

A CADET PUBLICATION FOR CADETS

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No. 2

the Dodo Staff



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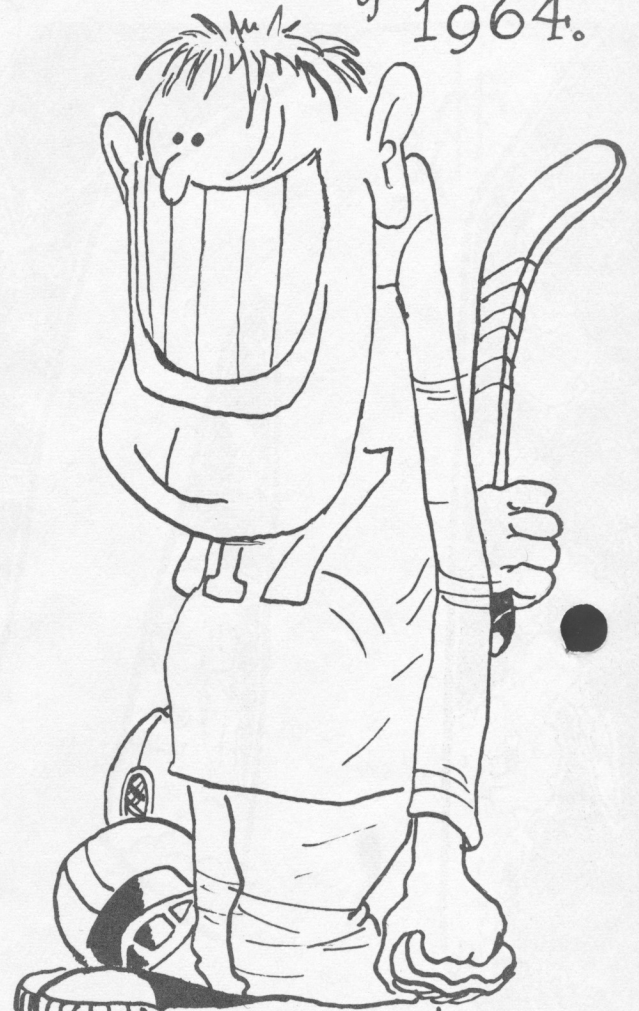
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Every one listed on the masthead above, and anyone interested in working for the Dodo in any of the areas listed above (including Editor) please contact me at your earliest convenience, at 4675 or see me in Room 5D65.

Dave Connaughton

CONGRATULATIONS

to the
Wing Champions
of 1964.



1964

Football 18th
Soccer 16th & 10th
Flickerball 23rd
Field Hockey 14th



THE
Dada
SPACEWATE

SANDI HAUSER
Neat, huh?

BIRTHDAY SALIE
SPRING LAKE, IOWA

In response to pleas for more tales of that popular all-time hero, G. Robinson Bonds, the Dodo is proud to introduce another character for the annals of American folklore, J. Wellington Bonds. At the present time G. Robinson Bonds is on a well-earned vacation at the hands of that nasty criminal, A. Fitzwilliam Badriver, who wrent G.R. sorely while he was hot on the criminal's trail. This story is dedicated to G. Robinson Bonds in hope of a fast recovery and a speedy return to the force.....

J. Wellington Bonds in "Doctor! No!" - wfa

The sun set into the mountain and the cold cloak of night settled over the old mansion. A mist sprang from the ground and waifed gently through the trees. A dull glow came from the sky where the goddess Diana had hung her light. It was the night when no creature stirred...halloween.

Did I say no creature? Nay, it was the night for some creatures, nocturnal by nature, to come out to cast their spells on the world. A shadow, a figure outlined by the moon, breathing in the shadows, a creaking of boards, a soft laugh. They were there. The evil spirits were out.

Out of the sky a soft purring sound reaches the deaf ears below...never heard. Swiftly and silently, riding the shafts of moonlight, comes one of the guests to the gallant festival, atop a roaring buffer, his white cord trailing in the wind. Slipping under the gate, he sees the spell that some ancient cult had hexed on the stone frame, "Bring me men." Chuckling to himself, Thomas P. MacBeth, O.C., ghoulish extraordinaire, and archfiend of the yellow hexes, coasted to a sudden halt in the shambles of what had once been a terrazzo...(which the evil digger gremlins had ripped up). MacBeth started to rise, only to find himself in the deadly clutches of a devil. Whipping about madly, circling, every circling, he muttered a curse on the devil, and lo and behold, he stopped. Grinning sheepishly, he removed his white cord from the buffer. Standing up, he gave a shrug and shook and brushed his Woodoo symbols until the lilly white gloves shimmered in the moonlight.

As had previously been arranged, all of the ghouls met at Mitches for a snack before starting their evening of haunting. The steaming black coffee was to the vampire's liking, as well as the old doctors who transformed themselves into various forms of Mr. Hyde with it...the IOD, SOD, JOD etc....

The wind picked up and howled through the windows of the old mansion. Blowing the dust out of the mailboxes, it went up, up, up to the roof, tearing down the spy ring antenna. The wind blew on, covering the joyful howls of the approaching doom makers with their white gloves and yellow order blanks for Woodoo dolls.

A cadet looks out of the window of his cell. He sees his impending doom. He runs for his flashlight, and puts in a special attachment and shines it at the sky. High in the sky an image forms on the clouds...is it? It is! The sign of the push-upping doolie. The deamons curse wildly.

Agent 008, sitting high on his perch in Mount Olympus, in the Econ department conference room, sees the sign. Grabbing his sliderule and astro book, he hops into his Mach 3 white elephant and lights the burners.SKKRRRRROONNCH!! Impacting on the third spire from the left, J. WELLINGTON BONDS muttered something about his ϕ_{b0} and calmly waited for the long slide to the ground to complete.....
...CCGRRRUUUNNNCCCHHH "Ah, recovery."

The terrazzo was silent. Not a soul was in sight.

A scream...."GGRROOOOOOOONNK!"

The signal disappears.

Odd, thought 008. What bloody luck. Some blighter has absconded with my victim. With great perplexity the question of who now to save strayed across the mind of our noble hero. "That wasn't at all British," Bonds muttered. "Nasty trick, that. I am actually beginning to get ired." Bonds sat down and pulled his flask. The tea tasted good.

Suddenly Bonds saw Thomas P. MacBeth, dragging a victim down the ramp, cackling as he were (MacBeth that is). "Stop, fiend, in the name of the Queen of....oh, damn.

I keep forgetting that I am among those savage westerners. Sometimes I wish that we had not given the colonies their freedom."

Diving across the terrazzo, Bonds picks up a gait and makes chase. THUMP-SKRUJUNK. Bonds looked up from the hole just in time to see several shovels of dirt from point blank range....the fillers replaced the marble and went to take a break.

Light. Fresh air. Bonds hopped out of the hole, cursing. "If my brother had been here, I'd have...oh, excuse me madame. My sincere gratitude for the rescue, and to whom am I indebted..?"

"Aw, shut up, ya silly tool and get back to work. Who do you think I am... Tinkerbell of the CIA, fairy division."

"Excuse my look, darling, but I am not so use to such flighty young women. Your wings are quite beautiful, however, I was just thinking that they had the white softness of a cool, mountain..."

"Save it, kid, the script says you go after MacBeth. That line doesn't come until the bar scene at the end. I may be only 6 inches tall, but I can still beat the livin'...."

"Madame! I beg your...."

"Move, hero, go save the day or something. I'm your partner, nothing more, got that?"

"Tallyho. Uh, er, which way did he go?"

"The dispensary. This may be a low cost script, but the least you could do is learn it."

Ancerie light burned in the window of the dispensary. Bonds slipped silently through the side door. Showing his card to the A.P., J. Wellington started to slip into the dispensary. A gun was shoved into his back. After finally convincing the A.P. that he was agent 008 of the Department of Mechanics Secret Police and after Tinkerbell had clubbed the fuzz, Bonds slipped into the dispensary. Flat on his back he slipped. Bonds awoke. A hot light streaming into his face.

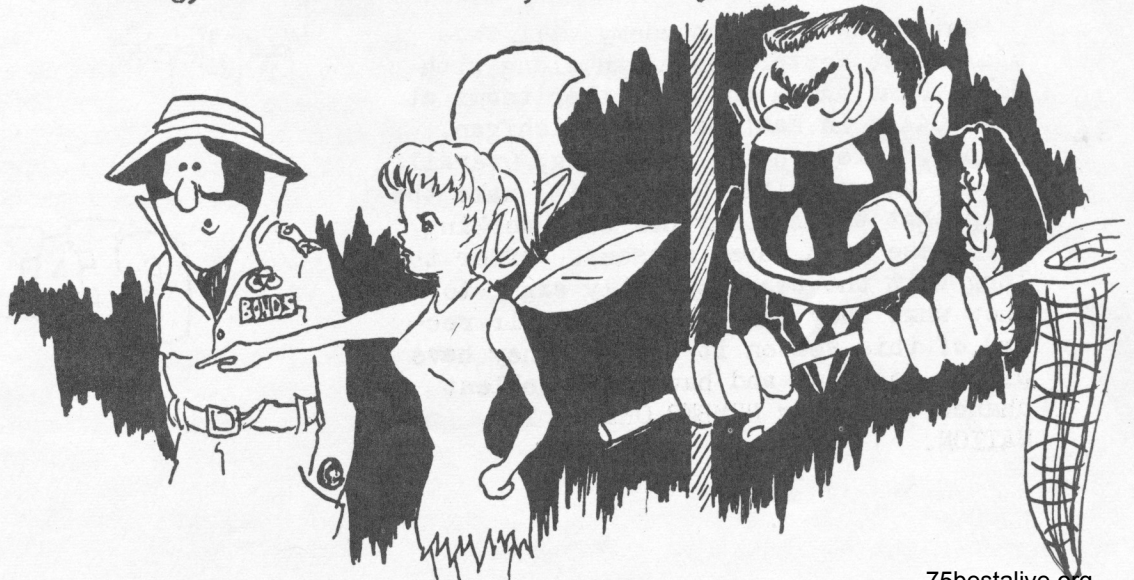
"Well, Bonds, I have finally got you, you, you....FINK."

"Ah, so you have Tomsypoo. I commend you. Surgical soap on the floor, eh? VERY CLEVER."

"Soap, what soap? Never mind. We were planning to use this on your little friend here," (MacBeth points to the cadet, broken flashlight in hand), "But we will give it to you first." The fiend pulled out a needle and walked toward Bonds. He inched the deadly device closer to the awaiting flesh....

"Doctor! NO!" shouted the cadet in a daze, thinking the fiend was a doctor, or visaversa. The needle slipped into the arm....MacBeth chuckled..."just wait 'til morning."

But will there ever be another morning for J. Wellington Bonds? Is there a cure for the deadly flu shot? Where is Tinkerbell? Don't miss the next exciting installment...in the coming, even more fantastic, issue of your DODO.



THE DOOB SPORTS SCOPE

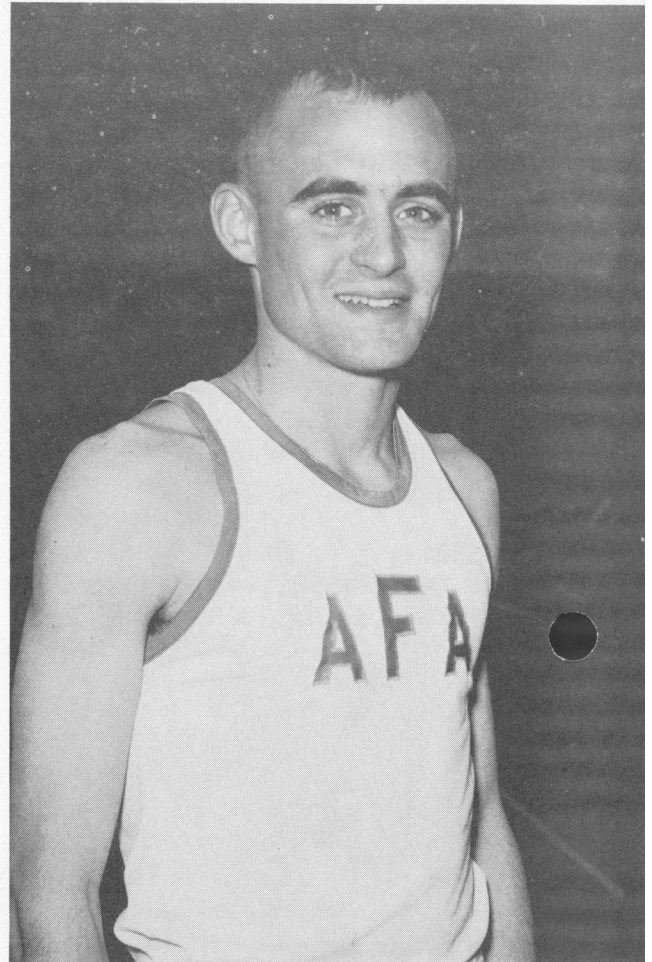
Last weekend the AFA thinclads brought their regular season record to 9-1 with a 16-25 victory over Denver University. Jim Murphy once again finished in the top spot in the process of setting a new academy course record of 20 minutes 48 seconds.

Probably the most surprising victory this year was their victory over the touted Irish 23-36. Notre Dame was one of the top-ranked teams in the country and had been picked by many to be number one at the NCAA Championships in November. Last Year they ranked 3rd in the NCAA's and they have only lost one man of the '63 squad. It was again the team's overall balance that gave them the win as Bob Foley and Kirk Hall were hot on Murphy's heels to give the Falcons a 1-3-4 finish.

Besides Jim Murphy, who already, as a Junior, has surpassed all the Academy's records in any distance of a mile or greater, the cross country team is balanced out by two very fine runners, Bob Foley and Kirk Hall, Jesse Overall has shown much improvement over the past year just as Henry Armstrong has, although Hank is a little stronger in the shorter distances, Rounding out the finest cross country team the Academy has had are Dave Brown and Lew Moore, two real strong workers,

Their only defeat this year was at the hands of an always tough Western Michigan. The biggest reason for their defeat here was Jim Murphy's absence due to a pulled leg muscle.

This weekend the Academy will once again meet Western Michigan along with Notre Dame and a host of other teams at the NCAA's in East Lansing, Michigan. Murphy, Foley, Hall, Armstrong, Overall, Brown, and possibly Neyman will make the trip that the Academy has been working for these last three seasons. After the long wait the team is really eager to show what they can do. From their record of this season it appears they have plenty to show, and have an excellent chance of taking NUMBER ONE IN THE NATION.



by *Tilley*

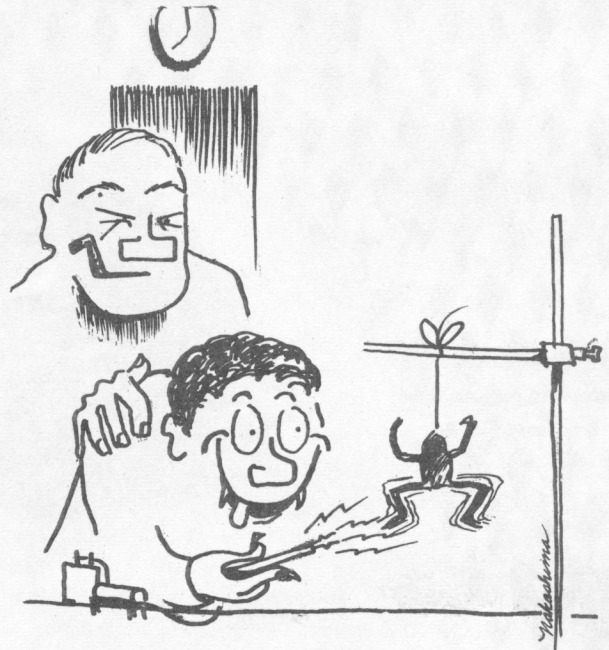
BEAT CU!

Dads Dots & Doodles

Our only Medicine

Prof: "I will not begin to-day's lecture until the room settles down."

Voice from the rear: "Go home and sleep it off."



"All right, Nino, lab's over!!"

A Cadet recently ran an experiment to varify (again) Murphy's Law. He tossed a buttered slice of bread in the air fifty times. It landed with the buttered side down 76 percent of the time.

Lectures are like steer horns .a point here, a point there, and a lot of bull in between.



"Three no trump."

PLAGUE

Her mind was like a bachelor's bed--never made up.



"Now which dorm needed toilet paper?"

Taking an Air Force eye test, after he told the doctor he couldn't read the chart, a cadet was told to take a step forward. Again he could not read it. This went on until he was two feet from the chart.

"You'll do," the doctor said "for navigator training."

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