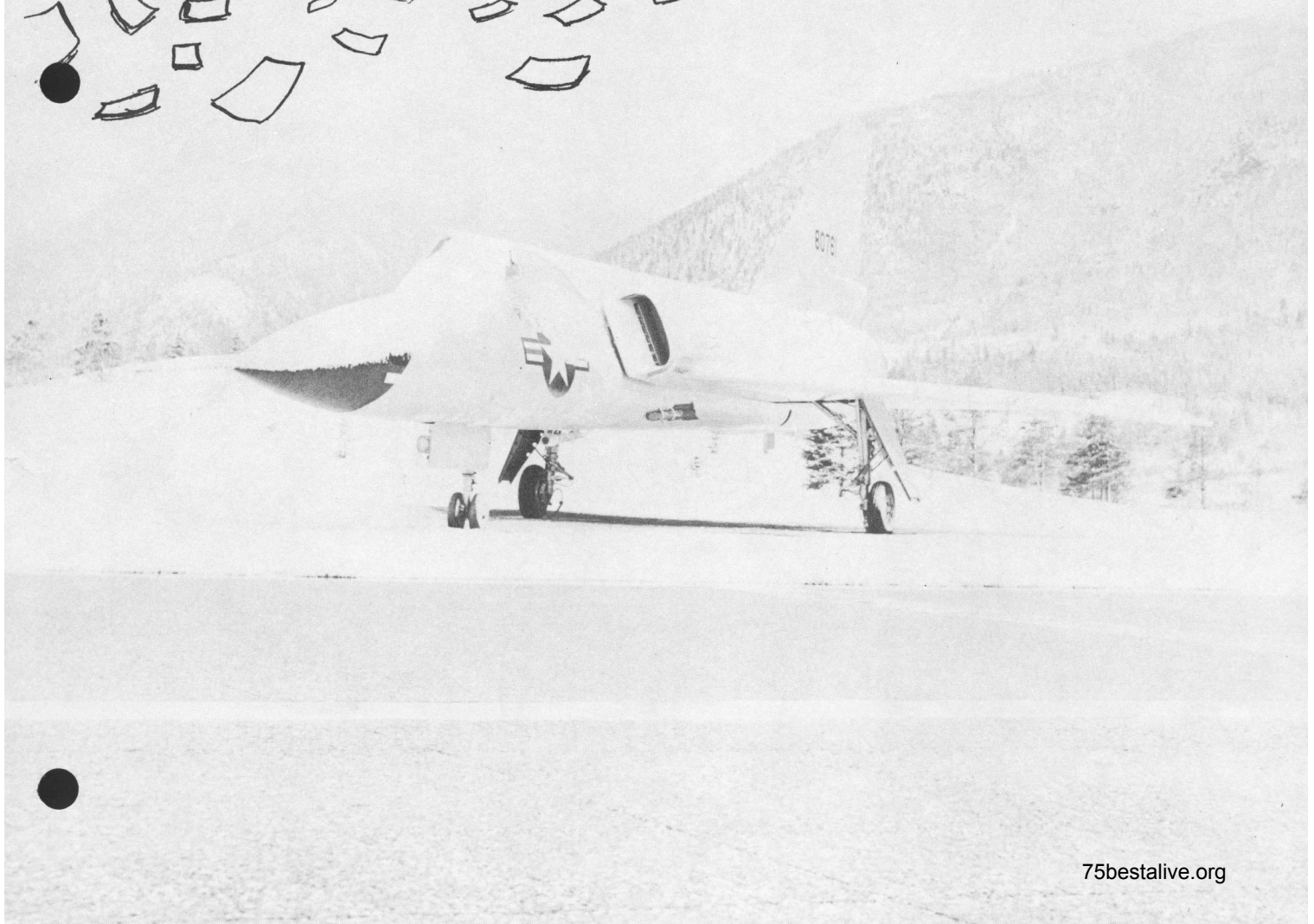
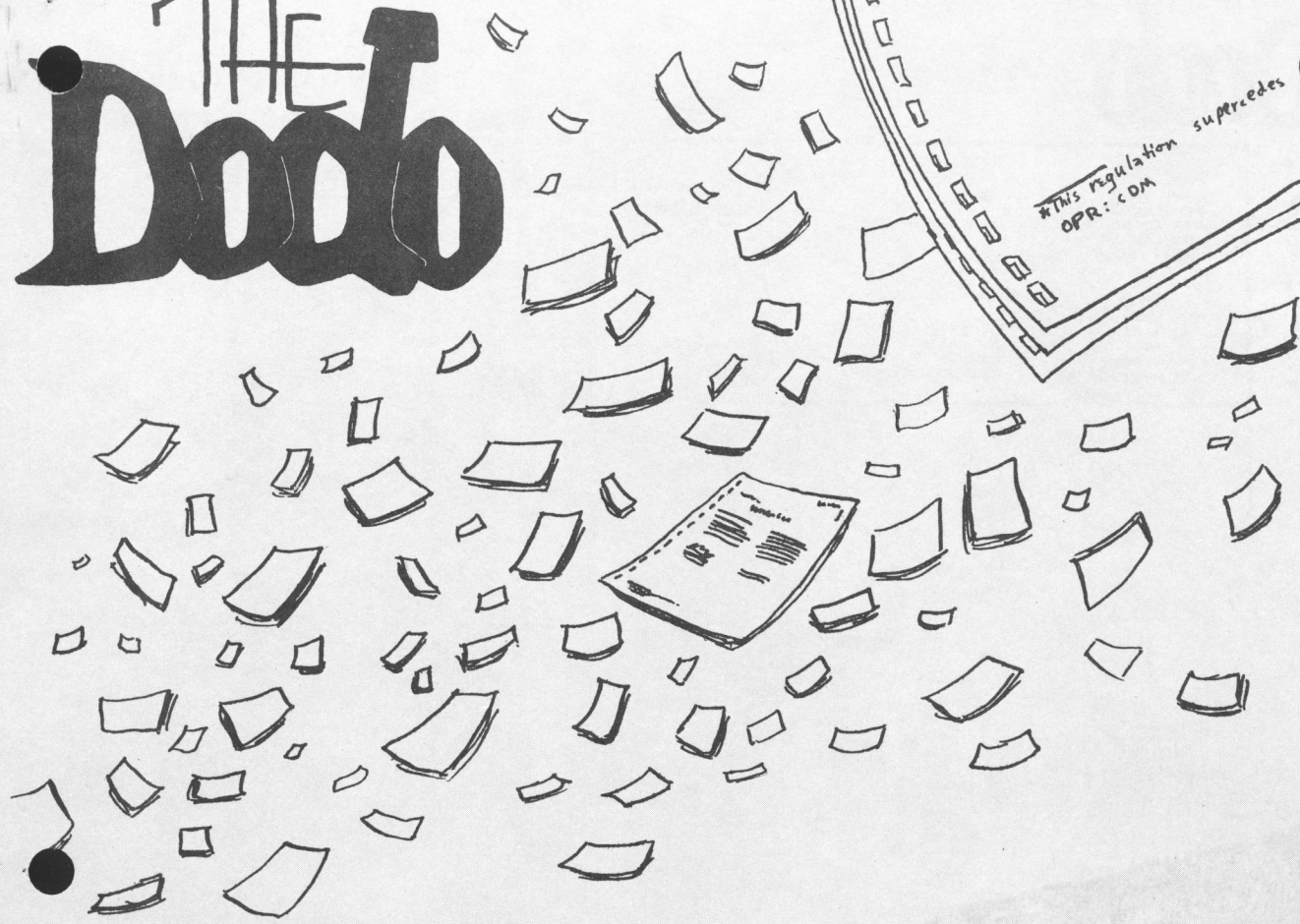


Vol VIII No. 7

JAMC
CWO, WA
Administration

#This regulation supersedes AECF
OPR: COM

THE Dodo



the Dodo

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2,500 CADETS CAN'T BE WRONG (Again; it's the law of averages). Support CWC, Mom's Apple Pie, your Dodo; and BEAT CU! [-ed.]



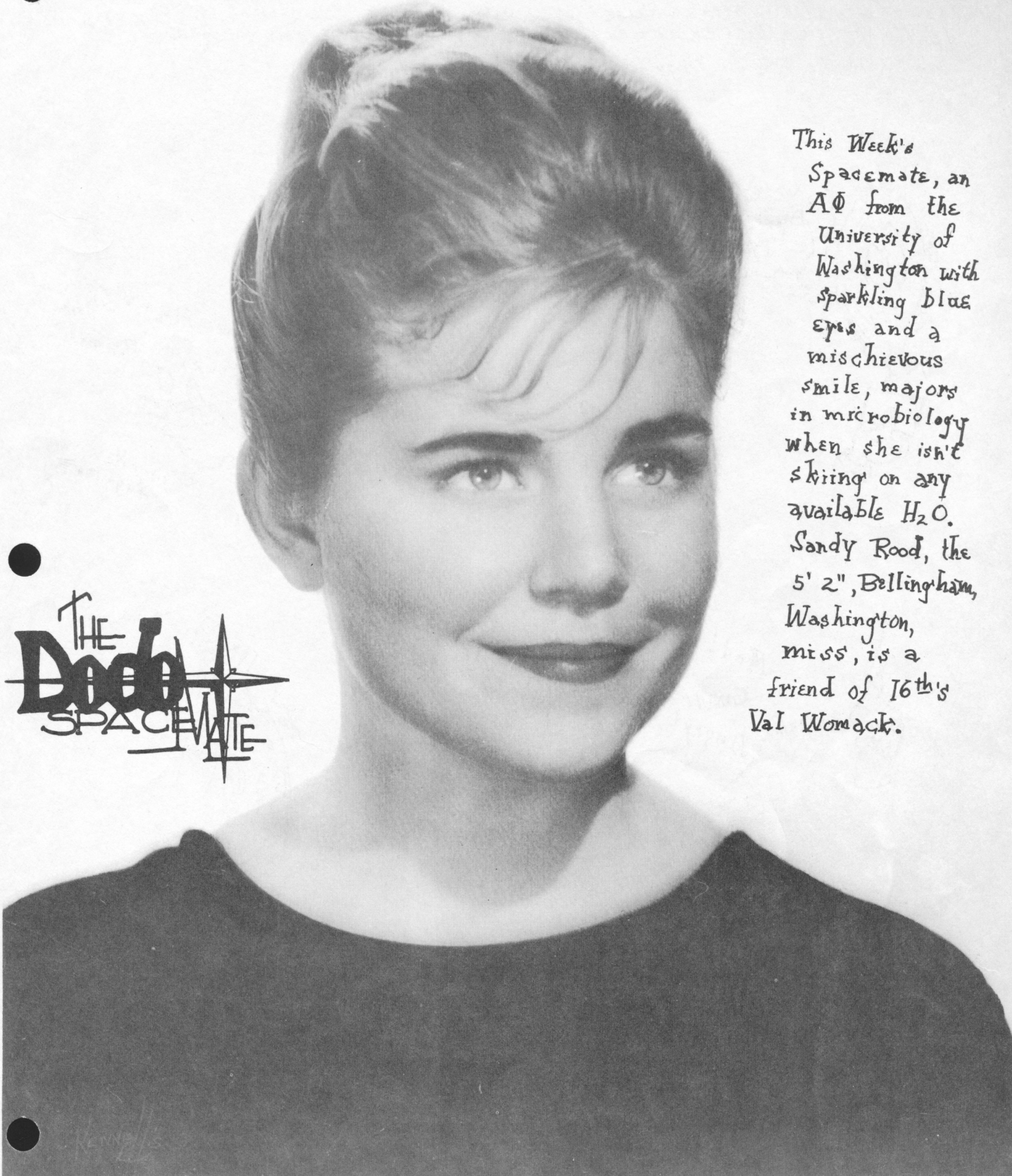
FLICKS a la FLAMMANTE



Oh look, a gold watch!



I've got a 426 with a 3.89 rear-end, how about you?

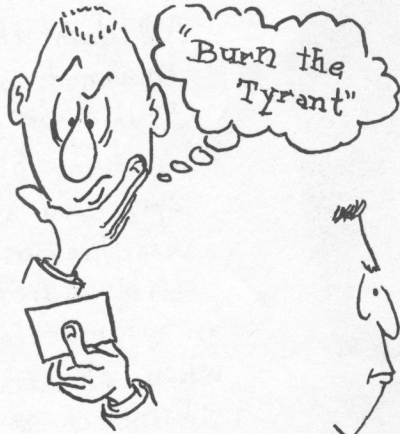


THE
Doo
SPACE
MATE

This Week's
Spacemate, an
AΦ from the
University of
Washington with
sparkling blue
eyes and a
mischievous
smile, majors
in microbiology
when she isn't
skiing on any
available H₂O.
Sandy Rood, the
5' 2", Bellingham,
Washington,
miss, is a
friend of 16th's
Val Womack.

THE DODO, like other animals of this Blue Zoo, is an unquenchable convention-goer, Mech-quiz-bomber and, above all, party-lover, but even we were amazed at the way qth Sq. plays that oldest (with the possible exception of "Postoffice," which seems to have had its origin in the Roman Orgy) of party games,

CHARADES

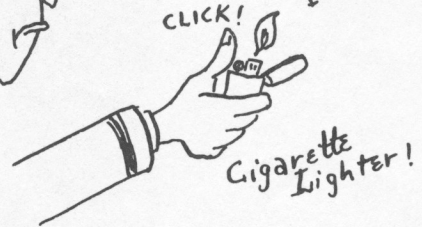


First Word!

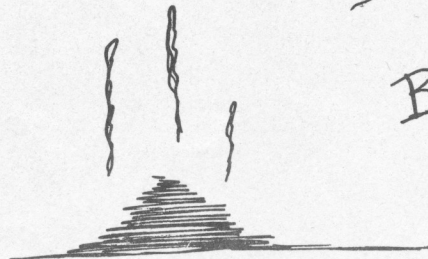
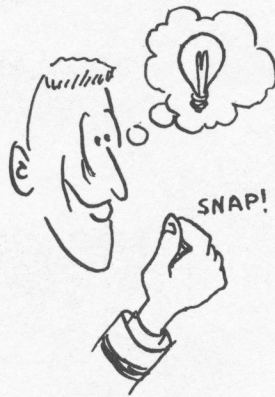
First Word!



Fire! Light!
CLICK! Flame!



Mad!
Growl!
GRRRR...
Angry!



BURN!
BURN!
BURN!

The Dodocation

Once, not too long ago, we were asked to a rather memorable event by the Densher College of Forestry in New Elm, Colorado. It seems that they were having a formal dodocation of the newest piece of architecture on campus--a brick and steel outhouse, hardened to withstand overpressures of 300 psi.

The ceremony was extremely complex, as most of the events at Densher seem to be. As you recall, Densher is the home of the nation's newest service academy--the Forest Ranger Academy, and with this dodocation ceremony, Densher whooshed into the thermonuclear age.

Immediately before the dodocation itself, the Forest Cadets held a really thrilling I-T-I (In Trees Inspection), in which they did precision handaxe manual while the Big Elm (Forest Cadet Cone Commander) recited Joyce Kilmer's "Trees" in a heroic monotone. As a finale to the ITI they simultaneously chopped down seventeen large tum-tum trees which had been donated by the governments of Eastern Nassaland and the Camerouns.

Following the ITI, the Cone of Cadets formed up (as it is their custom to do at dodocations), and, resplendent in their Forrest Green Uniforms, marched into the trees and back out again to the strains of "The Forest Ranger Hymn"--sung to the tune of "You're in the Army Now." In husky voices, the sap of America, the apex of democracy--the Cone of Cadets chanted:

Brave Rangers bold are we
We chop down trees with glee;
It's "plant we must,"
Extinguish or bust
We're here cause it's mandatoreeee----

As is the custom in the Forest Ranger Service whenever a new building is dodocated, a ribbon cutting ceremony was held. General Ima Sweeper, lifetime head of the Service's Sanitation Assurance Command (SAC), burned the ribbon in two with the end of a rum--soaked Havana Crook cigar, and made a short speech as to how lucky the Cone of Cadets was to be the recipient of "this fitting monument to the intellect of the sap of America." A large laminated mahogany key to the outhouse was then presented to General Sweeper who accepted it tearfully and who had to be carried forcefully from the stage.

The magnificent outhouse, for both men and women, was then opened to the public. Miss Dilly Farquart, age 5, of nearby East Oak, Colorado, was the first to try out the new facilities of the outhouse. She had been standing in line for two days. Said Dilly, "Ith very nithe."

At the conclusion of the ceremonies, the Cone of Cadets (minus some two hundred odd cadets who had fainted during the rather lengthy ceremonies), marched back into the forest to the sanctity of their distinctive cadet tents--but not for long. Due to some loathsome litterbug who had flipped a cigarette into the Cadet's ceremonial woodpile, the forest area immediately south of the Sweeper Memorial Outhouse was soon ablaze. In no time at all, however, the entire Cone of Cadets had formed up (as it is their custom to do during forest fires), and was busy at work in a bucket brigade to extinguish the fire. The blaze was soon put out thanks to the sterling supervision of the Big Elm over his men. We must admit, though, that it was a rather poor show indeed for the Cone of Cadets to appear in everything from bathrobes to dirty, nasty, ragged old sweatshirts to put out the fire. It was extremely disillusioning for us to see them so attired, and did nothing for their public image as the "sap of American youth." All in all, however, it was an afternoon interestingly spent.

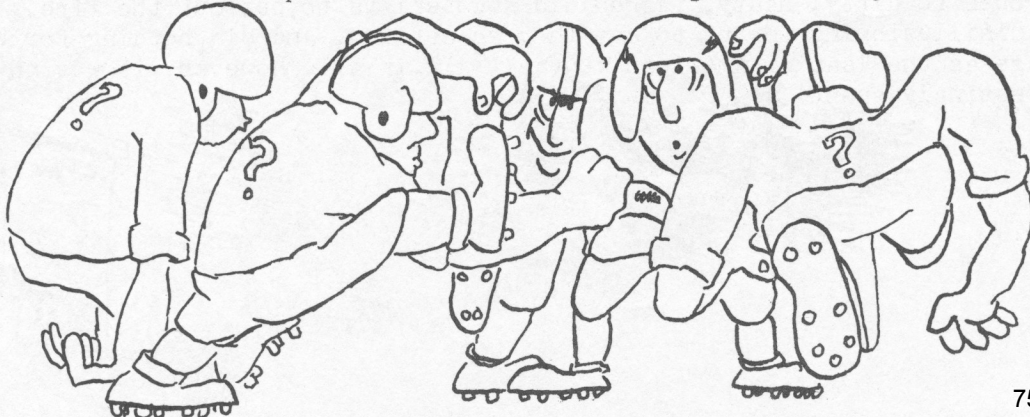


THE DODO SPORTS SCOPE

Last week marked the fourth time in the past five weeks that the dedicated Dodo sports staff prepared another outstanding summary of the previous week's sporting events. You didn't get to read it, did you? You wanna know why ol buddy? Simple, there wasn't any Dodo! Yes, once again you have been deprived of the Dodo's penetrating review of spectacular feats of muscle, speed, and daring. Doesn't that just make you wanna set down your mech book and cry, friend? Now, most of

the Dodo's subject matter is timeless - fer instance dirty jokes 'n stuff. If we don't print it this week nobody rips their knickers since we just toss it in next week with the same effect. Not so with a sports story. If we came out with our story about the hard-hitting, underrated UCLA Bruins this week, you'd probably think we'd we'd been eating the scrambled eggs. Maybe we should look at a few of the Seattle newspapers before saying any more about that. But so it goes every week. We have to rewrite the whole #&!# sports page whether anyone reads it or not. Far from discouraged, the sports staff has come up with a solution to this problem. We feel sure that someday this year or next the editors of this vital, outstanding, impartial publication are bound to put together an issue that is subtle enough to get past the exhaustive censorship which has taken so mush from you in the past. In the event of such a phenomenon the sports staff shall be prepared! Good grief Charlie Brown, we can't go on writing sports pages that never get printed, so what we obviously need is a story which is ready to go in five minutes, any time, any place.

Last week the mighty Falcon team, although thoroughly underrated by Ralph Moore and his Denver cohorts, who branded this mighty team a group of "pink cheeked, fuzzy faced boys which would be thoroughly outclassed" came through in sterling fashion by a score of 30 to 8. Performing before a crowd of 40,000, not counting the 69 representatives of the East Beaver Flats Kansas Junior High School Band which performed many thrilling, intricate maneuvers (with only three dress errors and two armswing mistakes) during the half time, the Falcons put on a convincing demonstration of their overpowering strength. The contest got off to a slow start, but it was clear, from the beginning that the Falcons had control of the game because of their relentless hustle inspired by the magnificent rally in the dining hall the evening before the game in which the pep band, without the services of the base drummer (who had been killed while attempting to start a pep rally at 2400 on Thursday night) performed in their usuall flawless manner and in which Capt Figmo of the Art Department brought spirits to fever pitch by undressing on the staff tower and throwing his clothes at hecklers in the first row. By half time the Falcon boosters had had much to cheer for as the team posted 14 points and all the rally committee's toys had a good workout. During halftime the fans watched the Falcon sit on the light standard over the press box while those on the west side of the field were treated to a view of 2000 Cadets trying to jam themselves into an allready filled-to-capacity Cadet guest section. In the second half the Falcons continued to dominate play convincingly and clearly emerged the victors. Only one incident marred the afternoon show for Falcon boosters, a burning projectile from one of the toy conns arched beautifully over the field and landed among the spectators, killing two fine fans and injuring three others. As the fans poured into the parking lot the loud speaker blurted out a parting word, "be careful on your trip home on 85-87 as this highway will soon serve as the breakneck escape route for Cadets leaving the Academy on Privileges!"



The teacher was explaining to the grammar school students the merits of owning a yearbook and having one's picture in it.

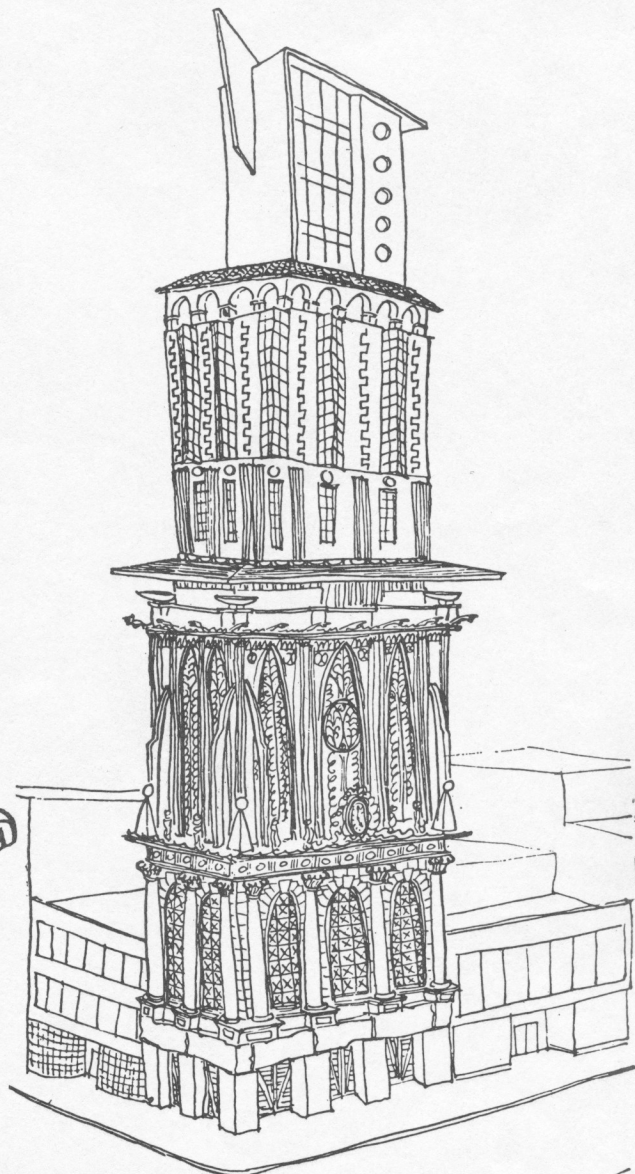
"Just think," she said.

"Thirty years from now you can look in this annual and say, 'There's Johnnie Smith; he's a judge now. And there's Mary Allen; she's a nurse. And there's . . .'"

"And there's teacher," came a voice from the back of the room. "She's dead."

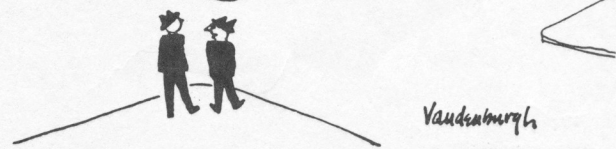
Wings NEXT!

Dob Dots & Doodles



Grouse Hunter No. 1: Hey you hit my wife.

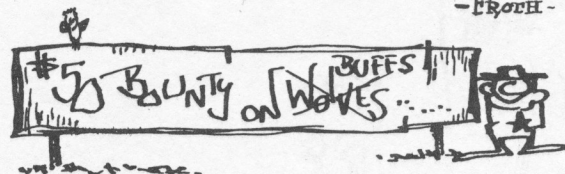
Grouse Hunter No. 2: Sorry, old bean, have a shot at mine over there.



Vaudenburgh

"They've been building it for a long time."

-FROTH-



A Southern farmer was introducing his family of boys to the president.

"Seventeen boys," he said. "All Democrats but John, the little rascal, he got to readin'."

