



Le Dodo

UN PUBLICATION DU CADET POUR CADETS

Dans cette édition : Le Varsity Wall-Climb et Skate-Board-Limbo Teams

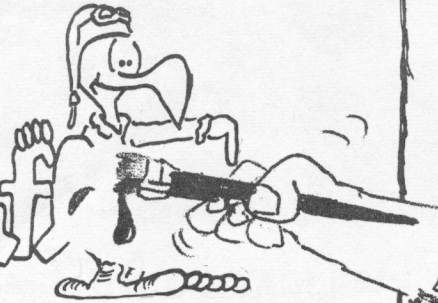
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No. 1

the Dodo Staff



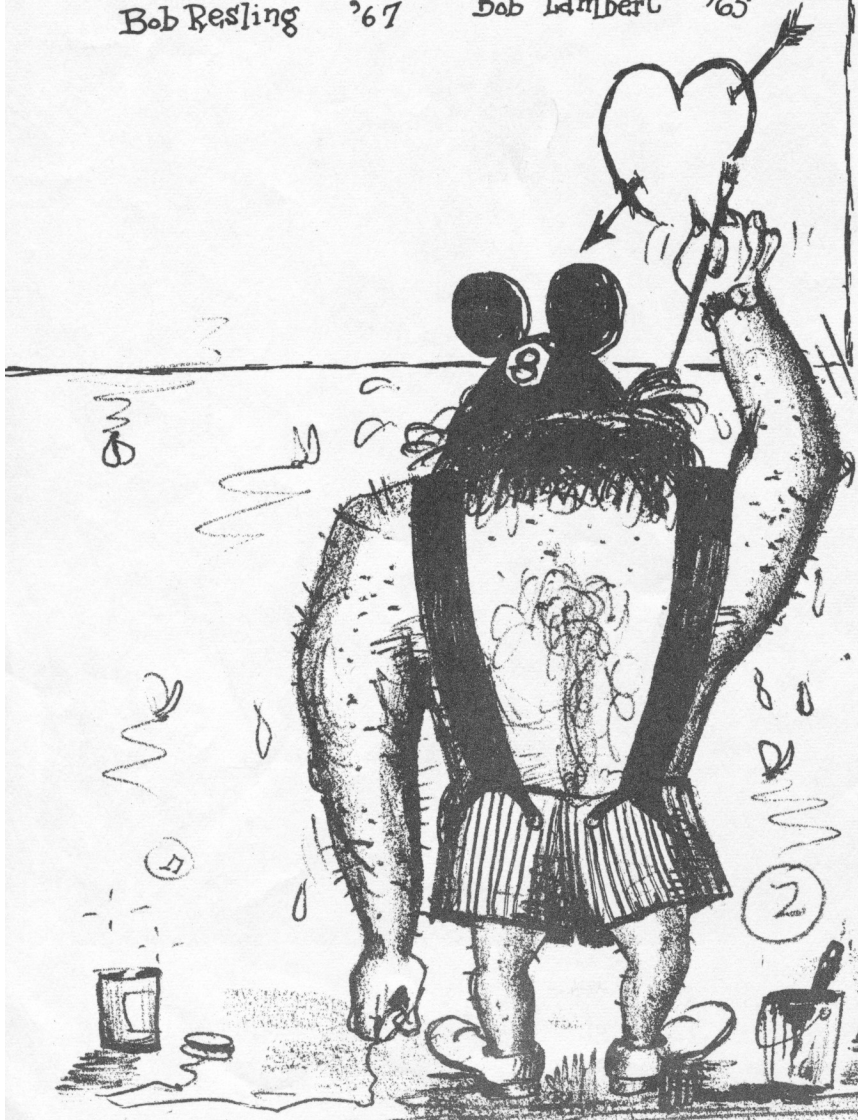
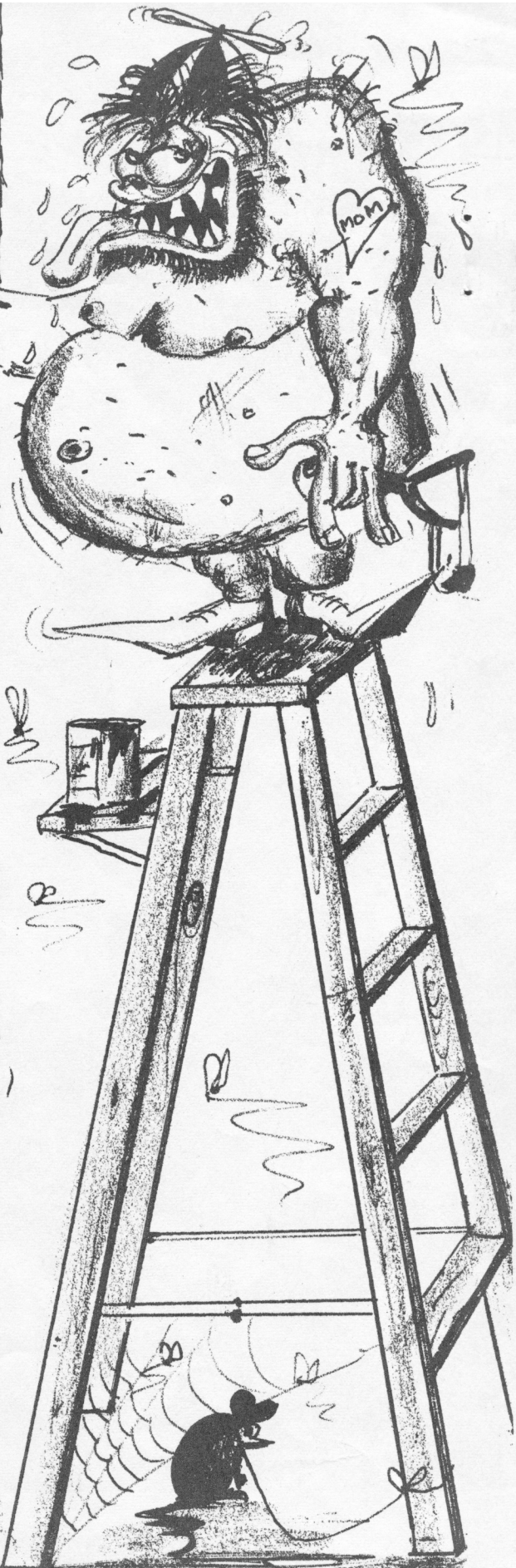
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The Dads
SPACEMATE



Julia Ann Winn is a sophomore at David Lipscomb College. She is a fun-filled Alabama girl, and, as you can see, we had a hard time trying to describe her for you, so we hope this picture will help.

The original of this photo can be found on Morton's bookcase up in Nineteenth Squadron.

To Buddy
With Love,
Julia Ann

A GIRL NAMED MacCLUTCH

As another public service of the Dodo, we have done extensive research on a problem which has existed since there were women for men to chase. This problem, which strikes fear in the heart of every cadet, is the entity known as the "blind" date.

It all started last year...my interest in the subject anyway. I was, as usual on connies, and I had nothing better to do than sit up in my glass tower prison with some binoculars and look at all of the females ambulating along the terrazzo. Something caught my eye. I noticed cadets leaving in pairs, happy, joyful...ready for the big date. Then, later, I would see the same pair return; one would be happier than ever, the love-lost smirk of blissful entrapment written on his face, but the other...ugh, what a spectre. The other cadet would be white..pale white..his face a mixture of sorrow, anger, frustration, and disappointment...something akin to a person emerging from an econ final. It puzzled me to see the opposing transformations. I began to wonder what phenomenon caused this atrocity week after week.

I don't know whether or not Sir Isaac Newton had anything to do with it, but it is as certain as the law of gravity...beautiful, shapely morsels of femininity inevitably have hurting friends...perhaps the problem is an inward psychosis which drives them to make themselves more beautiful by providing a barren background. Usually these girls do have saving features (the backgrounds, that is). They cook pizzas, or sew, or have fathers who own liquor stores, and generally are really sweet tempered, but this does not go well with the suave, debonaire, collegiate type who is not looking for a mother or wife (heaven forbid) but for the diamond in the rough, so to speak; the sweet, innocent farmer's daughter who has eyes like Natalie Wood, hair like Connie Stevens, the temperament of Doris Day, and the ~~body~~^{figure} of Jayne Mansfield. A girl like this, being somewhat hard to find (although everybody seems to know one at home), the average college joe is forced to relax the old standards..this is where the problem comes in.

Everybody has friends..well most everybody..and most of the friends have girls who have friends..and most of your friends' girlfriends will not go out unless their friends have dates with your friends' friends...YOU! Well, there you are and there she is. You have never seen her, so you are at a great disadvantage. You are told she HAS eyes like Natalie Wood(when they're not black...she still hasn't switched), hair like Connie Stevens(an official fan club wig), the temperament of Doris Day(when she is not throwing things or practicing her judo), and the ~~body~~^{figure} of Jayne Mansfield (give or take 60 pounds). As a matter of fact your friend was thinking about taking her out(until he met her). Do you go? Obviously the answer is yes...you expect the worst, but there is always the chance that something good will happen...she might be a Miss Podunk, or second runner-up for the Mud Bowl Queen. Why gripe or look glum..you asked for it.

There are ways of getting around this. 1) when your roomie says that he was thinking about taking her out...be a sport...let him. You take out his date and help him out of the spot; 2) keep several school annuals around..particularly girl's schools; 3) keep your eyes and ears open..someone might have dated her last week and is still in the state of shock; and 4) last, but not least, be ruthless. Don't do things for friendship. If your roomie is putting the pressure on..wear the same socks for a week, don't take showers, threaten to write anonymous letters to his girl about the Field Trip.

So much for the philosophy. I want to present a case history..mine. In those few brief, reckless, ecstatic weekends between connies, I was able to do research.

It was last spring..or a year ago last spring..it was the time when the sweet mountain air wafted over the panting, smelly dollies on the terrazzo and the glorious snow had melted into a poetic millpond on the parade ground. I was standing there, contemplating the water around my ankles when a thought hit me...a date..why not? I went rushing back to my room (which they say did not look too military since the wing had not yet marched off) took a shower, shaved, and started calling girls. Well, it had been a long time on connies, and I was only mildly surprised to find the girl to whom I was pinned was married. My roomie came up and asked about the forlorn look. I told him and his eyes glowed. The little wheels in his pointed head turned at breakneck speed. It seemed his girl had a roommate who was not doing anything tonight. Why didn't we double? After being told that the reason she was not doing anything was because all the boys were too shy to ask such a noble arrangement of femininity for a date, I was

fascinated and never asked his definition of noble. To make a long story short, I only had time to take her to dinner because I had to wait until she was through wrestling. I still see her on T.V. occasionally...you know, it is strange that no one has figured out yet that the "voluptuous vampire" is a girl. Of course then the news writers say they think that she is gorgeous George's twin brother.

Well that did it. I was through with women. I was going to become a hermit and get turned back. I was through with the world...finis...goodbye. I began signing up for R courses and turnouts. I made myself permanent room orderly, I served security flight at every chance. I took over the weekend CCQ job in its entirety. Then it happened. My AOC said he was so proud of me, and that I had worked so hard, that I had earned a rest. He gave me the orders releasing me at 2/3 of my punishments. I began to calculate: my punishments had pulled me from all the CCQ, DI, Sec Flt, and visitor control. Either I got back on those or I went back to the major offense board to plead for 9 months with loss of leave...neither worked. My mother had me straightjacketed and taken home for leave.

I got home and my mother brought me breakfast in bed.. the chains were rather short. She had good news for me. There was a party at the country club and she had gotten me a date. I screamed...loudly with great emphasis. No one heard(the gag was too tight). Finally my mother quieted me down. My vocal chords gave out. I whispered to ask her what the girl's name was--Fifi MacClutch...and she did all of her own cooking, sewing, and mending, and was such a sweet girl. I muttered something about a haircut and burning out my eyes...which gave me an idea, but the chains were not fastened to the house and I probably couldn't have brought it down anyway...TRAPPED, by my own flesh and blood.

The night of the party I made every effort to down an entire bottle of Scotch before I went. My mother, as usual, was running one step ahead of me. I got bloated on a pint of water and foodcoloring, but you should have heard my old man when he tasted that Martini..he never has liked pure water. I finally was ushered out the door and walked over to the club. I dreamed of the Bataan Death March.

I walked in and tried to hid in the corner. A bubbling lady who claimed to be a mother walked in and pinned a nametag on me, then a marked man. It seemed to be a horrid representation of the sympathy of motherhood. I sat there. Then this girl walked in--outstanding fullback material. I went into hyst~~er~~ics. She walked by. Then this other girl walked in. She had a cute face, but looked like about 165 pounds--obviously never had sand kicked in her face. She started to walk by, stopped, and walked over to me. I am Fifi. In a few short moments I was no longer a cowering fugitive, but a babbling idiot. I was going to bear with it. I stopped my tantrum right in the middle and offered to take her coat. I was ecstatic. In one little flip of the wrist I removed 50 pounds - there she was: Natalie, Connie, Doris, Hayne and everything.

Not to get mushy with details I will simply say that little blackhaired girls cured me. My whole outlook on life is restored. I pick up girls for dates when I am sober, I get fun out of life, I no longer enjoy connies, CCQ, DI, Sec Flight, or visitor control detail.

My roommate is getting me a date for tomorrow night. A real knock-out he says. She is a star on TV on one of the Friday night shows. Too bad the only thing we can get on our TV set is the Friday Night Fight of the Week....



Both the swimming and gymnastics teams scored overwhelming victories this past weekend. The swimmers trounced Utah State 80-15 in their best showing this year. "Abe" Abramson broke the Academy 200 freestyle record, and Steve Seigler broke the breaststroke record for the same distance. Possibly the most notable factor was the emergence of Al Mueller as the team's top sprinter, as he posted the best 100 freestyle time of the season. Diver Dan McLean gathered top honors in his event to remain undefeated for the season.

Previous to this encounter the team had dropped their opener to Cincinnati, soundly defeated CU, and then finished 3rd at the D.U. Invitational Relays.

A number of meets still remain on the schedule, and everyone is expected to be tough, but Coach Capt. Bob Nugent and Assistant Coach Lt. Paul Aehnlich are developing a number of young swimmers who should continually strengthen the team. Junior Warren Leek (Individual Medley) and sophomores Ross Schenck, Gary Fedel, and Don Jackson (freestylers) are the men who are expected to provide most of this added strength.

The squad should also be strengthened by the return of freestyler Terry O'Donnell and breaststroker Jim Higham. The two juniors have been out because of sickness, but are expected to be in fighting for first place in their respective events once they return to form.

The gymnastics team is building too, but their 74.5-45.5 victory over Arizona State makes them look like quick constructors. The job was led by junior Terry Higgins, who personally accounted for 36 of the team's points. He competed in the Free Exercise, Side Horse, Horizontal Bar, Long Horse, Parallel Bars, and Still Rings. This left him out of only the trampoline as an event. The 5 events Terry competed in also comprise the All-Around event which he won.

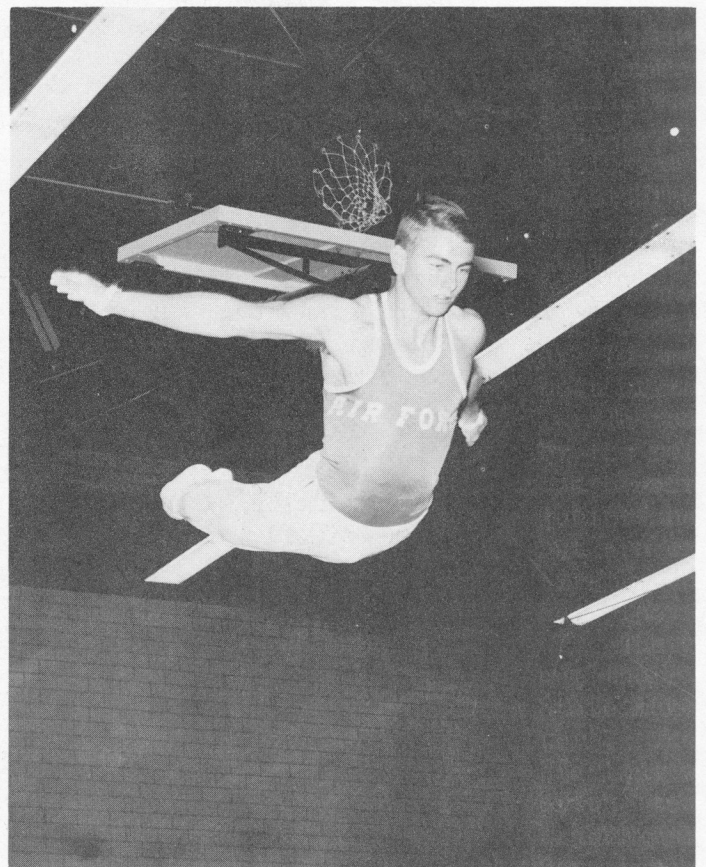
On his specialty, the High Bar, he took 9th in the '64 NCAA's despite a bad break which probably cost him first.

Another junior, Doug Reynolds, is the Falcon's top free exercise man. He tied for second in Tumbling in the '64 NCAA's and has transitioned to Free Exercise well enough to take a 1st last week. Doug is also noted as one of the few people able to perform the double

back somersault from the floor. Team Captain Bill Cole leads the way on the rings.

The team's record now stands at 1-0-1 with the biggest threat to an undefeated season coming this weekend when DU host the Falcons. The rest of the schedule could very well leave no blemishes on the team's record, and should certainly bring another highly successful season to the gymnasts.

BJ *JETT



THE SPORTS
DODD SCOPE

We're sure you're all familiar with a basic tenet of the science of human engineering called "Phigmeaux's Rule." This rule, placed in symbolic form and modified slightly by our Psychological Warfare officer to produce more spectacular values, simply states:

$$f = \left(\frac{D}{X}\right)^3$$

Where f = Phigmeaux Factor
 D = no. of days originally in semester
 X = no. of days remaining in semester

Our staff feels that there has been something lacking in our concept of "the whole cadet" under this rule. Now, through the efforts of the DODO Psycho-physio-socio-logical Reevaluation Board, a new variable in the human equation applicable to cadets has been developed for use in conjunction with the longstanding Phigmeaux's Rule. The DODO now proudly introduces -- the "DC" (Depression Coefficient):

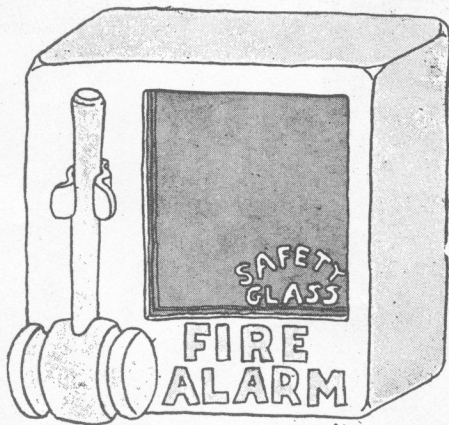
$$DC = \frac{(L_g)^{2C+1} (L_h) G^2 H Q_b}{F P Q_m}$$

Where L_g = no. of days since last letter from your girl
 C = no. of confinements to be served this weekend
 P = no. of privileges to be taken this weekend (weekend leave as 3, extended weekend as 4)
 L_h = no. of days since last letter from home
 Q_b = no. of quizzes bombed today
 H = no. of days 'till you go home again

F = No. of days since last Form 10
 Q_m = no. of quizzes maxed today
 G = no. of days 'till you see your girl

NARS

Doob
 Dots & Doodles
 Our only Medicine



Chap.



RESLING

HE DIDN'T MEAN JUST A COAT AND TIE

