

A CADET PUBLICATION FOR CADETS

# THE Dodo



Happy Freddie Glotz  
Day the world  
over!

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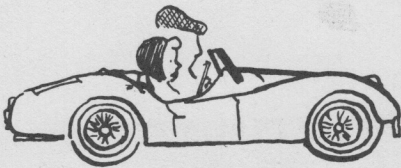
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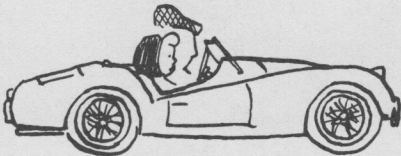
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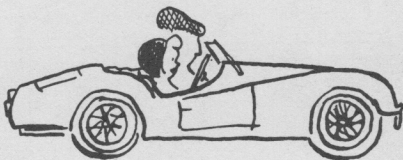
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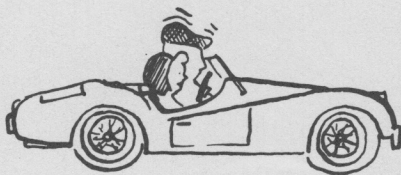
"FIRST GEAR."



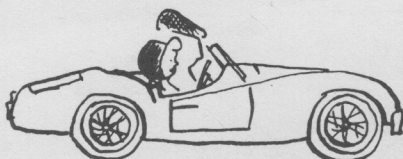
"...SECOND..."



"...THIRD..."



"...FOUR--SLAP!"



"...THIRD..."

History reveals that on the release date of Bing Crosby's "There's A Gold Mine in the Sky" Jewish enlistment in the Air Force soared.....

Look for a big smoker in the last week of April -- it's going to be an exchange sweatshirt affair, so have your dollie ship you exotic threads engraved with all varieties of civilian colors, terms, and forms. Lots of music and award presentations are on the docket, plus a few surprises to spark the evening ... get your sweatshirt and save DODO boxtops.

Here thanking Joe Redden-'64- for finally clearing a foolproof, censor-proof masterpiece of creative humor... However, the DODO questions:

Little Mary Smith, while walking dutifully to church, which she attended religiously every week, saw a poor little robin with one of its wings broken, lying in the grass. So she picked it up like a good little girl, took it into her house, and fixed its wing. When it became well and strong again, she let it fly away into the blue sky. Now let's see the censors try to make something dirty out of this one.

Does "walking dutifully" imply mandatory chapel? Did her brother break the bird's wing? Should she have tread on the grass in spite of the KEEP OFF THE GRASS

sign? Did she leave the bird's eggs in the grass? etc, etc?? Freudian interpretation? Boredamme's?

Seriously, in reviewing the first issue of the TALON to be assembled by the new staff, I anticipate a bright future for my financial overlord. Max James has hinted that the April issue is literally intoxicated with humor, so I think it may spell some enjoyable reading!

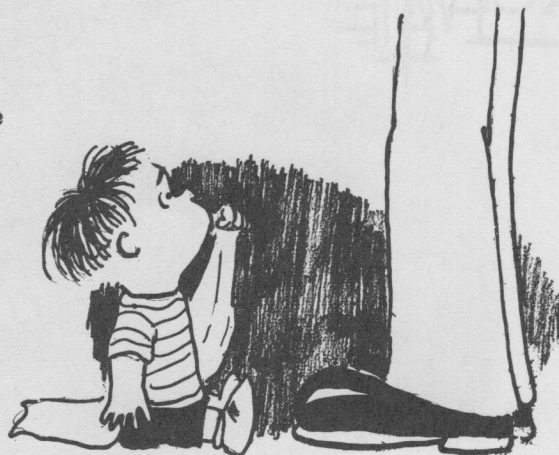
As for our own future -- We have mapped out features for each Spring Sport, the unveiling of the 1962-63 Queen, a Salute to the Golden Age -- DODO-style, more Dots & Doodles, Spacemates, back covers, and a host of other impulses on paper. And we'll cap the year with a JUNE WEEK Special more sparkling than when I turned on the wrong voltage in EE Lab. So, BBBoys, stay tuned...

# THE DOOB SPACEMATE

This week's lovely Space-mate, 17 year-old Bonnie Newell, is a prime example of the beauty to be found in the "High Country". Her father, Lt. Col. J.H.B. Newell, is head of the Navigation Department, so Douglas Valley is her home. A cheerleader and member of the honor society at Academy High, this pretty, brown-eyed senior was selected as a football queen attendant this fall. With interests such as eating, dancing and corvettes high on her list (as well as the normal academic interest), she seems to be a perfect candidate for Colorado Women's College—her college choice for next year.



.... There I was out on the terrazzo about 3:00 in the morning with Snoopy, he's my dog. It had been one of those days when nothing seemed to go right and it felt good to have my blanket up close to me in the cool night air. I was thinking about Charlie Brown who had been caught drinking in his room while flying his kite out his window. They never would have caught him if that jet hadn't been buzzing and hit it. Boy was that a sight. There were pieces of the T-33 all over the athletic fields....Anyway, I was deep in thought when who should I see, but this Captain who had quilled good ol' Charlie Brown. He came walking up to me and had this white band on his shoulder. I was going to ask him what kind of game he was playing with the white band, but he spoke first. He sure reminded me of my sister Lucy. You know, a little on the power mad side. He also seemed to have the same complex that Charlie Brown has, I mean he thought the world was out to get him. One might say that he was sort of a proverbial son of Lucy and Charlie. He thought that the only way to keep from being gotten, was to get the world first. I told him my analysis, but he didn't seem too interested, the only thing he wanted to know was my name. You know, it's a shame that they don't let the OC's carry blankets while they're on duty.....



# Prelude to

EVER HAUNTING CADETS IS THE FEAR THAT ONE OF THE FEATS UNDERTAKEN BY THEM IN ANTI-REG MANEUVERS WILL FALL INTO THE OC'S REALM OF AMUSED OBSERVATION. BUT WHAT IF SAID CADET WERE A NOTED PERSONALITY, TRAPPED IN POST-TAP EXPLOITS?.....



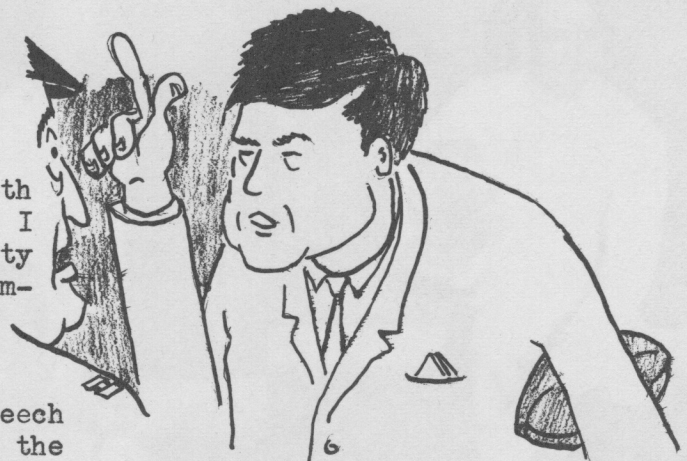
Kookie: Man like there I was, boppin' down the terrazzo, mind-ing my own business and comb-ing my hair when this cat, straight from squaresville, wearing this piece of white string around his shoulder, comes up to me and asks me why I wasn't in my pad. What a drag! I told him to go bug off and he gets this kinda funny look in his eyes and says some thing about me being insubordinate. Well, this chick was going to make it with me at the base of the ramp and so I didn't like want to hang tough with this creep I told him I had this blast ready to count down with this chick and had to roll so he.....



An Airborne Sergeant: I was out double-timing on the Terrazzo and I saw this pear-shaped protrusion stabilized next to a stairwell. It was watching me and then I noticed that it was doubletiming with me, or after me. It was kinda dark and if I weren't Airborne, it might have scared me. All the sounds this thing was making- wheez, cough, cough, wheez, snort, hack, groan. After a quick mile, I stopped and did a few sit-ups. Pretty soon this thing caught up to me and lo and behold it was the grimey, sweaty form of a panting OC. He had evidently fallen several times because he had mud all over his uniform and grass stains on his white cord. I mean I realize that I was in shorts and a T-shirt and he was in uniform, but when I saw his pondrous gut rising and falling like the sea in a hurricane, it was obvious that he needed some help. I screamed " T H E B O D Y T W I S T ! " and the OC dropped onto the ground in what I assumed to be the starting position. He was a little slow so I told him to get up and drop for 22 good Airborne pushups. He just lay there. Then I realized that he had collapsed. I went and shook his fat-filled body and he awoke. As I double-timed away I still remember him lying there on the ground, writing that Form 10 like it was his last will....

## a Glass III

.... Let me say this about that: I think that ah due to the ah present deficit in time allowed by the ah administration for recreation such as this, that ah special concession should be made in ah my case. I should like to point out, that it is ah true that ah last week my brother Bob and I were ah out at 0300 playing ah touch football with ah Ethyl and ah Jackie, and due to a gross ah error of negligence on my part, I did ah tackle the OC by mistake. I should also like to point out that ah when we were ah apprehended by the ah SOD, that we were ah pressing ahead to out ah rooms with ah great vigor. Let me say this about that: I think that ah even a member of the ah security flight would have more respect for the ah members of the weaker sex and would ah endeavor with greater vigor to ah press ahead with a program of ah cleaner language. That is to say, that I ah don't mind a little impure speech ah now and ah then, but not ah around one of the foundation stones on which our ah great country stands, particularly when she is my wife .... where is the justice, ah the justice is where?.....



# THE DOOD SPORTS SCOPE

Department. Born in Hungary, Coach Toth is a graduate of the Central Sports Institute in Budapest. He won the International Master's saber in 1948 and was chosen as head coach for the U.S. Modern Pentathlon team for the 1956 Olympic competition. Mr. Toth is in his fifth year as an instructor and fencing at the Academy.

This weekend the USAFA Fencing Team, the winningest team in Academy history, will host 25 teams from throughout the nation for the NCAA Fencing Championships. Leading the entry list are last year's champion, Navy, and outstanding teams from New York University, Columbia, and the USAFA team which will be trying to end the eastern domination of the sport.

The Academy team, coached by Mr. Nick Toth, ran its record to 39 consecutive victories in four years by finishing a perfect 10-0 season for the third year in a row. Following the regular season the team won the Western Intercollegiate Fencing Conference for the fourth consecutive year by defeating 7 other teams. In this meet the Academy was led by C/1C Warren Manchess who won the individual title in epee, C/2C Jon Prenez who took second in saber, C/1C Bill Ebert with a 2nd in foil, C/3C Jock Patterson, 2nd in epee, and team captain C/1C John Skoro, 3rd in saber.

Over the past four years Mr. Toth has developed one of the strongest and most well balanced fencing teams in the western U.S. The team has three fine fencers in each weapon which gives them the depth necessary to win during the regular season (during the regular season competition, three fencers are entered in each of the three events); however, this is not a prerequisite for winning the NCAA championships as only one man in each weapon can compete for each team in the championships. In the past the Academy has entered outstanding fencers such as All American Gary Forrest in epee, but USAFA has never placed higher than 7th overall. This year the Academy is well balanced enough to be a strong competitor for the team title. Fencing for the Air Force will be C/1C Bill Ebert in foil, C/1C Warren Manchess in epee, and C/1C John Skoro in saber. Alternates backing them up will be C/1C Dom Martinelli, C/2C Chuck Reynolds and C/2C Jon Prenez respectively in the three weapons. Also making outstanding contribution to the team during the 1962-1963 season were C/3C Jock Patterson in epee, C/2C John Cunningham in saber and C/2C Ray Salzarulo in foil.



A young student-teacher was horrified to find a tell-tale puddle on the floor of the cloak room. After a lengthy lecture on the nastiness of such a deed, she instructed all the pupils to lay their heads on the desk and shut their eyes so that the culprit would have a chance to go into the cloak room unobserved and clean it up. She, in the meantime, would wait outside in the hall.

After a five-minute wait, the teacher returned and went into the cloak room. There on the floor was a new puddle, along with the old one, and scrawled cryptically on the wall was the message "The Phantom Strikes Again!"

\*\*\*

A woman went to a doctor to complain about her husband's delusion. "It's terrible, Doctor," she said. "All the time he thinks he's a refrigerator."

"Well," consoled the medical man, "that isn't too bad. Quite a harmless delusion, I'd say."

"The delusion I don't mind, Doctor. But when he sleeps with his mouth open the little light keeps me awake."



"Happy birthday, Mom!"

—Record

# Doob

## Dots & Doodles

The little man came home unexpectedly to find his wife in the arms of another man. Seizing the man's umbrella, he raised it high above his head with both hands and brought it down sharply over his knees. The umbrella broke in two.

"There!" cried the little man. "Now I hope it rains."

\*\*\*

"Have a drink."

"I beg your pardon. I'm a Cadet."

"Pardon me, here's the bottle."

\*\*\*

Two old maids were watching a World Series game. An empty bottle stood on the table. What inning was it?—Last of the fifth and the bags were loaded.

\*\*\*

Motorist: Officer! Officer, come quickly! I've just hit a Cadet.

C. Springs Cop (casually picking his teeth): Sorry it's Sunday. You can't collect your bounty until tomorrow.

\*\*\*

A slightly inebriated character walked into an elevator shaft, fell four floors to the bottom, picked himself up, brushed off his clothes and shouted indignantly: "I said UP!"

\*\*\*

Asked the executioner of the golf pro, "Anything to say before I hang you?"

"Yeh. How about a couple of practice swings?"

