knew all about it. And, while they're claiming to be mature enough to learn something from it.

signed

with

a

whirr

of purple feathers -TPF-



BLONDE AND BLUE-EYED Pat Blair is an up-and-coming M-G-M starlet who adds glamour to the comedy "The Gazebo."

EDITORIAL COMMENTS

Back after a particularly light-headed holiday, yours truly promises you bigger-and-better Dodos to help meet the gloom period ahead. Although I've a lot I feel I could say, I'll let the more convincing figure above speak its thousand words for me.

Initially, I'd like to congratulate the Aerospace Newslater on its January edition. The point made in the editorial is well-taken. There is no basic disagreement in philosophy--the AN states that flying is here to stay; the Dodo agrees, but believes a USAFA grad who spends 30 years in only a flying role is wasting his expensive training here.

The falcons (Mach I, Mach II and all the boys down at the mews) are now mewless. George Nolde assures me that the birds are quickly adjusting to

their dormitory domicile and hastens to add that plans are in the mill (rotating in the same plane as the airstrip) for a bigger-and-better falconhouse. More on this in later weeks.

I want to credit ol' Bill Taylor with the front page pre-Christmas take off on Clement Moore's "A Visit from St. Nicholas." For some, it was highly applicable.

Being an English major, I was happy to notice that Colonel Moody has been appointed Dean of Faculty.

Adding up my research papers this weekend, I came up with the following figures: almost 20,000 words due before semester's end (including overload). According to the AP handbook, that amounts to 80 typewritten pages. I'd give further stats, but people would only get bitter.

We're back to printing intramural and intercollegiate sports once again. This time we're in the business for good.

-ghhines-



Smiles from the System

Well, a happy gloom period to all of you. Let's get under way with another boring session of 'Force Yourself to laugh at Wynne's jokes.'

There still remains to be told the tale of the fourthclassman, whose classmate at the table was completing the third article of the Code of Conduct and who had just then begun to drink, or rather sip, a brimming glass of milk. All of a sudden, the table com said, 'Finish it', just as the other fellow staggered through the third article.

So natch the kid chugged his milk. And then the fun began.

* * *

Who's the lucky fellow to get the 'Smiles' award this week for getting written up for 'Falling out grossly in hall, ie, giving classmate Boy Scout salute.!?'

* * *

A Soviet agent was questioning a child about patriotism.

Agent: "Who is your mother?"

Child: "The incomparable Soviet Union."

Agent: "Who is your father?"

Child: "The incomparable Khrushchev."

Agent: "What do you want to be when you grow up?"

Child: "An orphan."

* * *

An old fellow was crossing a busy intersection when a large St. Bernard ran past him and bowled him over. The next instant a Volkswagen skidded around the corner inflicting more serious bruises.

Bystanders helped him to his feet and someone asked him if the dog had hurt him much.

"Well, not exactly," was the reply. "That can tied to his tail is what did the damage."

* * *

A bargain is a good buy.

A goodbye is a farewell.

A farewell is to part.

To part is to leave.

My girl left without saying goodbye.

She was no bargain anyway.

* * * *

"Whadda ya mean, uncouth?" shouted the cadet to his sweetheart.

"Don't I take you to the opera, ballet, flower show and all that garbage?"

* * *

ODE

Santa's gone

Back up North

Six 'til June

Startin' the fourth

Gloom period?

Bah, I say

Read this junk

And happy stay.

Soon the bunny

Will hop along

"In you bonnet"

Will be THE song.

Work hard

And realize

When you're busy

The time just flies.

Christmas was

Really fine

Another step

Toward summertime.

* * *

ODE

Harder I study

Harder I fall

Havin' a ball

Flunkin' 'em all

pewynne '63



COLONEL MAURICE L. MARTIN
Future Director of Athletics

COMING FACES, DEPARTMENT OF ATHLETICS

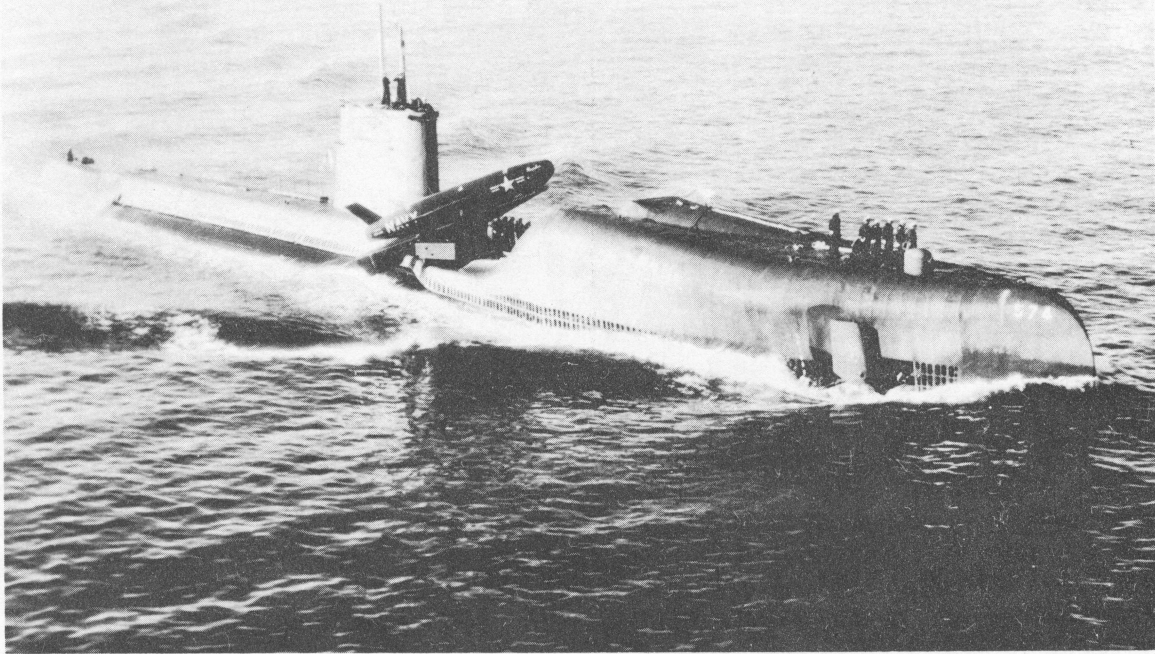
Colonel Maurice L. Martin will soon become as familiar a personality in the world of athletics as Colonel George C. Simler. Colonel Martin will arrive from the National War College this coming July to take over Colonel Simler's post as Director of Athletics.

Colonel Martin is a 39 year old combat veteran, having served as a fighter pilot during both the Second World War and the Korean War. He is a 1943 graduate of the U. S. Military Academy where he lettered in gymnastics. He hails originally from Bluefield, West Virginia.

Previous to going to the War College, Colonel Martin was assigned to the Air Defense Division, Headquarters, USAF, in Washington, and his upcoming assignment will be his first in an athletic post. After breaking in his relief, Colonel Simler will leave the Academy for the War College sometime in August.

Assistant Director for Intercollegiate Athletics is a new position recently created within the Department of Athletics and to be filled for the first time around the first of February by Mr. Bob James. Mr. James is a graduate of the University of Maryland where he lettered in football, basketball, track and lacrosse. Since his graduation he has been associated with the University and is presently serving as Associate Dean of Men.

The post that Mr. James will fill is primarily associated with the business aspect of the athletic program and is the first in a series of new posts to be placed in civilian hands. The evolution will occur gradually and when complete will change the Athletic Department to the extent that it will be approximately 50% military and 50% civilian in keeping with the Air Force policy of minimizing the support of intercollegiate athletics with appropriated funds.



THE NAVY REGULUS I guided missile is shown preparatory to launch aboard the submarine USS Grayback. The medium range missile is made by Chance-Vought.

THE ESOTERIC

For many cadets turnouts and the remaining day of leave were over all too quickly. We returned looking forward to the monotonous task of failing daily quizzes, but we found a big change had been made. This is the new constant quiz system. It enables you to accumulate thousands upon thousands of D-points where before the sum was in the mere hundreds. There is one consolation however. Finals will be no sweat because where before you had a chance and worried, now you know you have failed. This semester could well go down in history as the "Year of the Great Purge."

We now have a wad of new leaders to guide us onward. We hope that even though they are on the top, they remember that they were once nothing also.

The Denver Destroyers really had a blast with the cadets' new threads last week. When they modified three button coats to two button by pressing the third button into the lapel it wasn't so bad, but putting pleats into non-pleated trousers and coats was going a little too far.

We notice a large number of cadets between the dormitories every day, apparently practicing hard to make the touring team. If this interest continues we may have the champion touring team in the nation.

Many cadets did go down the tube over leave. It just goes to show that some still think three can live as cheaply as one.

CEB III

Tales From the Red Tag Daily Worker

The Wing has returned and the dark ages are setting in. To those who are not in the "know" this part of the academic year is not only the most depressing by far, but also the part which seems the most endless. Those who went home for the holidays perhaps returned a little wiser, and those who stayed, a little more understanding of the system and its purpose. If this happened, something was gained. Now the "big game" starts and we can begin to sweat finals. Looking around, I see the ranks decimated again and a few good troops gone. Living on our isolated Acropo-

lis and then being allowed to return to civilization brings a startling realization of the contrast between life as we see it and life as it really is, on the outside. It kind of makes one feel that perhaps all of those "big" problems and griped that we had last semester were not so big after all. Perhaps the biggest thing a bout getting back is the introspection that arises as we attempt to settle down. Now is the time to think and decide and when the decision is reached to follow it to the end. At any rate, we all again have to start anew, for better or for worse.

SHANE

POSSIBLE MERGER OF DODO AND TALON?

Discussions are now under way for a possible merger of the Dodo and the Talon. The merger, should it occur, would most probably be only along the lines of overall organization, with a view toward more effective operation of both publications.

The editors of both the cadet magazine, Cadet Fuller D. Atkinson, and the cadet newspaper, Cadet George H. Hines, met with Colonel Louis T. Seith, Deputy Commandant of Cadets for Cadet Wing Command, earlier this week to discuss the proposed merger and to weigh the relative advantages and disadvantages involved in such an action.

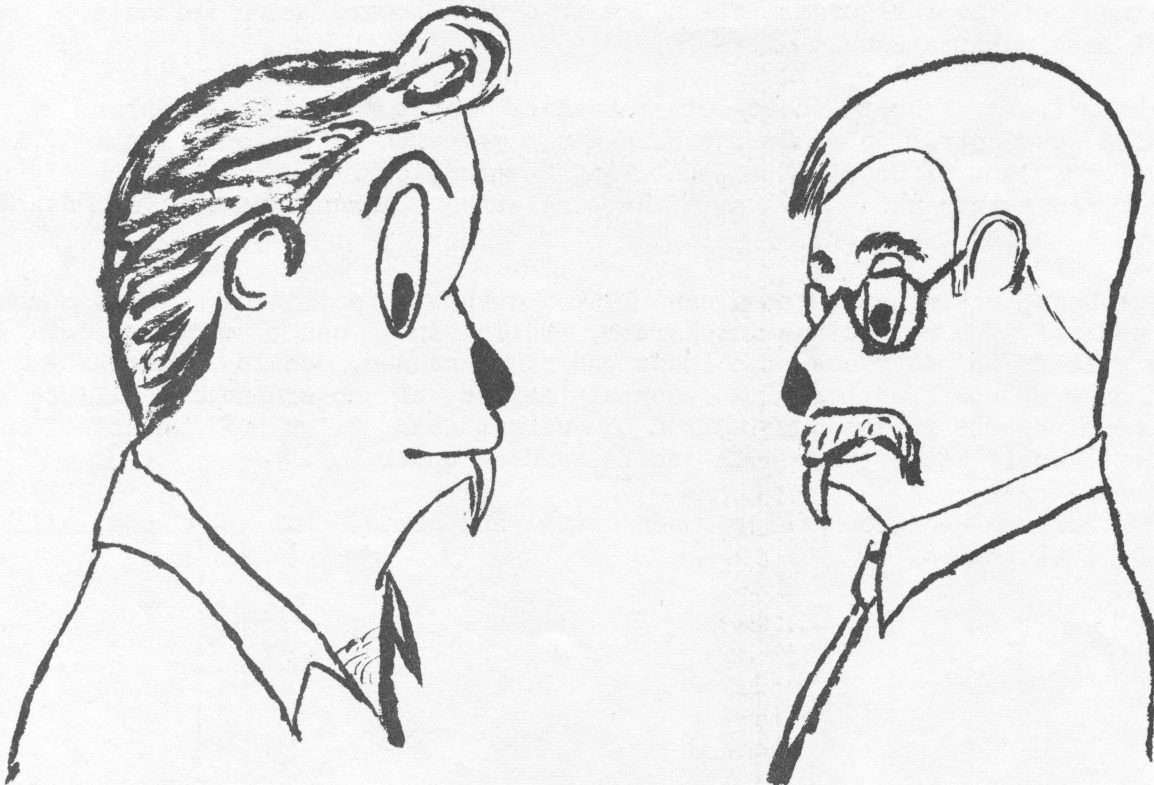
The Dodo, having operated since 1957 without facilities, could certainly make use of the commodious Talon room, while the cadet magazine, of late losing writers to heavy academic loads and other causes, could gain by the interchange of staff members. A certain degree of co-ordination will be gained to re place the recent duplication of effort and files of information, such as sports, could be kept for both staffs to draw upon.

Probably no decision will be made with any haste, but the Dodo will keep up with developments.

THE FABLE OF THE TWO BEAVERS

Once upon a Summer's drought, two beavers--one very old and wise--the other young and impetuous--decided to build dams to make a pond for their homes during the coming winter. The wise beaver studied and planned, worked long into the night picking just the right trees, just the right mud, and exactly the right location. He knew the mean tide, the duration of warming sunlight, and the effect of coriolis upon flowing water in the latitude at which he planned to build. Then he worked diligently every day, from early summer until late in September. At last he had the sturdiest dam and pond for his home that the world had seen since Hoover. He built his home right in the middle of the great pond. The young beaver frittered his time away until the middle of September came and no dam or pond was available for his home. One night, when a group of the boys came over to the Old Barn for a last night revelry before the Winter set in, he suggested that they put in an hour or two building a dam and home in the mud, and then have a house warming to celebrate. In less time than it takes to tell it, they had made the very modernistic structure and went inside to make Merry. The old and wise beaver who had been watching from his sturdy home only a few hundred yards away sneered at the meager construction and wagered that he'd see it destroyed by the Fall's swells.

That night a torrentous rain came to the valley where the two beaver had built their dams; when the sun came up, both dams, both beavers, and indeed every beaver home in the valley had been washed out.



MORALE: DON'T BUILD YOUR DAM HOME IN THE MIDDLE OF A STREAM BED.

Bruce and Good Will

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