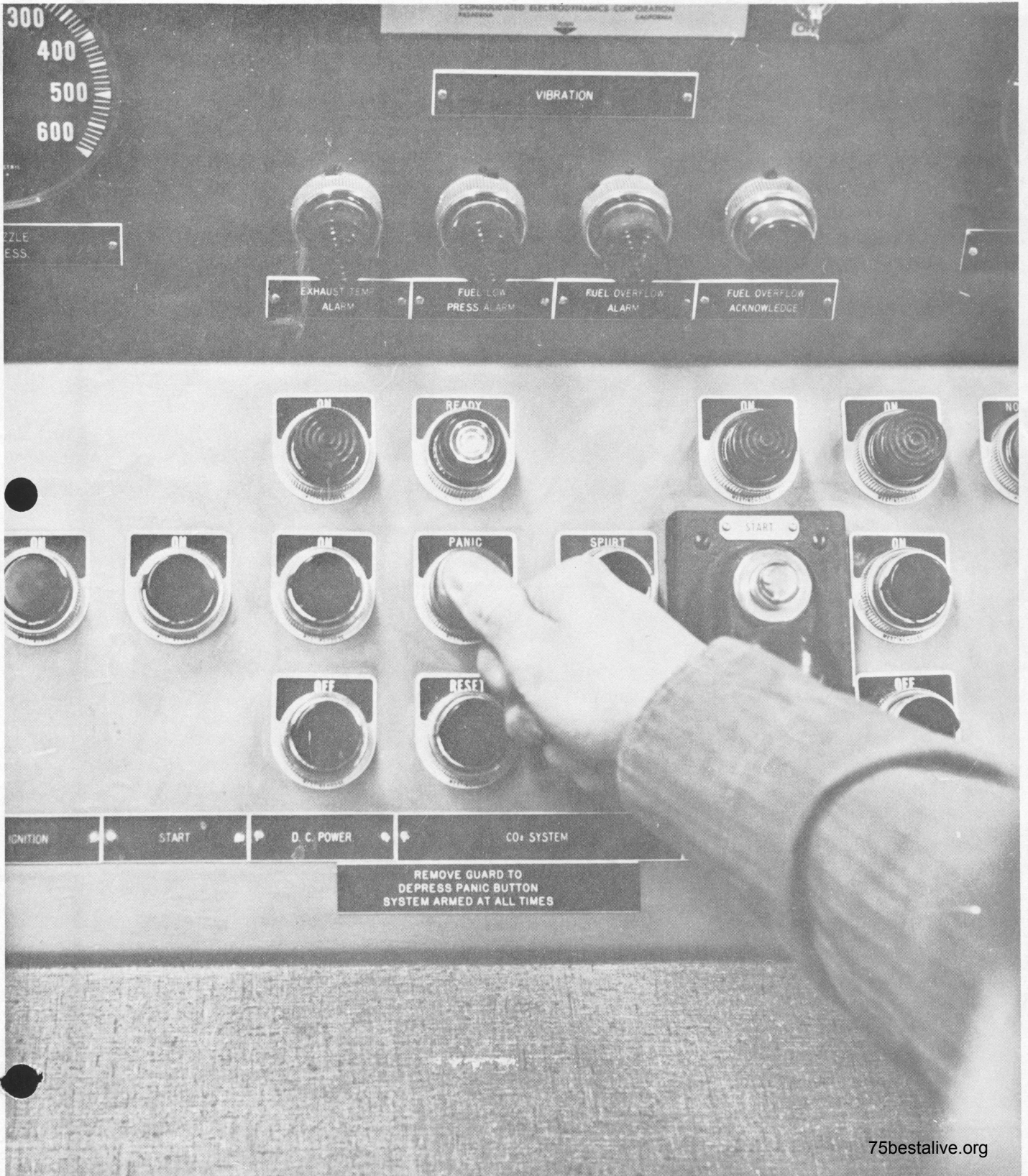


Vol 6 No. 10

THE DODO

A CADET PUBLICATION FOR CADETS



From the Editor:

Don't get me wrong. This is not going to be an editorial. I hate them.

We, of the staff would just like to know where we are going with the Dodo. It is not our mag but the Wing's. People have accused me of having 1st group humor. I protest.

If you have the slightest idea for the Dodo—let me know, and bring it around. Sometimes we get desperate for copy, and IDEAS. Also the "Dodos and Chicks" is arbitrary. If you know a cute girl, let us know.

When you get those brainstorm calls 4535, or come on down to 5th Sq. FMR

My humor isn't good, Dear.
My grades aren't very high,
And everyone takes a kick at me,
as they go walking by.

I like being a doolie,
I want to run and brace,
I love to run around
with a dead-pan face.

I love to go to classes
And get a lovely quiz
It's fun to start the morning
with a great big fzzzz.

I love my element leader
As I love myself
He is so kind and daring,
and thinks only of himself.

I'm sure that if I study hard
and do my very best,
I'll grow up to be a supersmack
and pass nearly every test.

And then I can walk at ease
and go to class alone.
Gosh, I can't wait to get my wings
and go to class alone.

THE DODO STAFF

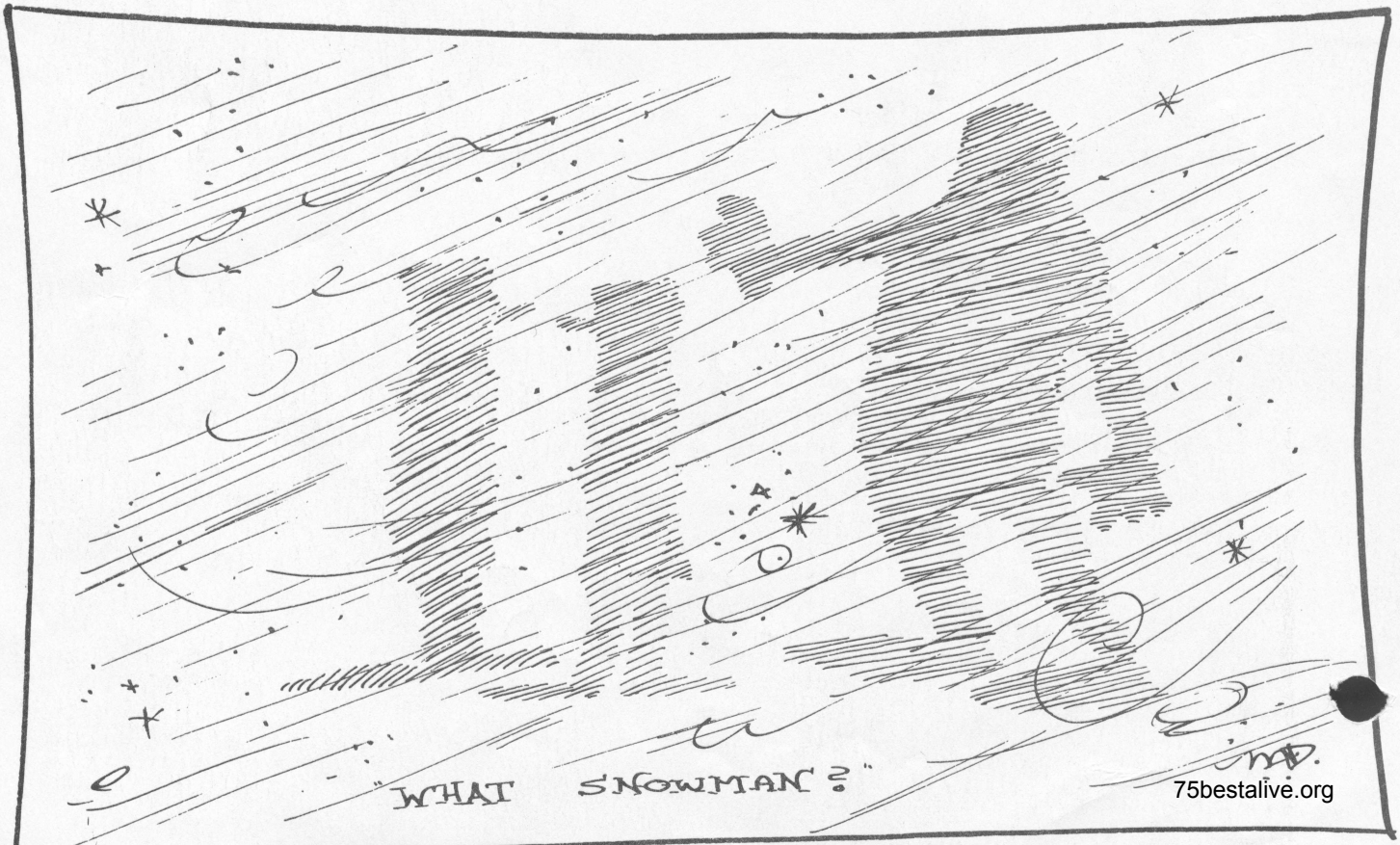
EDITOR
Mike Regnier

ASSOCIATE EDITOR
Joel Wendt

WRITERS
Gorden Bredvik
James Lydon
Dick Klass
Nino Baldachi
John Heimberger
Glenn Emigh

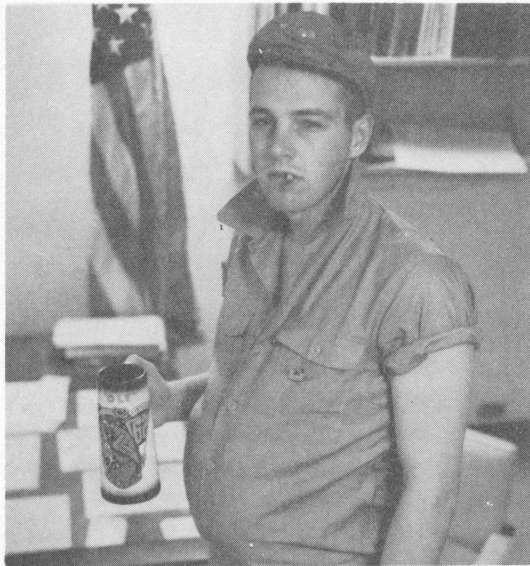
CARTOONISTS
Mike Ditmore
Harv Wallender

PHOTOGRAPHERS
G Gaulke
Phil Hepburn
J J Davis



WHO SAYS RTB'S ARE FYGMO?

We decided to investigate if the RTB's were as the title indicates. So armed with a camera, to show proof, we found the answer to be a BIG NEGATIVE



He showed us his excellent mug, while displaying a neat uniform.



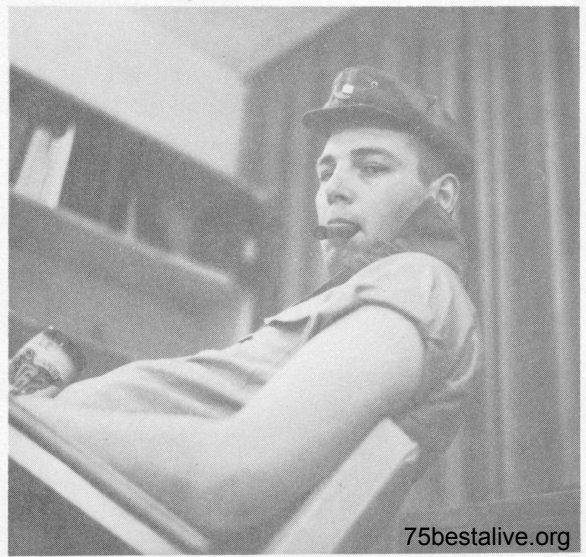
He showed us how to report w/cigar.



He showed us how to relax in place.



He demonstrated good posture.



He made us feel right at home.

THE ALMIGHTY CURVE AND CADET MEANMAKER

I am Cadet Meanmaker. I am a believer of the Almighty Curve. I ride this curve. I hate Navahos. I hate the 10 points above the mean people. I love a C like a brother. I strive for 2.0000000000000000 GPA.

My walls are papered with scored IBM answer sheets. I have a full color picture of the standard curve on my shelf. My desk is filled with IBM pencils.

When someone asks me a question, I want to know how much time I have; can I answer d, (None of the above); and will the results be curved.

I am a fairly short person. I have thick glasses. I carry a slide rule hooked to my belt, and three green pencils in my pocket. I have a four-sided eraser, with A,B,C,D, marked on corresponding sides. When given a multiple choice quiz, I jump for joy.

I have been heard to mutter the following prayer before I take a quiz.

"Yea though I walk through the valley of the multiple choice; I will fear no low grades Thy mean and thy standard curve are here to comfort me.

Thou anointist my head with a 2.0. My GR's overflow with the mean surely C's and a 2.0 shall follow me through my four years, and I shall dwell in the house of the academically proficient "

I live among statements like the following:

"Gentlemen, be sure and mark your answers plainly on the IBM answer sheet. If you must erase, be sure—— "

"Sir, do you have the GR's yet?"
"No, they are still in Stat Services."

"Here cadets study in a pleasant atmosphere. Each window faces outward to the wonderful scenic view —— "

"This examination may be given to —— "

"Gee. I was ranked 435 out of 400."

"AW. Your mother writes Mech quizzes Navaho, in a basket weaving class."

"THREE POINT, WHAT."

"Gentlemen, if you take an infinite—— "

"Each classroom is equipped with the latest in comforts—— "

" Gentlemen, on problem number four 68% scored C; 21% scored A; 2% scored B; and 1% scored D, the correct—— "

"I got a 90 on the GR."
"So What. The mean was 99.9867."

" 94.457656438586756% "

"THE MEAN WAS, WHAT."

"Here gentlemen, cadets study in EE these wires indicate to me that—— "

"Gentlemen, first, do NOT push the button labled PANIC."

"Dear Mom and Dad,

I don't think that I will be able to make it home for Christmas. It seems as if I got an F and they want—— "

In case you are wondering where I might be found; don't look too hard. I can be found in every class. I always make right on the mean. After all that is my name, Cadet Meanmaker.

DODOS and CHICKS



No, no, Mach one-half, and one -forth, the pool is a private pool for Miss Judi Hardy
This time our Chick comes from far away to grace our pages. Judi is from Midwest city, Oklahoma.

She comes to us from our photographer, Phil Hepburn, who informed us that she is a charming lass.

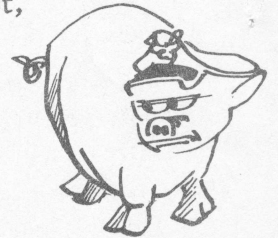


THE CADET, AS SEEN BY:



Mitchell Hall

"I'm worried." said the wife to the psychiatrist,
 "My husband thinks he's a horse."
 "I believe I can cure him," said the psychiatrist,
 "but it will take quite a lot of money."
 "Oh, money is no object," said his wife, "he
 just won the Kentucky Derby."



His roommate



His AOC

The man swaggered up to the bar and said for
 all to hear, "Everybody up to the bar- I'm buying
 the drinks."

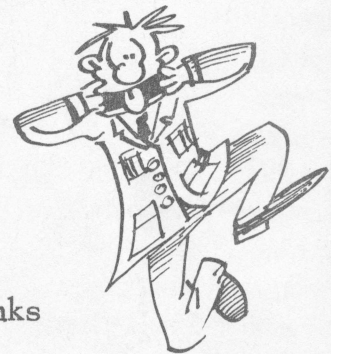
"Does that include me?" asked the bartender,
 "Sure- drink up." Said the customer.

After everybody had downed their drinks, the
 bartender said, "That will be 15\$, Sir."

"I'm broke," said the man. With that the bar-
 tender swatted him across the face with his bar rag
 and tossed him out on his clavicle.

The next day, the man returned, walked up to
 the bar and said, "Everybody up to the bar- the drinks
 are on me."

"Does that include me?" Asked the bartender.
 "Hell, no." said the man, "you get mean when
you get drunk."



SOD



GPA

Doc, gimme another box of pills like I
 got yesterday for ma.

Did they do her any good?

Naw, but they just fit my BB gun.

A Wick is a WAC lit up.

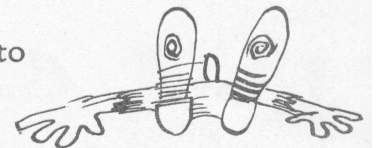
Girl: I blush so easily. Whenever I sit down to
 think, I blush. What can I do about it , Doctor?

Doctor: Try to think about something
 else.

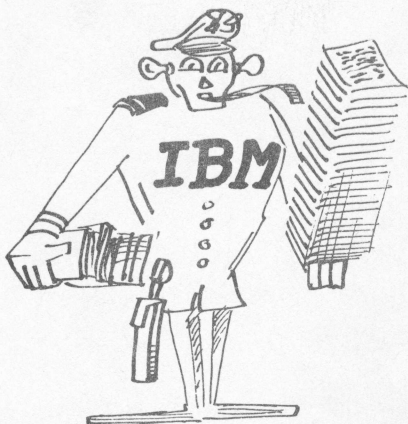
I'm worried, remarked Tom
 My wife hasn't spoken to me
 for three days and I can't rem-
 ember what it was I said to
 make her shut up.

Cadet: You were right, dear,
 and I was wrong.

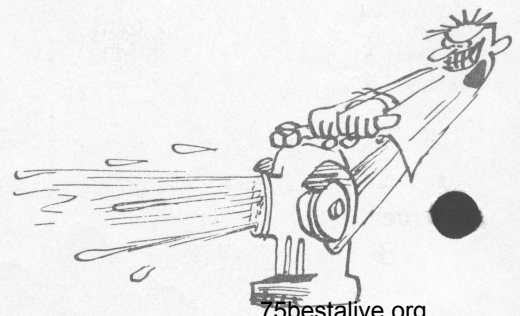
Roommate: Forgive me, dear.



Himself



Academic Dept.



Comm shop

THE EMIGH GAME CO.

In the past few years many crazes have swept the country from Davy Crockett to Zorro, from Rock n' Roll to the Twist. And each time American business has stepped into a small fortune peddling coon-skin caps, super-man capes, silver bullets Dick Tracy wrist-radios, and twisting shoes, to mention just a few.

It is about time, I think, that cadets cashed in on their own popularity and began some of their own sales enterprise.

1. Official Air Force Cadet junior jump badge.
2. Be-A-REAL- Air- Force-Cadet Kit (Ages 4-10)
Including:
 - 1- summer uniform
 - 1- winter uniform
 - 1- buffer
 - 1- pad of form 10's
 - 2- rifle patches
 - 1- Ray Charles Record
 - 1- Yvette Mimeo picture
 - 8- Booklets
 - 1001 ways to get out of IRI and parade.
 - What to do until your class three comes down.
 - 47 new ways to flunk EE
 - How to hide a transistor radio in your Parka
 - How to double your privileges in 4 years.
 - How to look awake in Econ class
 - Alphabetical listing of known finks
 - 25 PDA's your mother didn't tell you about.
 - 1- Map of Loretto Heights showing machine gun placements, barbed wire fences, secret exits, ect.
 - 1- Beer can opener

3. Official Air Force Cadet OTF kit

(Ages 4-10)

Including:

- 1- life-like cadet dummy
- 1- pr. soft soled shoes
- 1- 30 ft. rope
- 1- car hot wiring kit
- 1- fake ID
- 1- Bottle smirnoff vodka

4. Official Air Force Cadet Basketball Game Kit (Ages 1-3)

Including:

- 1- pr. brass knuckles
 - 1- blackjack
 - 1- switch -blade knife
 - 1- sign saying "Go Home Creighton."
- GE

The recruits were worse than ever that morning, much to the annoyance of the sergeant. He decided to make an example of recruit Black.

"Black," he roared. "Take two paces to the side."

Two men stepped out of the ranks. The sergeant glowered at the second man. "Hey you," he shouted. "Is your name Black too?"

"No, Brown, Sir?"

"Then are you deaf, nuts, or what?"

"No-- color-blind, Sir."

The lady was having some difficulty trying to board the train with a horse. "Are you out of your mind lady?" cried the conductor.

"I can't help it," the woman replied, pushing her horse up the steps to the Pullman, "he gets sick on buses."

