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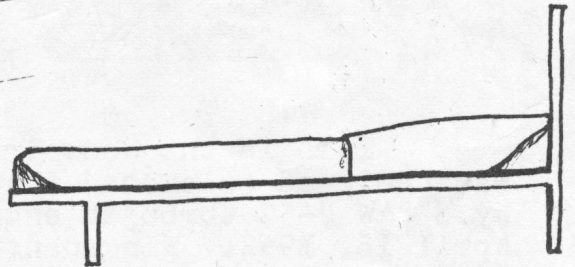
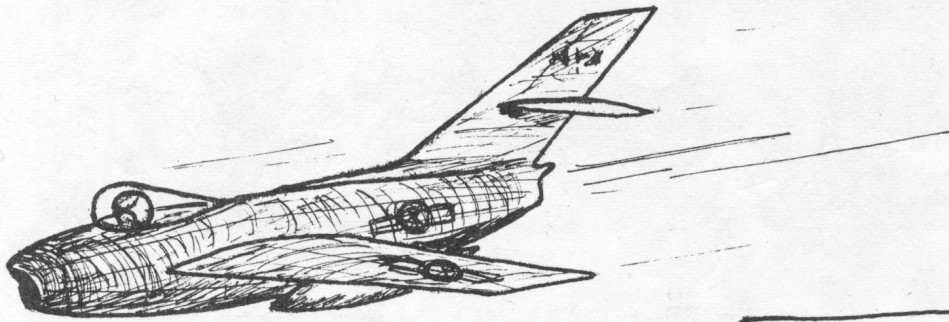
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Dodo

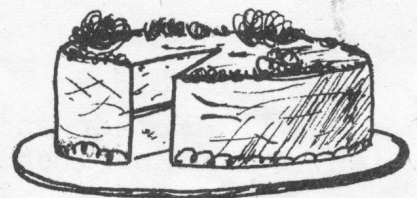
VOLUME V, NO. 2

A Cadet Publication for Cadets

16 SEPTEMBER 1960



DOMINANT
CADET
INTERESTS





This is the Convair YB-60 all-jet heavy bomber, which was designed to exceed the performance of the B-36. Powered by 8 P&W J-57 turbojet engines, it made its maiden flight on April 18, 1952. Wingspan: 206', length: 171', height: '50'

The DODO

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Able & Baker '64

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Hank Hoffmann '63

Joe West '63

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"My Mother and Father were brother and sister and that's why I look so much alike."

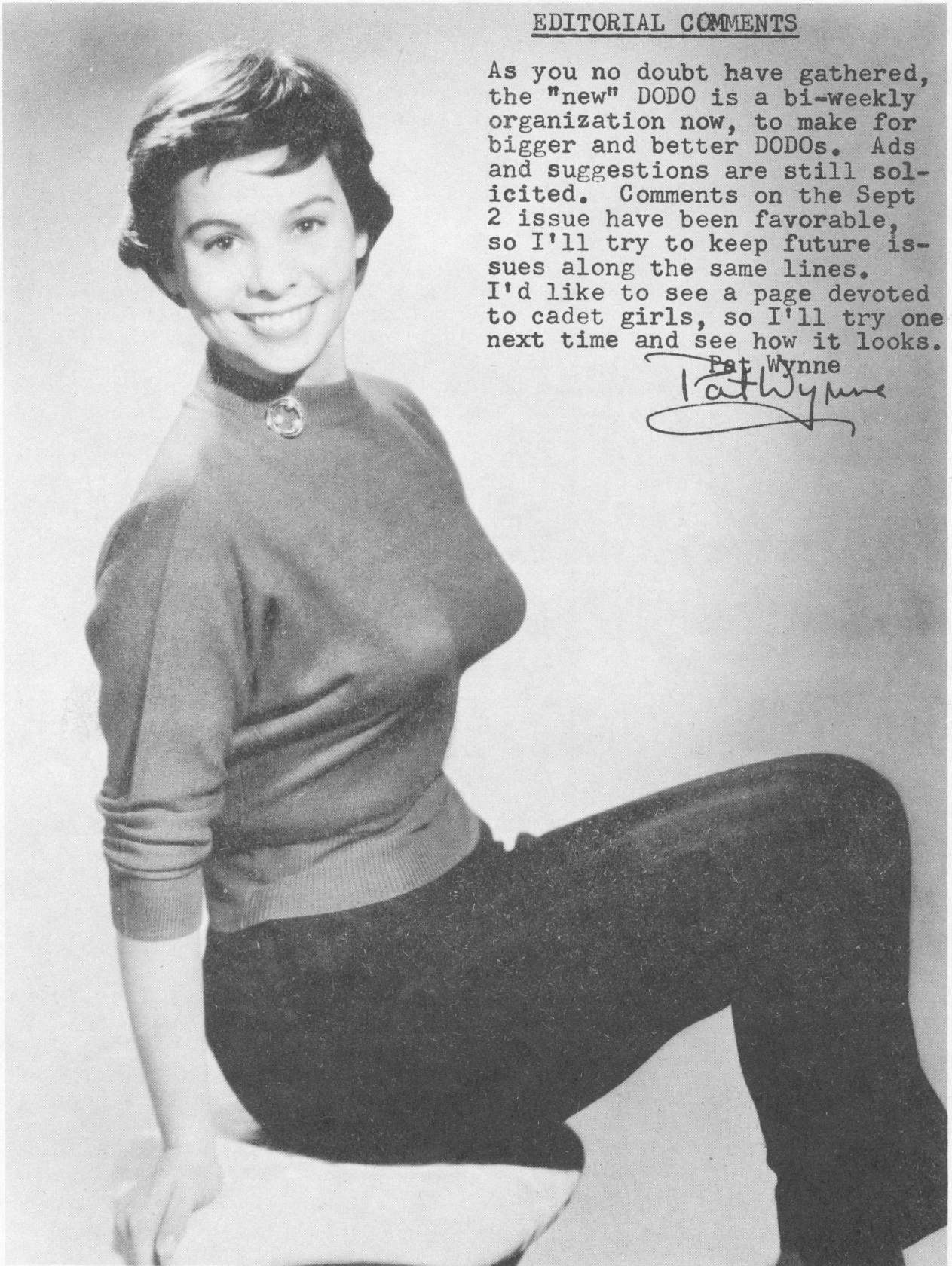
"Carry your bag, sir?"

"Nah, let her walk."

EDITORIAL COMMENTS

As you no doubt have gathered, the "new" DODO is a bi-weekly organization now, to make for bigger and better DODOs. Ads and suggestions are still solicited. Comments on the Sept 2 issue have been favorable, so I'll try to keep future issues along the same lines. I'd like to see a page devoted to cadet girls, so I'll try one next time and see how it looks.

Pat Wynne
Pat Wynne



Sarah Hardy, NBC-TV starlet in the spotlight this week.

RES IPSA LOQUITER
"63"

As a public service feature this kid presents the minutes of the first meeting of the Clandestine After Taps-Before Reville Society.

6 September 60

The first meeting of the CATBR Society was held at 0300. The senior cadet present, C/SSgt AAAA, was in charge. Since the Society had never met before, the minutes of the last meeting were not read. This action was approved. Because of a lack of funds and because no funds were anticipated, the appointed treasurer was dismissed. (He returned to his yellow pad.) When the presiding officer asked for old business he was answered by a glass of cold water. (It is interesting to note that he was unable to return to a state of slumber until his first class that morning.) The first item of

new business was the election of officers in the standard undemocratic draft method. It was ordered that no mention of names be made in the minutes.

The new presiding officer read the mission of the society. It is "to meet once a month during that period best described as 'after taps-before reville'."

It was suggested that the Society work in behalf of obtaining "Res Ipsa Loquiter" as 63's motto. This secondary mission was adopted. For lack of further purpose, the first meeting was adjourned.

(Author's note) All insomnia stricken 3rd classmen are invited to join by attending the next session. No one sanctions this society. (Rather the opposite.)

A short-short story which you may have heard:

A language student here took pity on a small bird which had hurt itself by trying to fly through one of the doors



"Darling, I'm sorry we couldn't afford a decent burial."

in Fairchild Hall. He took it to class and placed it in his book box. About midway through the class, the bird came out of his stupor and began flying around the classroom. Panic! He was recaptured and given his freedom; may all those who own castles live happily ever after. Over, off, and clear.

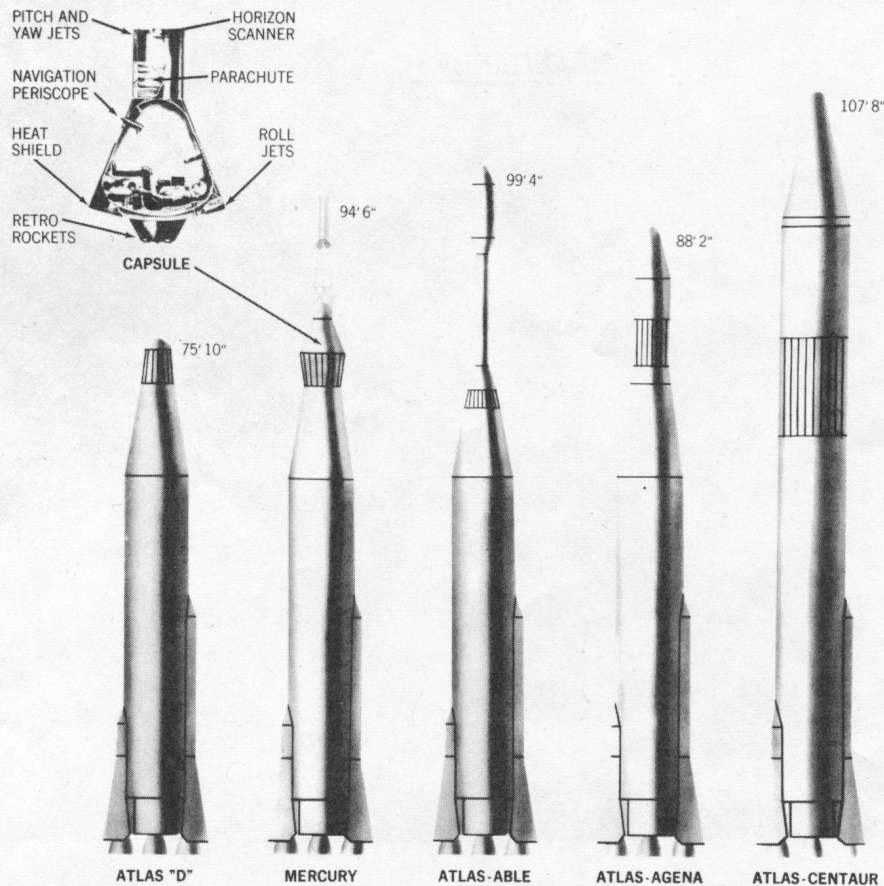
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EAGLE SCOUTS MAKE GOOD ACADEMY CADETS

Of 2,885 young men who entered the Air Force Academy since the first class was admitted in 1955, 256 were Eagle Scouts. Of these only 28 cadets, or 11%, have been discharged from the Academy. The overall rate of loss is 18.6% and in the class of '64, out of 772 entering, 496 were in scouting, among which are 88 eagle scouts.



THE ATLAS FAMILY OF SPACE VEHICLES

ATLAS SERIES D- Air Force ICBM, used as a booster for space vehicles. Range over 6,300 miles; length 75', diameter 10', takeoff weight approx 260,000 lbs., takeoff thrust 360,000lbs.

MERCURY-Manned space capsule. Overall length 94' 6". Length of payload structure, including jettisonable escape rocket boom, is 25'. McDonnell Aircraft Corp. has the contract.

ATLAS/ABLE-Space probe. Length 99' 4". Upper stage length (above Atlas booster) 32' 2".

ATLAS/AGENA-General purpose space vehicle for military or scientific missions. Over-all length 88' 2"; upper stage length 21' 8", and diameter 6' (in the project Midas configuration).

ATLAS/CENTAUR-The first US high-energy general-purpose space vehicle. Over-all length 107' 8". Second stage length, 25', diameter 10'.

* * *

A man with a talented dog went for an audition. "What happens when one sits on sandpaper?"

"Rough, rough", said the dog.

"Get that mutt out of here," said the show manager.

"Wait, what's on top of a house?"

"Roof, roof", said the dog.

"That does it," said the manager, "Out!"

"Please wait, who was the greatest Yankee of all time?"

"Ruth, Ruth," said the dog.

When they got outside, having been kicked out, the dog looked at the man and said, "Was it Mantle?"

NEWSMAKERS



Maj. Gen. Dimitrios Theodossiadis, Commander, 28th Tactical Air Force of Greece, right, presents a plaque bearing the insignia of the unit he commands to Maj. General Stone., during his visit last week.



The Mastersingers, a musical group formed in 1955, will be performing at the Shirley-Savoy in Denver after the Oct 1 football game. Among their many achievements was a "command performance" for President and Mrs. Eisenhower.

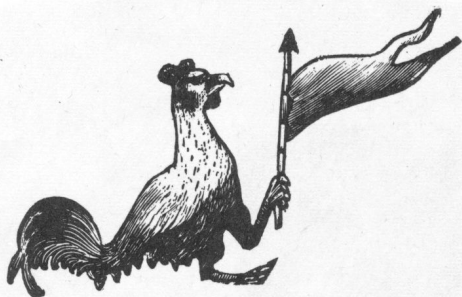
NEWSMAKERS (cont)



These seven First Classmen received special plaques commemorating F-104B rides this summer. Left to right, they are: Schaffner, Stringer, Willis, Jones, Hull, Wilhelm, and Takahashi.



US Senator Frank Church of Boise, Idaho, paused during his tour last week to chat with three Idahoans he appointed to the USAFA. Left to right, they are Tom Terrell III, Joe Wilson, and William Loftus.



Life Inside



They told us the summer would never end, but now after many hours on the obstacle course and a few on the tour detail a few of us select ones are able to take up where we left off at the city desk back East. We hope our scribblings and comments will not bore too many of you, especially those of our fellow henchmen who are undergoing the GREAT TEST.

A little history on the Congo Airlift for those who are meeting the daily inquisition boards in the dining hall. It all began when one Lt. Col. Francis Merritt took a detachment to the Belgian Congo for a two or three day liason effort. He returned to France a month later after USAF had ferried many tons of flour and goodies to the strife-torn jungles of central Africa.

This is Baker with a few helpful hints on how to beat the system. Don't try it. They always get you in the end and it hurts. The Form 10-A's have really started flying around here. Seems as if some of the third classmen have been building up hate to take out on the "doolies". I speak as an outsider because I don't consider myself as one of the dumb squats. I wish this idea were more widespread.

I wish the fourth classmen could go to some of these classified lectures on our present day aircraft. No wonder all the upperclassmen know so many of the details.

The view from the south side of the sixth level in Vandenberg is very scenic. If our rooms were a little farther to the east we might have been able to see Pike's Peak.

Tried to tell someone the Comm Shop is the base super market. I also spent three days at special inspections.

In the old days Able called the punches on the sports pages of the local rag. He'll give it a try here too. One leading magazine founded by Ben Franklin in the days of Gutenberg and the Bible, predicts an undefeated season for Wyoming. Never Happen! We'll take CSU by 3-5 TD's. Stanford might come within 12 points of Mr. Mayo's passing ability, but from what certain observers saw at Columbia, Mo. last fall, it's hell-bent for leather when Missou U visits the Rockies on October 8th. Zoo U is the maker or breaker for the battle of Baltimore on 15 October. And that one promises to be better than Nelson's Trafalgar.

Able & Baker

MIKE RAMMER

Kelly "Spillane" Loyacono

As I sat with my big beautiful seven foot frame hunkering behind my desk waiting for another client, I decided to have a little coffee break. I reached into the bottom drawer and took out a bottle of 200 proof bourbon (which was, incidentally, hidden under a foot high stack of Dodo- my favorite man's magazine), took a mouthful, chased it with a glass of vodka and smashed the bottle against the wall.

About two hours later, I woke up and there she was standing over me looking at my big handsome seven foot frame sprawled on the floor. I gazed through the alcoholic haze and it was no mistake. She was a girl. And what a girl; she had all the extras: teeth, hair, mustache, arms, and legs which were fitted onto a wonderfully big, beautiful, ripe, young, sweet, succulent body.

"Hello, Handsome, I'm Irma Scud; gotta weed?"

I reached my massive hand into the pocket of my big beautiful size 48 Madras really cool sports jacket. I just had a hunch about this gal, Irma; she just didn't look right, must have been the mustache. I turned to get her a light, but as I did so I watched her through the secret mirror of my genuine Captain Midnight secret code ring with the secret compartment. She dropped the Fatima, which I had given her and reached into her cadet-type trench.

I whirled. Bang! I shot her in the guts. Bang! in the head. Bang! right between her beady little eyeballs. Before she could recover from the sudden shock, I delivered a beautiful judo chop to her neck and kicked out both of her teeth as she smashed down into the floor.

As she lay dying in her own little pool of blood she looked up at me through her monocle, "Mike, I was only going to show you the latest copy of the Dodo, your favorite man's magazine."

I reached for her. It was too late for there she lay, silent, blood-spattered and ruined. What a wasted thing. I hate to lose a good customer this way but this was really horrible- I had shot her right through her DODO.

DANCE BABY ??



Jeff ~

THE COGITATOR

by Ivan

In bringing to your attention a worldwide problem, I would like to quote from Bertrand Russell, noted British philosopher:

"Men of science are being increasingly compelled to pursue the ends of governments rather than those proper to science... The scientist who discovers how to injure others is therefore at least as much honored as the one who shows us how to benefit ourselves. The pursuit of knowledge for its own sake, which was once the purpose of science, is lost sight of; there are even philosophers who tell us that there is no such thing. A physicist who wishes to study uranium can have access to any amount of public money, but if he wished to devote equal skill and equal labor to the study of (say) carbon, he would have to persuade his government that he was on the track of a method of inventing robots."

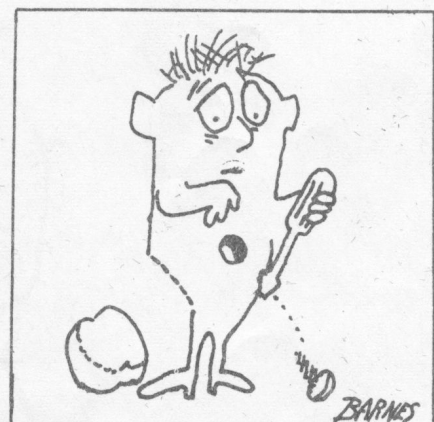
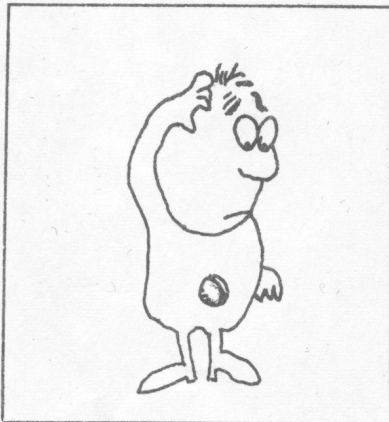
In truth, Mr. Russell hints at the fact that we, as a world are headed toward something similar to Huxley's *Brave New World* or Orwell's *1984*, where scientists are indeed compelled to search out designated fields of governmental interest.

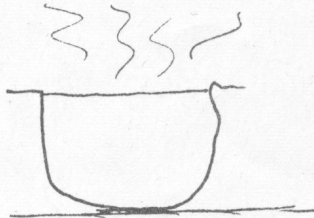
I believe it may be necessary to temper our idealism with a pinch of practicality, in that a certain amount of "channeling" of our overall defense effort is necessary. Although most of us would agree that it would be better if science were studied for its own sake, or for benevolent reasons, we should all realize that, for the time being at least it is necessary to channel effort. Ivan

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"The Melting Pot"

by Ralph McKenzie

This column, dedicated in perpetuity to the young men of the cadet wing, also has the unique destiny of being devoted to something.

DEDICATION TO PURPOSE:

Pledging all due allegiance to the Headshed and the AOC office (may they ever remain far removed from our domain), I hereby dub thee "The Melting Pot" and dedicate thee to a short lifetime of service appraising and criticizing the purposes (all purposes) of a distinctive young band of demigods known as cadets.

The cranial muscles which conceived of the preceding as a complete and unified statement, will in the future elaborate on such delicate, word-worthy themes as "The mass patriotism of a group of young women who have taken it upon themselves to increase the local female college enrollment by 22% since the inception of the Academy. What propaganda advantages could the preceding have if displayed to the world as an example of American altruism and solidarity in the face of the common threat, the low-moraled American male.

The girls appear to have taken the offensive by attacking the enemy's weakest forces—the simple, monastic, dedicated, but unknown cadet.

Sometimes when I walk through the halls, and the munching sound bears heavily on my eardrums, and a doolie scurries past with a bundle of goodies from the C-store, and one of my classmates, practicing inverted locomotion to ease the strain on his fallen arches, raises one hand off the floor in a gesture of greeting-----I wonder-----will the influx of eager young men from our "vale of freedom" be enough to slow the suicidal pace of Air Force Technological development?

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Said the Rooster as he laid the ostrich egg before the hen, "I ain't complainin', but I thought you'd like to see what they're doing in some parts of the world."



"No damn wonder I couldn't get a tuck!"

(Ed. note: As promised here is the old PF page open for ads--turn them in to 3D7 or me (Wynne) anytime)

FOR SALE: 1 Heathkit AM tuner, \$20.00; 1 Quam 12" speaker with aristocrat enclosure, \$20.00; 1 Blonder-Tongue AM-FM radio, \$30.00. C/TSG Gallagher, 5E41, 12th Sq.

FOR SALE: 1 pair size 10 ice skates. C/3C Wallace, 5D44, 8th Sq.

FOR SALE: 1 Knight 10 watt per channel stereo amplifier. Original price \$80.00. 5 inputs; 4, 8, 16 ohm output. 20-20,000 cps. Price: \$50.00; 1 Garrard T/II "Crest" Turntable. Automatic turnoff. With GE VR-227 cartridge, new diamond needle. Original price with cartridge, \$56.00. Price: \$35.00; 2 Jensen Coaxial Speakers with bass reflection enclosures, 50-14,000 cps, 16 ohm, 8". Original price of both with enclosures: \$50.00. Price each \$20.00, both \$35.00. Price for entire system: \$110.00. C/TSG Fritz, 2D9, 15th Sq.

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PHRASES WE USED ON LEAVE

1. Threw up on the seat, did he?
2. Mam, we're not brothers; our mother just dresses us alike.
3. You're a taxi.
4. That's Academy, not University.
5. Oh, really...
6. Yes, it's lovely there, especially in the winter.
7. No, we don't go to flight school until we graduate, but...
8. Well, I'm a third classman, or sophomore, having been there a year, and we rank the doolies, or fourth classmen, who just entered, and this on my shoulder board means...
9. Annapolis? I can't quite place...
10. No, I hate it.

HD HOFFMAN

FROM

WAY

OUT



Bretta was cool. Bretta was unfervor, feeling, unphlegmatic. Bretta was Shelley Manne, Gibran-love "too much tenderness", Shavian Lavinia, semi-Huxley-Cynthia. But Bretta was and without a why to ask. She came towards me with an undeliberate languor and languid deliberateness without a "why" to ask--but she came.

Small-of-back brown hair, deep-meaning eyes, Espresso-sipping mouth, uninhibited nose, mystic seeking legs with a waist of unfervor: this was Bretta. She had languid-coming without asking; she said, "Come with me," and I went to her table.

Mac's was smoke and coffee and carved-into tables and European travel posters; and I went there because I went there, but mostly for the smoke and coffee and carved-into tables and European travel posters. And I never ask "why" when the bagpipes play and seem incongruous. The matador-and-the-bull poster over her table was there to be seen and I saw.

"I see Madras and Ocean City sweat shirts," she said.

"Yes." It was Shelley Manne to say that, and her black nightgown of my mind suggested rondo. Yes, rondo; she back-vibrated-continued the past pain of knowing "too much tenderness." Now was the time for her unquestioning assault, and I saw her saying, "'They cannot violate my soul'; I have that 'burning cold passion which was Daphne.'"

"You want to like me", I said.

She seemed not to hear and looked at the smoke and the coffee and carved-into tables and European travel posters; then suddenly said, "Why did you come here?" EJ WEST

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X-15 IS HOT PLANE

That the X-15 is a hot plane is almost too obvious to mention. How hot is another question that was finally answered with a thermometer during a flight test at Edwards AFB, Cal. Aug 19.

While on a flight to test the aerodynamic heat build-up, civilian test pilot Joseph A. Walker held the X-15 at Mach 3.0, or 1986 mph, for 10 to 15 seconds. At maximum altitude of 75,000 feet the plane heated up to almost 500 degrees F.

SMILES FROM THE SYSTEM



The fourth classman used in all illustrations will be known as C/4C Alfred E Neuman. This is to protect the guilty and for other obvious reasons which aren't ostentatiously apparent to me at the moment.

It is rumored that the doolies are stepping on each other's shoes on the way to ranks. A recent exchange went:

Upperclassman: "Mr. Neuman, did someone step on your shoes?"

Doolie: "Yessir".

Upperclassman: "Would you recognize his laugh if you heard it again?"

Then there was the doolie who was told he had lint on his shoes and to go brush it off. When he came out to the next formation with literally torn-up shoes, he replied to the query of what had happened that he'd used his lint brush on them.

It has been known that the mental ability of the fourthclassmen seated at training tables has been severely taxed of late. An upperclassman recently asked, "Mr. Neuman, who was buried in Grant's tomb?"

"General Grant, sir," was the reply.

"Splendid, Neuman, eat."

The faculty has been heard to comment that the class of '64 is the smartest class to enter the Alcoa Palace, but the upperclassmen are of a different opinion. Typically:

"Neuman, the speed of the F-86, quickly!"

"500 miles an hour, sir."

"Neg on miles an hour. I want it in Mach or Knots."

"Yes, sir. The F-86 flies at 25 macherknots."

Upperclassman: "Mr. Neuman, if you were flying an F-104 at Mach 2, and coming in for a landing you fly through the hanger and see a red light come on what would you think had happened?"

Doolie: "Sir, I would think the coke machine was empty."

Lately it seems that the hill behind the new chapel has become a very populated area (after taps, that is). If things continue as they have been, the construction crews will be battling for choice spots by moonlight.

A big buckup has been reported on training ramps. All doolies were ordered to take their elbows off the tables in the future.

CMJOYCE & FMESTES

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SECRETARY: "Sir there is a man outside who claims he sticks his right arm into lion cages."

BOSS: "Well, what does he call himself?"

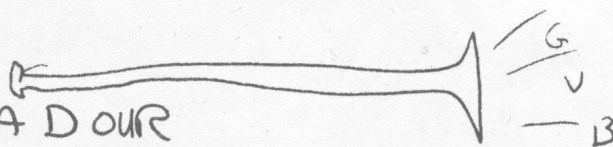
SECRETARY: "Lefty."

The man next to me on the bus suddenly put his head in his arms and groaned, so I asked him if he was all right.

"Yes, he replied, but I just don't like to see old women standing."



TALES OF THE TROUBADOUR



I laid the letter on the desk, and reached into the drawer for a packet of letters written in the same hand. The latest went on top and the whole packet went into the box marked 'inactive'. "Well, looks like another barbed wire cluster for my broken heart ribbon," I thought to myself.

He was sitting there on the corner of the bed, harp in hand, singing a song he thought appropriate to the occasion:

"Alas my love you do me wrong
To cast me off thus discourteously
When I have loved you so long,
Delighting in thy company,"

"Oh, quiet. That doesn't exactly bring any ease to the pain, you know."

"It wasn't meant to. How many is this?"

"Six", I said..

"What was this one's name?"

"Ah, her name was fire and brimstone, a soft caressing breeze, the fresh gait of a bubbling stream, the..."

"Oh, come now. Really, where's that vaunted emotional control you're supposed to be learning? I admire your attempts at poetic expression, but after all, she is the sixth. Could you really love them all?"

"And why not? You yourself would say that man is made to love a woman, and be loved in return. One of the few beauties in life that we're allowed as cadets is love, even if it is mainly a paper relationship."

"Quite, but therein lies your problem. You travel, you fall in love miles away from this temple of the Military Ethic, and then you return in time for taps. This is not an atmosphere conducive to satisfactory attachments. True love requires propinquity and personal expression. Only the poets may adequately share an experience on paper. You, my young friend are a long way from being a poet, as this last letter attests.

It is not for the cadet to love, for he cannot often do so adequately. The beauties of true love are not yet for you, only some frantic substitute which can bring no lasting good. It is for you to learn the tasks of a soldier, and in this there is no room for love of a woman. Love, duty, learning, discipline, physical training, pain, and the joy of rank and accomplishment, but never a woman. When you have accomplished your goals, then there is time for the fulfillment of your nature. Until then...never."

"Perhaps---but I'll never change. Punnishments, heartaches, and the Commandant notwithstanding, somewhere in this existance is a girl who will give to me the beauty of love; even as a cadet."

"I would not count on it, my friend..."

Oh, come all you young men
And listen you to me
Never give your affection
To a young maid so free.
She'll hug you and kiss you
And tell you more lies
Than crossties on a railroad,
Or stars in the skies..."

75bestalive.org

I took the inactive box and put it up in the storage locker. I sat down at the desk and pulled out my pen and stationery. "Bella mia, it's been a long time since we last wrote, but what are the chances of seeing you..." GVB

THE SILVER SPLINTER

-We're the cavalry...

There is a big buckup in someone's squadron. They were shining doorknobs when I went by this morning.

-The academic departments are the indians...

If I had a dollar for every regulation I've read since I've been here, I might be able to pay my debt to the tailor shop. By the way, the tailor shop has improved. They now carry a large stock of belts for raincoats; no buckles, though. Since I'm on regs, it sure is nice to know that I can get 5 for warning of the approach of the OC, and 5 for asking an "irrelevant" question.

-The quizzes are the arrows...

Speaking of quizzes, I'd like to meet a cadet who knows whether he is passing or failing all of his courses.

-This is Custer's last stand...

They are growing something in the Air Garden pools these days. The something appears, at least, to be alive; field mice, snakes, shoes, etc.

-Duck your head, Charlie...

There is a rumor going around that they are going to get rid of the upperclass system. I guess that means that everyone gets to be a fourthclassman for four years.

-A little slow on that one...

I get to be CCQ next week. The way I understand it, they have added only four new pages to the general instructions. The daily schedule has finally included-or admitted-the 25 hour day and the 8 day week. It's a good thing classIII's can't serve CCQ or Security Flight. Otherwise their classmates wouldn't have enough to do.

-Boy, I bet that smarts...

* JAW *

i say stop reading me right now but i bet you kept right on going because you thought something important was going to be said sucker



GP63

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BARNES



LET'S HAVE A PARTY

KELLY LOYACONO

Now that we're second classmen, we must learn all about parties for now we may go off base four times per month, that is until the D-List comes out. Besides that, we can wear civies and drink. The first thing for a party is a date, preferably a female. Above is a picture of a girl for those of you on Class III, my girl to be specific, at least she was the last time she wrote. Now let's trudge on from here.

HAIR: Hair should be long on the head and short on cheeks and lips for girls with mustaches can be ticklish. You should be able to run your fingers through her hair without running into fleas. If you should find little pests like these get yourself another date or some DDT.

EYES: Eyes are definitely in this year. It is desired for your dates eyes to be looking at you and not at each other. (See illustration) Eyes come in a variety of colors and the choice is up to you but you should make certain that both eyes are the same color. Plaid is out this year.

FIGURE: The figure cannot be overemphasized, but avoid girls who try to; they might be lying about their age too. The waist is to separate the hips from the bust. If it doesn't, get yourself another date.

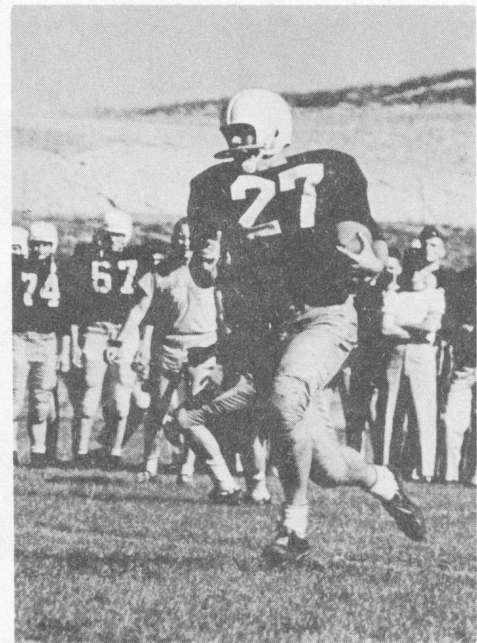
Now, we must choose a beverage for our party:

BEER: The big advantage of this drink is that it is cheap and this is very good for practical minded cadets. However, unless you have a good bladder and your date has a strong stomach, avoid it.

GIN: Known the world over as an excellent aphrodesiac, it mixes well with orange juice, grape juice, tomato juice, grapefruit juice, and Hada-col. Don't carry it in a metal flask for it will cause the flask to corrode and if you have had several drinks of gin, **NO SMOKING.**

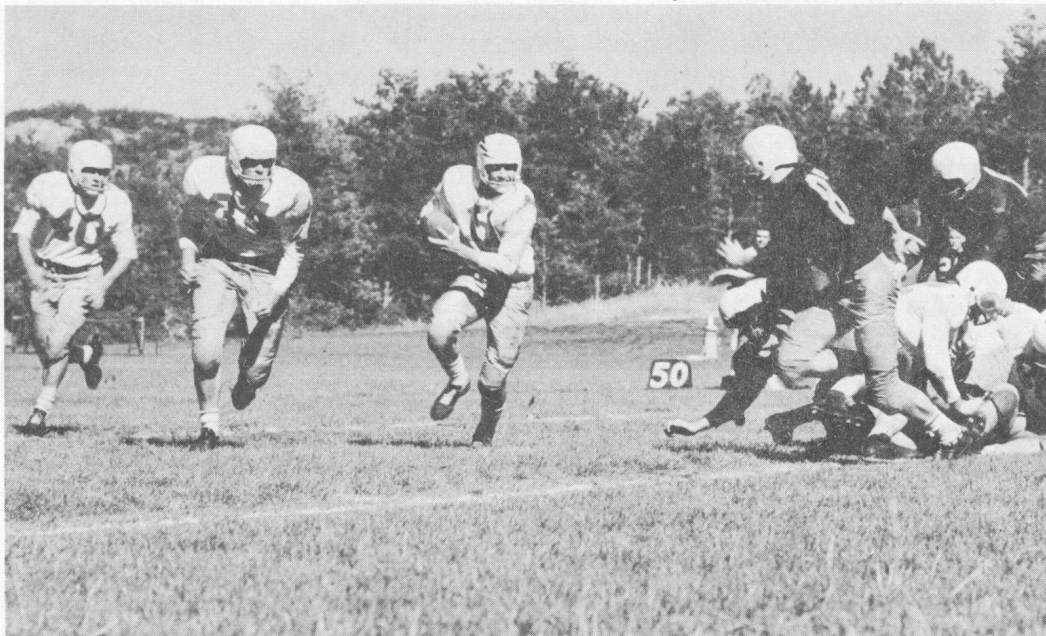
Now the party's over and you take her home. What to do? 1) **KISS HER**, if she's worth kissing. 2) **HIT HER**, if it's payment enough for the lousy time that you've had. 3) **FIX HER UP WITH ME.** (14th Sqdn)

PREVIEW OF THINGS TO COME!



THE LAUNCHER.

THE LOCOMOTIVE.



THE GANG. JONES, DIXON, THIES,
HARDAGE, GRIFFEY.

FROM THE SIDELINES

Kelly Loyacono

Well, here we are again at the most enjoyable time of an otherwise miserable year at the United States Air Force Academy, located at the foot of the Rampart Range just north of Colorado Springs in colorful Colorado. The Academic Departments are putting on a really big show this fall, drills are featured during the week which is climaxed by some really dandy parades. Other than that however, we have varsity football, soccer, and cross-country seasons coming up.

The FOOTBALL TEAM showed itself to about 300 cadets and other interested onlookers last Saturday. Rich Mayo's quarterbacking lived up to all estimations and expectations and Leo Johnson was the surprise of the day with plenty of fancy running from fullback. Rawlings and Quinlan turned in their usual outstanding performances and new center, E. C. Newman shows signs that he is the answer to Coach Martin's prayers.

Coach Martin has said that he is well pleased with his defense and will now be polishing up on the offense that will tangle with C.S.U. on the 24th. C.S.U. runs from the winged T but has only 9 letterman returning this season. Overall, Colorado State will have a good first team but will definitely be hurt by a lack of depth. Their strength will probably be Dick Harris at guard, Duane Knox at end, and several standout halfbacks.

I shall indulge in a little prognosticating and pick an improved Falcon team to win handily, 10-13. See you there.

The SOCCER TEAM, defending Rocky Mountain champs are looking forward to an even better all-around team this year if they can replace the three main losses from last year's squad; Andy Biancur, Dale Thompson, and Don Singer were lost via graduation. Outstanding returnees are Steve Nielson, Dave Pederson, Roger Woodbury, Bob Schaller, and Jack Taylor. The main strength however, will come from the outstanding bench strength which the team possesses this year. I predict that the Soccer team will be the best in this region but they'll have some tough competition from outsiders, such as, St. Louis University, West Point, and M.I.T. The first game will be with Colorado University, here, on the 2nd of November.

The CROSS-COUNTRY TEAM will be the strongest that we have ever fielded but the competition will be the best we have faced and maybe even one of the toughest schedules in the country. Kansas, Michigan St. (defending national champs), Annapolis, and West Point are the best of the opponents which we will meet this year.

We feel that we will be able to meet this tough schedule for we suffered only the loss of Tony Billello through graduation. Returning to the team are John Fer, Bill "Cookies" Cardoza, Dick Parker, Austin Wedemeyer, Dave Carlstrom, Joe Mandel, and Willie Holbrow.

The first Cross country meet is with West Point on September 24, here at the Academy course.

BLACK IGGY SPEAKS

Did you see all that scaffold work on the flag-pole? Rumor has it that it is no longer going to be a flag-pole. It has been proposed that they paint the thing purple, wrap it with barbed wire, and dedicate it as a monument to the ole purple shaft.

I shall now illustrate what I have on my mind said the instructor as he erased the blackboard.....

It's true. I'm sure that you've all heard rumors about the new, bigger, and better "Degradng System". But try to find out anything about it and you'll really run into a stone wall. Ask an instructor about it and he'll most probably say, "Well, we just had a meeting on that very point, but we are not free to divulge any information at this time."

And then, "Sir, just what will the class of '62 be doing next summer?" "Well, Mister Iggy, the ops plans are all drawn up, but we are not allowed to divulge any information at this time."

Spies all over Europe are stealing plans marked NATO SECRET, Time prints pictures of the U-2 before we are even supposed to have one, Aviation week prints pictures and plans of secret aircraft, Code clerks defect with super-secret codes and information and yet nobody but NOBODY can find anything about the degrading system or what '62 does next summer because it is classified the highest of them all- USAFA SECRET.

A TRUE STORY

I called up an instructor around 1130 one morning and his secretary answered:

IGGY: Is Captain _____ in?

SEC : I'm sorry but Captain _____ is out to lunch?

TAXPAYERS, WORRY NOT. Black Iggy has come up with a solution to the airfield problem at USAFA. Why spend money for an airfield? First of all, take one T-34, secure well by rope to the ground and have it facing the mountains, wait until the wind reaches 60 knots (almost anytime from Nov. to May), rev up the engine, cut the rope, and there you have a zero-launch T-34. I guess I'll have to work out an answer for the landing problem, but maybe we could be authorized to build just a landing field instead of a landing and take-off field.

A POME

Who comforts me in moments of despair?
Who runs fingers lightly through my hair?
Who always has a word of praise?
Sets out my rubbers on rainy days?
Who scrubs my back when in a shower?
And wakes me up at the proper hour?
Who helps keep me on the beam?
And figures in my every dream?
..... I do.