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the Dodo

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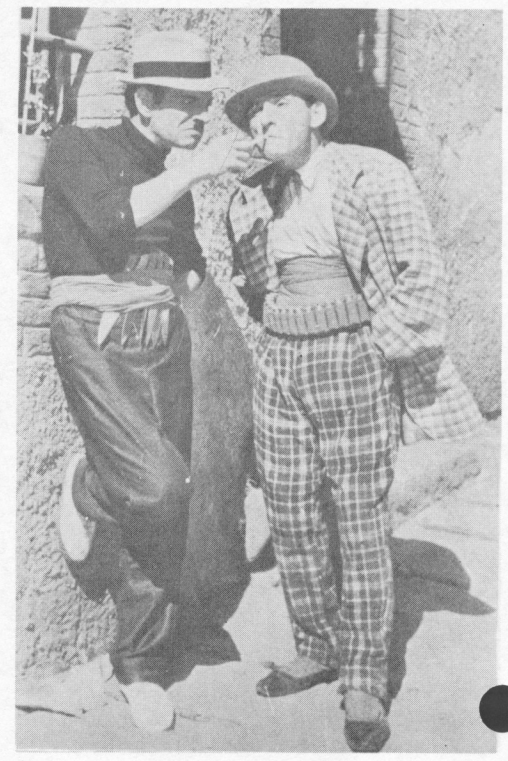
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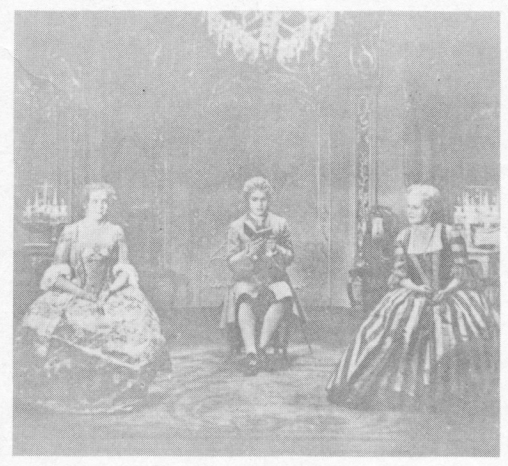
Recent changes in the staff of the Dodo, plus a new emphasis on AFCWM 34-1, have created something of a need for an editorial, to explain the new organization and the future plans of this hard core of twisted individuals who have faithfully taken it upon themselves to preserve for posterity (CWC, Loretta, St. E's, et al.) the sick humor of the world of the IRI, the econ quiz, and the Wing Blast. With the untimely retirement from this staff of our Leader, the full brunt will fall on the unstable shoulders of the Dodo's mad editor-in-chief, and the misguided staff. The staff will be somewhat enlarged, to better grasp a cross-section of the cadet mind, with interests as varied as from Joan Baez to Rachmaninoff, from blonds to redheads, and to give credit to those who have been giving some of the Dean's time without the stigma of a staff position. The features will remain intact and uninhibited, and our mission will not change in attempting to bring before you the best Dodo of which we are capable. It's still your Dodo.....

Dave Connaughton

FLICKS a la FLAGRANTE



Don't worry, Sir. They'll never get your pants while I'm SOD.



Now, Penelope, aren't you glad you brought your cadet here instead of to that vile Wing Blast?



THE Dodo SPACEMATE

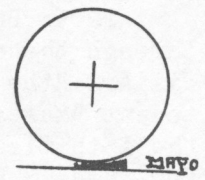
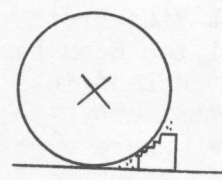
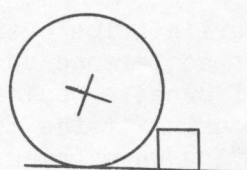
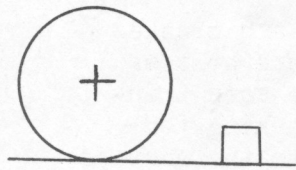
Gopher seems hardly the cognomen one would use to describe this week's Spacemate, but petite Andrea Hricko is just that and quite a bit more.

The relegation to the rodent family came as a result of matriculation* for the 5'7" twenty year-old junior now graces the University of Minnesota rooting section.

Safe (?) in her ivy-covered Academe several hundred miles from Colorado, Andrea studies Teacher Education.

For those readers whose tastes wander occasionally from the scholastic path, Mark Johnson in 6th is taking applications for turn-backs to the third grade.

*isn't worth looking up.



"As your new commander I intend.....

...to institute some new policies..

...which I feel...

..are necessary."

The Naked Terrazzo

(PART 2)



Hot lights glared from all directions. Ropes around his hands and feet burned. The hard chair back went into his back like a spike. All that Willard "the Clank" McLeod could see was the dim outline of the OC, Captain "the Bump" Muggem. "Who is Bedcheck "the Protector" Charlie?" he kept asking. All that Willard could answer was "But sir, I do not know...please, you're making me miss the Sandra Dee movie!"

"The Bump", seeing he was not getting anywhere, decided to use more drastic measures. "Mister, you'd better tell us or I'm going to make sure that you get the worst punishment possible!" "You don't mean, sir," Willard "the Clank" moaned, "you're going to take away my Huckleberry Hound Fan Club membership card and make me type stencils to all the new regs for that best seller, The Official USAF Academy Regulations by Quarto Macabre Plus a Fifth." "That is correct," the OC sneered, "and I am also going to put you in all the overload courses in Econ that I can get you into!" "Oh, you mean, heartless, cruel, man!" screamed Willard "the Clank" McLeod. "When I get back I'm going to make sure the boys rub you out." "Who said you are going to get back?" smiled Captain "the Bump" Muggem. "Take him away boys." At this point two men wearing white coats and carrying butterfly nets grabbed Willard "the Clank" McLeod and carried him screaming to the Econ Department conference room where his sliderule, stat. appendix, and 3,427,716 $\frac{1}{4}$ assorted econ problem sets, quizzes and G.R.'s were waiting for him.

2137: Harry "the Twitch" Jason is running back from Arnold Hall. While watching one of the homesick AOC's playing with a toy aircraft carrier in the airgarden pools, he notices that the Econ Department lights are on. He thinks that this is strange because he knows that the Econ Department uses candlelights to write their G.R.'s by. It is more economical and besides they can't read the answers to their multiple choice questions in the dim light and have to make out their answer keys by choosing answers at random from the last Mech G.R.

2140: After taking three cold tablets, four aspirin, 1 decongestion tablet, 2 tablespoons of cough medicine, 2 swallows of gargle, and an anti-heartburn tablet, Harry "the Twitch" Jason is ready. He looks in his hang-up bag...nothing. He looks in his laundry bin...nothing. He looks under his bathrobe...nothing.

2155: After digging through his unfolded laundry in his overhead, Harry finds his outfit and changes. Screaming at the top of his lungs his cry of war, Bedcheck "the Protector" Charlie loops a rope over the flagpole and swings deftly from his window into the middle of the nearest airgarden pool. Shooting at top speed he heads for the nearest elevator in Fairchild Hall.

2205: Bedcheck "the Protector" Charlie trips over a rug and crashes through the door of the Econ Department conference room. There he sees Willard "the Clank" McLeod in a pool of sweat. Beside him he sees Lieutenant "Massachusetts Bobby" Rolston looking at the ceiling asking for the 15th time, "Now, where were we?" "You were going to write the answers for these 3,427,716 $\frac{1}{4}$ assorted Econ problem sets, quizzes, and G.R.'s after you dismiss the section." said Bedcheck "the Protector" Charlie. "Oh yes," said Lieutenant "Massachusetts Bobby" Rolston, "I should like to point out that you men are dismissed."

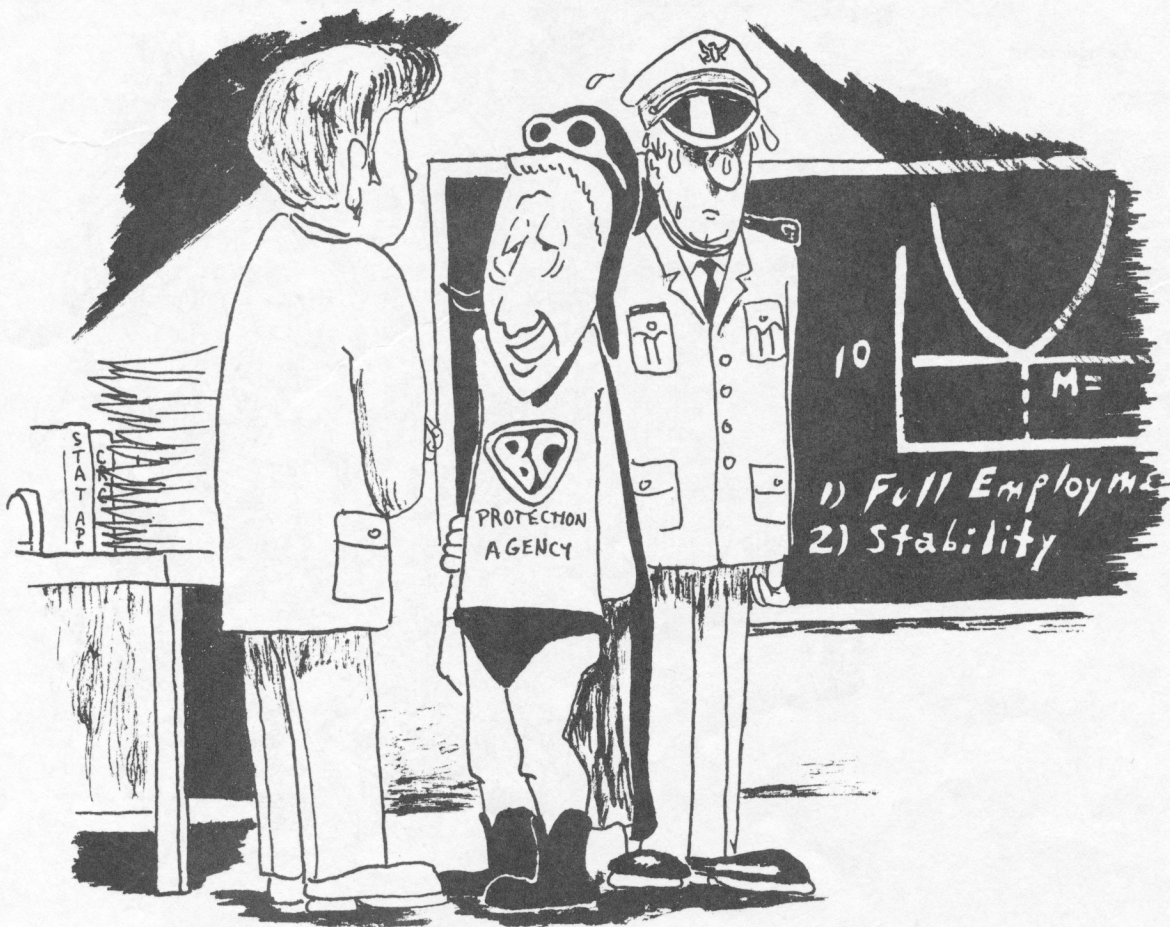
0610: Bill "the yellow pad" McQuiller and his mob go out to raise the skull and crossbones on the flagpole. When they lower the trousers of the OC whom they had tearfully reported missing in action the night before, they are surprised to find Captain "the Bump" Muggem still in them. "Darn it," stomped Harry "the Twitch" Jason watching the ceremony out of his window, "that Bedcheck "the Protector" Charlie can't even do a simple thing like running the OC's pants up the flagpole without tying it up."

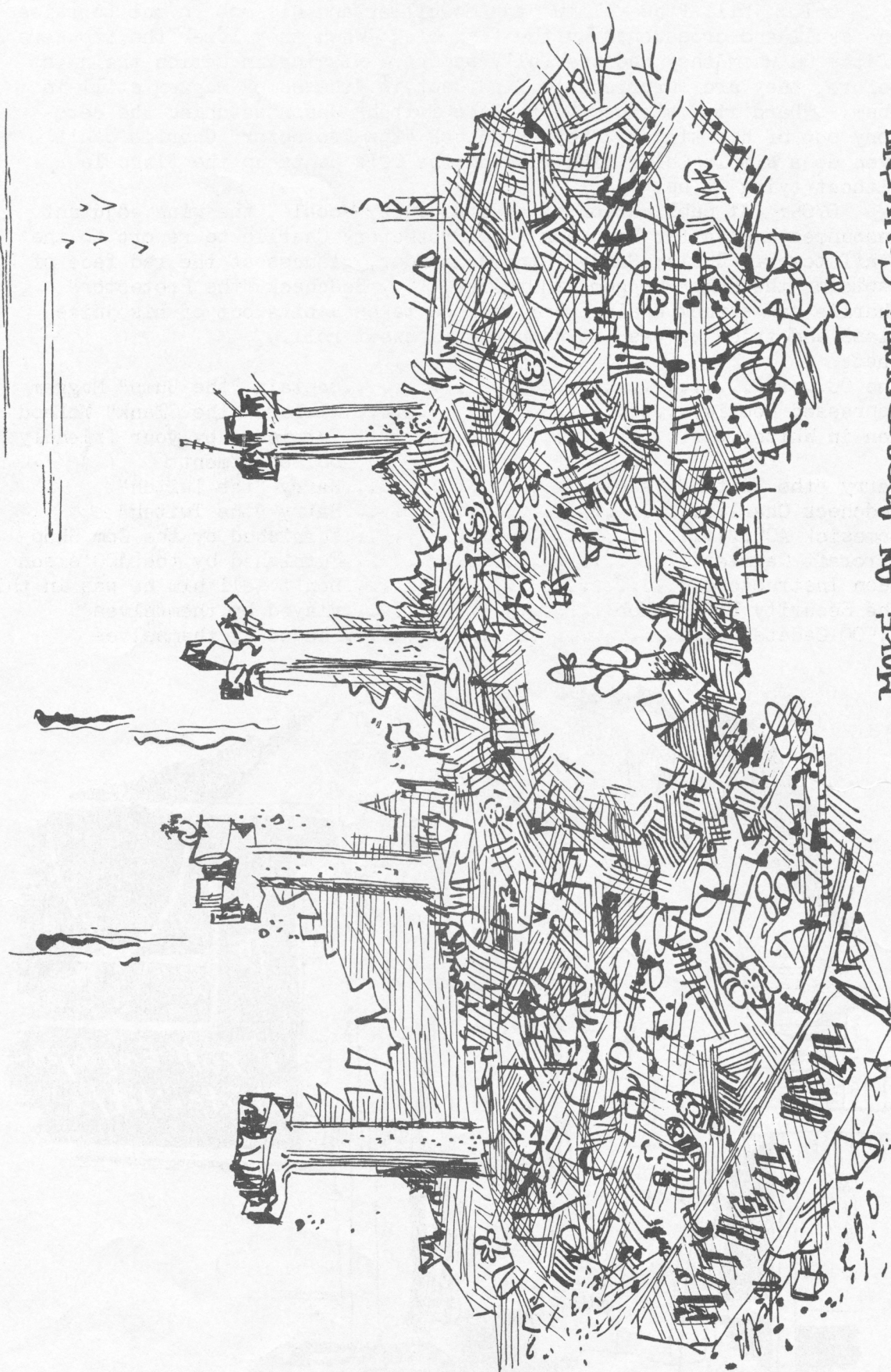
0705: At publication of orders, Bucky Wobble, the wing adjutant announces a plea for Bedcheck "the Protector" Charlie to report to the staff tower. Dudley Bardy, wing commander, glances at the red face of Captain "the Bump" Muggem and thinks, "So, Bedcheck "the Protector" Charlie has struck again. Smiling, he takes a bite out of his juice glass and tries to wash it down with a sweet roll.

Cast:

The OC.....Captain "the Bump" Muggem
 Oppressed Doolie.....Willard "the Clank" McLeod
 Men in White.....Furnished by your friendly
 BS Department

Harry "the Twitch" Jason.....Harry "the Twitch"
 Bedcheck Charlie.....Harry "the Twitch"
 Homesick AOC.....Furnished by the Com Shop
 Aircraft Carrier.....Furnished by the AOC's son
 Econ Instructor.....Don't tell him he was in this
 The Security Flight Mob.....Played by themselves
 2,500 Cadets.....Played by themselves





..... MAKE AN APPROPRIATE COMMENT.....

"My boyfriend doesn't drink, smoke, or swear."

"Does he make his own dresses too?"

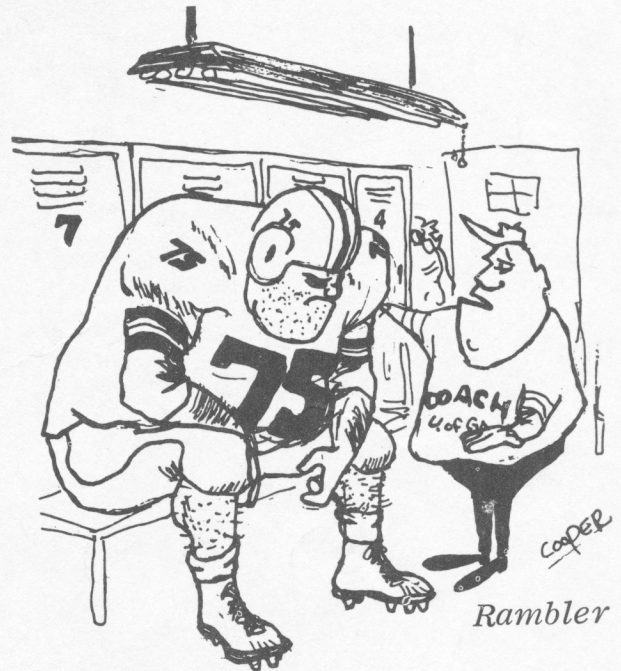
"I'll carry this case to the highest court in the land," said the lawyer to the prisoner, "but in the mean-time you'd better try to escape."

Doob

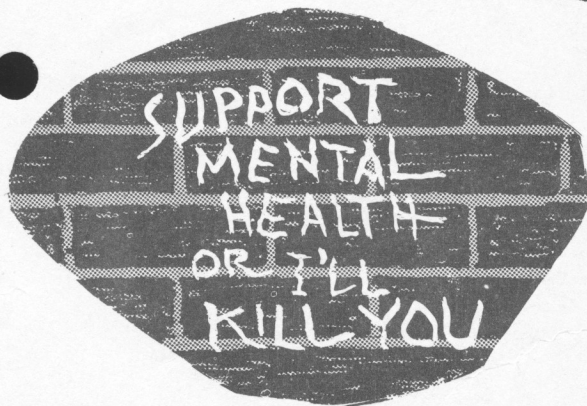
Dots & Doodles



Boy: "Hello."
Girl:
Boy: "Oh, well."

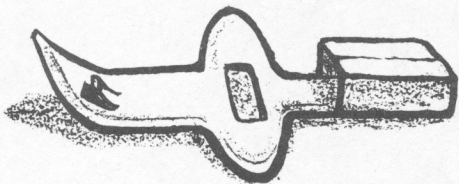


"No 7 once more Sodgins, the game is called football; get it—foot-ball, now again . . ."



He: "You're just like a sister to me."

She: "Migawd, what a home life!"



Modern teenager's skate key

Slowly, her eyes glowing softly, the beautiful young debutante raised a glass on high, exulting: "Port wine to me is the nectar of the gods, the elixir of life. When I imbibe its fluid, my very soul begins to throb and glow. The music of a thousand muted violins whispers in my ear, and I am transferred to the make-believe world of magic. On the other hand, beer makes me barf."

