

THE  
Dodo

THE  
SKY  
ABOVE



the Mad Below

A CADET PUBLICATION FOR CADETS

Officer-in-Charge  
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Editor-in-Chief  
DAVE SAMUEL '64

# MILITARY ISSUE

# THE DooB staff

VOLUME 7  
NUMBER 21

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JUST SO YOU CAN UNDERSTAND OUR GUESTS THIS WEEK, WE GIVE YOU THE FOLLOWING EXCERPTS FROM THE ARMY'S "JEEPTRACKS" AND THE NAVY'S "BARFWAKES." IF YOU REALLY WANT TO IMPRESS THEM, JUST USE SOME OF THEIR JARGON.

NAVEL SURGEON- a very specialized type of surgeon.  
BEACHHEAD- an outhouse in Miami Beach  
MIDDIE- a squarish blouse worn by prudish girls.  
MIDSHIPMAN- a man who stands in the middle of a ship to avoid getting seasick, a swab.  
ENSIGN- what swabs do when they return from a privilege.  
L.S.T.- part of a cigarette commercial that has been censored (the MF was taken out).  
PORTHOLES- convenient openings in the side of a ship through which seasick swabs can hang their heads.  
POOP DECK- where the Captain gives his lectures.  
TIN CAN- used by retired Naval officers to earn a living.  
LIFEBOAT- best place to find swabs shooting craps.  
GANGPLANK- well, it ain't what you think it is.  
BRIDGE- well, that's what you think it is.  
BILGE- a general term used to describe food, living quarters, and the ship's water supply.  
SUBMARINE- a long, sloppy sandwich.  
DOGFACE- a self-propelled rifle which requires frequent oiling and cleaning.  
AIRBORNE- a drunk dogface; a kid who came to be on an airplane.  
PARATROOPERS- two dogfaces.  
AMMO- anything you can use to load up a dogface, ie beer, hard liquor, JP-4, 7-UP, etc.  
TANK(ED)- habitual condition of certain BLUE TAGS.  
B.A.R.- object which Air Force Cadets are found at, by, under, or behind on every weekend.  
DOG TAGS- a tag placed on urinalysis bottles.  
RANGER- the last name of a masked man who always rides a white horse.  
M-1- a 9.8 lb dust collector.  
OFFICER'S CLUB- a likely place to find heroes.  
LATRINE- anywhere a dogface is when a shell explodes unexpectedly nearby.  
SEX- huh?  
PORT- liquid drunk by all cadets when they don't have the money for good Scotch.  
WAVES- that which sailors ride.  
RIFLES- those things which civilians and the Navy call guns.  
PANTS- worn by girls and Middies.  
FOXHOLE- a likely place to find Christians.  
POLARIS- a popular new song by Rick Over.

- ALFRED  
- COBEAL=A





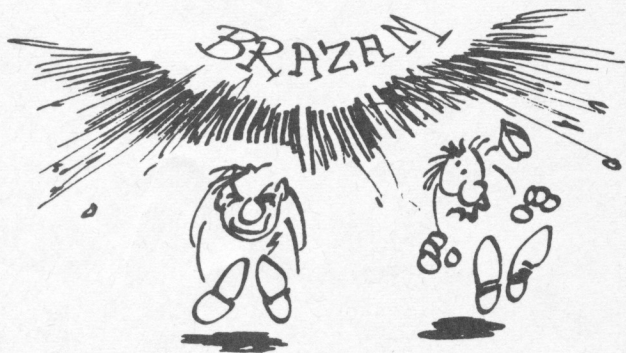
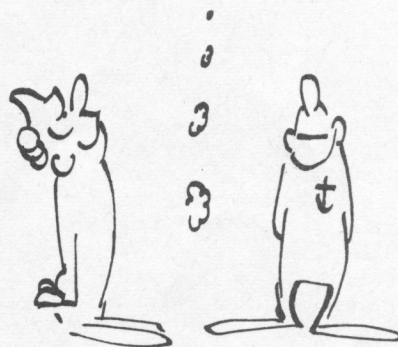
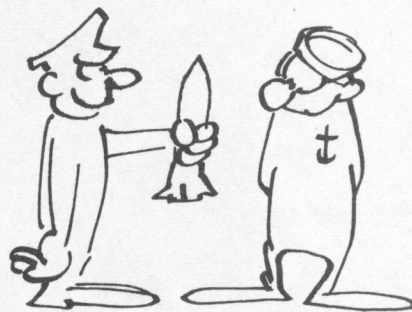
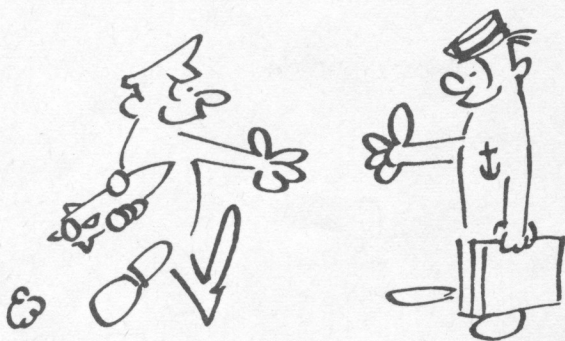
# THE Dodo SPACEMATE

With her flowing blonde hair glinting in the early morning sunrise, one can oft times catch a glimpse of this week's Spacemate as she merrily glides over hill and dale on a fox hunt. Presently attending San Jose State College while living in San Francisco, pretty blue-eyed Maggie Harris spends many of her free hours managing the race horses her father owns. Along with her active outdoor interests of swimming and horseback riding, goes a fondness for lolling near a cozy, warm fireplace while sipping a glass of her favorite nectar, cognac. Although quite fond of the many frivolous aspects of college life as well as 65's Bill Berkman of First Squadron, 20 year-old Maggie has serious aspirations of becoming a teacher after graduation.

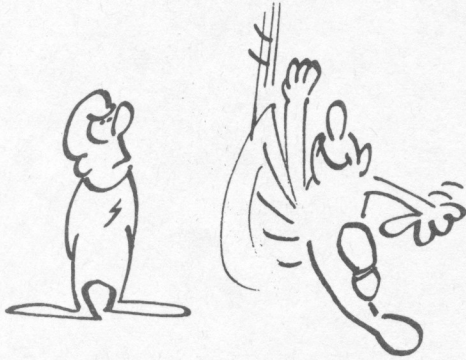
-- Gittlein

*Olga Mills*

"WELCOME"  
MB







-DITMORE

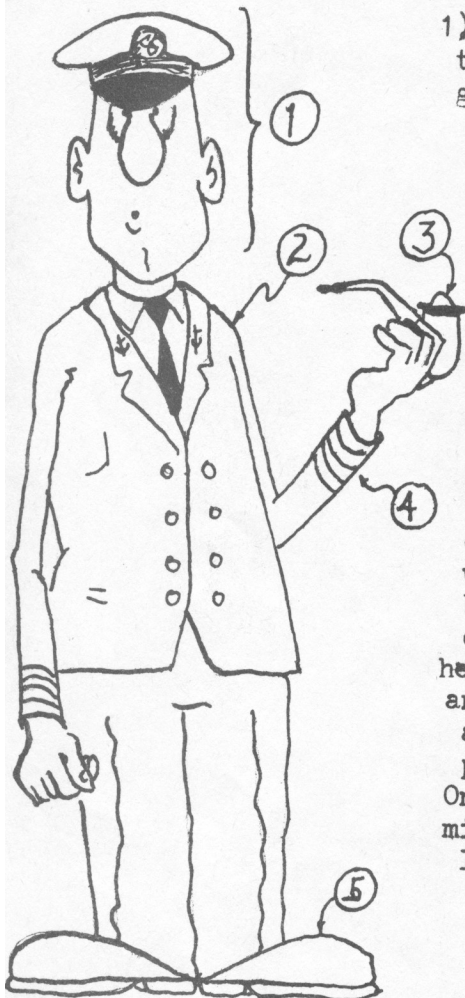


CANOE  
"U"

# \* IDENTIFICATION \* OF.....

# UNIDENTIFIED FRIVOLOUS OBSCURITIES

WOO  
POO



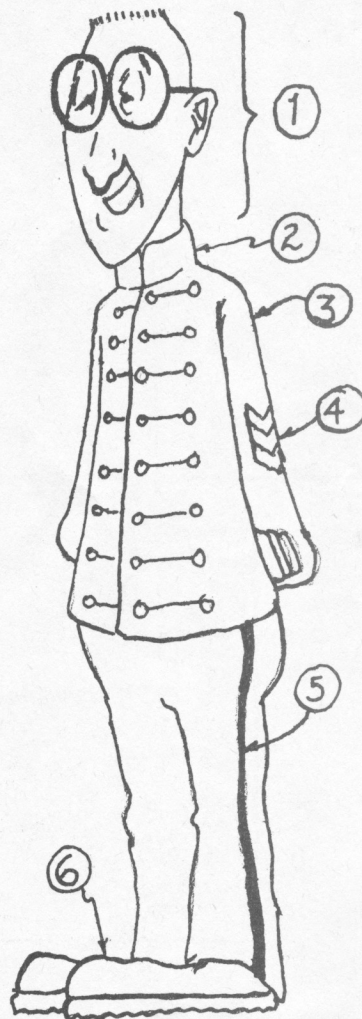
- 1) First, most obvious is the bright-eyed, intelligent look as he scrutinize you. Note especially the steady, hard gaze behind which he masks his emotions.
- (2) Casual, but slightly outdated black smoking jacket.
- (3) Salty sea captain pipe - unlit.
- (4) Rankness indicated on his sleeves.
- (5) Shoes (elevated) may be white, brown, or black, depending on what uniform he's wearing; black and white both appear as grey, while brown parallels olive drab. On occasion, he may mix colors for color.

Sometimes the below will not always be certain identification since you may catch him in the shower or on the varsity Parchisi court. In these cases, you might observe his mannerisms. He might cry "Rangerrrrr" as he sidles up to the cold water, or say Clauswitz or MacArthur while losing his third game. In any event, you can always ask him; you could have a turncoat middle on your hands, OR an airborne AF Cadet(?).

- (1) Faces are pretty nearly normal; don't judge on this alone.
- (2) High, uncomfortable-looking, tight collar can be obvious giveaway, but do not confuse with clergy.
- (3) Musky gray uniform could indicate highway patrol, or mid'n with lint; but,
- (4) addition of oversized enlisted man stripes indicates a desire to play army; hence,

combining these two makes for near positive identification.

- (5) Thick, black stripes on various parts of the uniform.
- (6) Shoes (w/tank track soles) and lower cuffs usually caked with mud, residue from camaflogue training of two years ago...



If these most obvious identification features are missing, there are several alternatives open to you. Tattoos of ships, heart, or ( ) may appear on his bony, hairless chest or arms. He may stick salt in his water or orange drink while your back is turned, or whistle "Barnacle Bill" while tying a half hitch in your lamp cord. If he does none of these, you'd better ask him; he's either a West Pointer or a lost civilian!





# UNUSUAL SIMULATED ANTI FLINK ALERT

BLACKJACK, this is BIG BOSS, we have a NORAD alert one, heading 010, altitude 7,250, intercept track alpha. Reported heavy sonar disturbance and spreading strong odor of salty mulemeat. Intercept and report.....

BIG BOSS, this is BLACKJACK.....have scrambled four doolies, code name SUPREPLEBE (as opposed to the inferior EASTERN PLEBE), armament code SCRUBBRUSH, they are under your positive control, receive on ultra-low (sometimes called inferior) frequency code MIDDIE.

BIG BOSS, this is SUPERPLEBE 1, I have Bogey in sight....bogey is flight of two bandits proceeding north toward GH complex. One bandit very small (somewhat pudgy) and colored black with gold markings. Other bandit same size ( as  $f_{size} \rightarrow 0$ ) colored grey with black markings. They look very weak and have no obvious armament. Country of origin is not readily identifiable (That is to say the country that claims them)..... instructions, over.

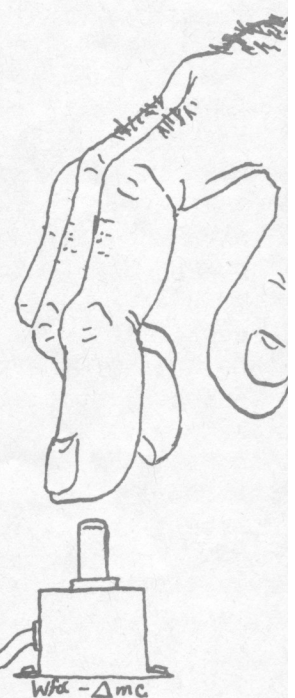
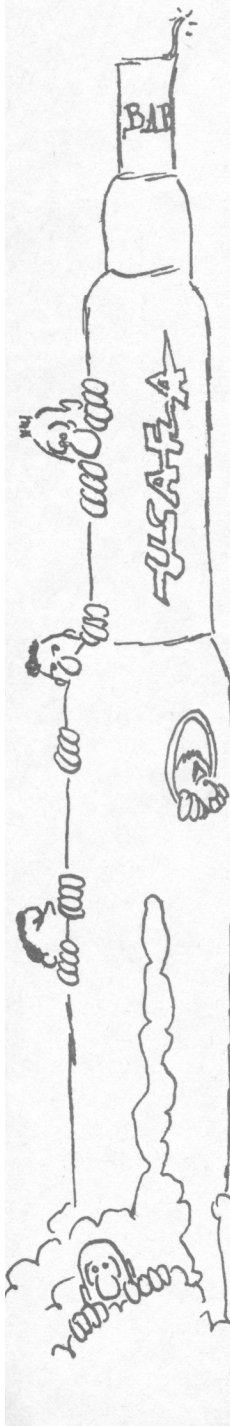
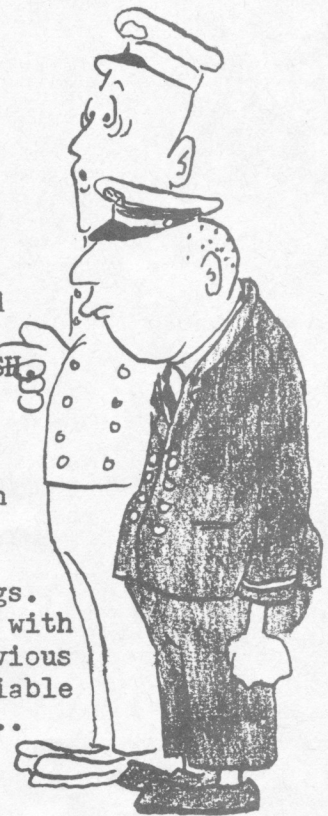
SUPERPLEBE 1, this is BIG BOSS. Intercept and offer chance to surrender.....if rejected, B-Bomb them.....

BIG BOSS, this is SUPERPLEBE.....previous orders appear unnecessary. Two bandits appear to be enemies (Sometimes referred to as friendly adversaries) .....their transmissions seem to be in some sort of code. The black bandit just called the grey bandit a "landlubber" and threatened to throw him in the "Severn." They grey bandit screamed "Airborne" and bounced the black bandit amid cries (utterances) of "Ranger." (Perhaps reflecting upon memories of his mother).....over.....

SUPERPLEBE, this is BIG BOSS.....proceed with caution....those signals could have been calls for help (or cries of anguish)...watch for other low flying (swimming/walking) bogies.....attempt to break up fight (since dog-fight was not appropriate, and mule-goat fight is not a term in common usage, I apologize for the obviously overcrediting term fight).....mixture of saltwater and muleblood might be adherent to terazzo....wind blowing over mountain might pick up smell and drive civilian (excuse profanity) population from CWC.....

BIG BOSS, this is SUPERPLEBE.....two bandits surrendered....they say that they are on some exchange .....are they from some poor foreign country..... over.....

SUPERPLEBE, this is BIG BOSS.....that is NEGATIVE, but give them all of your sympathy anyway .....they have to go back.....



# THE DOOB SPORTS SCOPE

## THE DOOB JOCK OF THE WEEK

There's these two schools- see. 'N' one of them is built in a medieval castle what is older than God and what is north of Joisey and south of Oz. It's got all these guys what wears like dumpy gray Highway Patrol suits only with more buttons and is all the time screaming "Rangerrrrr" and growlin' so's you'll know they're a tough bunch. Well they're the Woo-Pooos, n that's nearly all of 'em except for some what is Plebes. Plebes is not so mean lookin', but there's some helluva lot of 'em and they're stupider than the WooPoos cause the WooPoos is always screamin' at 'em. 'Sides, Plebes ain't got no chins so they're not smilin' too much.

Then there's this other one for guys what likes to sail boats and are salty sea-dogs and like that. And water skiing with Jackie too-and blowing up rubber swans. They call it Navel Academy on account, I think, of what is this custom they got called Armie-Navel Game. Well, what is this Navel first of all? It is like a Bellybutton only is much larger and is concealed under rolls of fat which is like waves which is very, very Navel.

These sea goats once each year and these WooPoos, they assemble in this playin' field colosseum so's thsy can growl at one another and play stupid games with each other and shoot cannons and be in a parade with all kind of smelly goats and mules. Well while these WooPoos and SeaGoats is so busy yellin' at each other at like 6000 decibels, there is this football game which is what happens in the colosseum.

And all these cats with way out suits with stars and stripes and pretty ribbons and scrambled eggs all over is busy singing and shaking hands and crying all over one another and sipping of hot chocolate from these little hipflasks. I am not sure but one song they were singing was I think "Armie Glue" which is a version of "Love Me Tender" which was by Presley who was also an Armie cat. Well they don't see the game either.

But what happens-see-is that these Sea-Goats which is from Indianapolis which is



Here's JOLLY ROGER STAUNCHBUTT, Jock of the Week, who has also earned our empty-headed player of the year award. In order to lower his center of gravity during the game, Staunchbutt, clad in Navel colors, used an 18-inch railroad bolt to screw 60 pounds of lead to his behind (the back of baby's tummy). Unfortunately the added weight caused the victorious Navel's hero's feet to flatten all the way up to his knees. Also in his elation of winning the game (THE GAME), he forgot to unscrew the lead -- which subsequently became a permanent fixture of his lower anatomy. He is now labeled "Hardass" Staunchbutt.

south of both Oz and Baltimore have got their Navels all fixed up for the game. And what they have done is each one has put a gold screw in his Navel and has attached his bottom to it. And then what happens is they contemplate-which is like thinking only is much nastier. And when the noise have died down to a millenium which is very quiet the game stops and they are all contemplated out and pretty soon everybody knows that somebody have won the game.

And if the WooPoos win they all growl and get drunk. And if the SeaGoats win they unscrew those screws and their bottoms fall off and they feel better. And if it is a tye then these wildcats what are drinking of hot chocolate get in some fights and yell like WooPoos and SeaGoats and nobody knows who's who and they all go home and come back next year and sing "Armie Glue" and "Navels Ahoy!" And boy is that game ridiculous.

- MAYO



A midshipman we know has a broken hand from fighting for a girl's honor. Seems she wanted to keep it.

-LOG

"Aren't you getting tired of this bachelor life all the time, Bill?" asked his friend Jack.

"Certainly not," replied Bill, "What was good enough for my father is good enough for me."

-LOG

# Dodo

THE BEST FROM  
THE MAGS OF  
USMA & USNA

## Dots & Doodles

"My son's home from the Academy."

"How do you know?"

"I haven't had a letter from him for a month."

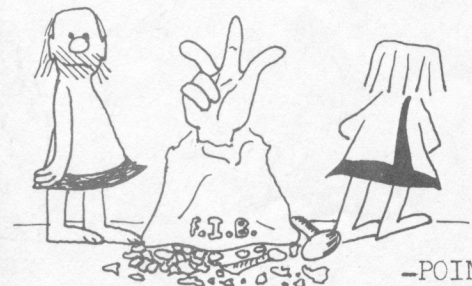
-LOG



WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU TRYING TO DO?



I HAPPEN TO BE LEAVING A MOMENTO TO MANKIND!



-POINTER

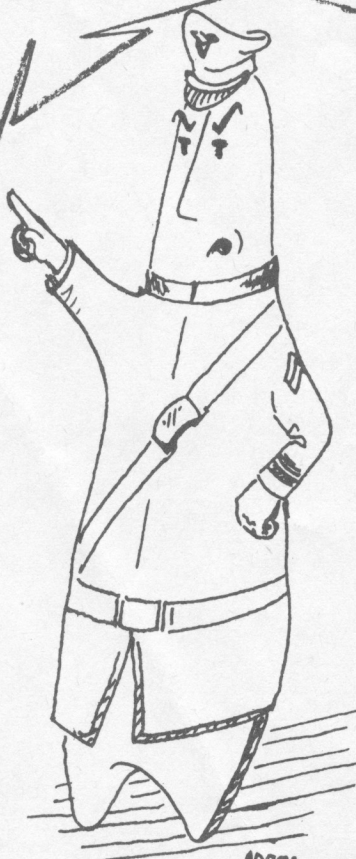
The most observant person was the historian who noticed that Lady Godiva had a horse with her.

-LOG



POINTER

"PLACE SURE IS JUMPIN' TONIGHT..."



ADAMS

POINTER

You man in the red Bermuda shorts, orange T-shirt, checkered vest, straw hat and white sneakers—HALT!

"Wanna sell that horse?"

"Sure, I wanna sell the horse," the farmer replied.

"Can he run?"

"Are you serious? Watch." The farmer reached over and slapped the horse on his posterior, and the animal galloped away.

As the horse reached full speed, he ran smack into a tree.

"Is he blind?" the buyer gulped.

"Hell, no," the farmer replied. "He just don't give a damn."

-LOG

The Texan was wound up. "And another thing," he said, "in Texas we've got the fastest running dogs in the world."

"Don't doubt it," replied the listener, "the trees are so far apart."

-LOG

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-BERKLEY

