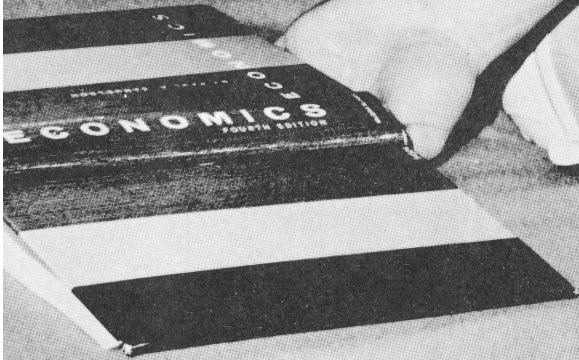


Vol. 6, No. 5?

# THE DODO

A CADET PUBLICATION FOR CADETS

Friday, Nov. 24, 1961



SO YOU THINK YOU CAN SLEEP ?

Cover by Budinoff

see page 3

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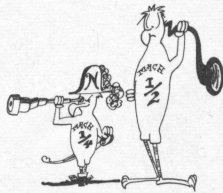
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Nino Baldachi



# EYES and EARS

With all the publicity we've been receiving, it seems as if a fourth phase has been added to our training: MILITARY, ACADEMIC, ATHELETIC --- and SOCIAL.

Signs of the approaching holidays:

1. The daily race to the northwest corner of the dining hall for any hop within 200 miles of home.
2. An increase in the rate of props and wings in the C Store.
3. First Class cars becoming more modern- a'la car loans, and sporting Ski racks.

Now that Security Flight has a new foundation, how are they going to match it to the rest of the ramp----- tear it up and relay it??

There is one thing that is good about snow and ice--- Security Flight now can have twice as much fun.

DEAR JOHNNY,

I RECEIVED YOUR LETTER REQUESTING PERMISSION TO DRINK COFFEE. I CERTAINLY AM IMPRESSED TO HEAR YOU HAVE ACHIEVED THE RANK OF FOURTH-CLASSMAN AT THE U.S. AIR FORCE ACADEMY.

HOWEVER, I FELT YOUR LETTER WAS WRITTEN IN GREAT HASTE AND WAS APPALLED BY YOUR LACK OF SINCERITY. I'M NOT EVEN SURE YOU WANT TO DRINK COFFEE FROM THE TONE OF YOUR REQUEST. FURTHERMORE, I HOPE THAT IN THE NEAR FUTURE YOU WILL OBSERVE THE ADMIRABLE MANNERS OF THE UPPERCLASSMEN AND REFRAIN FROM CALLING YOUNG LADIES OF COLLEGE AGE "GIRLS." RATHER WE PREFER TO THINK OF OURSELVES AS WOMEN.

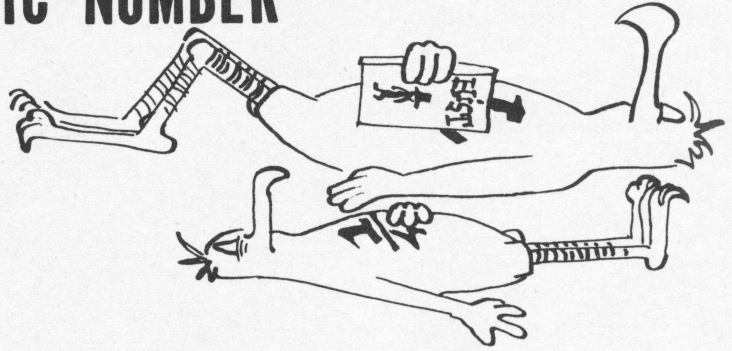
FROM THE TONE OF YOUR BRIEF AND IMPERSONAL LETTER (WHICH WAS SO BRAZEN AS TO SUGGEST I ONLY WRITE A NOTE) I SENSE THAT YOU LACK BOTH THE SAVOIR-FAIRE AND MATURITY TO DRINK COFFEE.

BUT IN ORDER THAT YOU MAY AT LEAST SUPERFICIALLY APPEAR TO BE A MAN, I GIVE YOU PERMISSION TO DRINK COFFEE (NATURALLY YOU WILL NOT BE USING CREAM OR SUGAR FOR THE FIRST WEEK). NO MATTER HOW MATURE YOU MAY APPEAR ON THE OUTSIDE BY THIS SYMBOLIC ACT, AS A FOURTHCLASSMAN YOU OBVIOUSLY HAVE MANY FAULTS. THUS, WHEN A KIND, BROTHERLY, AND WELL-MEANING UPPERCLASSMAN MAKES AN ATTEMPT TO HELP YOU REALIZE YOUR IMPAIRMENTS AND BETTER THEM, BE TRULY AND SINCERELY GRATEFUL.

SINCERELY,  
SUSIE BALDACHI

This letter is an actual letter and, it seems a shame that someone should have to bear this sort of abuse from a Girl just to drink coffee.

# Dissertation : THE MAGIC NUMBER



It was not curiosity that prompted this investigation; it was necessity. I found myself facing the common dilemma of being unable to sleep and uninspired toward my next day's classes. The solution though obvious to me, might not be so to others. While the prime goal is sleep, I have discovered that studying is the quickest way, providing you apply the following rule.

$$S \text{ equals } \frac{nMK}{\text{phase}}$$

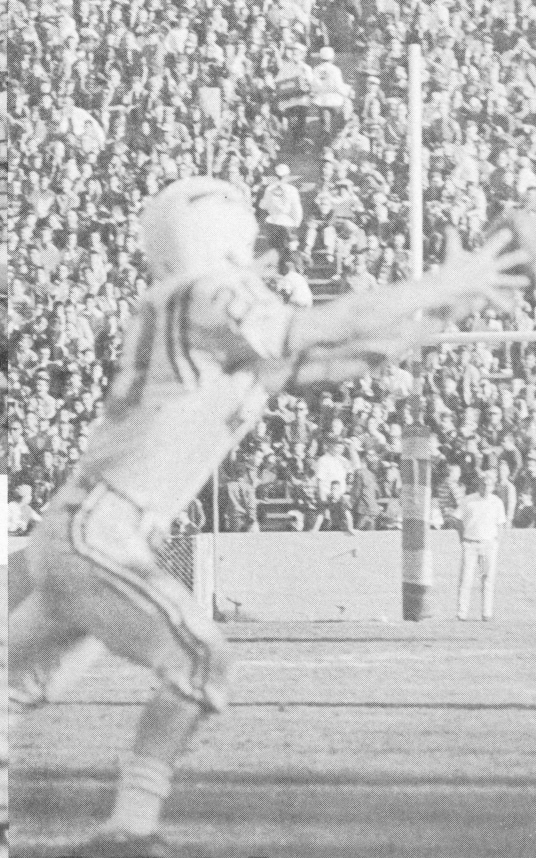
After much research I was able to come to this empirical formula, which will enable anyone to compute what course to study in order to get the most sleep. The smaller the coefficient of sleep (s), the quicker you go to sleep. There are four variables involved: 1) The number of words per page (N); 2) The mass of food being currently digested (M); 3) The constant of interest (K); and 4) The phase.

There are four phases, each with a corresponding number, which will vary with only about 1% with each individual: Standing .01; sitting 1.0; on bed 1.5; and in bed 2.1. The constant of interest (K measured in micromilli give a ....) is computed by multiplying your class, e.g. 2nd, by 10 to the minus number of years at the academy (for me 2nd, class 2.3 years).

I have found the following courses most successful, and I personally recommend them: Economics, Philosophy, Thermodynamics, Military History, and regular history, in that order. Properly applied the coefficient of sleep will bring many rewarding evenings, Nino Baldachi uses it. J. W.

AF 15 — CAL 14

Photos by Davis



## "QUOTE ?"

In the years that "Contrails" has been a part of cadet life, some of the quotations have changed considerably from their original form. The author has taken some of these quotations as he believes they should have been stated.

"In the war of the future, to sit down on one's own territory and wait for the other fellow to come, is a very relaxing way to entertain visitors."

"If I can't go back with my Dodo pin-ups; I won't go back at all."

"On the friendly strife-torn fruit fields are sown the seeds for pretty good fruit salad."

"Victory smiles upon those who win."

"The Commissar is sorry to be informed that the foolish and wicked practice of profane eating and spitting (A vice heretofore little known in a Russian Army) is growing into fashion. He hopes that the officers will endeavor to check it, and that both they and the men will reflect that we can have little hope of the blessings of Moscow upon our arms if we continue to insult it by our impiety and folly. Added to this it is a vice so mean and low that every comrade who fears the party line detests and despises it."

"First of all you must win the battle of academics; that must come before you start a single pad or chick engagement."

### The Greek

We need desperately a typist.

---

Back in my room, I was shaving and reflecting on the day's events. Somebody knocked on the door.

"Up against the wall." I growled. It was my flight commander. He asked if I knew there was going to be a 'buck up'. Before I could answer, he was off again, running from hole to hole and reminding everybody of the 'buck up'. It was his first one.

## LIFE W/ DODO

I woke up. It was the time for waking up anyway. I stumbled out into the hall forreveille. I passed a Doolie. His bright-eyed wakefulness was irritating.

"Good afternoon, Sir." He said.

I reflected on this. Soon the reveille report was given

Our flight commander talked to us for a few minutes. He said there was going to be a 'buck up.'

# THE BROTHERS BY *nb*

I HATED THEM. James, Will and Bob. In their selfsatisfied lives, they went their merry ways. Will, with his pious heavenly look; Bob, with that half-starved look, and James, with his domination of life looking at it with half-lidded eyes. We were brothers. James, Will, Bob and I. I hated them. They were everything; I was nothing.

WILL made his way with his soft voice. When HE spoke people listened, that soft-hard, fine-edged voice. Crisp and firm. Women loved him. He flowed; I studded. Fat content, bloated and I hated him.

BOB was a thin-soft, pitiful creature. His blond hair always fell limp and damp across his deeply tanned face. His EYES were what I hated the most. Soft, doe-like they pleaded with you. Those big, blue eyes did everything for him. How I hated his looks of pity-contempt. For what Will had to say to get, Bob had merely to look. Will with his voice; Bob with his eyes, and James.....

AND James with his air of domination. By God, how I hated his every breath. His long fine nose, fine aquiline, fine shaped, fine formed. James and his fine airs. People expected to wait upon HIM. My nose was not fine aquiline, fine shaped, fine formed. I hated them. James, Will and Bob.

BUT I loved Anita. I loved all that she was, and all that she stood for. Her eyes, her pert voice, and her fine shaped nose. She was pure and untainted, by all of the vices that my brothers enjoyed. I hated them; I loved her. She was the pure spark of reason that shone upon my life without reason.

THEN CAME THE CRISIS...

THEY discovered Anita. They discovered her beauty; they wanted her. They knew that I loved her, and for that reason they were determined to have her. It became a game for them and their fine-eyes, looks and voices. Anita did not know their evil. She loved them with all the purity of her heart.

THEN came the crushing blow. They carried her up to their rooms. She spent the night in their rooms. All night long, I could hear their laughter, wild, loose and sinful. God, now how I HATED THEM.

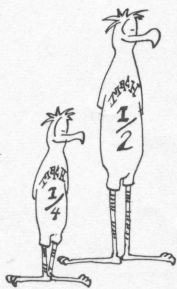
MY brothers stare mutely at me as I sit here. Anita seems frozen, but I can still admire her beauty. I had my revenge on all of them for the pain that they had caused me. I have had revenge. YES, there they sit, on the shelf. Their heads in a neat row. Bob, with his lovely eyes, replaced by glass; Will with his pious look, his voice dead; and James his lovely head marred, I did a bad job on his head; Anita, her eyes of glass and her pert, tiny beak turned towards me, her feathers slightly damp from the cleaner, looking as if any second she would beg me for another cracker. How, I HATED them all.

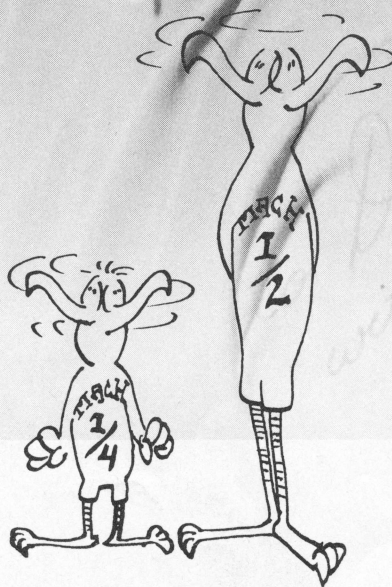
# DODOS + CHICKS



Witness the lovely Miss Barb Belver, a prime example of a lady of 19 years. Barb works in the Physical Standards Department.

Photos by Hepburn





*Drawn  
with love  
Ann*