

DODDO

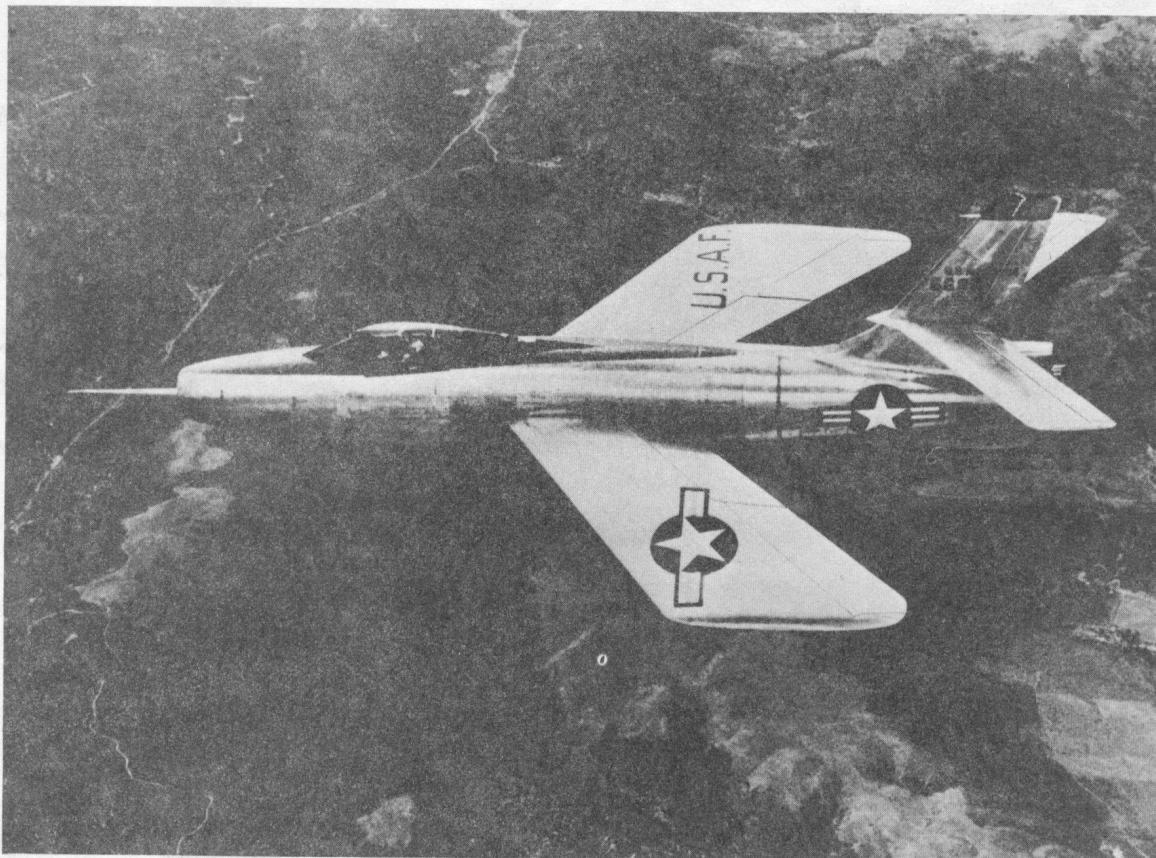
VOLUME V, NO. 1

A Cadet Publication for Cadets

2 SEPTEMBER 1960



**"To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual
means of preserving peace."
WASHINGTON**



Republic's XF-91 Thunderceptor was an experimental, high speed interceptor. It was powered by the GE J-47 with afterburner. Notice the wings which tapered in towards the fuselage.

COPENHAVER NEW ACADEMY BAND MASTER

Capt. Harold L. Copenhaver, whose most recent assignment was Commandant of the USAF Bandsman School, Washington, D.C., is the new commander of the Air Force Academy's 75 man marching and concert band.

Capt. Copenhaver studied at the American University in Washington, D. C., where he received bachelor and master's degrees in music education. In June he was granted a professional certificate as Minister of Music from the College, Williamsburg, Va.

Capt. Copenhaver taught on the faculties of the American University and the University of Maryland, College Park, Md. He has been a guest lecturer on the topic, "Music and American Culture", while on temporary duty in Europe and the Far East.

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ACADEMY FALCONS FEATURED IN FOOTBALL YEARBOOK

Falcon signal caller Rich Mayo is the "cover boy" on Street and Smith's 1960 Football Yearbook, due on the newsstands shortly. The authoritative annual, regarded by football scholars as almost infallible, predicts an undefeated season for the Falcons. It also ranks Mayo and end Sam Hargade among the nation's foremost candidates for All-American honors.

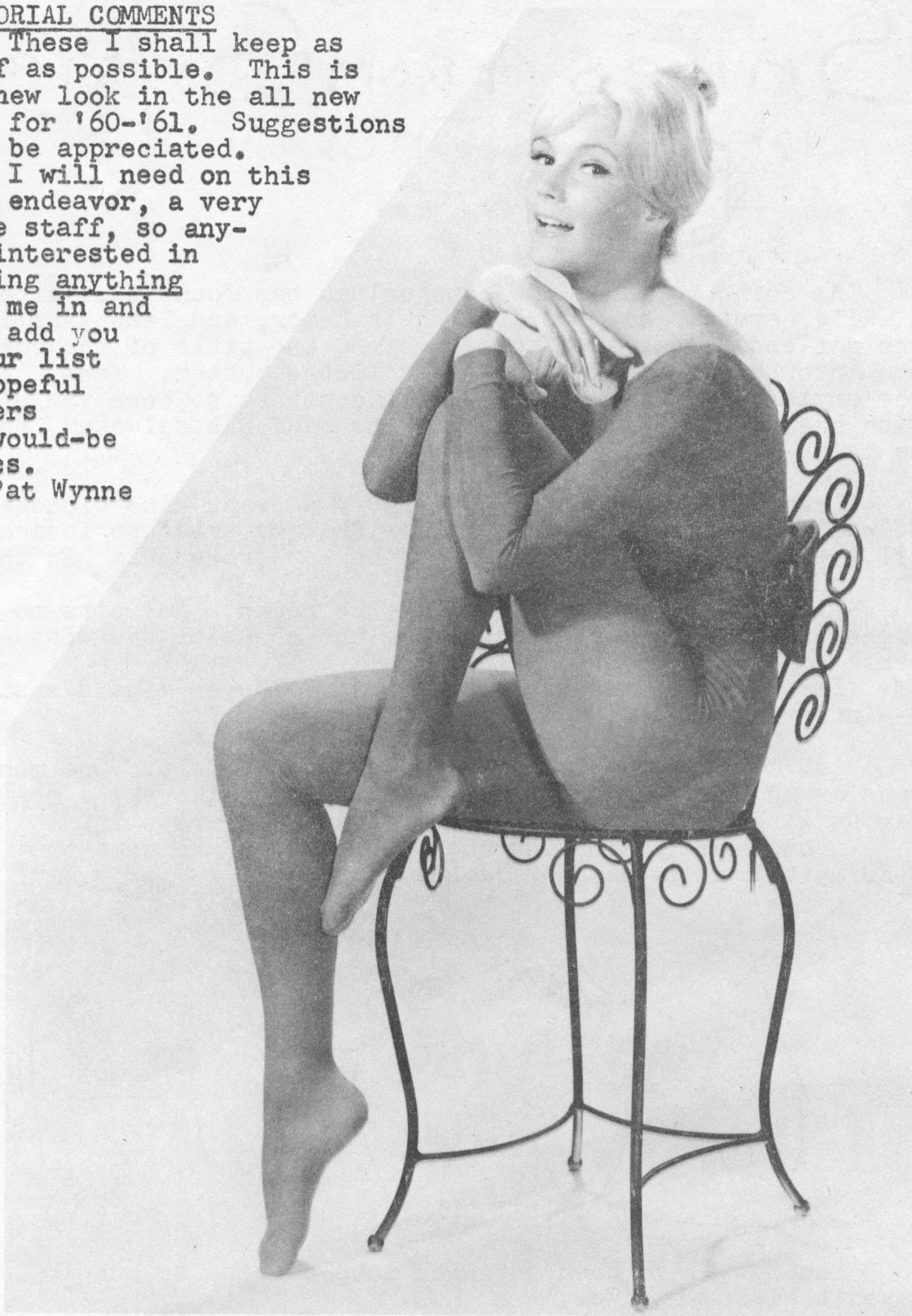
75bestalive.org

EDITORIAL COMMENTS

These I shall keep as brief as possible. This is the new look in the all new DODO for '60-'61. Suggestions will be appreciated.

I will need on this type endeavor, a very large staff, so anyone interested in writing anything clue me in and I'll add you to our list of hopeful writers and would-be cynics.

Pat Wynne



Yvette Mimieux, M-G-M's soaring new star, is currently being seen in "The Time Machine".

SMILES FROM SYSTEM



The author of this infamous column has found that after a while, systems seem to lose their humor, and last year if you noticed he deviated somewhat from the title of the column in order to bring some Smiles TO the System. True to the style begun last year, he will continue to bore you all with his jokes. This column, by the way, was selected the one least likely to be censored.

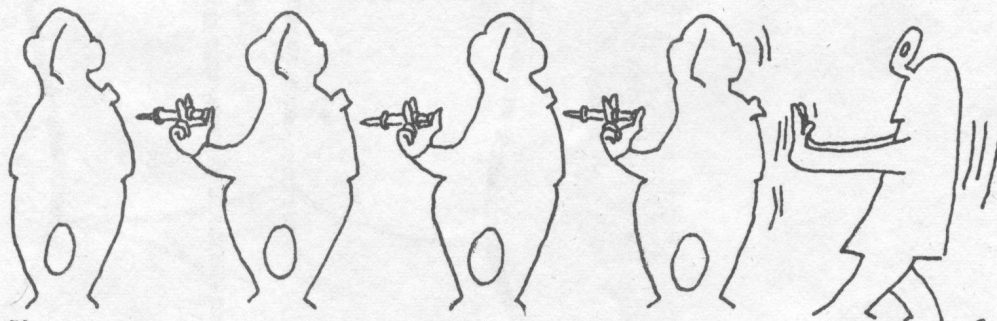
A reporter had been sent to cover a great mine disaster. He was so impressed by what he saw that he tried to indicate all the emotions and heroism that he saw around him in that vast panorama of death.

In a telegram to his editor, he began, "God sits tonight on a little hill overlooking the scene of the disaster."

Immediately his editor wired back, "Never mind disaster, ---interview God. Get pictures if possible."

'64 is here and is making its presence felt. One man, when asked who wrote the 1812 Overture (Tchaikovsky's most famous work) replied that Francis Scott Key wrote it.

This brought to mind the tale of some age that the F-80 Spitfire was made by Japan.



WJONES
record

Coed: "I've been out with lots of cadets, but I haven't kissed one yet."

Roomate: "Oh, yeah? Which one is that?" (TIGER)

"Why the black crepe on the door? Is the roommate dead?"
"Black crepe, nothing! That's his towel."

PEW '63

MINUTEMAN TEST, LAUNCH FACILITIES COMPLETED

A \$7 million launch facility for the Air Force's solid-fuel Minuteman ICBM has just been completed at Cape Canaveral, Florida.

The new launch area consists of two blockhouses, two 'flat' launching pads and service towers, two 90-foot-deep underground launching silos--the first at Canaveral--as well as assembly, storage, inspection and industrial area facilities.

The first missiles are expected to fly from the Florida base late this year.

Minuteman is a three stage, solid fuel, SAC missile with a designed range in excess of 6,300 miles. Although designed to be stored in underground launching sites similar to those at Canaveral. Minuteman will also be carried in specially designed railroad cars equipped with mobile launchers.

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ION ENGINE UNDER STUDY

The Air Force has awarded a \$1,900,000 contract to Electro Optical Systems Inc., Pasadena, Calif., for theoretical analysis and construction of an ion demonstration engine.

According to Van Nostrand's Dictionary of Guided Missiles and Space Flight, an ion engine is one in which thrust is obtained from a stream of high momentum ions obtained from a process such as molecular dissociation, nuclear fission, or nuclear fusion.

The resulting thrust is extremely small but would have value in gravitationless space where microforce thrust of this sort might be operated over a long period of time to yield extremely high vehicular velocities.

Such an engine has been built by the Rocketdyne Division of North American Aviation, utilizing cesium ions.

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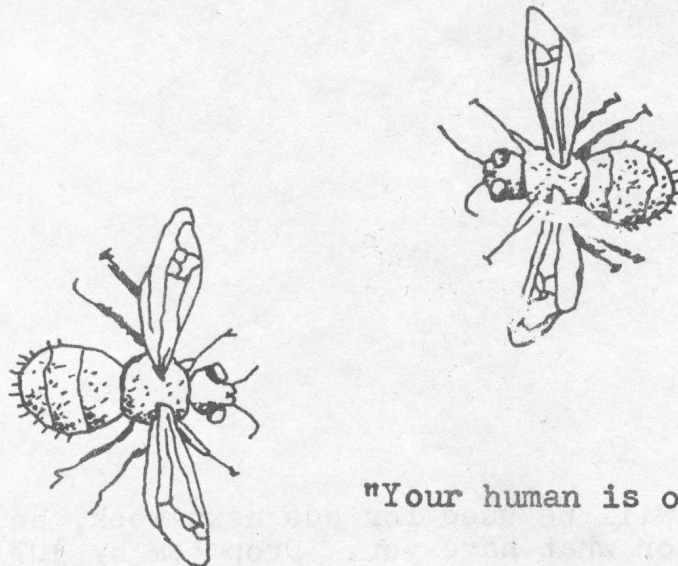
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"Good God! The baby swallowed the matches."

"Here, use my lighter."

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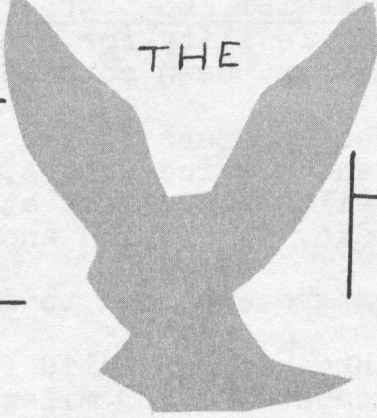


"Your human is open."

B&G
record

G P
63

PURPLE THE FALCON



IN MEMORIAM

This page will be used for ads next week, be they personal, or buy-sell, or what have you. Drop 'em by 3D7 before dinner next Friday.

THE SILVER) SPLINTER

The purpose of third class customs on the Falcon '60 field trip are as follows...

Well here I go, determined to last at least half as long as my predecessors. This space was originally destined to contain a welcome back message for upperclassmen, however,...(I've been cautioned that if I don't have anything nice to say, I should keep my big mouth shut).

Returning from leave was quite a shock. Still being here after two weeks is even more of one.

All cadets are notified of a hazing formation to be held each Saturday morning at 1100 hours on the parade ground. However, when the terrazzo is in good condition, i.e. iced over, this formation will be held there. Also during this time parades will be of greater duration in order to accustom all cadets to Colortica (Colo in winter).

Speaking of parades, the DB will will from this time on, carry the music that the band is supposed to play. This will enable fourthclassmen to whistle the numbers in case the band doesn't show.

Not too many out for Varsity Drill Squad yet, but then everyone is probably waiting for the Labor Day weekend.

I finally figured out why all the bugle calls over Security Flight lately. Did you ever notice how much they sound like the starting bugle for a (rat) race.

There are a lot of bad rumors going around the Wing about the new grading system. These will undoubtedly be the first rumors in our history to come true.

Mort Sahl says at the end of his soliloquy, "Is there anybody I haven't offended yet?" These words would sound more appropriate from the local shed.

JAW

i am here because the editor didn't plan ahead

THE COGITATOR

by Ivan

Goodness is, in essence, order. Badness, reciprocally, is disorder. There is goodness in harmony, in neatness, in concordance. Badness is inherent in cacophony, disunity. Goodness is apparent in humans as a dominant influence. However, another influence is present, in the form of badness. The determining factor in the struggle between the two is realization of moral principles based on sound, logical, and objective evaluation of both influences.

He who pauses not, is unable to use logic, for logic is basically slow, methodical, while haste breeds carelessness, and badness. Slowness, deliberation, conciseness all are to be nourished. Speed is to be discouraged for it fosters untidiness which in turn promulgates sloppiness and incorrectness, which are examples of badness.

Goodness should influence all matters in life and everyone should strive for his personal conception of goodness, for without one he is susceptible to badness, which is not to be fostered in man. It is better to have no concept of goodness than to adopt the concept per se of another (in hopes of fostering your own) from a lazy attitude of completion yourself. It is good to adopt another's concept in hopes of fostering from it a self concept. A self concept of goodness is better than an assumed one since what we believe in we have understood in the beginning (in order to believe). We cannot believe what we do not understand. By understand, I refer to knowledge of existence and being. By way of illustration, one must say, or be able to say that he understands the principles of democracy before he can rightfully profess belief in them. We may make manifestations of belief but they are hollow and are for another reason than for true believing. Knowing must proceed first, then understanding, and lastly belief.

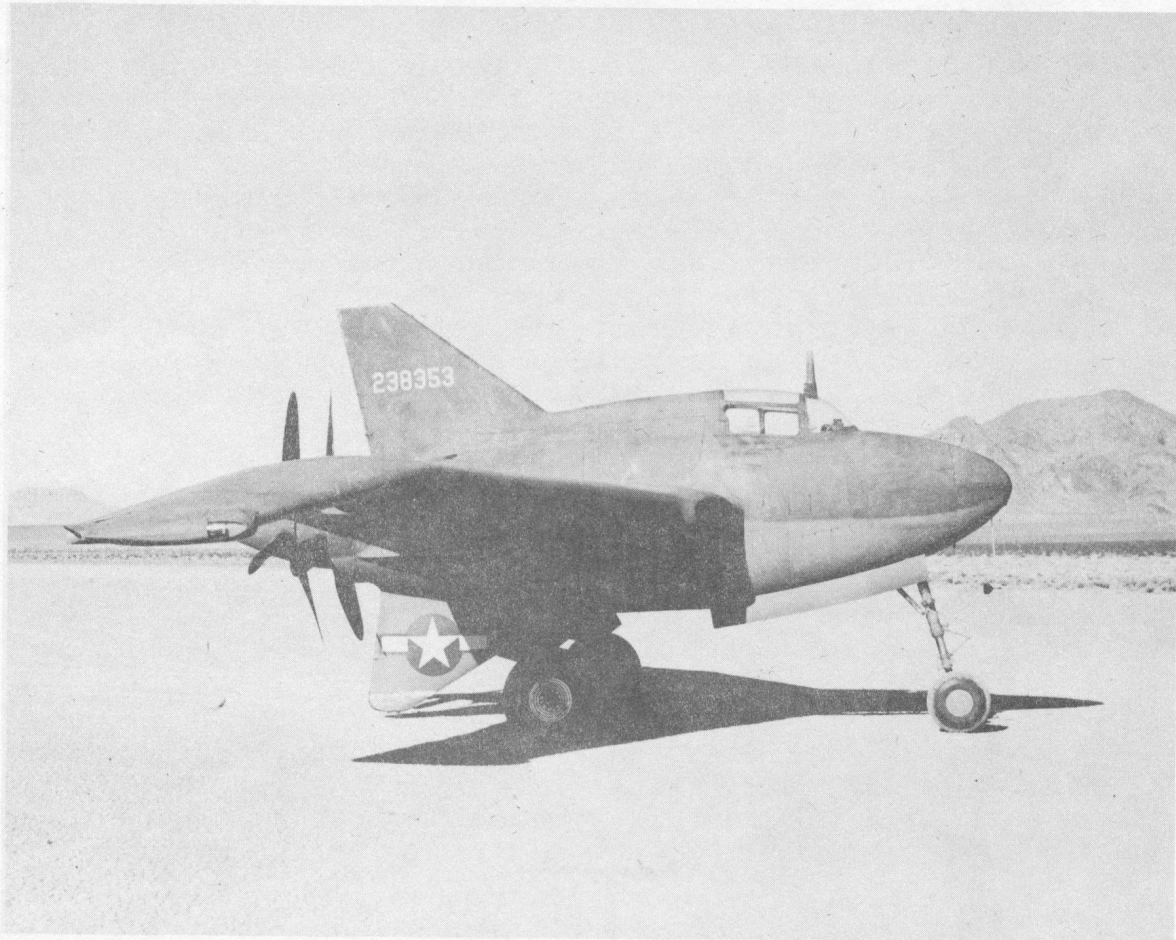
Blind belief is a type of belief called faith. Faith is sometimes useful and often convenient for a feeling of well being. But no ultimate satisfaction and happiness can be attained in faith itself. Faith is not a goal, but rather a means to an end. The ultimate satisfaction and happiness stems not from faith itself, but from the fulfillment of this faith, the rewarding of this faith. We can only reach perfect satisfaction by perfect knowledge and understanding. This may appear like a difficult concept to grasp, but it is in essence simple.

I am conscious of a question. Why must we foster goodness? By our nature, we are ordered, tidy and unified. Our features work consistently and concordantly. We think in logical patterns. We love and judge in continuous strains. We are not discordant or disharmonious. It is also against the grain of our nature to impose a discordancy or a badness upon an ordered and concordant nature, since the two are diametrically opposed.

Since we are by nature and essence, goodness, we must foster goodness and cause it to flourish.

Goodness exists without bound. What is not continuous or concordant or ordered, is discontinuous or discordant or disordered. Badness also exists without bound.

I implore you then to foster this goodness of which I speak, for in an atmosphere of goodness, your nature will flourish. IVAN



NORTHROP X-P--56 (1943)

This extremely advanced pusher type airplane was the first all-magnesium and all-welded plane ever built. It was not placed in production, but was used for research purposes.

A variation of the flying wing, it was a tailless pursuit plane, carrying pilot and engine in a short nacelle. Elevators and lateral controls were on the wing trailing edge, with fixed vertical fins above and below the fuselage to provide directional stability. It was the first pusher to have counter-rotating propellers, and the first of its type with an air-cooled engine completely submerged in its fuselage.

What goes up...



RES IPSA LOQUITER
"63"

From a Yellow-tag to Yellow-tags:

I'm new at this game (not counting HS sports writing). Please excuse the cheerfulness until my course in bitterness is completed. Happy today; a cynic tomorrow. And I even missed my August ODP!

I understand someone wanted to write an article called "The Golden Shaft" for the DODO. If conditions change so will the title of this bit, but not while I'm proceeding to class individually, etc.

Excuse me for bringing it up, but this kid sure is glad so many had so much fun on leave. As for me, it's a long story. Basically, I should have gone west instead of East. Sure do love California.

The 'Holiday From Death' carnival looks like a lot of fun without costing a privilege. Watch for me there too!

The amarillo-tags (Yellow-tags for the non Spanish speaking types) have a real opportunity to drive their squadrons to the top. The sophs are the backbone.

Congrats to those who wear one emblem or another on their left sleeve. Maybe the rest of us can join the constellation under the new grading system--provided they let us stay.

Have you tried the "Ugly American" yet? Better than desert!

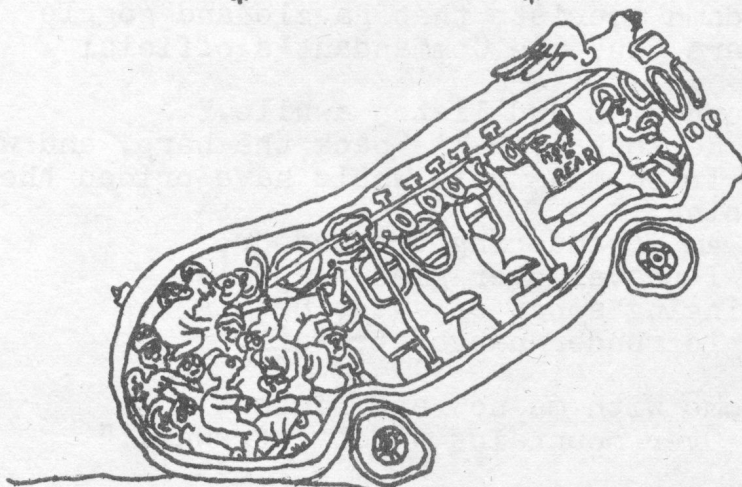
Conduct-a touchy subject-lots of stories floating around about a big slip in '63. It doesn't hurt to be a little more careful. The opposite sure can. Enuf.

Watch for KAFA. Ask about it. Over, off, and clear.

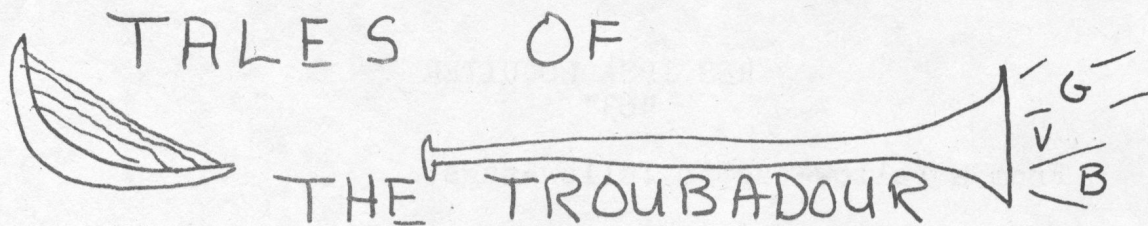
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TALES OF THE TROUBADOUR



It was one of those days that makes you think that the Denver Post is right when it says, "'Tis indeed a privilege to live in Colorado. The sun shone from a brilliant blue sky, with just enough cotton-fluff clouds to add interest. The breezes off the Ramparts were light and cool and smelled of green pine and mountain waters. Here was a day with loveliness to sell.

I sat there in my favorite spot by the Rock (in spirit only as the Commandant is desirous that I stay in my room these next few weekends). It was as I looked up the trail from Deadman's that I first saw him, a robust, well-built man with a small harplike instrument slung across his back. "Oh, no! Tourists here even? What's this place coming to? As he drew closer, he hailed me, "Hola, my friend, and how goes it with you today?"

"Not too red hot, thanks. You know I'm not really here?"

"Yes, I am aware of your troubles with authority, but do not think that you are the first to suffer some inconvenience to achieve your vocation in life."

"I know. But Labor Day weekend?"

"And what will you be missing?"

"Good booze, my girl, a hot car, and a little freedom for a change. Cadets don't get an awful lot of any."

"True, and these things are good. Yet you have chosen to live under this system in order to achieve a greater good. There are many who envy you for this way of life and this training that you so volubly curse. It is a difficult task you have undertaken, but the rewards are great, and the problems no different from those met by men like you in days long past in your chronology. You have their strengths and weaknesses, and will succeed, or will not. Man does not change in a few thousand years that he writes about, and truth, beauty and duty are universal. In time to come you will learn of these and this training will help you to appreciate them more deeply."

"And maybe the damn tourists that gaggle and goggle all over. Just who are you, the Commandant's official representative?"

"Relax, calm your mind and listen awhile."

And so saying, he took from his back the harp, and with chords that even the Irish minstrels would have prided themselves on, began to sing:

"I am a wandering troubadour,
I travel over glen and dale,
Singing songs of sweet beauty
To render naught travail.

Come with me now and listen
Over mountains wildly strewn..."

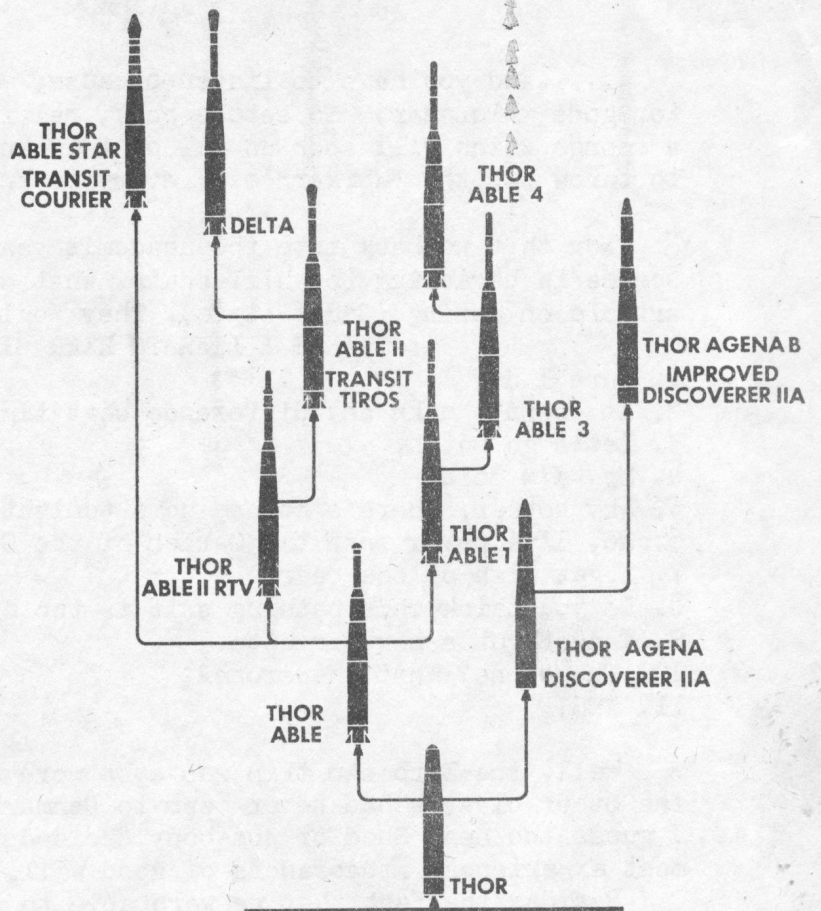
I got off the bed and turned off the recorder. Funny about these dreams. Strange, what's that smell?...Pine... promise?

THOR GENEALOGY

The THOR IRBM & its various matings have produced some high points in scientific and space circles. A recent achievement, not shown on the chart, was marked on June 22 when a THOR-ABLE Star missile made history by boosting two satellites into orbit at the same time-- the Transit IIA navigation satellite and a solar radiation satellite.

* * *

i am a little filler
 itake up space i am
 a little filler i
 take up space i am
 a little filler i take
 up space i am a lit-
 tle filler i take up
 space i am a little
 filler i take..glurg



- Thor.....Original Thor fired January 25, 1957
 (see cover)
 - Thor-Able.....Nose cone reentry vehicle
 - Thor-Agena.....Discoverer. Launched February 28. '59
 - Thor-Agena B.....More powerful Discoverer
 - Thor-Able I.....Launched 78,000 miles into space
 - Thor-Able III.....The paddlewheel satellite
 - Thor-Able IV.....The Pioneer V sun orbit vehicle
 - Thor-AbleII (RTV).....Re-entry vehicle
 - Thor-Able II (Transit).....Three stage vehicle built by Douglas
 Delta.....Being readied for launching
- Thor-Able Star:
- Transit.....Navigational air satellite
 - Courier.....Delayed command communications
 satellite

* * *

"Papa, vot is the dee-france bitwin prosperity and depression?"
 "Vell, my boy," Papa replied, "In prosperity ve had vine ,
 vimmen and song; but in depression all ve got is beer, Mama,
 and der radio."

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BLACK IGGY SPEAKS

.....and you have to listen because, after all, the Red Tags are junior gods this year. So settle back, relax, and let your brain become like a sponge which will soak up all of this knowledge and culture. I decided to throw out the "Worker" bit; everyone knows that we are leaders now.

Now that we back into the academic year, the great and exciting social scene is beginning to whirl again. What could be more fitting than an article on dating (Cadet style). They wouldn't put it into decorum.....

THINGS I LIKE TO HEAR GIRLS SAY ---

1. Sure I do.
2. It doesn't make any difference what time we get home tonight.
3. Let's go Dutch.
4. My, I'm cold.
5. Why bother, there's no one home tonight.
6. No, I've never seen the Garden of the Gods at night.
7. I get high on one beer.
8. Do you think this bathing suit is too tight?
9. I just got a new Corvette.
10. Chaperone? What chaperone?
11. YES!

Well, the European trip was even more fabulous than they said, but the other classes had never been to Denmark, Norway, and Sweden before. I guess the Head Shed or somebody decided that they had better send their most experienced ambassadors of good will, '62.

Besides the fact that we were able to see the armed forces of our own and our allies in Europe, we were most glad to have the opportunity to meet many wonderful people all over Europe. Sweden, a neutral country had pictures of the group in all the papers, gave a fine party, put on a tremendous air show, and had the Falcon missile on their aircraft. In all the Scandanavian countries, most of the people speak English; English. One young lady told me that I didn't speak very good English; being on my best behavior, I smiled sickly and said, "Yeah, dot's whut Colonel Moddy tink, too."

I can understand why we can't drink at the post football parties at the Shirley-Savoy, but why can't we wear civies?

THE TEST

The fog
Comes
On little cat feet
As you sit for a test
And sits
On silent haunches
Hovering over every desk
And then moves on-
Only sometimes, it doesn't.

I can understand why we can't wear civies, but why can't we drink?