

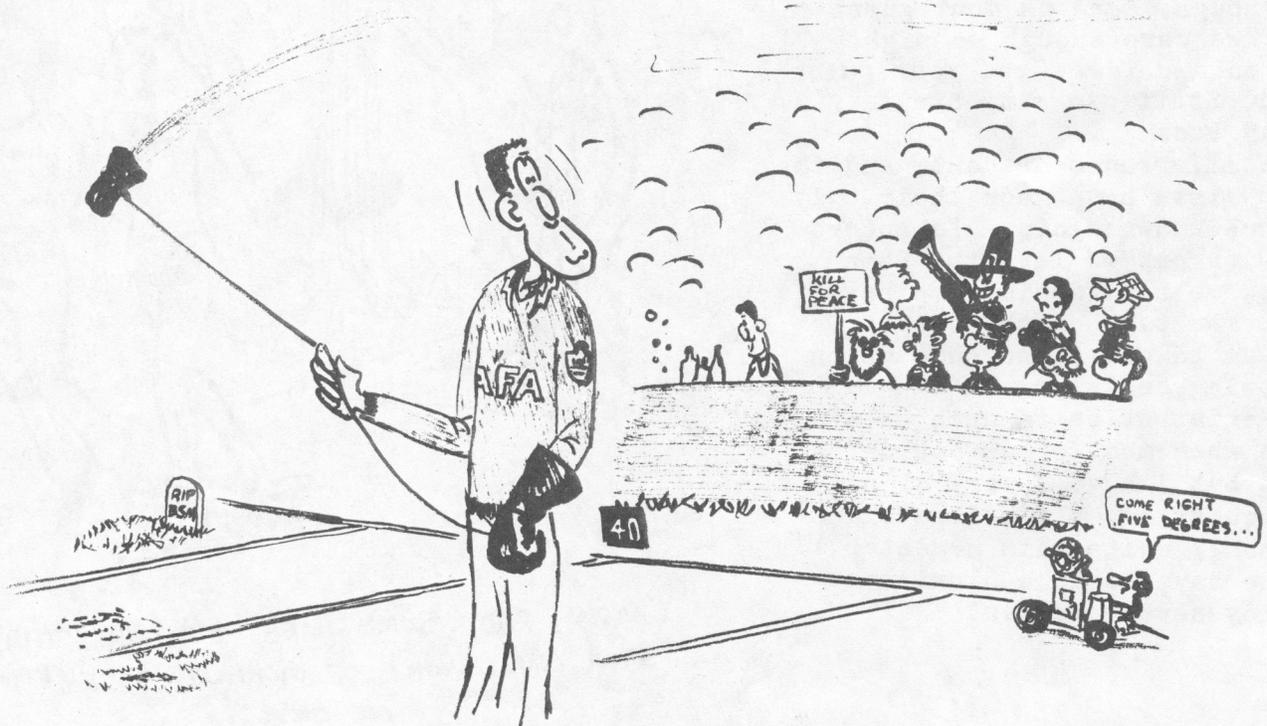
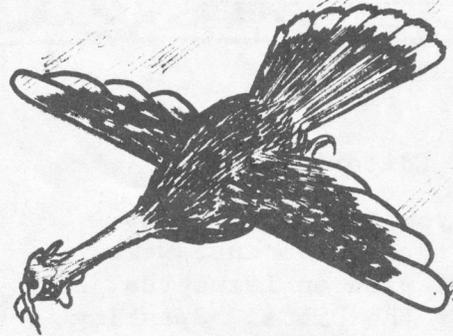
THE TURKEY

#9 Nov 67

presents
its annual



DODD





THE



Cast of Turkeys

OIC - Capt. Terry
Head Bird:

Bill Radasky

OTHER TURKEYS:

ROG DEAN

MIKE STEVENSON

TED HELMINSKI

Dave Daniel

Rick Grandjean



Editorial:

All you turkeys out there better get ready because we're coming out with an issue that's really for the birds. Speaking of birds, we of the Dodo Staff are having a count the turkey contest. See if you can count the number of turkeys in this issue. Here comes the hard part. If you care enough, send us your guess and if we care enough we might send you a prize. Send your guess to Dodo Staff c/o Wing Staff Orderly Room.

Well, grades are out, and the ac pro lists have made their ugly presence known again. In accordance with our "we love the Dean" policy, we have decided to have F.H.E. Man take on the Dean. Do you have to guess who ends up on the losing end?

Registration is upon us at a time when most of us couldn't care. But I have a very significant question. If a firstclassman took 7 units this semester, does he have to take 6 units at Berkeley next semester?

Love,
Rad



"Y'KNOW, RAD, SOMETIMES I THINK THAT STILL SMALL VOICE OF MORALITY IS PUTTING ME ON."

For those who only drink on holidays: On this day in 1961 an ROTC cadet was found in formation for a cadet march on. He was severely beaten by the entire squadron, thus inventing the first squadron mug.

Dodo Grad Guide

In this issue the DODO provides a public service to the Cadet Wing: a guide for the newly-commissioned AFA grad. This will help you to make all the necessary adjustments that accompany the transition from cadet to officer status.

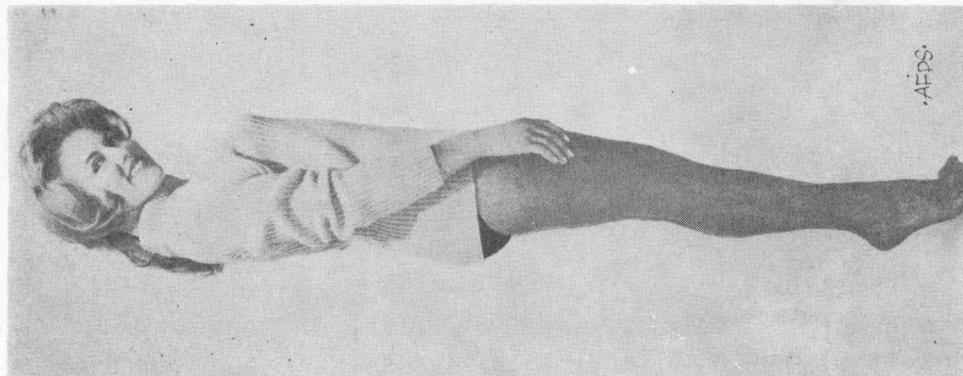
If you inadvertently wake up at 6:00 AM (nobody says 0600), just go back to sleep. Real people never get up this early. No one will be calling minutes, so you will have to learn to use an alarm clock. As you are at least 21 years old, you may proceed individually to breakfast. In fact, you don't even have to go to the meal. You may have a percolater in your room, and you may read at the table. Clean up your room a little bit, even though no one will inspect, not even on Saturday. There is no need to fold your skivvies 6X6 any more. Security Flight won't tell you what to wear, so you must learn to decide for yourself. This will be very difficult at first, but you will be surprised at how fast you catch on.

Since you are an officer now, you may park near where you live. Drive to work and be in place by contact time, since there is no first call or assembly. Whatever your job is, you will be forced to work with such unfortunates as Reserve Officers, Distinguished Military Graduates, and former Woo-Poos. Don't let this get you down. Don't expect perfection from these men; smile, flash your ring around the room, and act nice. Remember that you are a grad and a "Career" Officer. If you are ever unsure about what to do, just think of your MT lectures and you will be fat.

There is no odd-uniform formation for lunch, you do not march, and you may sign to miss the meal. Depending on where you are stationed, you may or may not be served family style meals. If you are not, play it by ear, watch the ROTC grads, and do what they do. Do not make ab----- with the Italian salad dressing. If you have a brand-new jar of peanut butter, keep calm. Quietly open it and act as if it had been used before.

When your work is through, you will in all probability not have intramurals or drill, so the time is yours. You may take a non-chargeable ODP without signing out. This is just one of the many privileges that officers enjoy. You may attend beer call, just like when you were a firstie.

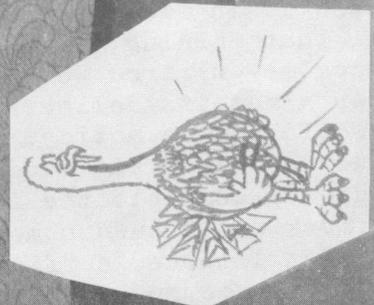
Nighttime will necessitate drastic adjustments. You will have unlimited weekday weekends, and you do not have to buff your floor at 2:30 in the morning. Actually, the night provides an excellent opportunity to utilize your AFA Time Management Training, with one small difference being that you need not remain in your room all night. A last bit of advice - learn to enjoy the simple things in life... like sitting around listening to your hair grow.



Even grads have something to be thankful for, and I don't mean turkeys!



I've got '68's attitude
but I'm one up on them!



THE MAN

The day started as all days start, to the melodious tone of a doolie bawling out the minutes in front of my door, but this day was to be different...today was the day of the great turkey snatch. The Dean and the other fellows from the jolly group that hangs around Fairchild were having their prefinals turkey shoot and answer picking party today. The first prize was to be Sylvia, a humongous local turkey of ill repute. In addition to Sylvia, the department whose team won that edible turkey also got the privelege of failing half of the firsties enrolled in their couses and as many underclassmen as they desired.

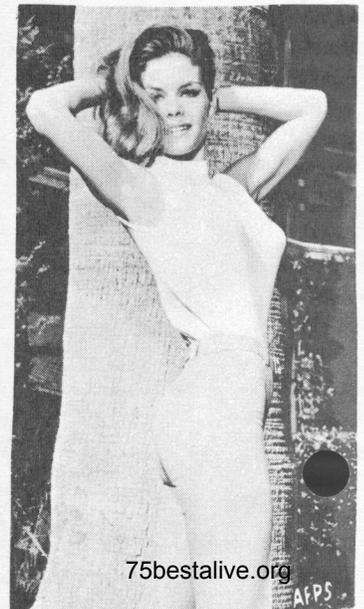
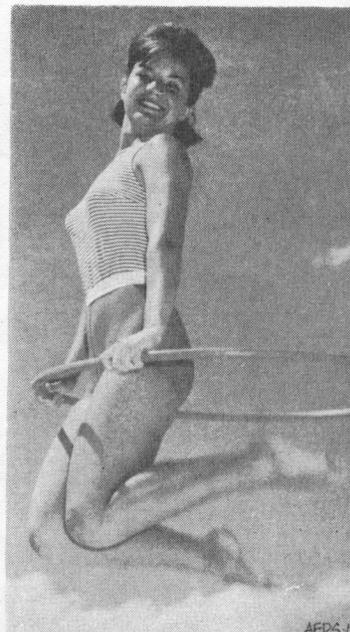
Naturally, for the sake of God, country, motherhood, and a free education, the snatch had to be made. After breakfast I went up to the sixth floor of Fairchild to see what the security situation was. As I passed through the Econ department, the scent of a sickly sweet blue smoke hit me even before I heard the insane, sadistic chortling which could only mean that the finals were being made up. In fact spirits of merriment were flowing throughout every department today. The double E department had a horde of 3 year old cretins scribbling on blackboards designing circuits to be used on their final exams. As I passed through the Aero Department, I heard something about finding the entropy of noxious post-gastric vapors, but finally I found Sylvia.

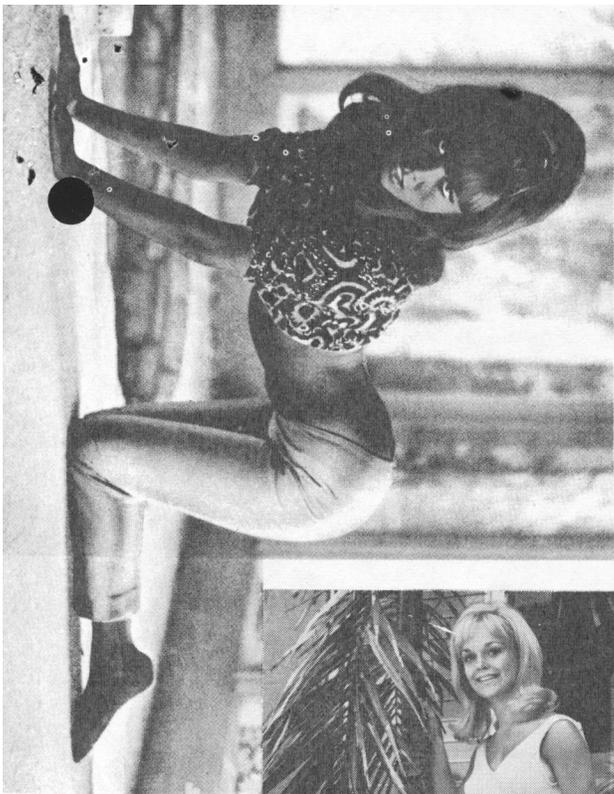
There were 27 AP's guarding the door to the Dean's conference room, and all of them were trying to catch a glimpse of Sylvia through the glass partitions. The snatch was disgustingly simple. The Dean's coat and hat were hanging right outside his office, so I quickly grabbed them and dived into the latrine. I put on a curly wig that one of the secretaries had loaned me, and loused it in flour purloined from the dining hall that morning. But then the thought struck me--my trou were the wrong color! After a moments deliberation, I decided that it would not be noticed if the Dean, in the manner of all great academicians, forgot his trou. To complete the image I put on one red sock and ground some flour into the toes. Now that I looked sufficiently raunchy, it could only be an academic question of stealing Sylvia.



I clawed my way through the AP's and finally got their attention by stealing a pistol and shooting two of them. I then soundly chewed them out for their lack of military bearing and pinched their turkey. I had it made until my wig slipped off and recognition of the fact that I was not the Dean finally seeped into the subcretin mentalities of the AP's. They rushed at me like a horde of sexcrazed firsties let loose in a girls'locker room. But all was not lost as I had taken my ten lessons of a space street fighting and was easily able to dispatch them. Leaving them writhing about on the floor holding that part of the bddy that football players are forbidden to touch when their game is televised.

It had worked and now the world would be safe for those poor socially underprivileged, yet courageous young men in Vandenberg.





Why me, Ralph?



**News Photo
Of The Week**
AFTER A
GREAT TURKEY
DINNER AT
MITCH'S



You
Name
It IT

RHYMES WITH

ASTRO

AERO

EE

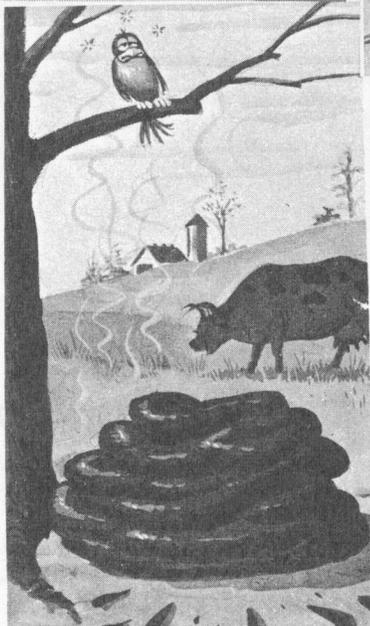
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& TURKEY



THE TOP TEN TURKEY TUNES

1. To Turkey with Love- Lulu
2. Expressway to Your Turkey- Soul Survivors
3. Zorba the Turk- TJB
4. Makin Every Turkey Count- Spankie and Our Gang
5. Snoopy and the Red Turkey- Royal Guardsman
6. Plastic, Fantastic Turkey- Jefferson Airplane
7. Tracks of My Turkey- Johnny Rivers
8. Tijuana Turkey- TJB
9. White Turkey- Jefferson Airplane
10. Light My Turkey- The Doors



TURKEY Airlines - "It's for the Birds"

Have you ever returned late from leave because you had to wait 4 days in the standby line at your hometown airport? Then after you got on the plane, the stewardess forgets to wake you up, and you end up in San Francisco? If you weren't flying Turkey

Airlines you were probably cooked when you returned to USAFA. We of Turkey Airlines don't say that this won't happen when you fly with us, but we will give you a flub stub along with a one dollar bill to make up for the misery.