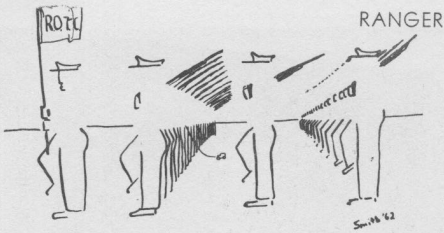
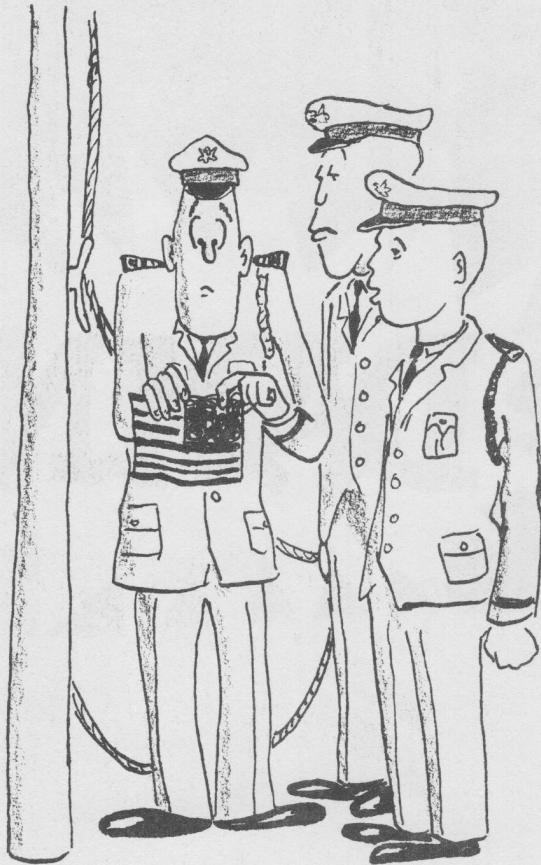


A CADET PUBLICATION FOR CADETS



# THE Dodo

VOLUME 7  
NUMBER 23



I understand they sent it to THE  
LAUNDRY, Sir!



Bobby again!

Seems as though the printer's ink is again spilling across the headlines of all the big ones -- DODO, Cleveland, New York. Only it was not a strike, but instead censor-inspired pouting on my part, which stilled our presses for the first time this year.

In this issue, we introduce again the DODO All-Stars. The team selection is through the combined efforts of the Squadron DODO reps, co-ordinated in this project by Mitch Cobeaga. The talent in the introductions is credited to ART) Mike Ditmore, Dave Connaughton, and Jack Eidson and BIOGRAPHIES) Jack Sweeney, Doug Catchings, "Turtle" O'Brien, Rod Wells, mE, and Mitch Cobeaga. I personally have to assume the blame for the back cover, dirty young man that I am.

There are many of All-Star caliber, who we were unable to feature in a first-string berth, named to Honorable Mention. This group frames the select Ten, and, as such, they are each and all very necessary to the completed picture.

This year's DODO staff hopes that the All-Stars will become an annual selection which the Wing. In the TEN selected this year, we believe we've established a strong foundation.

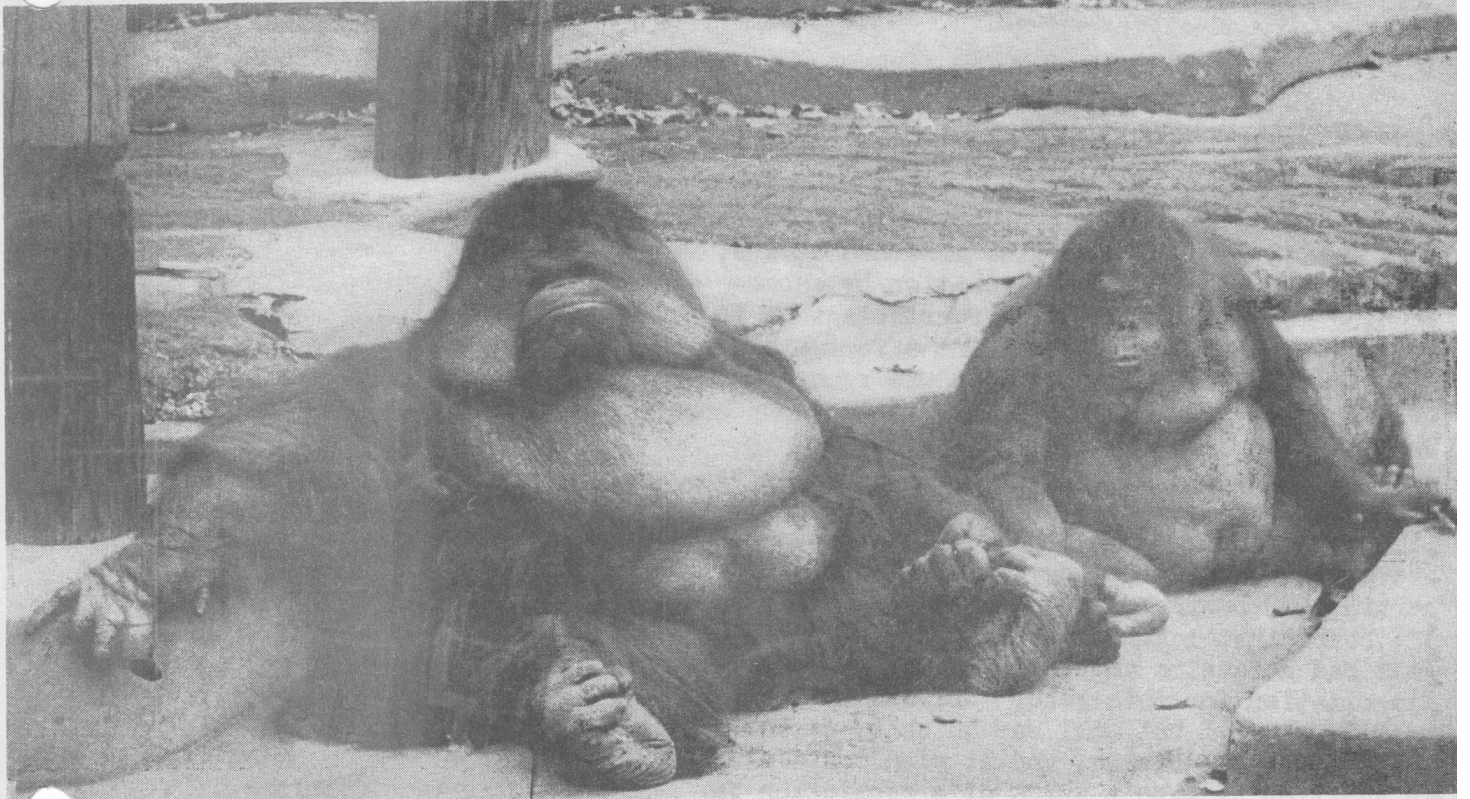
- The Dodo Staff

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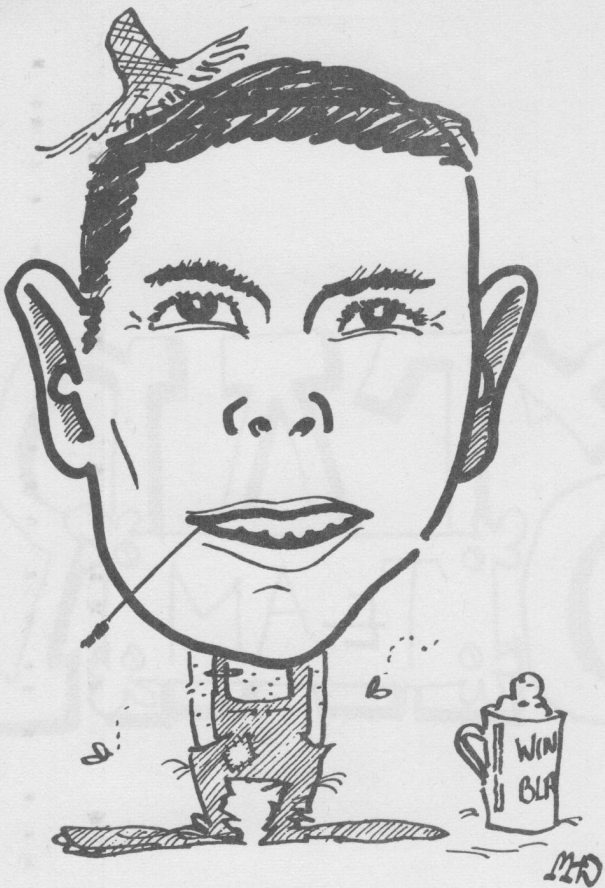
THE DODO

# ALL-STAR TEAM

NOW THAT WE ARE ORGANIZED- WHAT DO WE DO?



Leo T. Thomas Jr.



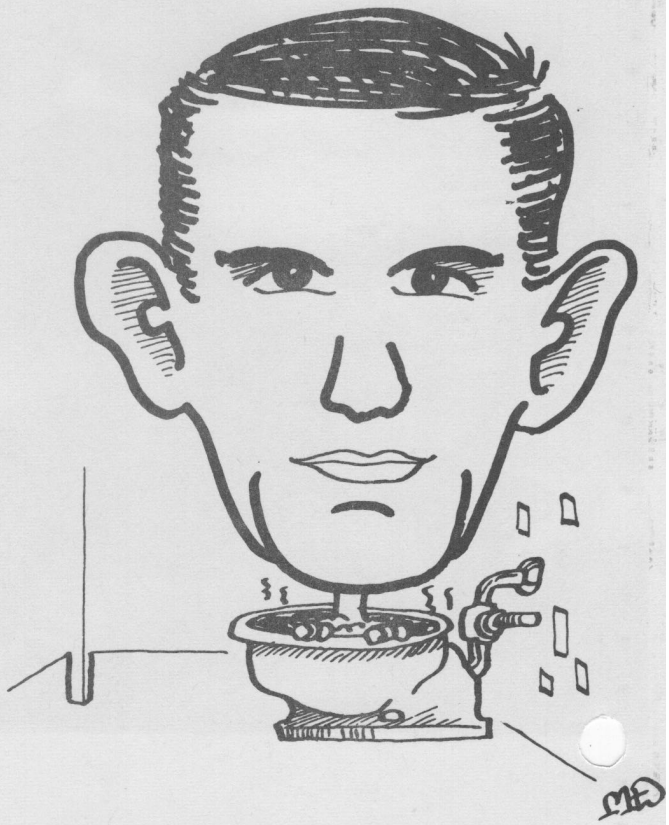
"In the beginning....." Somewhere, there was a beginning, back in Georgetown, Kentucky, but right now its the "near-end" which stirs worry amongst the Academy's higher echelons when the green light is turned on Leo's ORGANIZATIONAL PATTERNS. For organization is Leo's watchword, as is illuminated by his success with the Heymakers Blast and party-time in his own 9th Squadron. Recent weekends have seen Leo transform into a Nature Boy, however, for the roof over his head has lately changed from the rafters of the Rathskeller to the stars over Cheyenne. There, on Saturday, can be found the All-Stars captain, usually with the blond Fink he dates.....Jan Fink, for clarification. Scotch-drinking Leo (Johnny Walker is the only one!) is President of the most success-burdened Cadet Club in history, but there have yet to be any dollar-accented figures revealed -- what's money? To brand Leo all party would be an injustice to society...accordingly, he has developed quite a legal mind which has, on occasion, paved an escape from a-lot party reactions and aftermaths.

The DODO salutes Leo Thomas as the captain of the first DODO ALL-STAR TEAM -- a team which, although not exactly the "flower garden of the Academy," is far too colorful to be a weedpatch.

W.E. Wecker

mE

Cadet Bill Wecker of 13th Squadron fame(?), is actually one of the founding fathers of the Dodo All-Stars, having started his antics early in his career at the Air Zoo. Obviously discontent with the social opportunities afforded squats, Bill sought to remedy the situation by establishing a tradition allowing fourthclassmen to have cars. Although his valiant effort was appreciated by his classmates, it was rewarded with a Class III from the rather stoic Comm Shop. Undaunted by this censure, Bill continued to play the game and to recruit new team members for which he has received the well-earned distinction of being number 586 out of a possible 586 on the conduct rating scale. Even after serving 400 punishments and attending a Class III board that lasted 7 hours and 45 minutes, Bill had no qualms about riding in a car to P.E. His citation for this read, "Driving automobile to P.E. class," but Bill was quick to explain that he wasn't driving, and it wasn't his car. In addition he wasn't aware of a regulation on the subject. (He was written up for "failure to know regulations.") And now, three Class III's, one motorcycle, three cars, and many shoe soles later, Bill joins the Dodo All Stars.

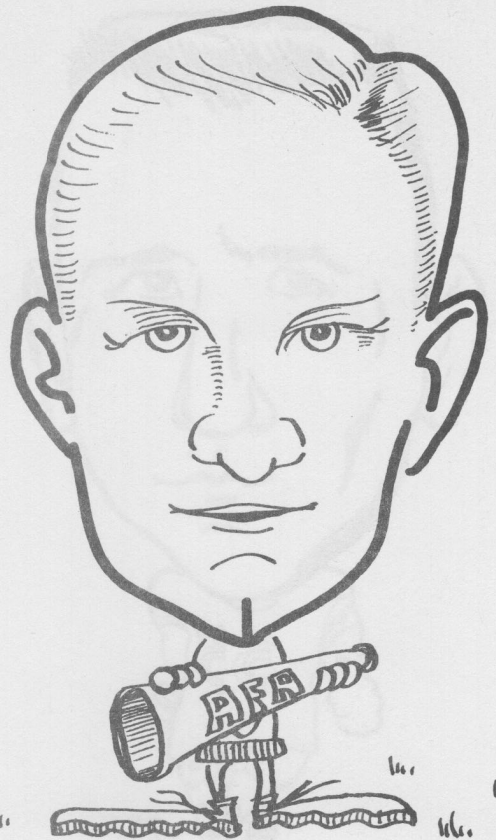


Turtle

Joe Lee Burns

"Hasta nunca!" he screamed at me, fangs bared, for it seems that's his favorite expression. Little did I realize that I had just been given a snappy "get lost" by Joe Lee Burns, arch play-boy of Evil Eighth. Having sensed, however, that something was amiss, I presented my Dodo credentials (a couple of dead mice and a "Censored" rubber stamp), told him I was selling "feelthy peectures"--and I was in. Outspoken Joe Lee, from Ft. Worth, then proceeded to speak frankly to me about life in the "zoo." What does he like? Girl (1 each), Cuba libres, and not getting caught. What doesn't he like? A-Hall regulars and "leadership by example" being preached by those who illustrate quotes like, "I must hurry, for there go my men and I am their leader." Joe Lee feels that around here there is a strange preponderance of "leaders" trying to catch up with "their" men while shouting directions from behind. Asked if he had any advice for Dodo connoisseurs, Joe Lee replied that one should have a keen knowledge of the tunnels, how long taps inspections usually take, and should make a point of never getting caught.

Steve Mayo



Carl W. Oliver



MP-

"Ollie" isn't too well-known in sewing circles, the academic world, or outer space, but most beautiful, nice (as opposed to "good") Denver girls, quite a few bartenders, and every policeman from G. Springs to Boulder know him... well, are familiar with him. As far as the girls are concerned, "O" is a "ring-tailed Tom," a "natural-born crackshot" who "finds a new target every night" and "sure does practice a lot." But he is also a "rock" in the true sense of the term, and he puts his status to the test as often as possible. Quite a handicap he has had to overcome is the 11 months of Class III restrictions and over 350 punishments he has had to serve. These put a sizeable dent in the amount of free time he could spend off base, but being as resourceful as he is, "Ollie" managed to find time-- after taps, after the last inspection, etc. Ollie is a great guy, but trying to find him in the 16th Sq area is about useless. The place to look for him is on the lacrosse field, in the swimming pool, in Boulder (before CU-AFA football games), behind the wheel of a white Sting Ray fastback, in jail, in a motel, under the table, or in the arms of luscious doll depending on the time of day. Ollie's biggest contribution, though, is his philosophy, "If you can't be near the one you love, love the one you're near."

jj swjr.



## Chief Nacrelli

16th's Chief Nacrelli is just like those high ranking officials that we hear about at briefings on field trips and in MT (yawn!) classes. He wears two hats. His first and most official hat is the one that the Third Group Operations Officer wears. Even when he's wearing this hat you're not likely to notice it because Chief just doesn't "sweat the program." He does his job quietly and quickly so he can slip into his more comfortable hat---that of Joe College. Actually Chief isn't really a Joe College. Just because he does forward rolls on the campus and swings from the tree branches at Loretto Heights nattily attired in sweatshirt and levis is no reason to assume this. Typically college activities like drunken brawls, orgies, and drinking don't interest him---don't interest him in any small way. New Galaxie convertibles don't interest him either. He only bought one so he could make it up to the Rathskeller without incident. Probably the biggest claim to fame associated with the Chief is the record he set at UCLA in the fall of '60. His pass from center to punter Rich Mayo actually turned out to be an inspiration to JFK. When he became President, JFK remembered the incident and instituted the now renowned 50-Mile Hike.

jj swjr.

## Willie Parma

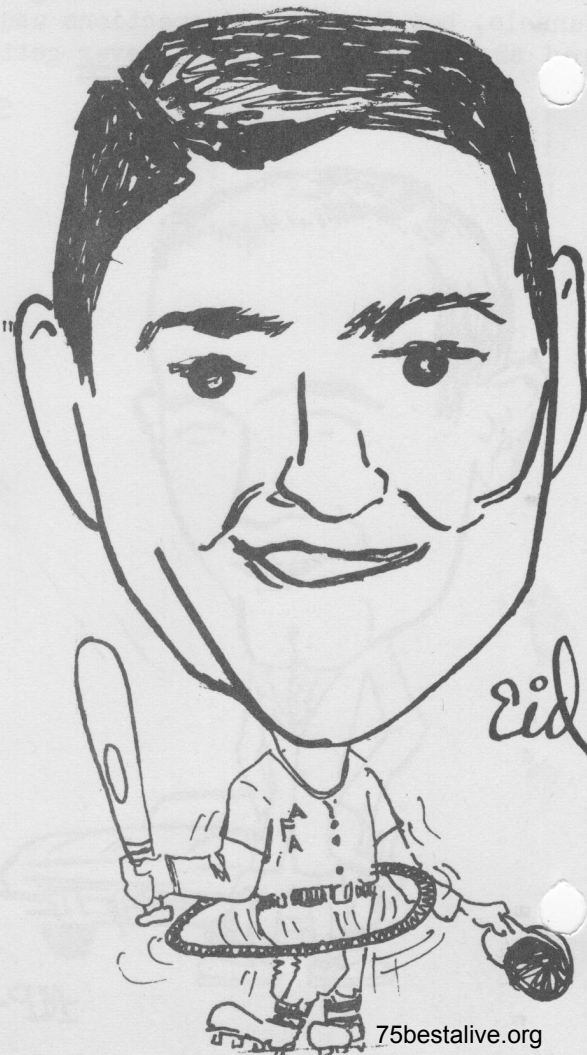
"Car 96, Car 96 ... hey, buddy, there's some nut in a shredded blue sweatshirt and wheat jeans riding General Palmer's statue sidesaddle and he's swinging a baseball bat (Made in Cuba) to beat hell."

Car 96, upon arrival at the scene, will probably be greeted by a broad smile streaking the face of our wheat jean-clad All Star, Willie Parma. He's right at home on a horse, being from Texas an' all, and with the burden of a few beers pressing against that sweatshirt, ain't no difference between cold marble and wooly horsehide.

Presently engaged in the Pan American social spotlight while basking in the training opportunities afforded by the Pan American Games' baseball schedule, the Ninth Squadron roustabout is no doubt right at home. For in the late innings, a southern breeze may sweep the perfume of Panama's Club Rock 'n' Roll across the Parma-patrolled center field.

But we all know that Willie's heart oft strays to thoughts of his slide rule, shined shoes, and AOC ..... plus, on occasion, to pretty Kathy Aurin. And the Roman Villa is undoubtedly very near the top of that homecoming list.

Willie's travels will be continued this summer with a proposed journey to Europe. There we hope he'll fly his All-Stars' banner.



*Bill Ardern*

No championship team is complete without that essential touch of balance, and this one is no exception with the addition of Bill Ardern. "Ardie" is one of those rare few who everybody looks to as a "good guy," both here and on the outside, a trait that makes him a must for the team. In addition to getting astronomical grades with next to nothing in the way of sweat or effort, Bill has been a squadron commander, been on group staff, starred on two wing championship teams, and successfully avoided the traps laid by a number of scheming females, (a few by choice). This is not to say that Ardie is the monastic type; his Super Sport convertible can normally be found outside of the worst of bars or roaming Cheyenne Mountain's more secluded spots. But it's his ability, whether in the classroom or over a beer, to get along with everybody that makes Bill a true All-Star.

bumaga



*ME*



*Eid*

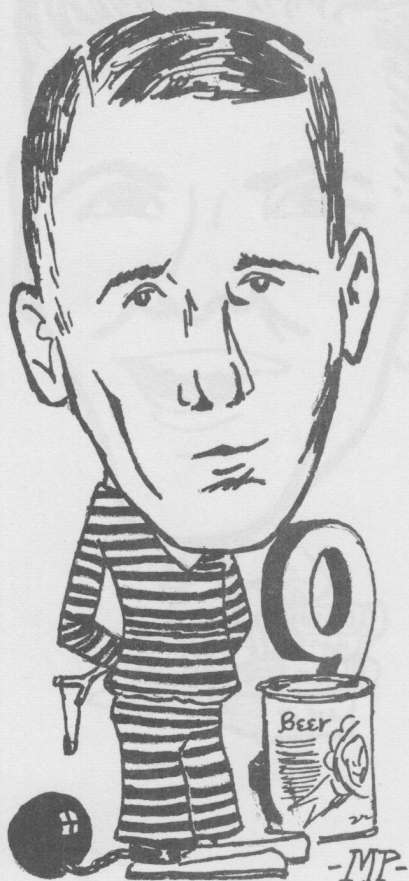
*DENNY LYNN HAYCRAFT*

Out of the blue grasses of Kentucky have come good bourbon and a bad Denny Haycraft, usually together. Not that anyone has ever accused him of being a sot, Denny does have the reputation for being well stocked with all of the essential snake bite, food poisoning, and academic remedies (The latest rumor is that he uses Old Grandad instead of transmission fluid in his Sting Ray.) When not talking himself and his hip flask out of police raids on 3.2 beer joints, he can be found striving for the attentions of fair maidens(??) ranging from a Cookie in Denver to a Marilyn back in Litchfield, Kentucky. One of strongest supporters of the need for business ODPs for firsties, Denny has been known to be in excellent spirits for the evening meal on a number of occasions. A favorite on the All Stars due to the fact that he alone keeps liquor taxes as low as they are, Denny is confident that one day bourbon will replace academic pursuits as the national pastime.

bumaga

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Cy Rickards



We would like to introduce a typical, mild-mannered first classman of 17th squadron. Created in Glenview, Ill., and later the nemesis of Trenton, N.J., this man entered the Marines in 1958. Upon retirement in '59 from Paris Island, he applied for and won a grant-in-aid to this noble edifice to slide-rule fanning.

Throughout his cadet career we find many flashes of his individualism. Perhaps he first caught the attention of the Mech Department with his somewhat less than stellar attributes in that field. At this point his thirst for knowledge could only be satiated with advanced Summer School training. Although a bit slow at first, he soon became quite adept at that revered and hallowed tradition, The Taking of the Turnout.

Turning from mental to physical attributes, we arrive upon his memorable performances in the soccer world. With cunning brute force filling the gap of finesse, our bout was literally a smashing success at fullback for the Falcons.

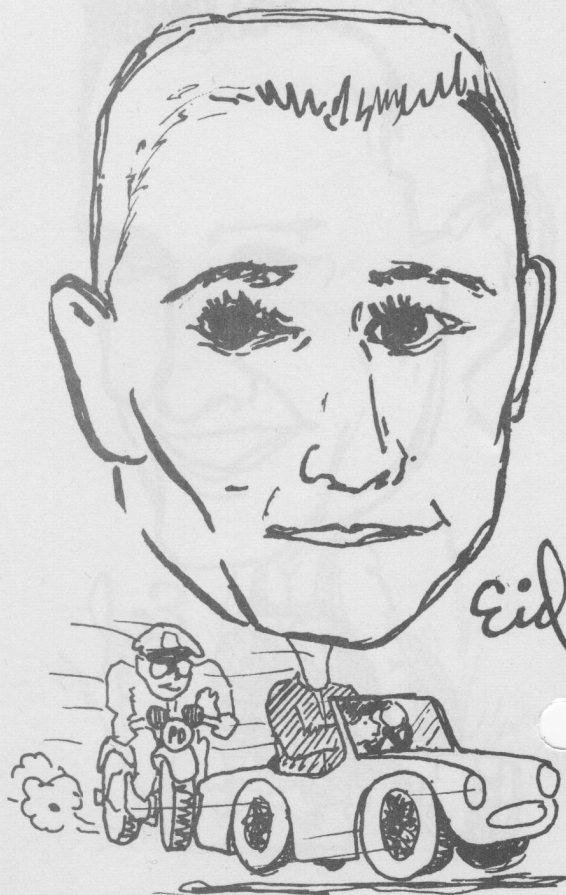
In viewing his recent career, we see that he was selected for membership into that infamous cult-- The Nasty Nine. After demonstrating extraordinary enthusiasm, interspersed with periods of total apathy, within this elite coterie, we now find the squadron idol Cy Rickards fully prepared and anxiously awaiting to make sine waves in Uncle Sam's Chain.

Rod Wells, Doug Catchings

*Bert Myers*

The title of Black Sheep of the All Stars must fall on the head (everything else has so it might as well) of Major Gaffney's Bad Boy, Bert Myers. After learning the fundamentals of keeping one's nose clean from our All Star coach, Dr. Fred Glotz, Bert has avoided all major trouble with the exception of a few Class III boards, light posts, and local authorities. An undecided student, he has ranged from a 4.0 to the D list with no effort, often within the same semester. Intramurder, always a favorite activity in Bert's day, has led to a number of honors for him, including one for a record run from the Springs to the Rugby fields that may stand for years to come (by coincidence, this is the same day that a Sebring-silver colored UFO was seen somewhere between the Springs and USAFA). A must on the All Star team if for no other reason that the AOC's would have been so disappointed if he hadn't of been (they felt real bad when he almost got left off the Alpha roster once).

bumaga





Teacher: "Spell straight."  
 Pupil: "S-T-R-A-I-G-H-T."  
 Teacher: "Correct. Now what does it mean?"  
 Pupil: "Without ginger ale."

\*\*\*

Bumags: Hard sledding today!  
 Norm: Why?  
 Bumags: No snow.



—Wampus

# Doob

## Dots & Doodles

What we were wonder-  
 ing was if Russia  
 attacks from behind  
 will Greece help.

A weary and slight quesay passenger was stretched out on a deck chair aboard ship trying to rest. A bratty boy was playing cowboy nearby, shooting at hordes of imaginary Indians and kicking up a racket.

"Run along sonny," the traveler suggested.

"I don't have to," the boy retorted.

"We're first class and my Daddy says I can play any place on the ship."

"Play some other place, I'm trying to get some sleep."

"That's funny, my Daddy sleeps in bed."

"Not enough," the traveler commented.

\*\*\*

Teacher: "Now, Johnny, if I lay two eggs here and three over there, how many will there be altogether?"

Johnny: "Personally, I don't think you can do it."

"Frequent water drinking," said the specialist, "prevents you from becoming stiff at the joints."

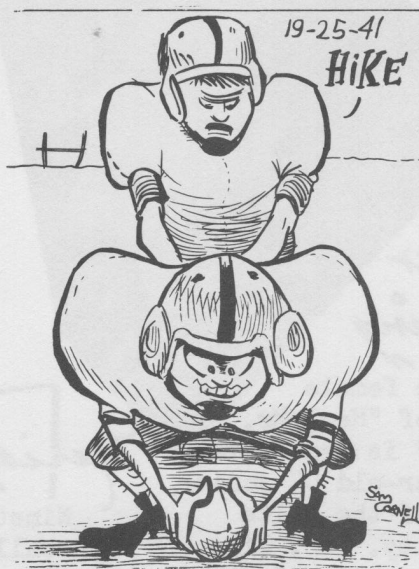
"Yes," said the patient, "but some of the joints don't serve water."

\*\*\*

"What's the difference between a girl and a cow?"

"I don't know, what?"

"Gosh, you must have some hellish dates."



—Pelican

# The Bluebards



*Lynn Ayers*

Lynn, a 19 year-old freshman, is a newcomer to the show. A product of sunny Sarasota, Florida, she is a CC Gamma Phi Peta.

# "Hey!

# Mister!

# Blue!"



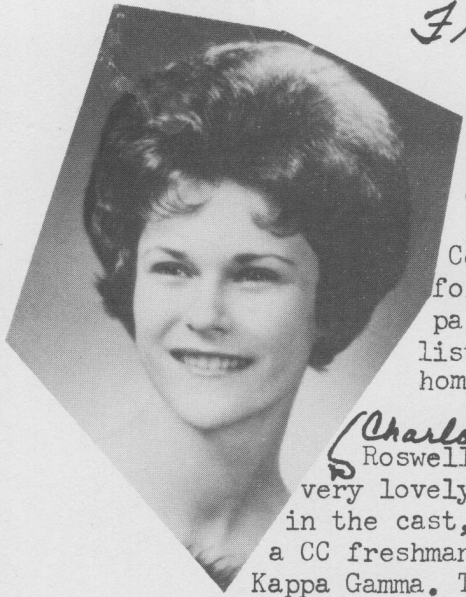
*Joyce Manning*

Headlining the female cast of "Hey! Mr. Blue!" is red-headed Joyce, a 20 year-old CC junior and a member of the Delta Gamma sorority. She, like Kathy, is recently off the stage of "Most Happy Fella."

*Merilyn Wise*

Nineteen year-old Merilyn calls Walker AFB, New Mexico, home, although like her fellow workers in the musical she has adopted the A-Hall stage.





*Flint Smith*

Nineteen year-old Flint is no stranger to the Colorado scene, for the Kappa Kappa Gamma sophomore lists Boulder as her home.



*Charlotte Adams*  
Roswell, New Mexico's very lovely representative in the cast, Charlotte is a CC freshman and a Kappa Kappa Gamma. The 19 year-old sweetheart has performed in "Carousel" and "Finian's Rainbow"

Here illuminated are seven reasons why "Hey! Mr. Blue!" should be an integral part of your this week's schedule -- seven lovelies who have journeyed from Colorado College to share a host of their many talents with the Wing. So, before you are greeted by their performances, the DODO has chosen to introduce them to you.

Kathy and Joyce share the center spotlight with Cadets Tom (ave Blue) Callies and the bouncing baritone, Phil Richardson. Charlotte, Diane, Lynn, Flint, and Marilyn each and together brighten all the choral sequences of the show.

With a cast featuring lovely and enchanting talent such as is here seen, the Bluebard's first production promises to be a "don't miss it" evening's entertainment...and they, too, promise to leave ample moments to "MAKE OUT!"



*Diane Lynn Cox*

Tracing a trail of stars that glow in her heaven is the first Miss Teenage America and one of the loveliest of the stars that glow on "Hey! Mr. Blue's" star-studded program. 18 year-old Diane, a Kappa Kappa Gamma, is from Richmond, Va.



*Kathy Quinn*

Fort Worth, Texas, gives us this 19 year old honey. Recently off the stage of "Most Happy Fella," Kathy is a new Kappa Alpha Theta.

