

A CADET PUBLICATION FOR CADETS



OPERATION EASTER
18 APRIL '65
SEE INSIDE

THE
Dodo

AFCRP 190-4, MAR 65
 No. 5

the
Dodo Staff

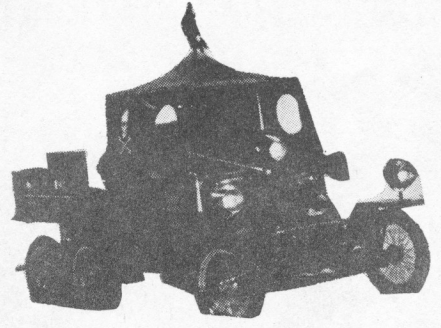


OIC
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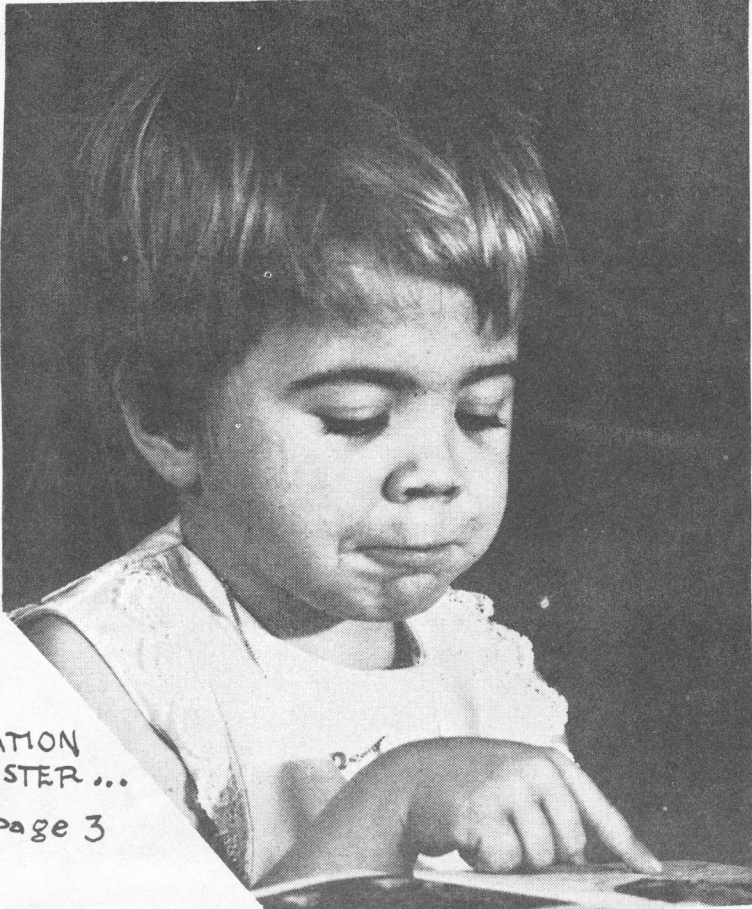
- | | |
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| Celeste Heyl '65 | Bob Resling '67 |
| Dutch Berkley '66 | Hunk Hill '65 |
| **Reel Talbott '6? | |



Since the majority of the Wing is familiar with Operation Easter, I'll refrain from expounding too redundantly on it, only mentioning for the benefit of the sour old men and the uninitiated dools that the opportunity to do something worthwhile for a change, and to propagandize the press favorably for a change, is here presented in a program which you will enjoy. The support already given and promised indicate that past successful performances will be repeated. If you haven't yet signed up to participate, think about it. We'd be glad to have you, and believe that you'll be glad you did.

Thanks to the Wing for sponsoring and financing this most worthy project, from the Operation Easter staff and from ^{the} more than 500 kids.

Dave Connaughton



OPERATION
 EASTER...
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OPERATION EASTER

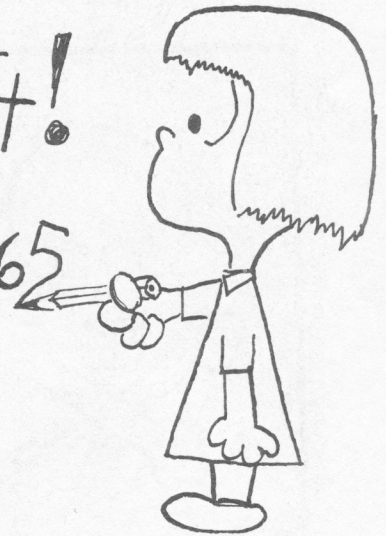


The Cadet Wing's own
project to brighten
Easter Sunday for the
underprivileged kids in
the Denver~Colorado Springs~Pueblo
area.



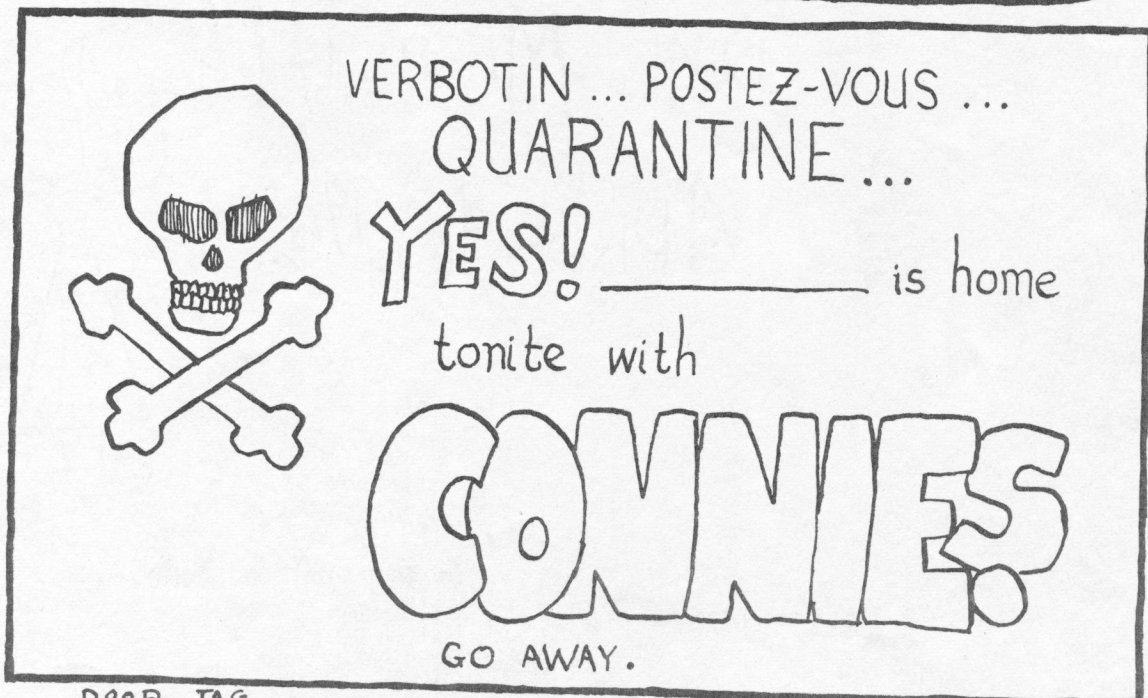
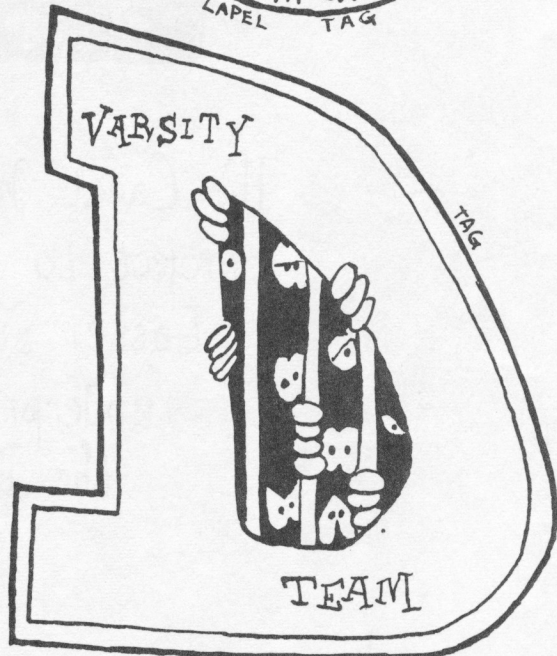
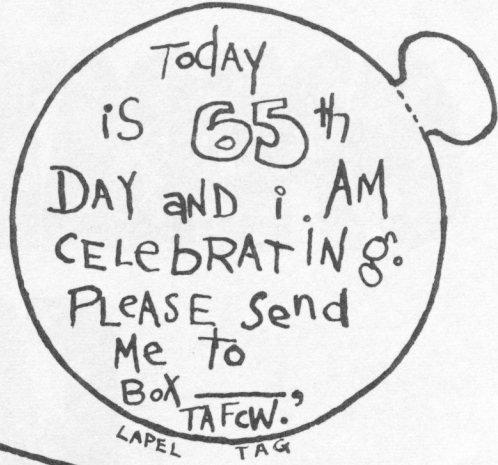
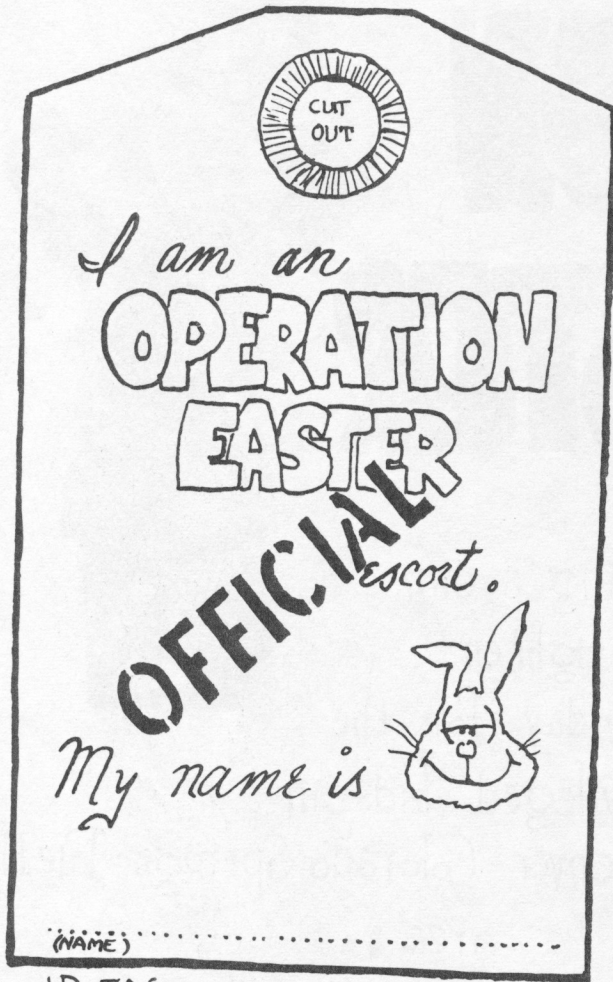
Don't Miss It!

APRIL 18, 1965

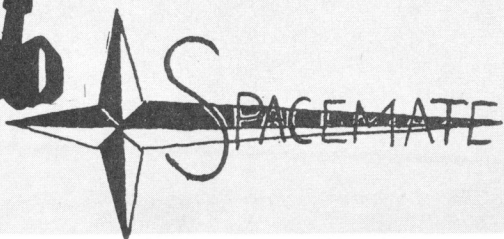


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courtesy of the **Dodo**.

Excruciatingly shabby, disgustingly non-standard, and other pronouncements of anathema describe a situation which the Dodo has here seen fit to ameliorate. Hence, cut out tags for special occasions....





THE DOOB  **SPACEMATE**

This month's Spacemate is pretty Miss La Rae Lippert. Originally from Salt Lake City, La Rae now resides in Colorado Springs and works in our tailor shop. She spends her spare time reading, modeling, and dying her hair, and can often be seen speeding down the ski slopes with a very special friend from sixth squadron.

They also serve...

Being the reflections of that breed second only in suffering
and impatience to USAFA cadets themselves--the girl(s) back home.

PRAYER

Dear God: From Thy almighty throne
Look down upon a girl alone,
Alone for week on dreary week,
Once outgoing--now rendered meek,
Who can't remember how to dance,
Whose books offer the only chance
To gain forgetfulness of truth--
The futile wasting of her youth,
Whose dresses all sport cobweb trim,
And whose sole intercourse with him
(In any sense the word entails)
Is via Uncle Sammy's mails--
A most unhealthful situation
Leading to ill-concealed frustration.

Give thy protection to my man
(In normal instances he can
Protect himself: from fire, flood,
World disaster, lack of food.
But now he needs some help from Thee--)
Protect him from his AOC!!
Keep him somehow in insulation
From deeds of others' instigation,
And if he is assigned a task
The strangest idiot wouldn't ask
Help him to bend his stubborn pride,
His better understanding hide,
And teach him how to emulate
That worthy officer's mental state.

Give him patience, guard his sanity.
(You and I know the inanity
Which assigned him this restriction--
All resulting from conviction
That his brain would tell him whether,
In a snowstorm, he would rather
Break a dressing regulation
Or freeze with A.F. trepidation.)
I'll send him cookies with a file
Concealed with the utmost guile;
Call him nightly--no, forgot--
Station-to-station still is not
Cheap enough for my finances.
He'll just have to take his chances
With the usual daily letter--
I hope that makes him feel better.
After all, punishment aids--
Staying in will help his grades.
(But keep his fellow sufferers
From a similar fate--or worse.)

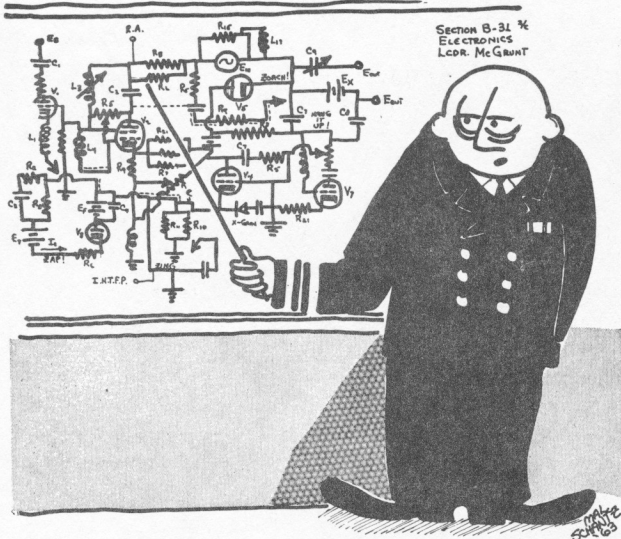
Time flies; speed it in it's flight
'Till that fatal, festive night
When my Love before me stands--
"Hello, Dear"--and we shake hands.
(There's his AOC again;
"Glad to meet you, Captain Wren...")

And finally I'd like to mention
Him most worthy of attention--
Free from any kind of want
The all-illustrious Commandant.
Don't let him drop any deeper;
Since we are our brother's "keeper"
Aid him in his "Sky-Blue Zoo"
To cage his wild, rebellious crew.
He's done it all for their own good,
Exactly as you probably would
And since he loves them like Big Brother
And we should love one another--
"As others to you, so do to them"--
As he to them, so do to him.

Amen. I'm kind of tired, Lord
I know it's right, but it's awfully hard
When others live the entire year
To have just hours there and here
When I can count myself alive--
Well...maybe next year we'll arrive...?

-Celeste Heyl





“Here it is gents—the chapter in a nutshell . . .”



What do you mean you weren't there? You were my date!
(SHADES of the WING PARTY --- 10 APRIL ---)

Doob

Dots & Doodles

Confucious say: An orator is a man who is willing to give your life for his country.



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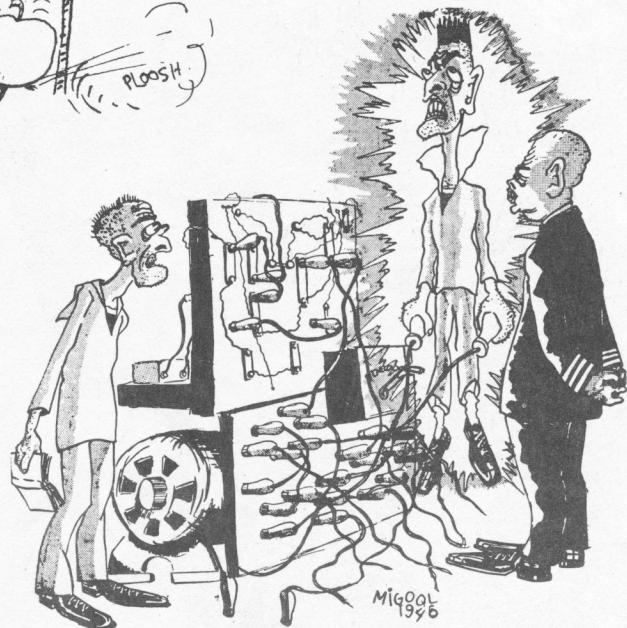
“Sorry, but all the fellas say your pin scratches their fingers.”

MARQUIS

A visiting psychiatrist, wandering through the wards of a state asylum, was particularly intrigued by a patient who sat huddled in a corner all by himself and scratched himself, for hours on end.

“My good man,” the doctor addressed the patient gently, “why do you stay huddled in a corner all by yourself and scratch yourself?”

“Because,” replied the man wearily, “I’m the only person in the world who knows where I itch.”



“Yes, yes, he certainly appears to be in series with the shunt field.”

