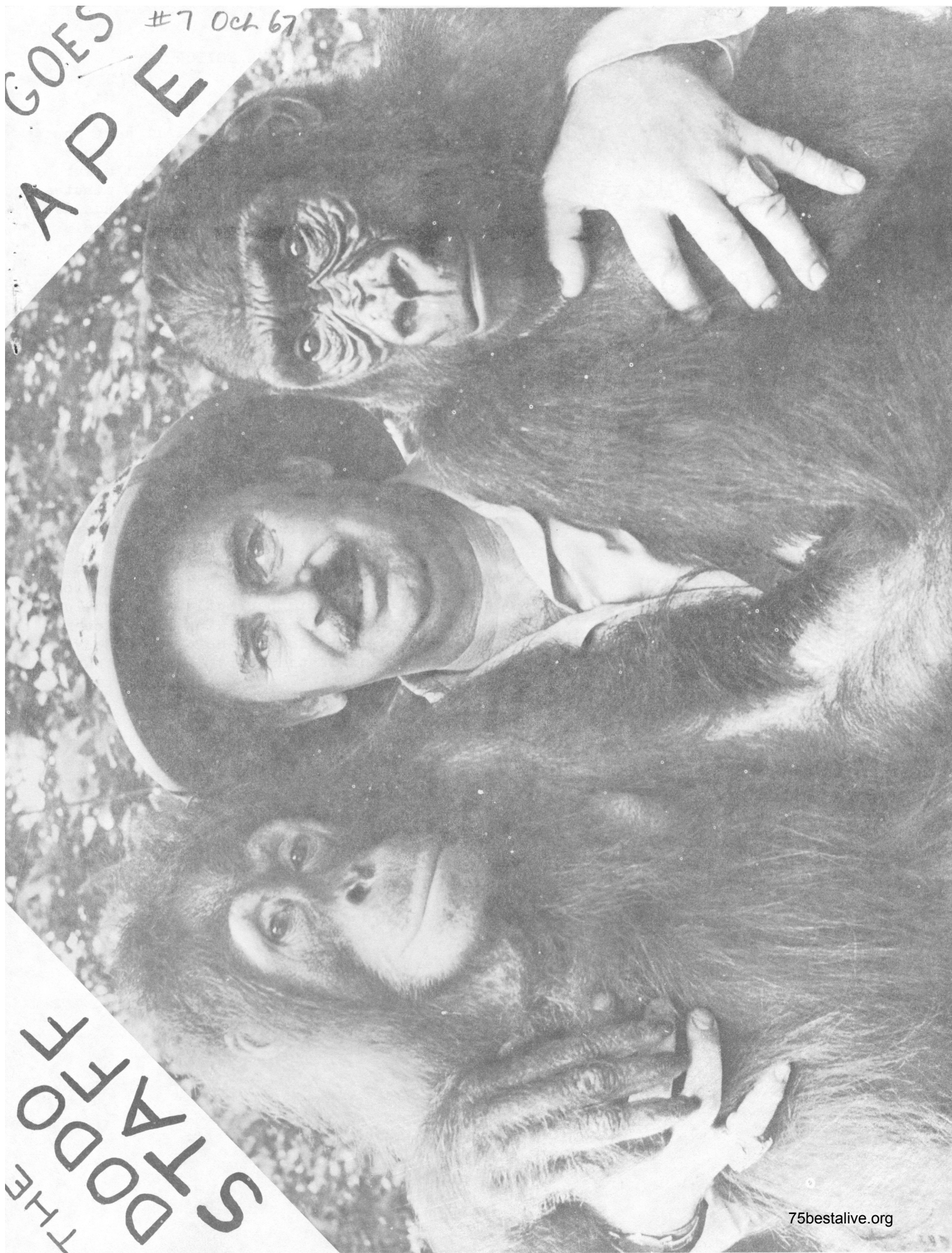


GOES  
A D E  
#7 Oct 67



THE  
DODO  
STAFF

AFCRP 190-4  
Oct. 67 No. 7

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



□ I C - Capt. J. Terry  
CMFWIC - Bill Radasky  
AMFWIC - Rog Dean

other warped minds:

Mike STEVENSON

Ted Helminski,

Rick Grandjean  
FROM THE CMFWIC

Well it's Friday the thirteenth and do you feel lucky? If your day was anything like mine... On my way to class I decided to walk around a ladder and ended up falling into a newly dug pit filled with pungy sticks. After pulling my head out I had a slinky feline cross my path. Muttering some appropriate comments concerning my bad luck, she promptly scratched my eyes out. Figuring that I had nothing to lose since I had my first class physical next period, I then proceeded to Mitches to really stretch my luck. Figuring that I'd better straighten out the odds on my day, I tossed some salt over my shoulder right into Mondo Chonotes eyes. By the way, does anybody know what "Besezmez Couro" means? Until next issue (if there is one), don't take any wodden ones.

Dear Editor:

About that AOC's diary. I'll have you know that not a word of that scandal sheet had any truth to it. For example, I'm sure we AOC's don't beat our wives for 20 minutes every morning. After all an AOC's hands do get tired after 10 minutes of any kind of work. Also that part about allotting one minute for explaining policy changes is ridiculous; anybody could tell you that reasons are never given for policy changes. And by the way, I never ask my wife for late lights! The lights in my room are mine. Those in her room are hers!

Maj. Aspenshield

Ed. So what do you know about being an AOC.

C/lc Radasky:

We would like to thank you for bringing to light the activities of T.H.E. Man. It's been quite a while since we've had a good withh hunt and we think that we have a stock which should fit him perfectly. You would be doing yourself and the Wing a service if you would reveal his name before the Denver Post gets wind of the story; besides that we wouldn't want to have an investigation of the DODO, would we.

CIC Ethics Committee

Ed. An investigation wouldn't bother us; we're not short any funds!

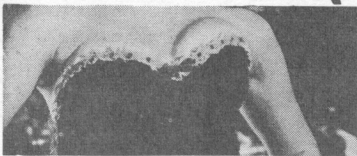
C/Unranked Radasky:

Why me?

Lt. Terry

Ed. Well, you can fool some of the people some of the time...

Signed "X"



an extra  
cost  
option...







# T.H.E.

I made it to the latrine, dove into a stall and popped quickly to a brace. At my feet was Major Jol E. Green making an inspection of the commode. I turned around and escaped before he could get his head out. There was no where to hide, no where to go but Col. Bore's office. I pressed on and entered the AOC section. I heard a scream from behind me. Turning suddenly, full of fear, I discovered it was only a secretary being chased by an AOC. I turned to proceed and tripped over Maj. LeeGreen working on his motorcycle. He belted me in the head with a wrench and then wrote me up for blood on uniform. I thanked him and then sprinted for the door of Col. Bore's office. I made it, tucked my chin in, and knocked. Hearing a roar which I took to be a command to enter, I opened the door and walked in. I flattened against the wall. Col. Bore just missed me as he sprinted across the room toward the AOC Buck-Buck team. Bodies flew about. I reported to Col. Bore who was now seated upon some prostrate AOC, saluting several times trying to beat him down.

Finally having gotten the preliminaries over, I waited with queasy stomach for him to get around to the business at hand. He lurched up and lumbered toward his desk, stepping on those AOC's not yet recovered from the crash of the meanest Buck-Buck breaker in the world. He rooted among the many papers on his desk and came up with a small yellow one. It was all over; my roommate must have talked! I hadn't thought much of it when he didn't return for taps last night. I had merely stuffed his bed. They must have had him here all night beating information out of him. Col. Bore began to speak but the silence was punctuated by a groan from one of the injured AOC's. Col. Bore order him out, and two of his comrades who were always eager to please flipped him out the window (it was closer than the door). The tension was unbearable! He finally spoke. The form ten was not for me; it was for my roommate. He had gotten his arm caught in the printout machine in the Comp Sci lab and had forgotten to pick up his bloody shirt on the way to the hospital.

Col. Bore then inspected me. Leaving his office counting the form tens I had received, I was much relieved to find that I had only gotten two months (for being insubordinate- I had tried to explain to Col. Bore that the reason I did not know my rifle serial number was that I didn't have a rifle; firsties never do). This close call made me

# MAN

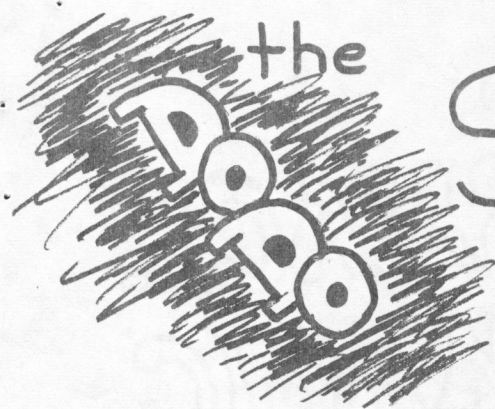
decide that the security would have to be tightened if THE PLOT were to succeed. There would have to be a meeting tonight, I thought. While I was thinking about this I forgot the danger I was in and walked right in front of the secretary being chased by Maj. Hands. She ran right over me. Had I not been occupied with the pain as her spiked heels jabbed into my chest, I might have enjoyed the view.....

to be continued

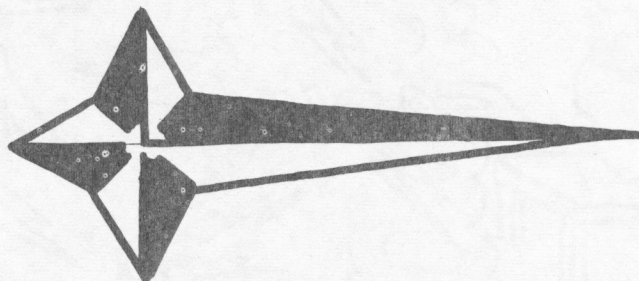


"hey, hey, heyeyey...."

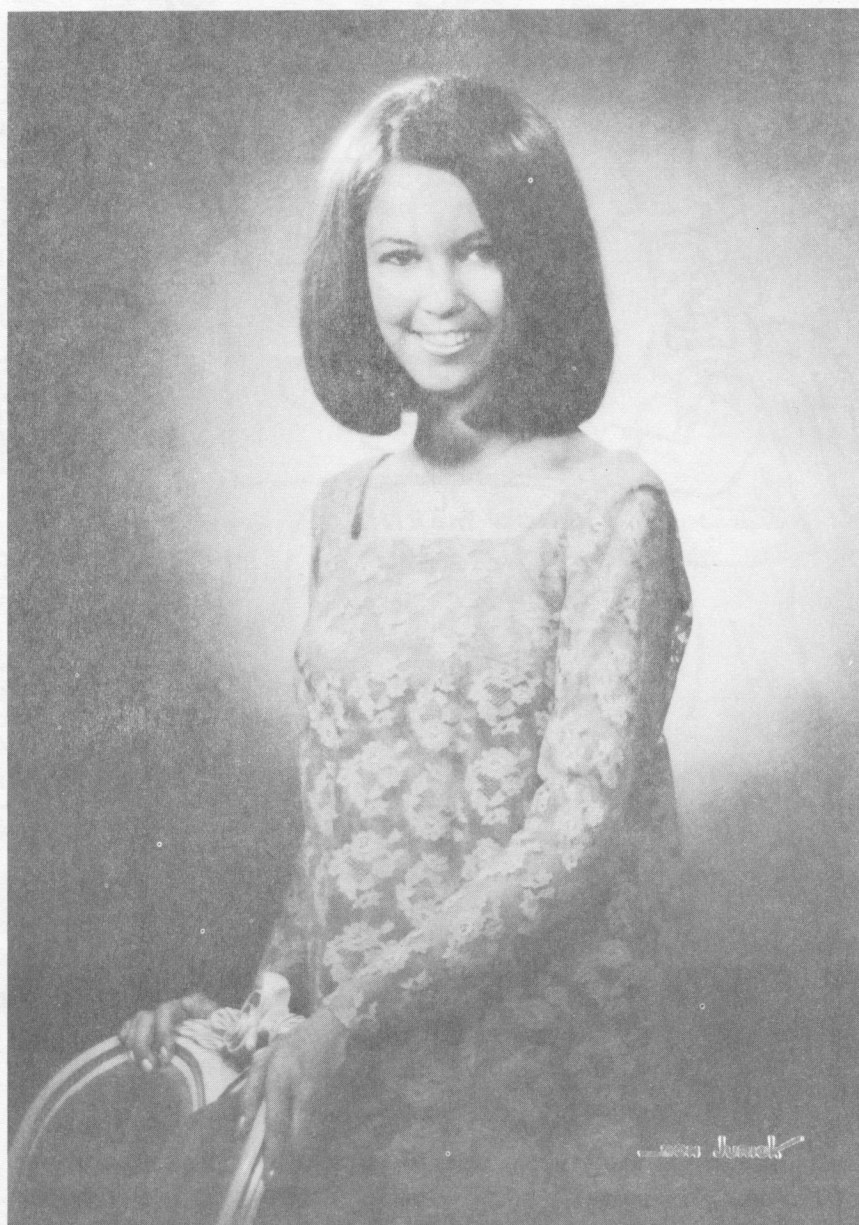




# Spacemate



This month's SPACE\*  
 MATE answers to the name  
 of Ruth Ann Walker. This  
 brown-eyed beauty measures  
 5'6" (sorry, no horizontal  
 statistics). Ruth attends  
 school in Oklahoma and  
 presently belongs to a  
 lowly Fourth Classman  
 (eat your hearts out  
 Firsties!!).



HMM... IT'S ABOUT TIME FOR MAJOR MANDRAKE...

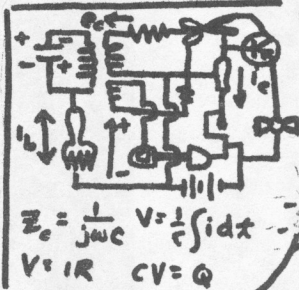


# BLACK MAGIC 333

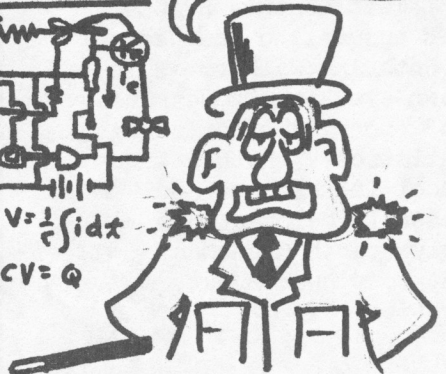


GOOD MORNING, GENTLEMEN. TODAY WE SHALL STUDY MESH EQUATIONS.

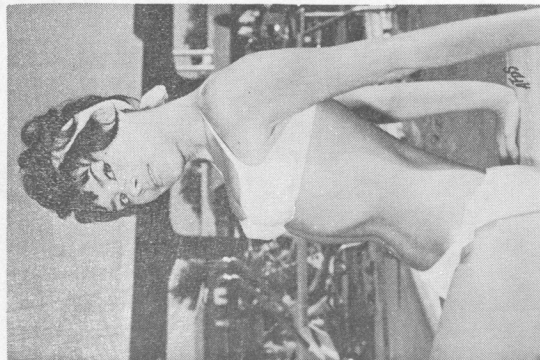
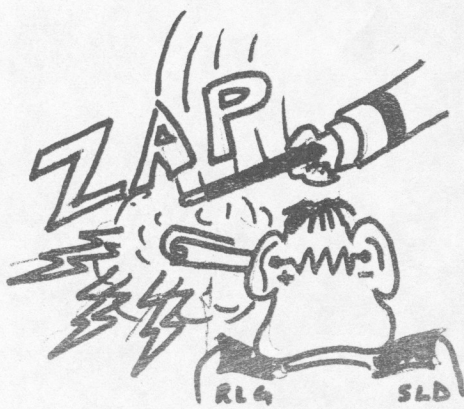
THE METHOD OF OBTAINING THESE EQUATIONS IS INTUITIVELY OBVIOUS TO EVEN THE MOST CASUAL OBSERVER. QUESTIONS?



$$Z_c = \frac{1}{j\omega c} \quad V = \frac{1}{c} \int i dt \quad V = IR \quad CV = Q$$



SIR, I DON'T SEE HOW— YOUR QUESTION WILL BE ANSWERED ON THE QUIZ.



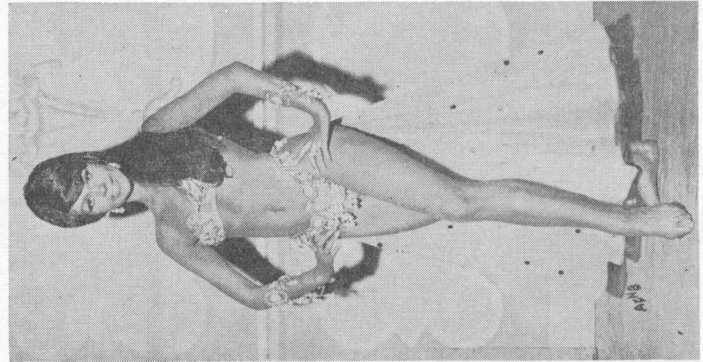


Sports Column

Beat Anybody! Please. It was the toughest game of the year for both teams; The United States Air Force Academy vs. The Polish National All-Stars. The score was tied 0-0 in the fourth quarter when a flight of F-4s flew by at Mach I. This created a sonic boom which the Polish team mistook for the final gun, and they walked off the field. Three plays later the Falcons scored the winning field goal.



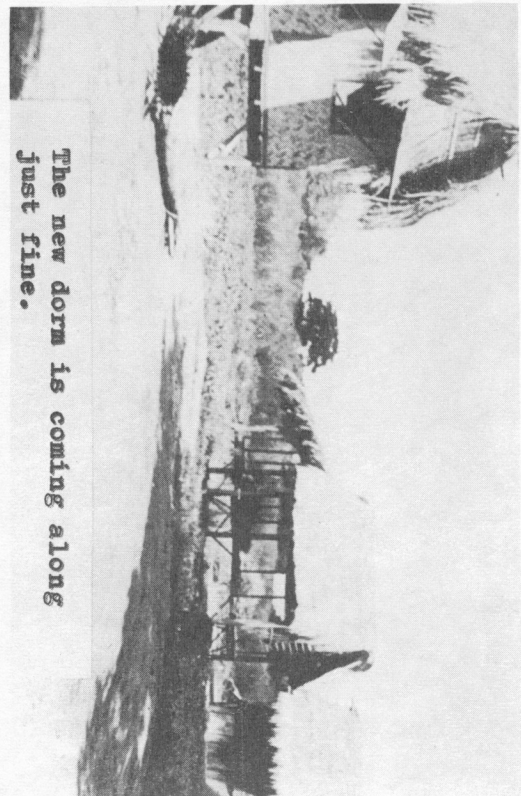
Its a good thing I only get to send out 36 pieces of laundry.



DID YOU KNOW THAT:

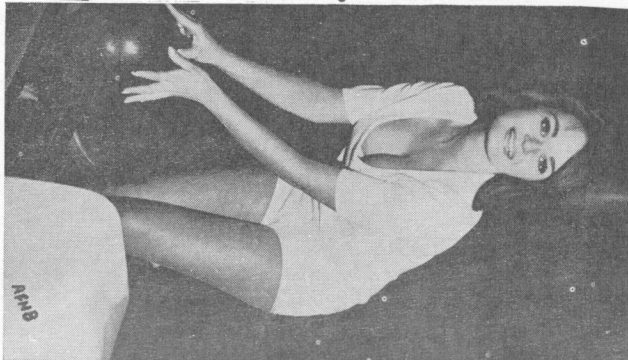
1. Vince Lombardi was tuned down in favor of Uncle Ben.
2. Laslo Jiacivici and Genedy Siderov were the 1,000 meters Tandem Single Blade World Canoeing Champions in 1962
3. The U.S. has successfully defended the America's Cup yacht racing trophy twenty times since 1851.
4. Terry Hanratty wanted to come to AFA, but he couldn't pass.
5. Crusader Rabbit's hometown is Galahad Glen.
6. A six-pointed star is also the shape of a Chinese Checkers board.
7. A famous football coach recently said, "We always have a fine team. We should have. We have excellent coaching." It was John McKay, USC.
8. Peter Pain was the troll under the bridge in the Ben-Gay commercial.

What me worry? Ed.



The new dorm is coming along just fine.

How do you get rid of 10 lbs of ugliness? Brush your teeth.



Did you hear about the Woopoo that took a roll of toilet paper to a crap game?



### POOPSIE BEATS THE OTHERS COLD

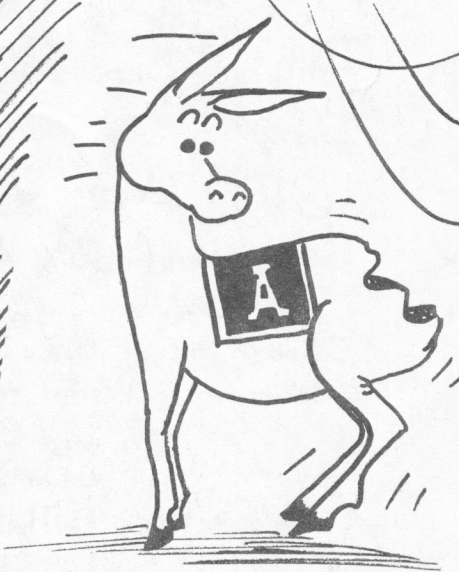
Says Hans Von Bigmudder, agent for the Poopsie Protection Agency, (shown here explaining the advantages of his system to C1C Sick Jose - a subscriber to Croak). Remember if you have Comp Sci or any other type of activity which requires late night excursions in and around VBERG, you need Poopsie.



# 8 NOV 67

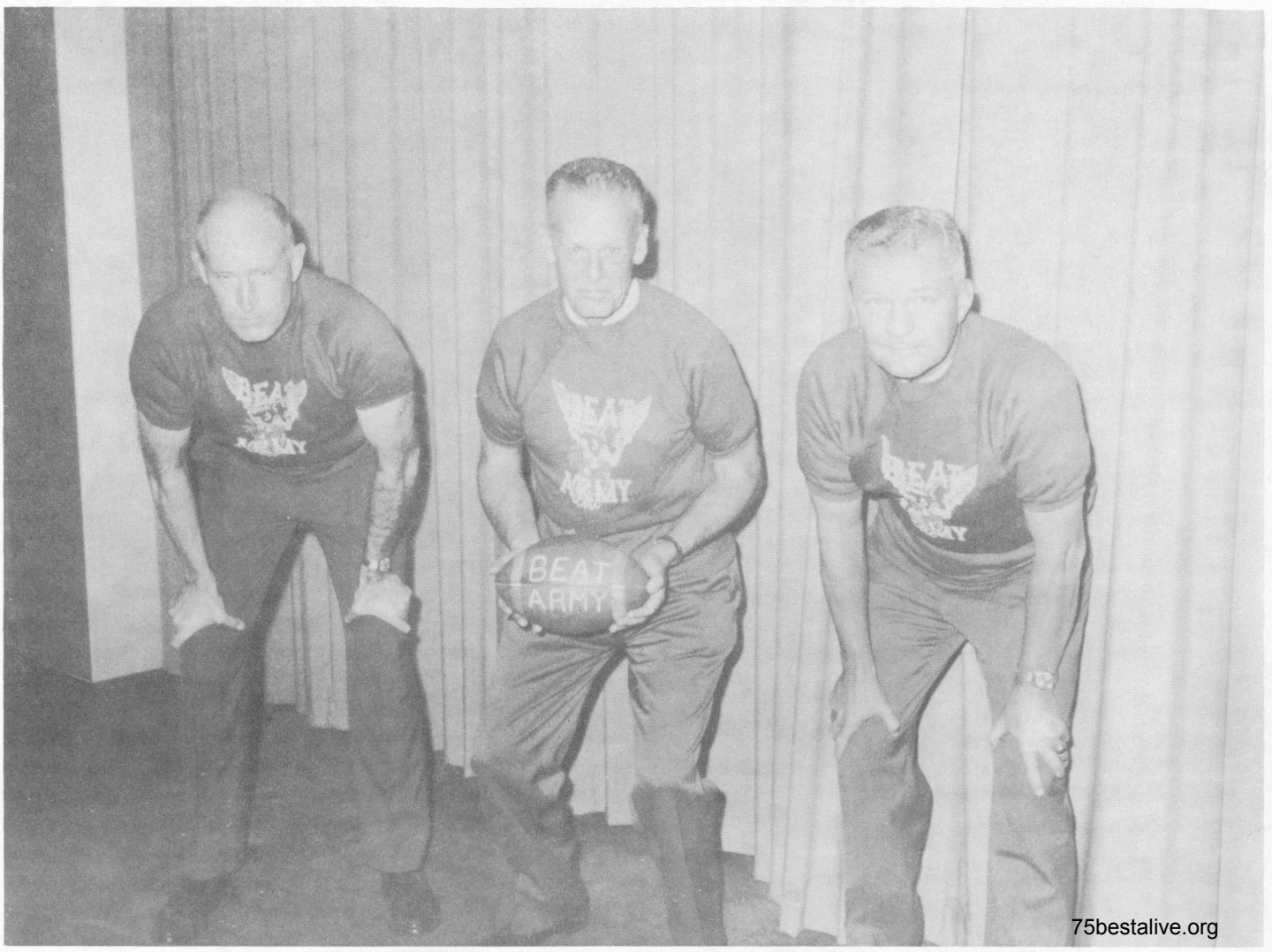
# The BEAT ARMY

NOV 67



THE  
FIRST TEAM  
SAYS  
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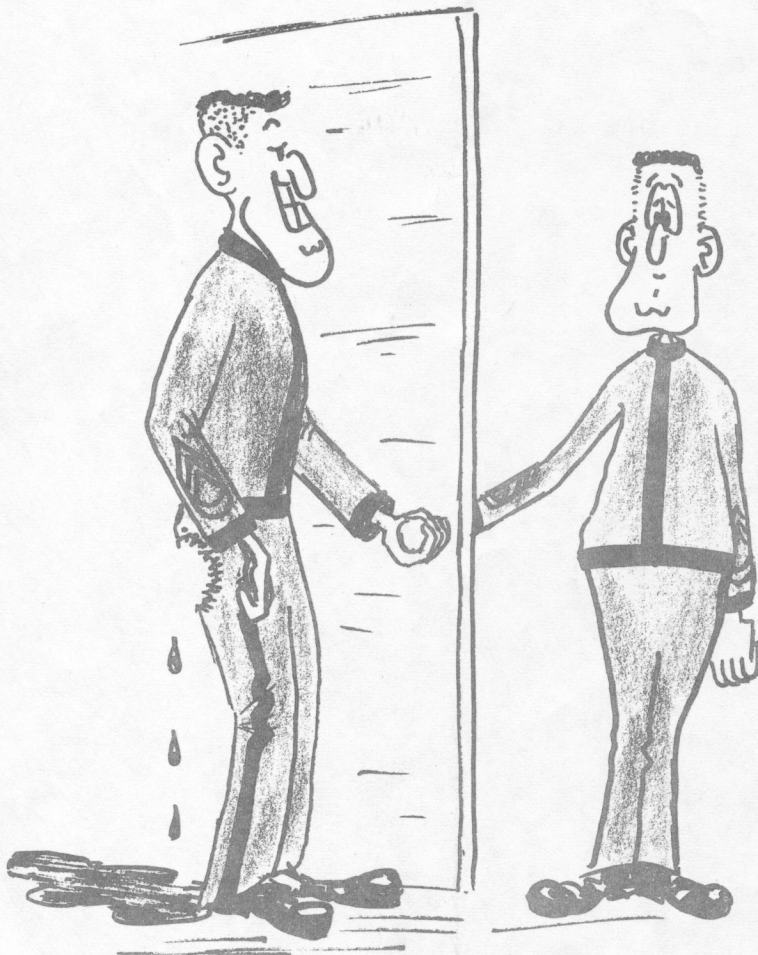


FROM THE STAFF:

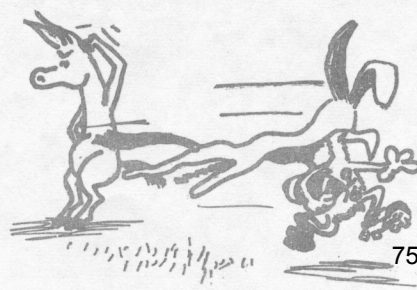
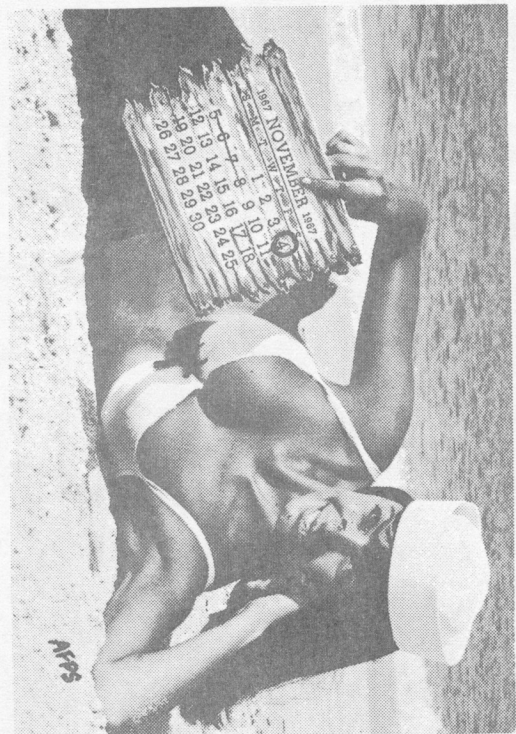
We on the staff of the Dodo would like to encourage everyone to welcome our less fortunate comrades from Woopoo U. to the country club. We sincerely hope that all the brothers of Alpha Figma Alpha will refrain from "rubbing it in" when they discuss some of the more obvious differences between our campus and that dilapidated old army camp on the shores of the Hudson. Doolies are especially cautioned about informing the poor firsties from Woopoo of their privileges. Above all gentlemen, do not under any circumstances discuss cars, parties, or weekends with these unfortunates. One more thing, guys; don't talk about grad school, flight training or other post graduation plans. Remember that these upstanding young men also serve a purpose, and if it weren't for them, even we might be used as cannon fodder.



- OIC - Capt. J.D. Terry**
- Ed. in chief: Bill Redasky '68
  - Assit. Ed. : Rog Dean '68
  - Sports Ed. : Mike Stevenson '68
  - Humor : Ted Helmski '68
  - Skip Bennett '70
  - Art : Dave Daniel '69
  - Contributers: Bill Sasz '68
  - John Lambert '68
  - Pek Grandjean '69



"... oh not much - Just a little chat with my TAC officer..."





SON THE RIDE



SON THE RIDE

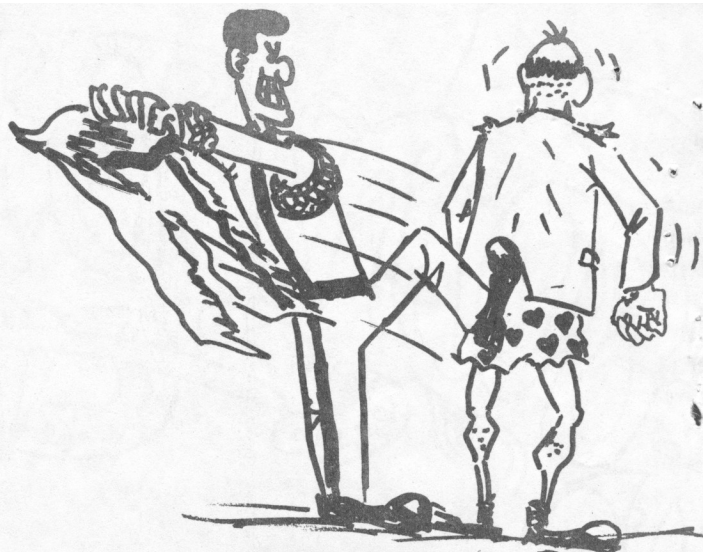
SON THE RIDE

SON THE RIDE

# THE ACTION ARMY MAN

I staggered to my feet slowly, pulled the shoe out of my chest and threw it over my shoulder. All of a sudden I remembered where I was and then I heard the shoe hit - a soft fleshy thud. It could only have landed in one place to have made that noise. Forgetting my pain, I ran in blind panic to escape before Col. Bore could pull it out. I reached my room - my mind racing wildly over the morning's events. The meeting! I had to call the meeting. . . but, the date - the meeting couldn't be tonight - tonight I had to go pay a visit to the hallowed halls of the campus which had produced all of our country's great military heroes such as George Armstrong Custer, Robert E. Lee and Second Lieutenant Arvid R. Garfgrass. It was to be the theft of all time but there was no time to think of that now. I had to make preparations. I quickly went to the orderly room and filled out 39 Forms 11 with the "authorized" blocks not checked in the hope that they would sufficiently confuse the mechanical Buddha so that I would escape notice as I slipped out the rest of the day. Then taking \$20,000 of non-appropriated funds which had been appropriated from a Wing publication, I left.

Finding an unguarded A.P. car by the base of the ramp, I borrowed it (I left a note) and set out for Pete Field to board Falcon Flight Double O Zero for that grey wasteland. Arriving at Stewart AFB, I contacted the base commander and told him of my mission and requested that he lend me three C-141's, and two squadrons of air police, leaving his office with somewhat less than twenty thousand. I remembered one important detail which could ruin the whole plot. I immediately went to a local hotel and bought a spare uniform from a nondescript bell boy. I then contacted a local dope agent. I learned the security net set-up that West Point had for that weekend. The net was air tight in all places but one. While I was there, I tried to arrange for a drop of LSD into USMA'S reservoir, but I learned that it was done daily anyway (it was the only way they could keep their attrition rate down to 99%). The Air Police were already in the trucks waiting for me when I returned. I boarded the lead truck and we set out for the Chink in the Armor of West Point. I reflected upon the job the greatest military minds in the country had done in setting up the perimeter defense of West Point as we drove through the unguarded main gate.



Once inside I left the A.P.'s waiting in the trucks as I cased the Point. I was startled to find that everyone I saw saluted me and then I realized that the gold braid on the sleeve of the bell boy's uniform placed me rather high in the Corps' chain of command. Walking up to someone I took to be a plebe I demanded of him, "Who am I, mister?" "Sir, you are First Captain, C/Capt Shmuck." I discovered I had been addressing a senior as when he saluted I noticed his ring, so I chewed him out for saluting with his left hand and went about my way. I had decided against stealing the jackass since there were too many of them walking around already. I instructed the A.P.'s to don their gas masks and begin packing all the trousers on campus. After a half hour's work they reported that the job was complete except for one pair, that one the Commandant was wearing. I thought for a moment and evaluated the quality of my adversary's mind. I remembered the defenses he had set up to guard against such an intrusion as was now in progress and decided that I would beat him the military way. I instructed one of the A.P.'s to go to Stewart and get one piece of equipment that I needed. As soon as he returned I set off for the Commandant's office armed with a symbol of undisputed authority in the military - a mimeographed directive (actually it was only a USAFA policy letter on commode inspections). I entered his office and found an even more disgusting scene than I had witnessed at our own academy. Instead of the sleek machines attached to electrodes in the brain, I found such crude methods of maintaining military discipline as racks, whips, bamboo spikes, red ant hills and all the other paraphernalia of that classic military man - the Marquis de Sade.

GO NEXT DOOR →



more "t.h.e. Man"

I entered the inner sanctum and side stepped quickly so that the Commandant missed me as he swung his sword. A good loser, he took out a submachine gun and tried to get me again. Before that paranoid could figure out which end to point at me I informed him that in compliance with DAR ( I waved directive 996707534KZ57225701G69 in his face) orders, all trousers worn by Army personal in the States were useless and should be sent to the victims of Hurricane Mando in Tijuana Baja, California. As he handed me his trousers he congratulated me on my military bearing and willingness to pick up the ball and run with it.

My mission completed, I then thought of kidnapping the Cadet dates who were beginning to arrive for the weekend. I decided that I may as well not improve the morale of the Cor and left them alone. I returned the A.P.'s to the base commander at Stewart. As I boarded the plane for USAFA, I mused about the effect the lack of trousers would have on the social activities in Grant Hall that weekend....

( to be continued )

Ed. The moral of this episode in the life of T.H.E. Man would have to be "Beat the Pants off of Army!"

What's West Point's motto?  
One hundred and sixty five years of tradition unhampered by progress.

Did you hear about the Woopoo who asked a friend to go ice fishing with him. His friend said he couldn't make it because he had a case of diarrhea. This didn't phase the Woop; he said to bring it along to drink in the icehouse.

What is found on the face of every Army general? A long grey line.

Then ther was the Woop who thought his typewriter was pregnant. It missed a period.

There was once a Woop who went fishing for carp. He lost his wallet in the boat, and a carp picked it up and passed it to another carp. After this went on for a few minutes the Woop finally said, "That's the first time I've ever seen carp to carp walleting!"

Did you hear about the lazy Woop? He married a pregnant girl!



Why is ther always cake in Grant Hall?  
To keep the flies off the cadet dates.

Why won't they let Woops swim in the Hudson? They leave rings around the Palisades.

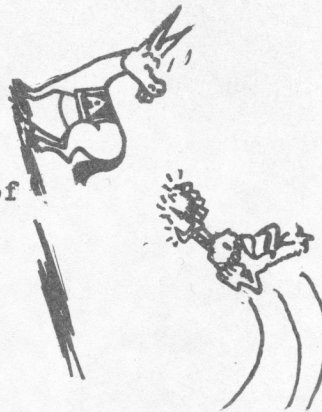
Who put the last ten bullets in Che Guevara? Ten thousand Woop sharpshooters.

Why does a Woop carry dirt in his wallet?  
For an ID.

Did you hear about the Woop that died drinking milk? The cow fell on him.

What do you have when you cross a Woop with a gorilla? A retarded gorilla!

What do you call an airborne Woop?  
Air Pollution.



What kind of Gears does a Woop tank have?  
4 reverse and 1 forward in case of a sneak attack from the rear.

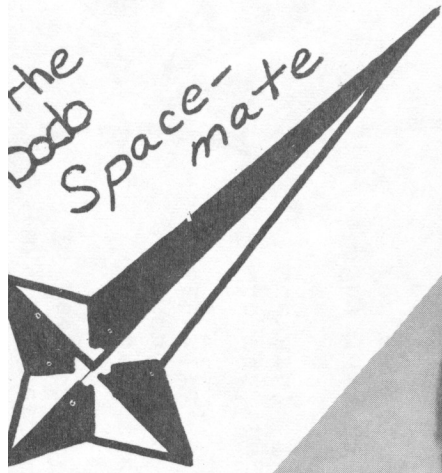
How can you tell the bride at a Woop wedding? She's the one who isn't wearing an Army bathrobe.

Dorb  
Dots &  
doodles  
-Woop  
Style-

What's written on the bottem of all coke bottles at West Point? "Open other end".

What's the difference between Beetle Bailey and a West Point grad? Beetle Bailey's famous.  
Did you hear about the Woop that raced the train to the intersection? He hit the 23rd car.

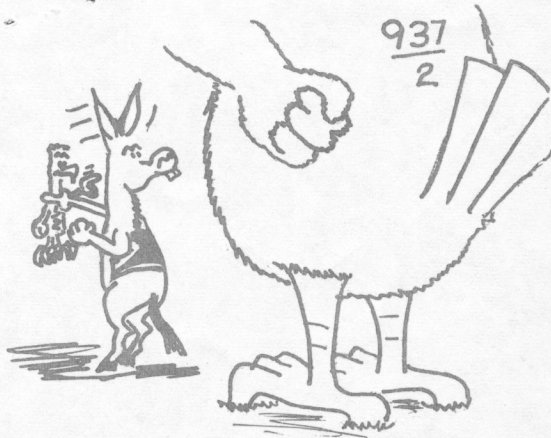
The  
Dodo  
Space-  
mate



This Month's spacemate is the stunning Miss Cheri Stiles. Cheri is a native Californian and goes to school at Riverside City College. However, the best place to find Cheri, school or not, is inhabiting the nation's playland area in the vicinity of Laguna, Newport or Huntington Beaches. At 5'3", blue eyes and blond hair, her interests lie mainly in the red-headed flash of 21st.

With love,  
Cheri X





For those of you that like to compare football scores, try this one on for size. Air Force beat Tulane by 3, Tulane beat N Carolina by 25, N Carolina beat N Carolina by 25, N Carolina beat Maryland by 14, Maryland lost to Syracuse by 4, Syracuse beat W Virginia by 17, W Virginia beat Villanova by 40, Villanova lost to VPI by 3, VpI by 3, VPI beat Kansas St by 12, Kansas St beat CSU by 10, CSU beat Utah St by 3, Utah St beat Memphis St by 14, Memphis St beat Mississippi by 10, Miss beat Georgia by 9, Georgia beat S Carolina by 21, S Carolina beat Duke by 4, and Duke beat Army by 3. From this it is very easy to see that Air Force can beat Army by 189 points.

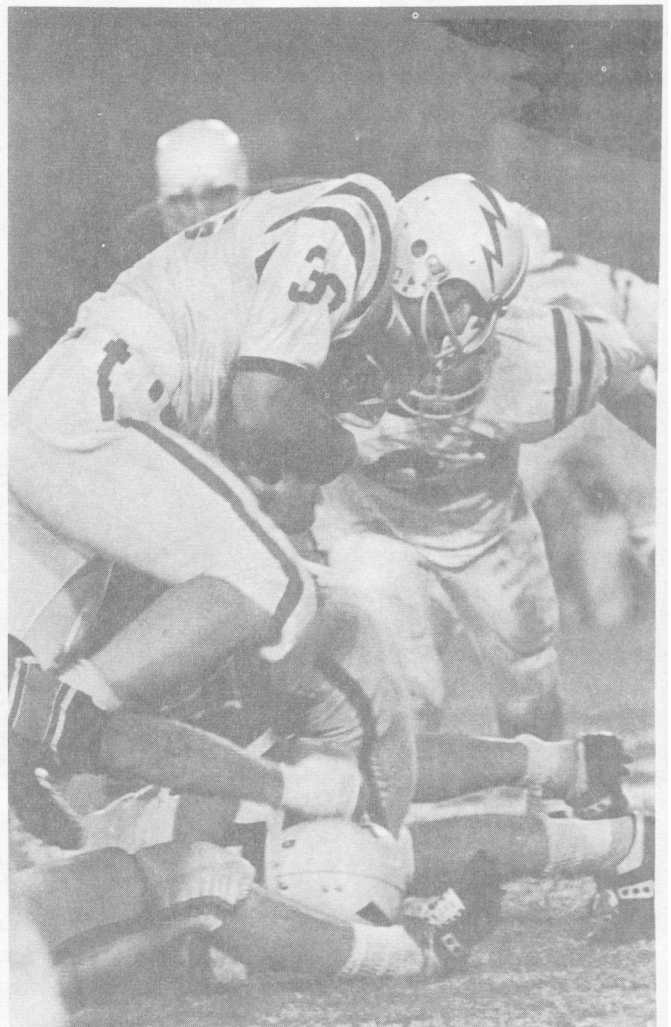
### THE BLACK KNIGHTS

The Cadets of West Point have a team they can really cheer about this year. As of Press time Army has lost only one game to Duke 10-7. They have rolled over Boston College, Rutgers, SMU, and Virginia.

Last year's Coach-of-the-Year, Tom Cahill, has something new to work with this year--- more offensive talent than defensive strength. A little 160 pound sprinter just off the track team has been running wild. Van Evans scored two touchdowns in his first varsity appearance against Virginia. Charley Jarvis, a 200 pound battering ram fullback, has been the workhorse of the Cadet backfield. He along with John Peduto, Carl Woessner, and Evans have led the strong Knight running attack to an average of over 200 yards per game. After being hampered at the beginning of the season with ulcers, quarterback Steve Lindell came back with a solid performance in Army's 24 to 6 trouncing of SMU. Meanwhile, a young sophomore named Roger Ledoux has been showing off his fine arm with touchdown passes to All-America prospect Terry Young at split end.

The Cadet defense has looked anything but weak. They have allowed an average of 7 points per game and the backs managed to pick off 4 passes against SMU. Virginia pushed Army around for 294 total yards, but that was the first game for the Knights and they have gotten tougher with each weekend.

There is still one thing that bothers me and that is the lack of good competition to really prove what Army has. The Falcons have faced some good ones and coming off two good wins and who knows what against CSU they will be ready for the big one. Any game between service academies is a 50-50 toss-up, but with all due respect to the Black Knights I will go with the Air Force by 6.



AIR FORCE ROLLS WITH HANNIG

By Madman



### "HOW NICE OF YOU TO LEAVE US YOUR KEYS"

They're serious. Leaving your door unlocked or leaving your key in the car is an open invitation for some idiot underclassman to take a joyride at your expense.

In fact, 47% of stolen or "borrowed" cadet cars are left with doors unlocked or keys in the ignition.

Losing your car for the weekend is costly. You're depriving yourself of a good drunk

or a great date - and at the same time you're allowing some second or third classman the chance to have some fun for a change.

Car borrowing can be reduced dramatically by removing the temptation. That's why we at Auto Security Service remind you: Always take your keys and don't leave your ignition wires in an open spot so some crazy EE major can have a ball - in your car!!!!

## Auto Security Service

1404 1/2 Avenida de las Federales, Tijuana, B.C.

75bestalive.org