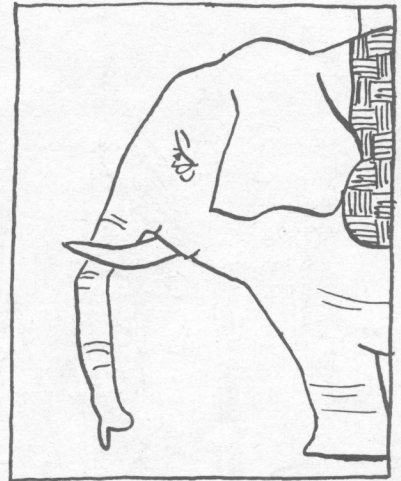


In This Issue.....

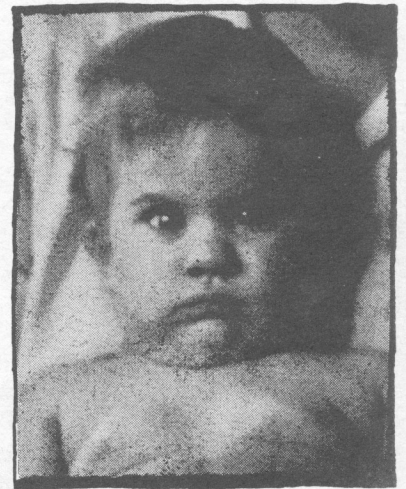
*... Sports :
A Salute to
The Elephant
Racers...*

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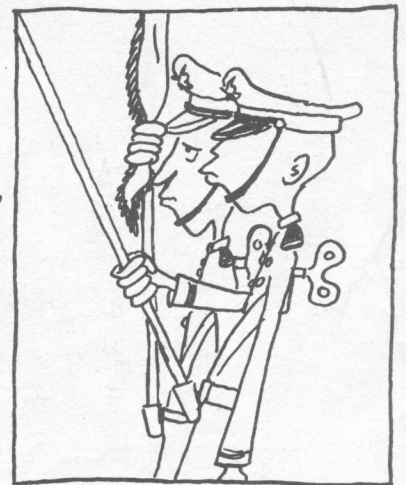
*... Academic
Purge, 1964:
How to Beat
Hell out of
Turnouts...*

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*... June Week:
Guide to USAFA
for Parents, Dates,
Brides-to-be, &
Lost Tourists...*

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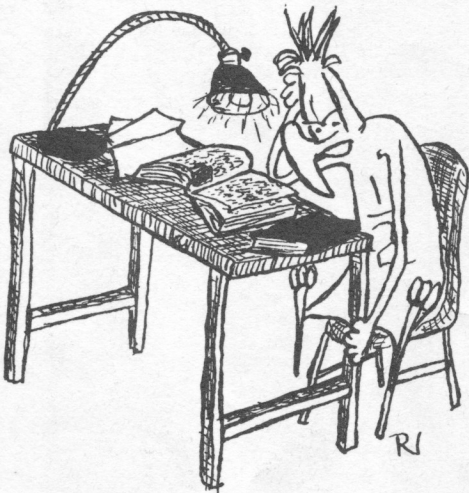
... A Great New Bonds Thriller...

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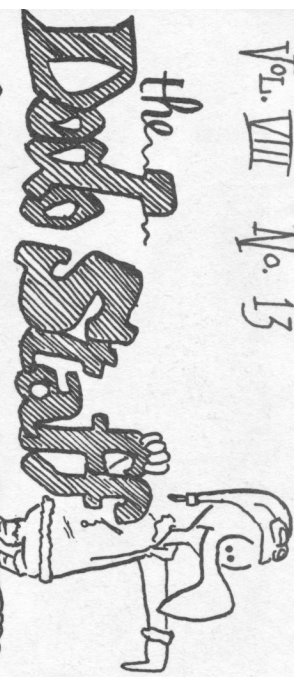
A CADET PUBLICATION FOR CADETS

IF YOU ARE TAKING A TURNOUT:

Turn to page 3 for the Dodo's time-tested study method. Bon chance.....



Vol. VIII No. 13



- ... Old
- CDR. SAM REX
- ... CREATION
- WAYNE ARNOLD '65
- RICH BROWN '65
- JESSE GAGLEY '66
- ... PHOTOS
- DICK SHUEY '65
- DON THOMPSON '66
- CHUCK KOLLNER '66
- JUD THERSON '66
- ... ART
- JACK EDSON '65
- DICK VOLL '66
- JOE ABRASAVAGE '66
- ... CINCDODO
- DAVE CONNOR
- ... HUMOR
- DUTCH BERRYLEY '65
- REB PHILLIPS '65
- ... SPORTS
- JT. SWAN '65
- DICK BURKETT '66
- JIM TILLEY '66
- ... TYPISTS
- BOB LAMBERT '65
- MAD McNAMARA '65
- ... BUSINESS
- WADE GREER '65
- CARL D'BERNARDINO '66

With this final scholarly issue of the 1963-64 Cadet Publication for Cadets I should much like to recognize the driver and pit crew of our only undefeated intercollegiate team, to wish each and all an interesting leave, whether on the Rue de la Paix, the land of the mach three conveyer belt, or (even) in Sunny Colorado, and to say a few dozen words about the Dodo's raison d'être, in the hopes that they might lighten the censorship by our hardest censors - those people into whose hands the Dodo falls, inevitably, illegally. Non-cadets. Civilians, even. (If you are not a cadet and are reading this, YOU'RE IT).

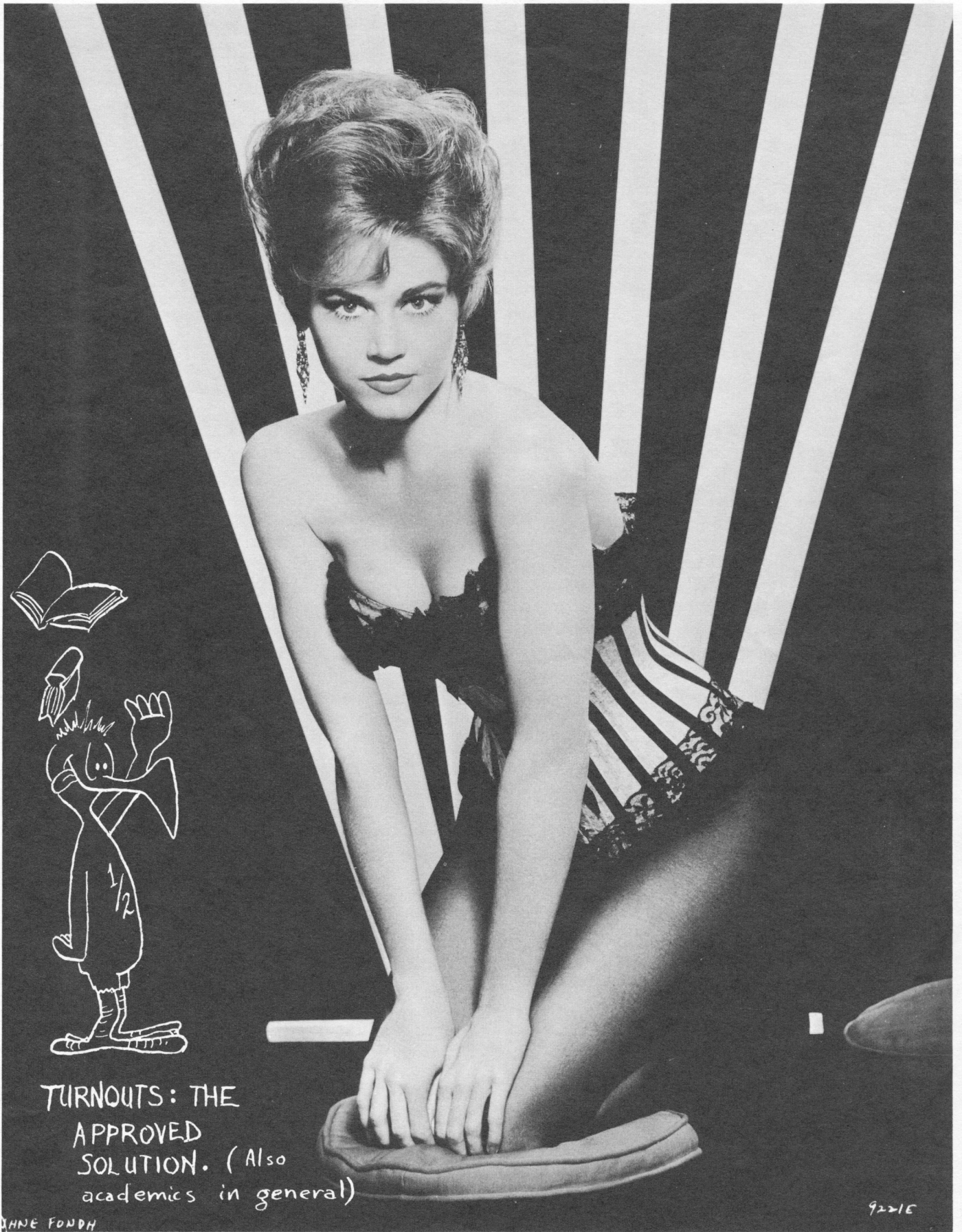
However obvious we are or are not, this publication has never been meant to portray an accurate picture of this Academy, its inmates, or life at USAFA. If you think you recognize something factual, however distorted, we haven't been subtle enough. Because this humor paper should be esoteric enough to be understood only by Cadets, for whom it is printed. (Intentional fragment) And we of the Cadet wing will have to guard jealously every copy of the Dodo if we are to ever regain the publication the Wing wants. I leave this as a suggestion to the new staff and the new Editor's-in-Chief....dmc

CERTIFICATE OF MERIT

Award

*A Dubious Distinction:
For Outstanding Achievement
In 1964
Intercollegiate Competition.
Awarded to the undefeated
Varsity Elephant Racing Team...

the
Dodo

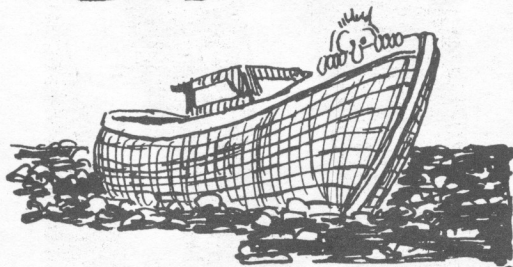


TURNOUTS: THE APPROVED SOLUTION. (Also academics in general)

JANE FONDA

9221E

FROM



WING =

With Love

A New GR BONDS Mystery by wfa ...

G. Robinson Bonds at his nastiest.

Bonds walked into W's office and his desk...after picking himself up from the thick carpet, he took a seat in the plush red chair. "You wanted me, Sir?"

W looked up indifferently. "Not particularly, 2908K, but we have a nasty job to be done and you're the only man in the department that's expendable." Pulling a red notebook from a secret compartment in a reg book, W opened the file marked "COSMIC SECRET-FOR YOUR EYES ONLY-This supersedes AFGR FYEO-CS 25-a,b,c dated 28 May 64." He handed the file to Bonds.

Bonds read the file. His face turned an ashen white and his nose twitched at the smell of something strange. "The bosses secretary has been perfuming the files again" thought Bonds.

"Well, 2908K, do you think you can handle it?"

Bonds looked up from the file and contemplated the fly swimming in W's coffee. "Poor chap," he thought, "Never had a chance." Bonds knew that W was in the habit of having his coffee sent from Mitchell Hall and appreciated the plight of the poor fly. "Sir, just one question. How did you find out that Superdool, arch international criminal, was ordering three thousand pyrahna from South America to be delivered on June 2nd?"

"From the contractors working on the air garden pools. Agent 335 was going out there for one of his coffee breaks and discovered that they were preparing three pools with lead base for use as acid tanks. It seems that Superdool bribed them."

"I see Sir."

"That's nice, 20/20?"

"Pilot qualified."

"Well, 2908K, there is your assignment. The class of '64 is in danger of being masticated. You must stop this arch criminal. By the way, Agent Scotty of Naval Intelligence is working the case with you. He says he thinks he can keep the whole class busy on the weekends in case Superdool tries something sooner. I expect his "report" soon.

"Very good, Sir." Bonds lifted himself out of the chair and started out the door. He noted that the fly had dissolved. W having five doors into his office, Bonds finally found the green handle and exited in his usual manner...feet under the corner of the reception room table and can first into W's secretary's desk. She smiled and said "Good morning, Mr. Bonds." Bonds took note of the mocking tone in her voice. He thought of the fly.

Pouring her a cup of coffee, he started to walk out the door. He smiled inwardly as he heard the gasp and the hard thump on the floor behind him. Walking into the corridor, he saw a doolie in the hallway to his left and a girl in the hallway to his right. "John"... "Marsha"... he ducked as the dool vaulted over him and banged nosefirst into the closing elevator doors. Bonds muttered something about June Week and girls in general.

Bonds walked into the library to do a little research. All the books on tropical fish were checked out. Strange. He decided to go to Arnold Hall to see if anyone had been paging three thousand pyrahna. On his way over he went to his room and got his .25 Berretta out of his overhead, with fifty rounds of

ammunition. The pen was in good shape and those fifty new "No carbon" forms 10 were great. He woke up his roommate. Told her to go back to sleep. After two Lavoris cocktails, Bonds was ready to go on.

Bonds walked through the door into Arnold Hall. "Oh peachpits" he thought, "I forgot to open the door again. That glass is expensive." He walked up to the desk and flashed his Base Defense Emergency Card to the Security Flight officer.

"What can I do for you, 2908K?"

"I'm looking for three thousand Pyrhanna fish, if you please,"

"The drinking fountain is right up there."

"Has anyone paged for them?"

The Security Flight officer was about to speak when there was a rumbling behind him which grew into a loud "Marsha"...in front of him there was a delighted squeal. Bonds and the JOD ducked as the flying doolie soared over them, then flew back as the recoiling girl's room door launched him into a side-straddle on Pegasus. Bonds again mumbled something about June Week.

The fish were gone. They had been distributed as blind dates. Bonds cringed .

Bonds jumped into his 300-SL and headed for the second class parking lot... yes, it was gone. He went back to his room. Walking in, he saw his roommate smiling. The room had been retiled..."Terrazzo grey," thought Bonds as he tripped over one of the massive stones and fell headlong for a closer inspection of the marble. His roommate giggled and he kissed her-bleeding nose and all. He (blush) cursed. Then, eyeing his still giggling roommate, he reached into his pocket and pulled out a flask. "Cup of coffee, Dear?" She took the flask and began to guzzle it. Bonds walked down the stairs and watched a tuft of plaster fall from the bottom of the fifth floor right underneath his room. "Poor fly," he thought.

Bonds heard rapid steps behind him on the terrazzo. "MAAARSHA"...there was a giggle and "John" from the Mall. He watched the doolie run onto the Mall and fly headlong into the 106. There was a roar and a KASPLANG. Bonds watched the doolie skid on his nose across the Terrazzo. "Odd" thought Bonds.

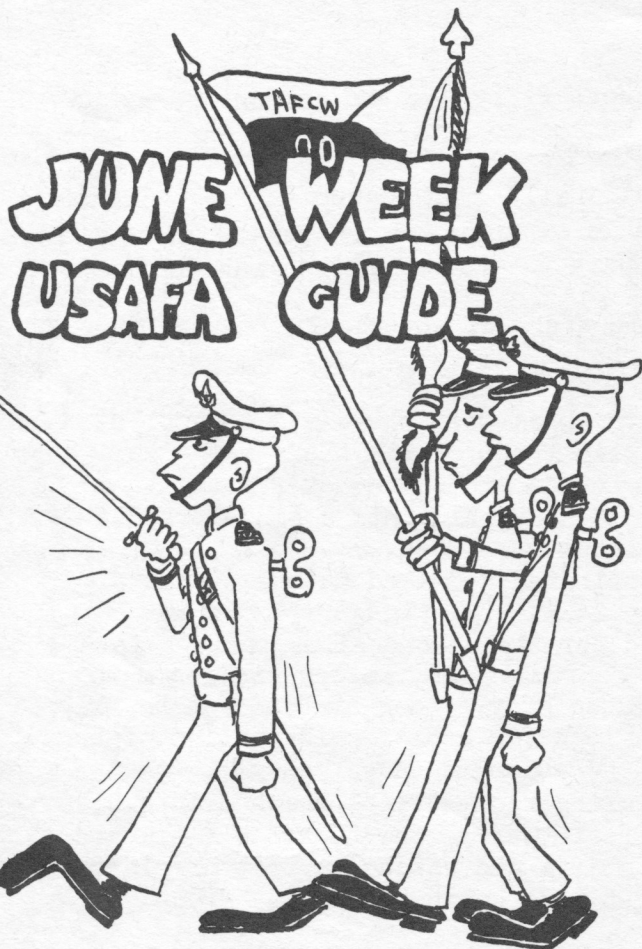
MIDNIGHT: Bonds was in the dining hall filling his pockets with Guava Jelly when he heard wild gurgling and snickering coming from the direction of the air garden pool. Disregarding the Wing Adjutant (who was practicing his announcements for the next day by candlelight), he ran by the 106, which had been taxied to the West doors, and darted by the greenish-yellow Eagle and Fledglings.

There it was...the missing boat (you know, the one that is supposed to be moored down in the firstie parking lot). There, in the crimson moonlight, Bonds saw Superdool emptying cans of shiny fish into the water.

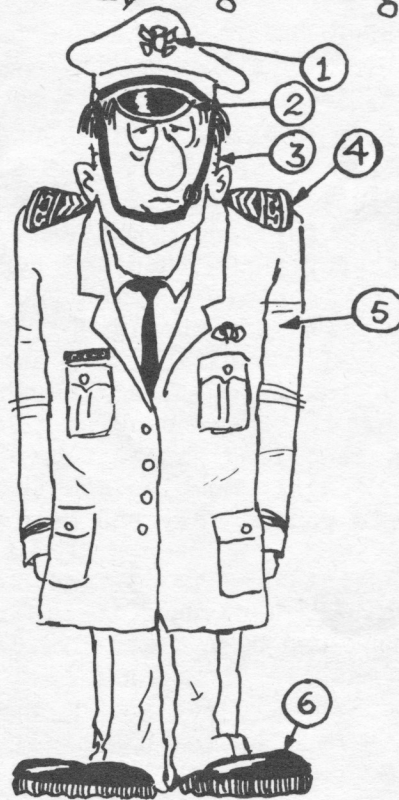
Bonds ran back to Mitch's and threw open the doors. By this time the cooks were "preparing" "breakfast" and the smoke of the burning bacon rolled through the air gardens, setting up a smoke screen. Speaking his most fluent Spanish, he recruited a bunch of waiters to carry two pots of coffee apiece through the air gardens. Naturally, the waiters tripped and fell, dumping the coffee into the pools.

The dust and smoke cleared; in the pale moonlight Bonds could see thousands of flecks of little dead fishies on the top of the boiling brown water, and could hear the screams of the arch criminal Superdool as the bottom of his boat disintegrated in the brown mirth. Bonds smiled and lit a cigarette - it was a job well done. As he walked back toward his room he heard a scream from the top of the yellow flag pole...MAAARShaaaaa...and the answering giggle from the bow of the sinking cruiser...hee hee hee...John...and the night was still except for the clanging of a head on the metal spigot of the air garden pool.....Bonds thought evil thoughts about June Week.

AND AS THE ACADEMIC YEAR DRAWS TO A CLOSE, A WISH FOR MANY GOOD TIMES DURING THE COMING SUMMER FROM THE CREATION STAFF OF YOUR DODO...SEE YOU NEXT YEAR.



Recognizing a Cadet...



Not a particularly difficult task. A cursory glance at the uniform will reveal:

- ① Bird on cap, w/o Officer's circle of stars above it
- ② Aluminum foil on cap brim
- ③ Regulation haircut
- ④ Shoulder boards to indicate rank or something
- ⑤ Tailor-shop "special" blouse
- ⑥ Spit-shined shoes, just like the Real Air Force doesn't wear...

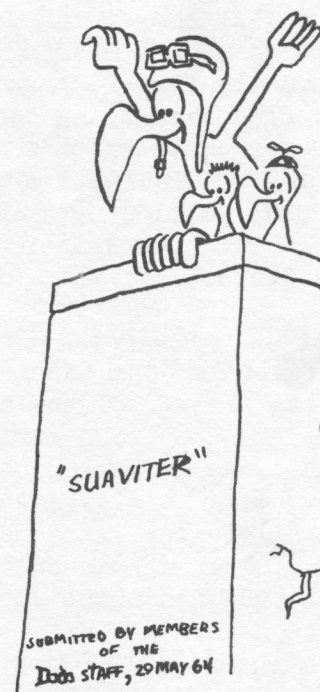
page 1

Definitions to Know...

- AΦA - Alpha Figma Alpha, a fraternity at a small Rocky Mountain college
- Air Garden - a depository for sand and screaming 2nd Lieutenants
- Arnold Hall - the Student Union building
- Comm - Head of the ROTC program
- Doolie - an AΦA pledge; gross
- Fairchild Hall - meeting place for sleepy students
- Firstie - an AΦA honcho; a BMOC
- Mall - a depository for red airplanes and screaming 3rd Classmen
- Mitchell Hall - an on-campus eating place specializing in chicken dinners
- Security Flight - any power-mod BMOC or LMOC
- "The Airstrip" - no comment
- Vandenberg Hall - any large aluminum cage

page 2

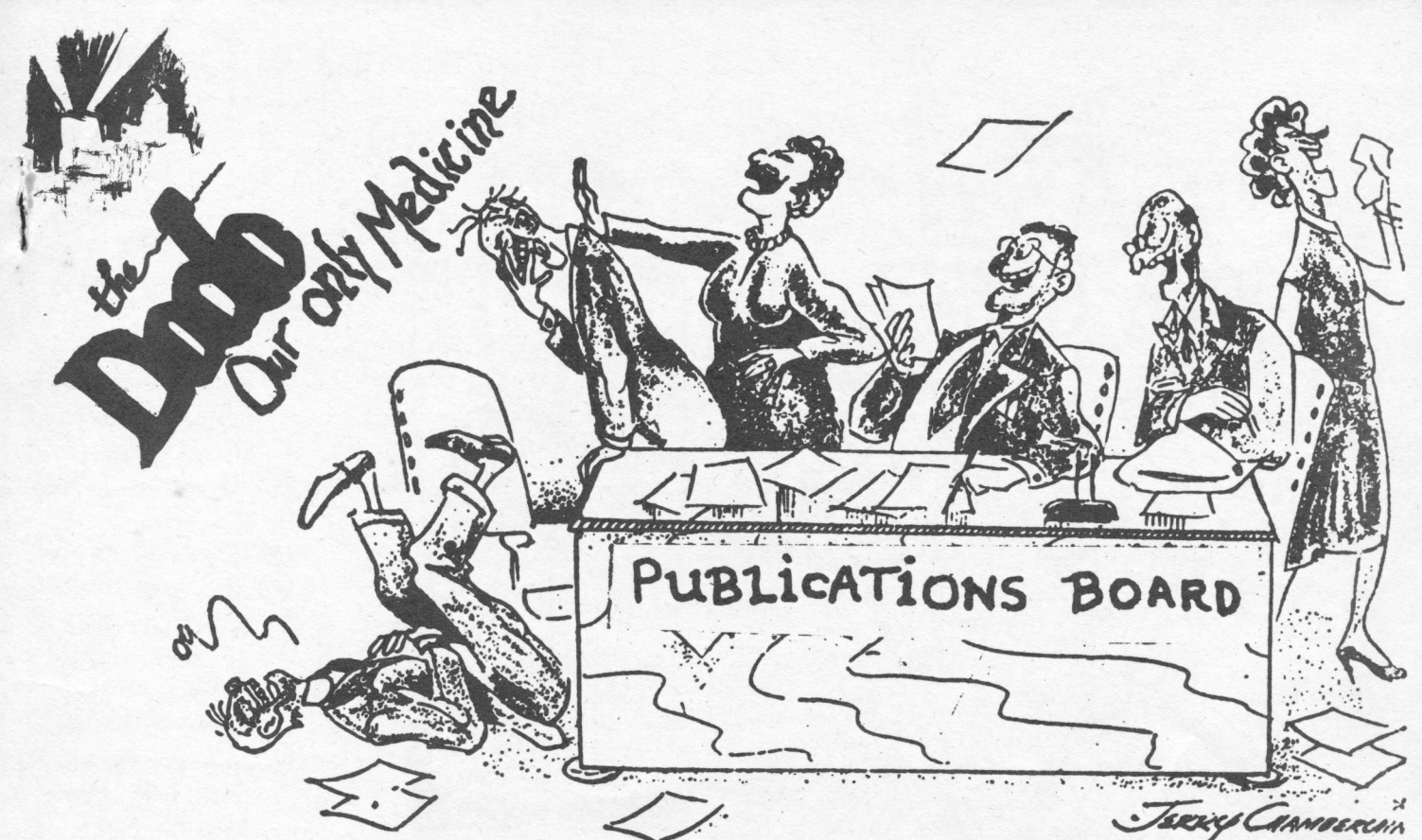
The Symbol of AΦA...



The impressive "Fleagle and Friends" statue stands proudly in the Bcomplex N.E. tunnel as a traditional, moss-covered, sentimental-type statue, otherwise not real functional.

page 3

75bestalive.org

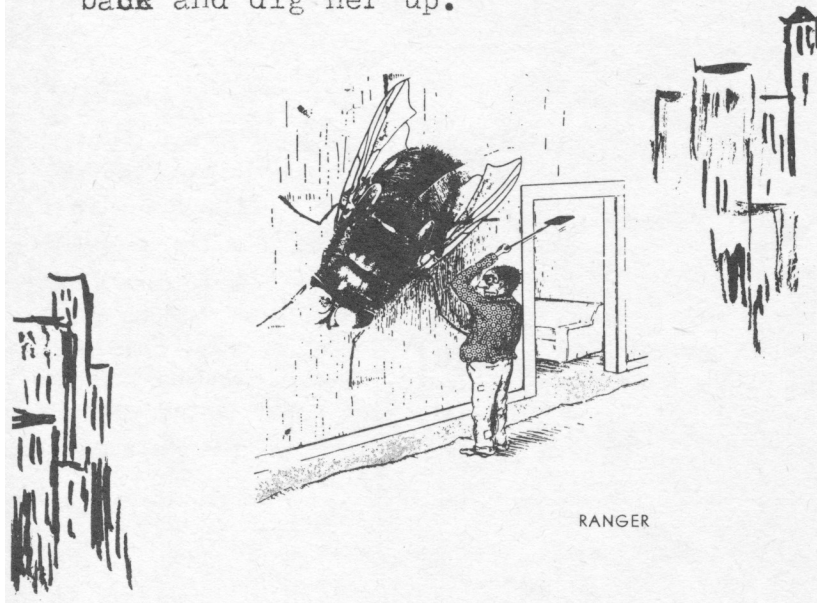


Jerry Cramer

"Let's read that once more before we ban it."

My wife and I sure had a good time at the beach last summer. First she'd bury me in the sand, and then I'd bury her. This summer I'm going **bank** and dig her up.

AOC: "If there are any finks in the room, please stand up." After a long pause a lone man rose to his feet. "What, do you consider yourself a fink?" asked the officer. "Well, not exactly sir, but I do hate to see you standing there by yourself."



RANGER

A college student is one who enters his alma mater as a freshman dressed in green and emerges as a senior dressed in black. The intermediate process of decay is known as college education.

