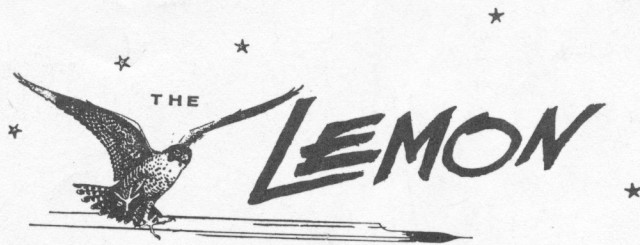


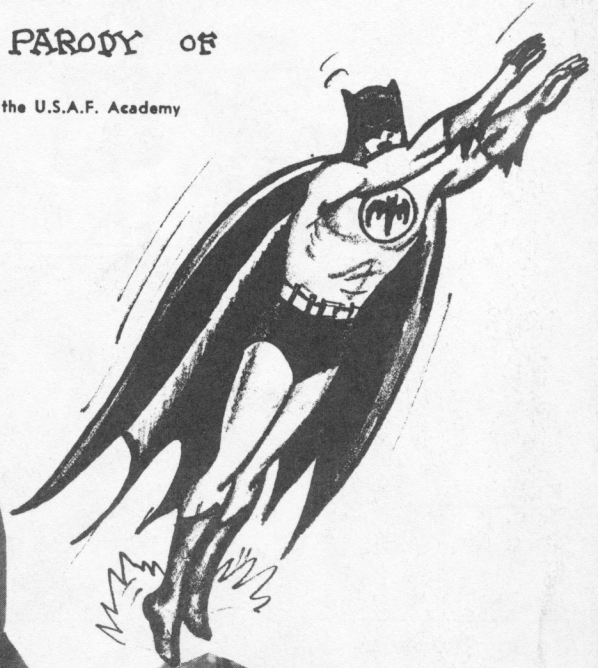
VOLUME XIII NUMBER 0

JANUARY 1966



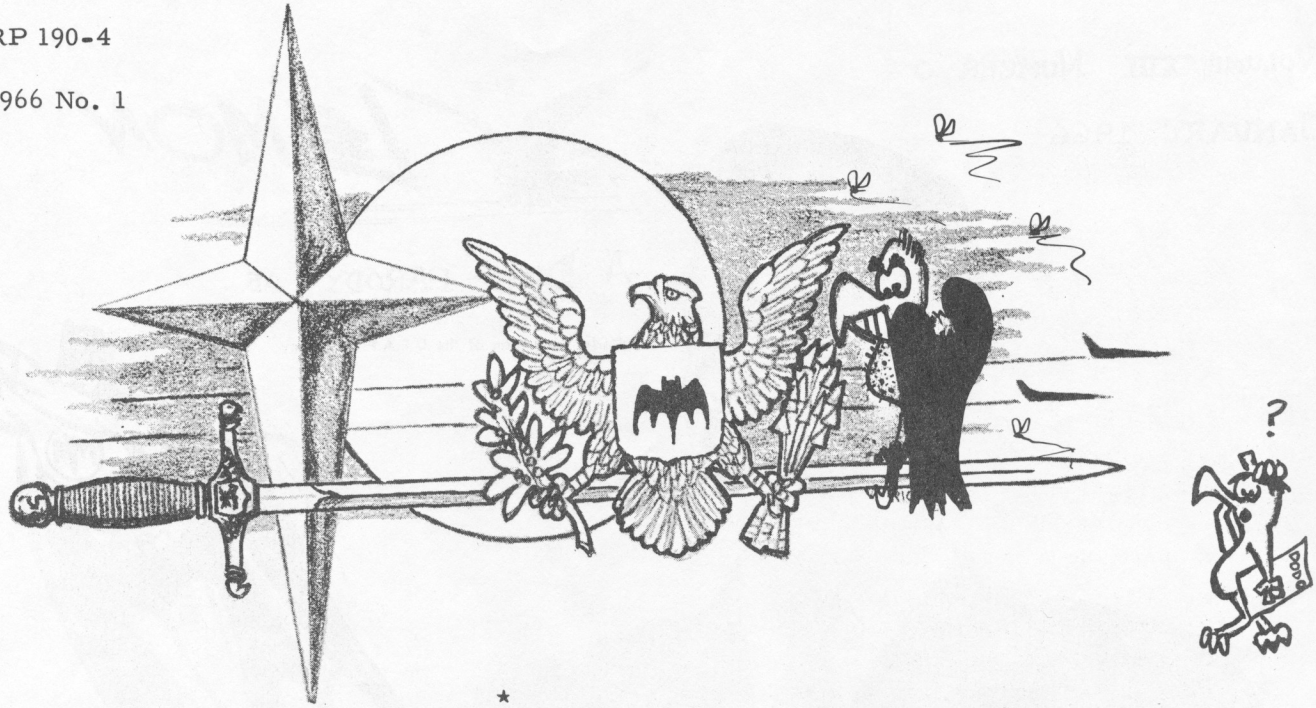
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The Cadet Magazine of the U.S.A.F. Academy



A CADET PUBLICATION FOR CADETS

75bestalive.org



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Editorial: January '66

Well, Gang, here we go again with another thrill-packed issue of the Lemon. As in years past, we feel it is our duty to shine a little ray of happiness into the gloomy night of the Dark Ages. Golly, Gee, just thumbing through this wonderful mag makes me more excited than a handful of Mexican jumping beans in a popcorn popper. For instance, big features of this month are: 1) The Lemon spotlight falls on a new, exciting personality whom we know you'll all recognize; 2) Hypo's jokes are, as usual, real knee-slappers; 3) The short story this month is even shorter and triter than ever; and 4) Finally, my own girl, Miss June Bugg, is the eye-catching Real-Lemon Girl of the Month!!

Since we've come back, I've noticed many of us don't seem to be as happy as we should be. Just because you received a major punishment of eight months, flunked four GR's, had your wisdom teeth pulled, were turned back two classes, and totaled your new Stingray, is no reason to frown. The important thing is to keep your sense of humor. When you're really mad about something, remember that "it's always darkest before the dawn," and "every cloud has a silver lining." If you can keep trite clichés such as these firmly in your mind, then I am sure you will be able to max life's big GR in the sky!

Juan 75bestalive.org

GASPARD D. SPAZ

/ FALCONTAMER '67

Since his early teens, Gaspard had always wanted to fly; so one day he tried it, and much to his surprise, he found that he could. With this amazing success, he tried to adopt the name "Angel," but all the guys just called him--the Bat.

Finding it somewhat embarrassing to be the only kid on the block that could fly, Gas joined the Err Corps and was assigned to the BAT-tallion. At aero-plane school, the Bat racked up the impressive record of 1 hangar, 3 cows, and the Goodyear blimp, ingratiating himself with a unique reputation among our boys "over there."

When the U.S. entered the "Big One" in Europe, Bat and his observer, a guy named Sparrow, flew directly to France where they waited for their plane to be shipped over.



Flying alone one day, the Bat and Sparrow came upon 5 Fokkers over a village called Pigalle. Quickly turning his blazing guns on the enemy, the Bat proceeded to shoot off his left wing struts, thereby entering on the era of the mono-plane and simultaneously discovering a new aerial maneuver--the Bat Sine. Dazzled by this zingiberaceous undulation, the Fokkers proceeded to crash into each other, the surrounding countryside, and Lt. Spaz's aerodrome.

Finally, being no longer able to control his plane, the Bat deftly crashed it on the Bat-tle field, knocking out several machine gun positions, an outhouse nearby, and a staff car carrying three



The Bat in combat garb



general fillers, a light digger, and a packer.

For his actions of daring and bravery in this engagement, the Bat was decorated with the longevity ribbon, three fig leaf clusters, the tin star, and even a poppy from the American Legion. Not only did he invent a revolutionary new aerial maneuver, but he also was the only pilot to win the singular distinction of becoming an ace in action against three different nations. For this, he was awarded the key to Gotham City and given a lifetime subscription to the Daily Planet and DC comics.

Bat and Sparrow--we salute you.

HYPONAUSEA

Reed

/FURD '67

For weeks, our discerning staff has curried the humor pages of the nation's cleverest periodicals for these droll and hearty anecdotes. We guarantee that these rib-ticklers will curl your toes and make your innards twitch with enjoyment.



Why does the chicken cross the road?
To get to the other side.

Digger: How do you get
into a locked
cemetery?

Filler (with a chuckle):
With a skeleton key.

Doug: What makes more noise than a
pig caught in a fence?

Lug: Two pigs caught in a fence.

Did you hear the one about
the boy who walked through
the screen door and
strained himself?



First: Want to hear a dirty joke?
Second: Yeah!
First: A white dog fell into a mud
puddle.

Cadet Alpha: Why did the AOC drive his
car off the cliff?

Cadet Bravo: So he could test his air
brakes.

Firstie: What has an I.Q. of 150?

Doolie: Poland

Hey, you've got a banana in your ear.
What?

You've got a banana in your ear.
What?

You've got a banana in your ear.
You'll have to speak louder, I've
got a banana in my ear.



Why did the little moron eat sticks
of dynamite?

He wanted his hair to grow in bangs.

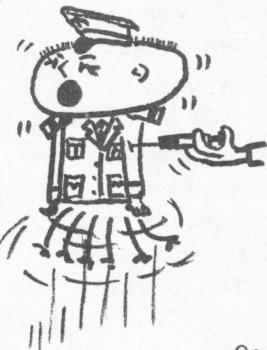
What's a funny Polish name?

Herb Green.

And then there's the one about the roof,
but that's over your head. (har)

What is a mummy? It's an Egyptian
pressed for time.

Who was the world's first
telephone pole?
Alexander Graham Belinski.



First Cadet: Say "Knock, knock!"
Second Cadet: Knock, knock!
First Cadet: Who's there?

Why do firemen wear red suspenders?
To keep their pants up.

Mommy, Mommy, I don't want to go
to Europe!
Shut up, and keep swimming!

Herb: What goes 99, thump, 99,
thump, 99, thump?
Berb: A centipede with a
wooden leg.

Q: What is black and white and
red all over?

A: An embarrassed zebra.

Firstie: Why did the moron throw the
clock out the window?

Doolie: No excuse, Sir!

REAL-LEMON



GIRL OF THE MONTH

This month's errr-girl is Miss June Bugg. June is probably already known to many of the boys who frequent Arnold Hall regularly, and because of her familiarity to the Wing, we thought it only proper to introduce her formally.

Hailing from West Hog's Back, Kans., June now resides at Castle Rock. In her short 13 years, this 6'1" honey has had many broadening experiences ranging from the ski slopes to the beaches. Having her own car, she visits USAFA quite frequently, and is a "steady" of the editor. The Lemon staff proudly presents another "winner from the West."----June Bugg.



FICTION



In the interests of continuing the cultural enlightenment of the Cadet Wing The Lemon is pleased to present the prize winning Doolie essay for the first Semester of this year. A product of the pen and mind of C/4C Will I. Excell, this fine piece of work is reproduced here in an exact copy of the final draft. We defer to the Department of English for an introduction:

This is a very good piece of work. Cadet XL has a weigh with words. We are especially pleased at his progress: at the beginning of the year he could not even write. This paper tho, is as eloquent as standards, as clear as mud, and as smooth as toothy - paste streaming through your fingers.

Iring M. Literate ASSOC. PROF. ENG.

HOW MY ROOMO DoNe ME INN

about the greatezt exciting thingthat happened to me sofar this year was at my frst tee dance;I've always been scared of girls since my kidsister b eat up my best friend so I didn't want to go. B ut my roomo told me that they werent two tuff so I figured i didn't half to worry ab out losing any of my teeth.

I spent the hole afternoon getting re- dy for this b ig thing-7&-I even used some of my classmates "oder dee irrestab le--- it was really swift. When we got to the dance the girls were not thereyet so we just sort of sat around and waited upon the floores. Prety sooney the bouses came and weall#got in line and then they came in.

I got the \$fourth girl and she was,, too put it explisitilly, hurting beyond approuche.

Annywayshe had a good personality and she said she cooked and made her own clooths and that all the uther grls reely liked her. Well, that really turned me on so I told her how i sewed my own name- tags on my teeshirts. After that she dec- ided we were made for each other-)(+but I stilll was not too convinced.

Then the band started to shower forth music amung us and we beganined to step a little and a co pie? It'was not at all like in dancing class cuz nobody knew what to do. I could have taken it all right until she wiped out my rt. shine that did it though.

I vent over and asked my roomy what todo and he said we shuld go fOr a walk so we did@

When we got outside the wind blew her bare around her faces and that was an improvement. I went bak too my room and got my CRC'S with my name in gold on them and that really impressed her. When it beganined to git darky out I saw her sillow- ette aganst the moons--and that really turned me Off.. Up too that time I had been so fastenated by her bad breath I didn't realise how portly she was;;;I will bet she wuld have gone "2003#pnds. und she was only 5 feet 2and onehalf inches big.

Pretty soon the announcer said the girls shouls leave so she got on the bus ans they went away. Befor she left tho she said she wanted something to member me by and she grabbed mu hand and held it close to her. I rose to the accasion and with deft magnitude I ~~hijk~~ Came up with my left shirt garter. With that she dis- appeared.

When i got back too my room ny buddy elelement lederer asked me how my date was. When I told him he said he thought he had met her sister at Cannon somewhere.

I did not really understand why he started crying then but we drown our sorrows with somw pungent y elixers from his valet. With that we rackedit and proceeedec to go to ved. I did'nt sleep too well.

Thats all ther is to telland besid- es that i half to get to bed early tonight because tomorrow is my big day-- I gottwo shave.



FIRSTIES OF LITTLE NOTE



John C. (Friendly) Ghost

Last semester's Wing Commander has established an abnormal record in his stay at USAFA. Nothing to be ashamed of, certainly - Supe's List 7 times, Dean's List 7 times, Comm's List 7 times, Daily Bulletin 8 times - it's just that he walks through walls. John's favorite pastime is disguising himself as a sheet in motel rooms, and he hopes to begin a promising career in the civil engineering field by seeking out termites in walls throughout the Air Force.



Paul (Beer) Mugg

The most widely-publicized of all the Falcons (otherwise known as the Blue Birds, Flyboys, etc.) has broken numerous records this year. He has broken the passing yardage record, and his roommate's entire record collection, including a Johnny Mathis, two Ann Margarets, and a Byrds. His favorite food is a McDonaldsburger soaked in dandelion wine, a potent substance that helps him score in any situation.

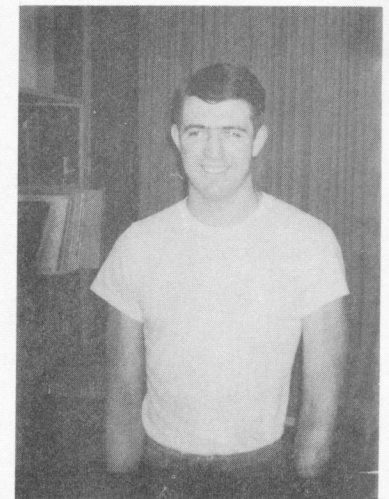


Sam P. Shoot

This is not Sam's original name. Born in Pennsylvania, his father, name of Plons, took him out to the back yard and insisted: "Shoot, Sam, shoot!" Sam shot. Soon he was good enough to kill a crow at 500 paces with a 2-lb basketball, and his father won enough money to buy him a basket. Now he is a standout on a court and off. Says Sam: "The Lem-on has done a great job in flavoring its up-to-date sports coverage."

This Friendly Firstie from Paul, Idaho, Potato Juice Capital of the world, overcame his initial surprise at finding footballs not made of spud peelings, to become a gridiron hero

Bill (Manly) Manning



with a pigiron persistence. Unable to hold back his natural abilities any longer, as a senior he traveled all the way to Alabama for his first Bowl Movement, when he played in the Blue-Gray Game. Way to function, Bill!



They said it couldn't be done.

But SULLY Did it Right in the Front Seat of a Volkswagen !

Yes, Sully played the entire first half of the Pollack U. game from the front seat of his Volkswagen! As he threaded his way through the tough Pollack zone defense, the crowd went wild at the sight of bloody Pollack opponents strewn across the court. The perplexed referees madly thumbed through their rulebooks in a desperate attempt to appease the enraged Pollack coach. But their efforts were fruitless.

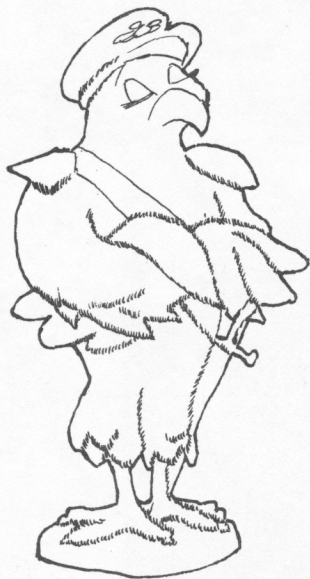
With its thirty-six horses churning away, the spunky little wonder car carried the 6'4" center from Sacramento to twenty straight layups. Then Sully was fouled - someone kicked in his headlights! A tense quiver flashed through the crowd. Would Sully be able to score at the charity line? The fans were not disappoint-

ed. With a deft flick of his right hand, Sully flipped open the sun roof, and with his left hand, got the "one and one." But all this proved too much for the little car. It got so excited it double dribbled all of its gas down its left rear tire all over the floor, and was unable to continue for the second half. The moral of this story? If you want to score in your front seat, buy a VW.



MARTHA MILITARY
PRESENTS

the **FENWICK FALCON**
AWARDS



FOR
'65

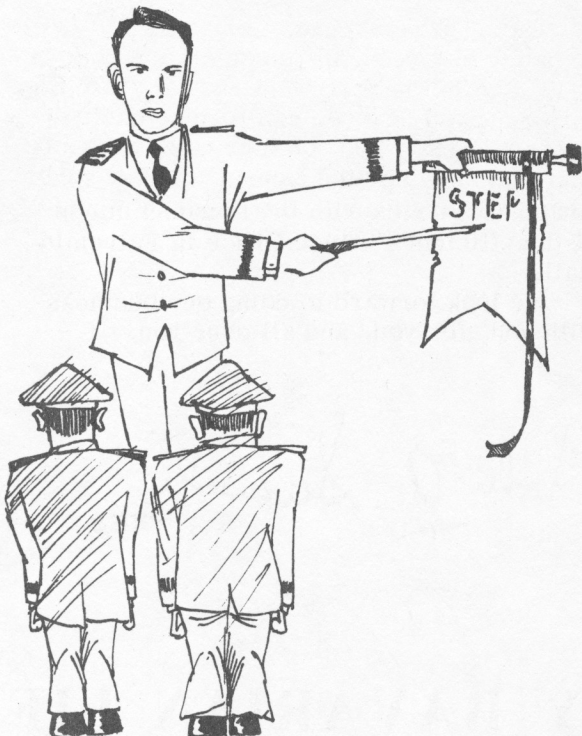


For Outstanding Achievement in the Field of Good Clean Fun, this year the award goes to **THE DENVER DESTROYER'S**. Able to rip 14 fatigue shirts in a single swipe, and mash 48 buttons in one pressing, these masters of ruin even surpassed their '62 record when the entire class of '62 was forced to march to the graduation parade in nothing but blue-stained skivvie drawers. Congratulations to the loyal workers of the Denver Laundry.



For Outstanding Achievement in the Field of Friendliness, an award goes to the CADET GYMNASIUM TOWEL MAN. With a happy chuckle and an ear-to-ear smile, our man in the towel room makes it his business to see that no one stands dripping from the wet, and shivering from the cold too long. Clever statements showing his remarkable wit, such as "You can't take those unless your name's in it," and, "That's my orders," have made him a true cadet favorite.

For outstanding achievement in the field of Yellow Journalism, we proudly present an award to RALPH BORE. The dean of Denver Pest sports writers, Ralph gave up a promising career as a reporter for Strength and Health Digest, but it was his moving descriptions in Sun Colony magazine and his revealing exposés in Screen Tails that propelled him to the top. It is this experience that enables him to create such warm and ingratiating narratives as an "inside USAFA" reporter.



For outstanding achievement in the field of Wad Wisdom, this year's award goes to WILLIAM "THE TEACHER" MICHELS. Bill, as you may remember, was the originator of one the Academy's great new training programs. For several days, he had no idea as to what to call his innovation. However, one evening while having a friendly game of "Mother-May I", with his element, Bill noticed that he repeatedly used the phrases, "Take a giant STEP", "Take 6 scissor STEPS", "Take a doolie STEP". Then it struck him, he would call his program--MOTHER. Everyone has pitched in to make the MOTHER program a true success.

THIS IS THE LIFE FOR USAF ACADEMY CADETS



It Takes a Real ACE to Read the LEMON !

Your curriculum at the Academy fills you to the gray matter with interesting and broadening academic concepts. But the "whole man" is not ready to face the aerospace without the intellectual stimulation of your magazine, the Lemon.

From within the peelings of your Lemon, you can squeeze seedy bits of motivational wisdom, tart ideas for entertaining conversations with your Arnold Hall date and acid commentary on matters of universal importance.

But where do you learn about retirement income, or caring for a wife and children, in case you kick the bucket? Just ask any of our many minority groups around the Academy. Did you know that 100% of the Comm Shoppe Secretaries, and 99.3% of the diggers and Fillers do business with our company?

Our representative, Lemm N. Aid, will be happy to meet with you anywhere, from E. E. Lab to the northwest shower stall. He will show you how you can finance a little nest egg right out of your cadet account, just like "buying" the Lemon. Leave your financial worries with the flawless minds of the efficient Finance Office in Fairchild Hall.

We look forward to doing our business with you, for you, and all over you.

John A. Swindle
PRES.

UNITED STRAWBERRY BAVARIAN LIFE

USAF A—Colorado,
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