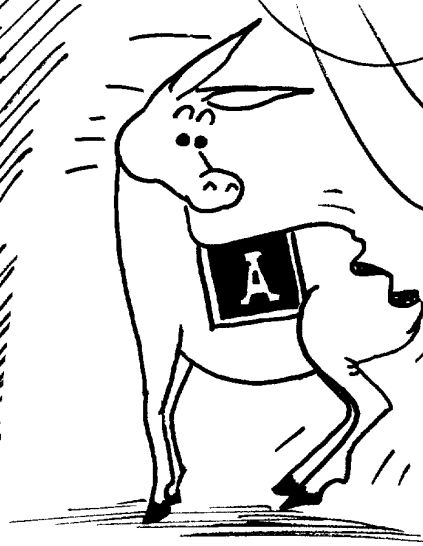


The

BEAT

ARMY

NOVEMBER



THE
FIRST TEAM
SAYS

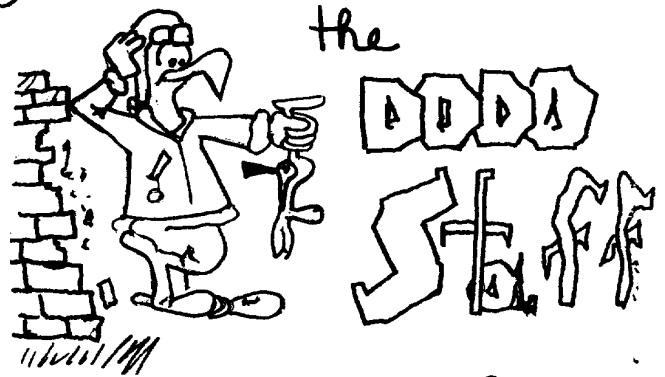


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FROM THE STAFF:

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.

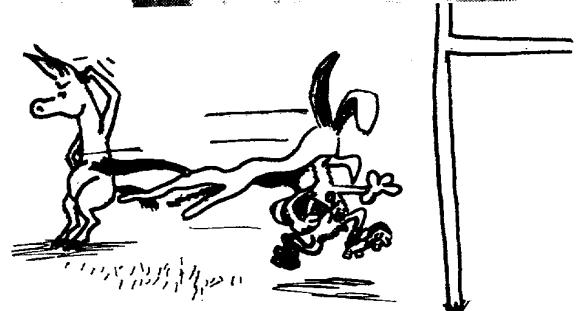


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- John Lambert '68
- Pek Grandjean '69



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

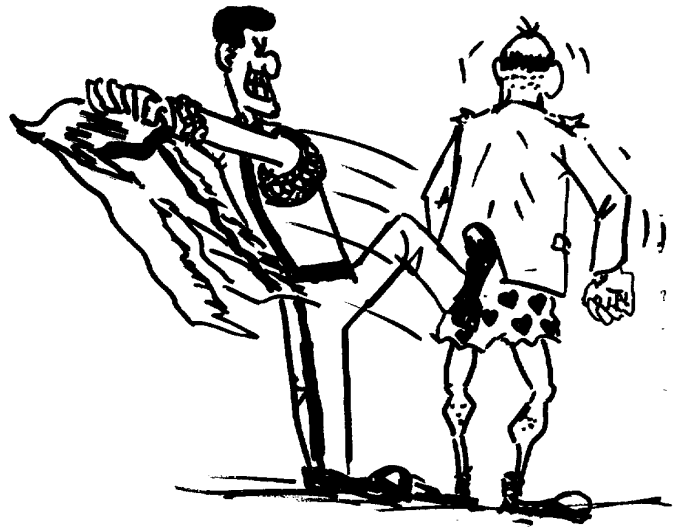




THE ACTION ARMY MAN

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-119'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 personel 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.

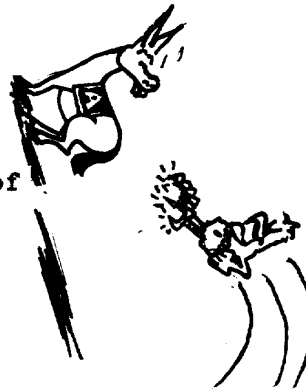
Who put the last ten bullets in Che Guevara? Ten thousand Woop sharpshooters.

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.

Dads
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.

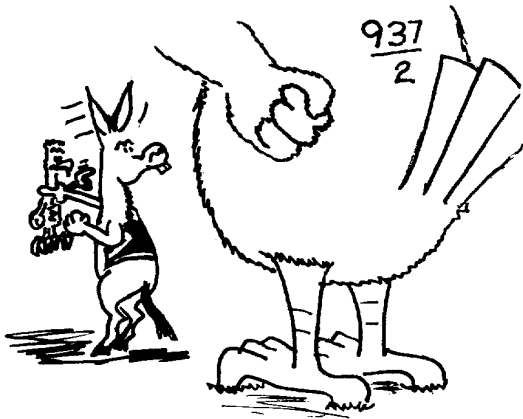
Did you hear about the Woop that raced the train to the intersection? He hit the 23rd car.

The
Dadb
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



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 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.