

THE Dodo

HEY, CAN YOUSE GUYS
WATCH THE LANGUAGE?
THERE'S A LADY IN
HERE ...

6G69



A CADET PUBLICATION FOR CADETS

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OPERATION EASTER

the Dodo

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What, indeed, is a DODO sponsorship without DODO fringe benefits? And in sponsoring Operation EASTER, what better frame that a DODO parallel to BUNNYDOM?

Seriously.....Operation Easter is the most wonderful undertaking of the Cadet Wing's heart in the course of the year, for it is the Cadet Wing giving, for a single Sunday, happiness to a group of kids who deserve an Easter bunny. And we of the staff have adopted this project, for we, like it, are the Wing's in Fate and Fortune. We feel that Operation Easter will be rewarding in veins of humor and fun, as well as in its intended vein of making this Easter a real Easter. And we are looking for everyone to pitch in, for then the DODO can promise everyone a glowing fringe benefit-- a big smile on a happy face on Easter Sunday.



This week's Spacemate, pretty Linda Lough, has recently made Miami's loss California's gain. Naturally, in her transit from one sunny beach to another, Spacemate Linda retains her preference for water sports although she enjoys all outdoor endeavors. Also named among her preferences are sports cars and 20th's Dick Lee. Unapparent from her gleaming smile, blue-eyed Linda earns her keep by wrestling with overseas operators. However, more apparent from her radiant glow and stunning figure, the 19 year old miss models occasionally in her spare time. Next time you want to call that buddy from the overseas field trip, route it through San Francisco - who knows?



THE
Doo
SPACEMATE

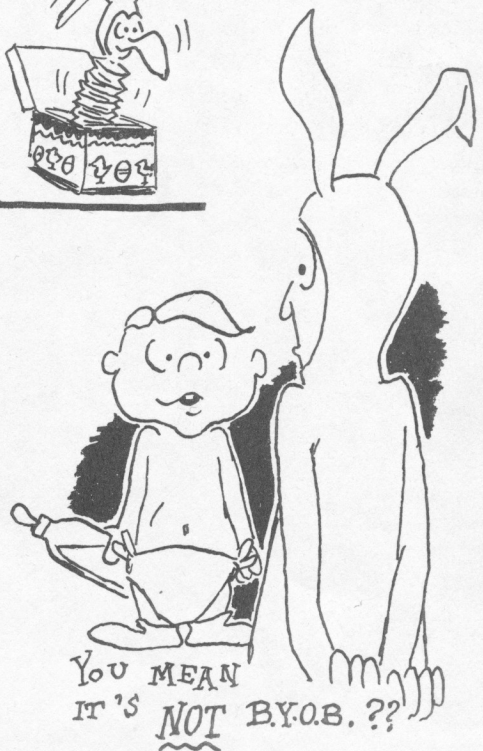
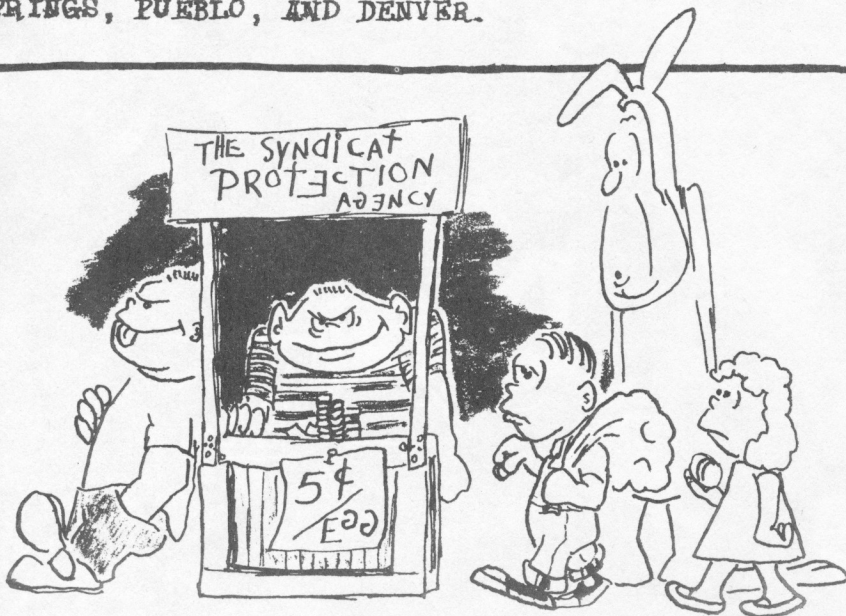


OPERATION



YOUR CHANCE TO BE GOOD-GUY-FOR-A-DAY (PROBABLY A NEW EXPERIENCE)...TO DO SOMETHING AS A WING...TO IMPROVE YOUR PUBLIC IMAGE...TO MAKE SOME MIGHTY UNFORTUNATE KIDS MIGHTY HAPPY.

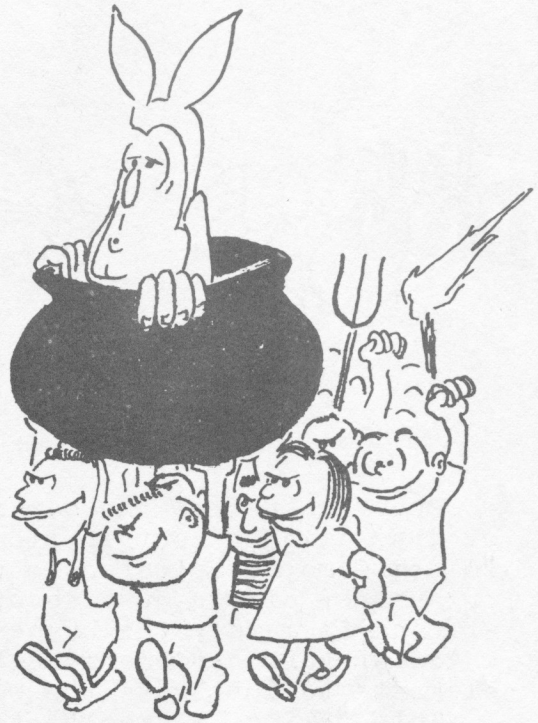
IN ITS THIRD YEAR, OPERATION EASTER HAS BEEN EXPANDED TO INCLUDE MORE THAN 500 ORPHANED, HANDICAPPED, AND UNDERPRIVILEGED KIDS FROM COLORADO SPRINGS, PUEBLO, AND DENVER.



You MEAN
IT'S NOT B.Y.O.B.??



OPERATION WHAT?



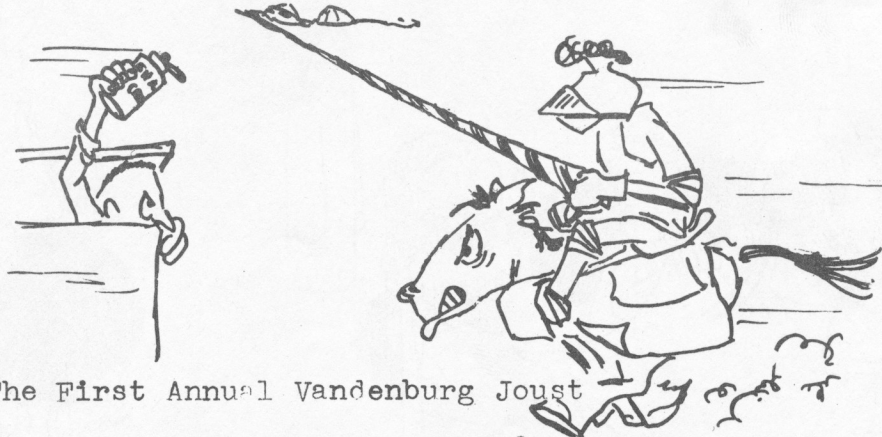
WITH A LITTLE OF THE DEAN'S TIME AND 50¢ PER MAN FROM THE WING, THE EFFORT PROMISES THE MOST SUCCESSFUL YEAR YET.



EASTER



THE DODD SPORTS SPOOF



The First Annual Vandenburg Joust

Once again from the paranoiac halls of Evil 8th Squadron, has evolved a major contribution to the mental health of the Wing--a new "Gloom Game," dedicated to the proposition that insanity of one type or another exists just about wherever you can find it. The problem at hand is merely the harnessing of some of the many available megawatts of reckless energy, given sufficient quantities of the "fringe element" to instigate the whole thing.

This "fringe element," (generally referred to by those "who know" as "attitude problems"), and without which the Wing would only bungle along at best, seems sometimes to congregate in rather noisy gatherings for the purpose of dispelling not only gloom, but also rationality or any other similar thing which stands in its way. Witness the night of October 25th when the Fringe was out in force, as Mauger's Marauders donned distinctive costumes and prepared for the First Annual Vandenburg Joust.

As nearly an exact re-enactment as possible of the jousts of the days of King Arthur was performed in front of a large group of "groundlings" (or obnoxious onlookers). Amid the rattle and clatter of Mach 1 mop dollies, and the crunch and clash of "duste moppes" on "waste basquetts" (which served as shields), many a noble knight errant was made to resemble a shish kabob in going down to defeat. Due to the inadequacy of four year old tee shirts (ugh) as replacement for chain mail, many of the contestants were unhorsed and rendered "hors de combat" (and that doesn't mean what you think it does)!

From what you must have learned in history class, you know that the Knights of Old fought for their ladies' favors (whatever the hell that means). In Evil Eighth there was no such tomfollery--our Fighters from the Fringe fought for their lives, and some almost won. The Grand Champion was Prince Lugger the Foulmouth, who put down driving challenges by Dirty Duff, Ludwig von Sexlife, and The Black Nebbish. This was in the Ape-weight category in which contestants must weigh over eight stone and have IQ's of less than twelve; we had no shortage of contestants.

For those of you wishing to join the Out Group too (which is rapidly becoming the (In Group)out), get rid of excess gloom, or just plain mess around; organize a joust and proceed to eliminate your classmates. You'll be amazed at how fast your class standing goes up.

Any challengers for Evil Eighth?

Some minds are like concrete--
all mixed up and permanently
set.

the Dooob

Our only Medicine



There was an old woman
Who lived in a shoe.
She had so many children
She didn't know what to do,
Evidently.



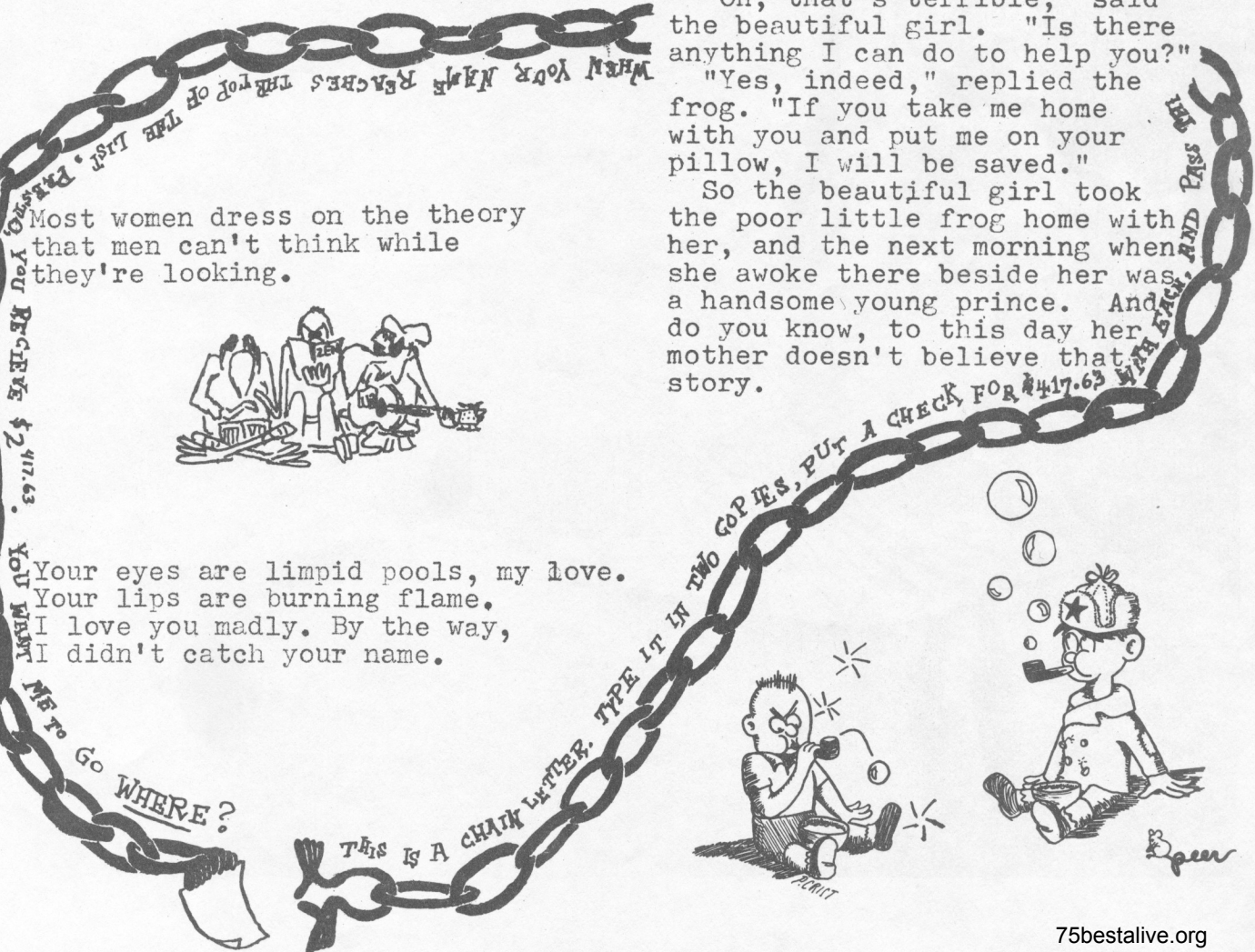
Once upon a time a beautiful
girl was walking through the
woods when she came upon a poor
little frog who spoke as follows:

"Lovely princess, once upon a
time I was a handsome prince,
but a big black witch turned me
into a frog."

"Oh, that's terrible," said
the beautiful girl. "Is there
anything I can do to help you?"

"Yes, indeed," replied the
frog. "If you take me home
with you and put me on your
pillow, I will be saved."

So the beautiful girl took
the poor little frog home with
her, and the next morning when
she awoke there beside her was
a handsome young prince. And
do you know, to this day her
mother doesn't believe that
story.



Most women dress on the theory
that men can't think while
they're looking.



Your eyes are limpid pools, my love.
Your lips are burning flame.
I love you madly. By the way,
I didn't catch your name.

