

the **Dodo**

presents its

Swept-Wing

ISSUE:



OUR GUYS

EDITORIAL **VOTE!**

This issue salutes the unsung heroes of the Air Force Academy, the only non-cadets who perform a useful function: the janitors. To Mitch and all the rest who work hard to keep the area looking sharp, a job "Well Done!"

We would like to take this opportunity to deny all rumors that the Ethics Committee and the Dodo Staff will be merged. We are only amateurs at making jokes out of serious business. (Or is it the other way around?)

A little misunderstanding a few weeks ago- the Name ██████'s dog Contest starts soon. There ~~will~~ will be an "All Right" for Responsibility tomorrow night.

The response to our plea for help was indeed gratifying- 12 waiters, four diggers, and a retired armadillo with false teeth showed up. Actually, about 30 guys came. Eat your heart out, Downes!

News of former AOC's: Maj. ██████ broke his arm against a tree when he stuck it out of a tank in Vietnam. Get well quick, sir! (true).

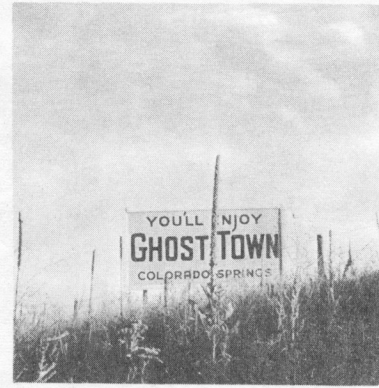
Anon.

In closing, we'd like you to consider a quote from Maj. ██████: "We don't mind a little individuality as long as the whole Wing does it."

Rick 



My doorknob worked great until some joker with nothing better to do came and "fixed" it.



NOTICE IT DOESN'T SAY IN COS.

Send your dollars to United Fund, Box 2752, USAFPA.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Ed.,

My table Commandant won't let me eat chicken on the table. What should I do?

ChC Obese

Dear Obese,

Why not proceed to Fairchild and get a chicken chef from an AOC who specializes in the field?

Ed.

Dear Dodo,

Why is the Talon still so worthless?

Dick

Dear Dick,

Maybe it's their OIC.

Ed.

The Dodo Staff

- Editor- Grandjean '69
- Ass Ed- Daniel '69
- Jokes- Stevenson '69
- Sports- Ownby '69; Art-Love '69
- Photos- Daley '71
- Contributors- Eddy Viscosity, Jeff Mc Briety '71, Ditmore '65, Youngquist '72, Dahl '71, Gumbody '69, the late Rally Committee and cheerleaders, WW (banana line drawer) Tobin '70, Jovial Julian Civ. Corr.- Rickard '69 '55
- Wade Beightol '70



and all the fun guys in the Comm Shop

if there is any beautiful girl living alone in an apartment in the Springs and who has a car and is not going with anybody but who has a job and money, call 472-4535 and ask for Rick (Hours: 7:15 - 10:45 pm).

NANCY WHO?

There's this thing about giving officers credit...

WHAT EX-AGGIE IS GOING TO HAVE HIS HOUSE BLOWN UP? RIGHT!! JDT

Chief Bottleneck: Capt. J.D. Terry

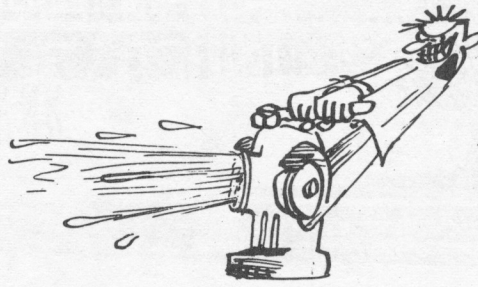
THE CADET, AS SEEN BY:



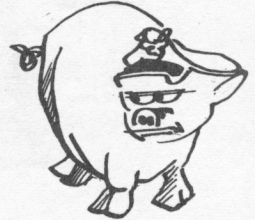
Mitchell Hall



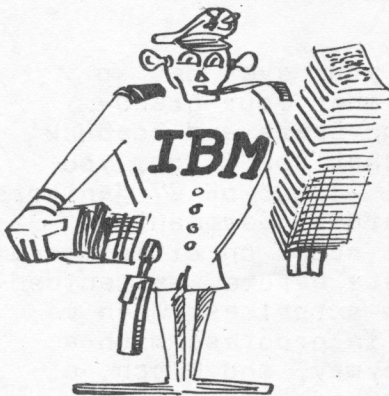
His AOC



Comm shop



His roommate



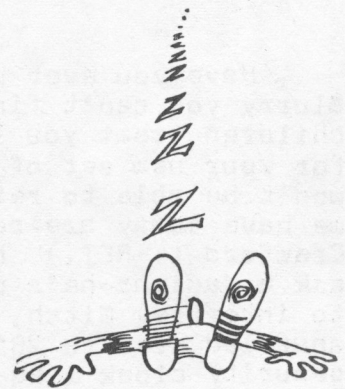
Academic Dept.



OIC

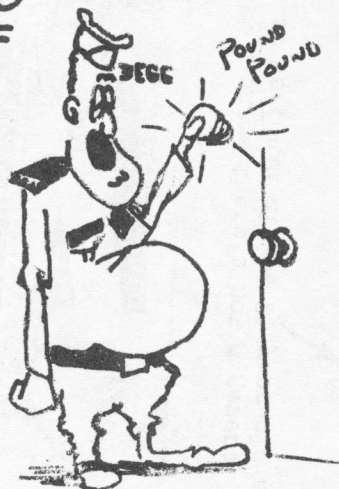


G.A.P



Himself

0530

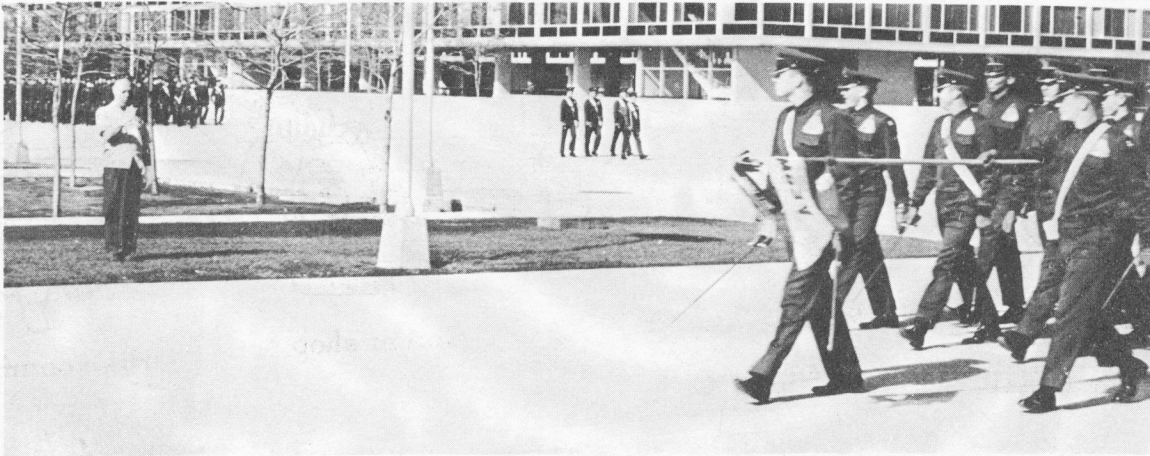


"WASTEBASKET, PLEASE SIR!"



A SALUTE TO USAFA'S FINEST

Following, in words and pictures, are highlights of a janitors typical day, presented as a salute to the quys who really put out and never get any credit.



Kind of Like Cadets, huh?

Have you ever wondered what you'll do someday when your eyes get so blurry you can't find the plane you're supposed to fly, when your grandchildren treat you like an antique, when you have to shop Sears and Roebuck for your new set of teeth and hair? Well, if you're in that condition, you won't be able to retire at USAFA as a sanitary engineer. 21 out of 27 janitors we have today are retired military men, and all are veterans. Sergeant Crawford (RET.) holds the Medal of Honor; when you're stuck on rifle manual ask a janitor-he's probably fired an M-1 with real bullets before. We decided to interview Mitch, the head man, and we got quite a few surprises. When we shuffled over to 2B17, we found a "closed door" session in progress with a security cloak like the Paris Peace Talks. We knocked anyway, and Mitch, a retired Major, woke up, unlocked the door, and barked, "Report!"

DODO: Sir? ~~Is it~~ true that a cadet sighted you last winter on the Vail slopes on a pair of head 360's stamped USAFA, wearing a blue '62 parka, two left-handed grey-leather gloves and brown shoes?

Mitch:No, i ski at Aspen.

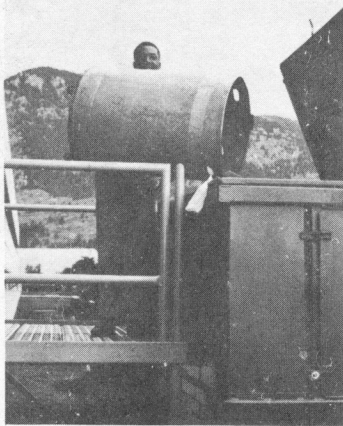
DODO: Do you janitors have any particular peeves with Cadets? Like On shower parties and brussel sprout fights?

Mitch:Not really. You're pretty good boys. We expect some horseplay-after all, we did it back in our barracks days. Of course, no janitor likes the way 46½ Cadets materialize out of the woodwork and trample on his freshly waxed floor. And with your Freudian desire to steal all the toilet paper;.....!

(It's a shame there's not a general war going on so we could all be 21 year-old majors)



" Mopping up" the enemy



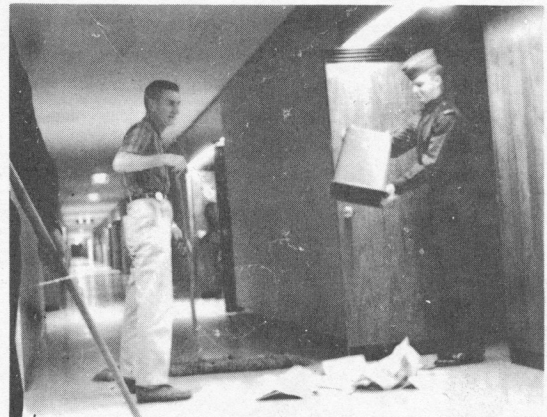
No, you're not too late! Jump in!

DODO: Just out of curiosity, do you keep in touch with any grads?

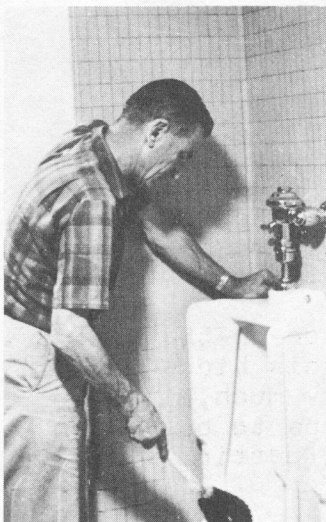
Mitch: We got 800 Christmas cards last year from bases all over the world.

DODO: Do the grads ever stop to visit?

Mitch: Sure, they like to stop by and see the Airpower Room.



##\$&"@*!!! Just after I've already swept!



DODO: Didn't General Seith call your airpower room the true seat of Academy tradition? (Now we know where it's gone.)

Mitch: He sure did. After all, i've got shoulder boards from every rank; sign-in logs with names of future generals (he has Karl Richter's); pictures and souvenirs from every class and squadron.

Doggone! The last time I found one of these...

DODO: Where did you "find" or "requisition" these items?

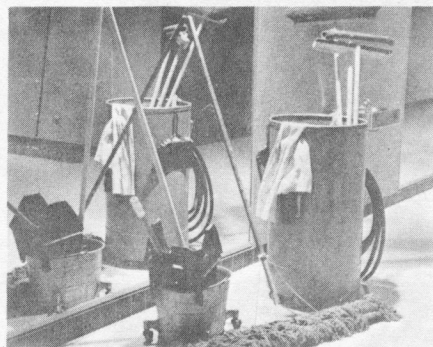
Mitch: Wait a minute ,you! I'll have you know everything I've got was given to me by cadets and officers who stopped by for my famous spontaneous barbecues and parties! Besides, we don't allow janitors in Cadet rooms.

DODO: How does the present maintenance condition compare with the brown shoe days?

Mitch: Back then they didn't buff their floors; we did, once a year. You guys have screwed yourselves by making them so good the AOC's now expect it! Not all of you, though.



High Level Conference



Tools of the trade

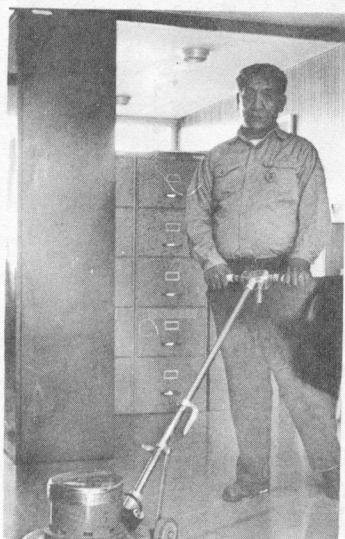
DODO: Is it true there's a move toward less buffing?

Mitch: Yeah! They've got this technological breakthrough in floor care called Floor Finish that shines for a half year. They're testing it now. They are soon to put in test carpets on the 5th floor of the New Dorm.

DODO: What do you think of our football team?

Mitch: I'm glad to see us on top again. I think they could dig up an equally decent team from guys in the rack in the afternoon. Really there's a lot of sleeping personality in the Wing.

DODO: Maybe we'll have a man-on-the-rack interview to expose this hidden talent. Thank you very much, Mitch, for your time, and hope to be seeing you soon ... working.(parting slice)



Sure, aren't you up at 3:00?



fini

THE
DODD
SPACE
MATE

Yes, have

caff.

Ellie

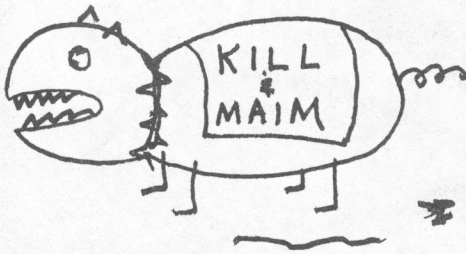
SPURTS

It's true nowadays that you won't be run over every five minutes by some dude from Sports Illustrated wanting to paint a big glamour picture of AFA as an Ole Powerhouse, but you got to admit that ALL of the Falcons are still fighting away, and strong, too.

Arne's Saturday morning Golfers now stand split 3-3 with very tight losses to CU and Western Michigan. Things might look mighty dark in the future considering some of their coming opposition, but then the 4 mile sprinters always have had a way of surprising people!

And how about a cheer for the winners-Soccer. They now hold a 6-2 record and are just starting to pick up the old steam roller action (recent wins of 4-1 and 4-0 isn't exactly inching by!) Something might come of these lads yet.

The standby, 3-2 record, and everybody says "But they're just not clicking."



Well, if they do start this "clicking," then somebody is going to be very sick. If any other team had stolen (borrowed?) two touchdowns from their opposition in two weeks somebody would be up in arms! And just who was the CSU quarterback throwing the ball to on Maattala's last interception? Ken Hassen just literally walks through a pile of Navals and Greasy legs Curtis starts this jazz of running through a pack of dudes without letting anyone touch him and go for a TD - not once, but several times. And they aren't clicking, huh? As Noah said, "Right!"

The leaves are brown and the sky is gray, which means winter is on the way. Now we don't mean to crowd out Fall sports, but we thought we might point an aspiring finger (index, of course) (We're only cadets) at two groups of lads- basketball and Ice Hockey, both of which are now in their new homes, and, we might add, just doin' fine.

GO GROWLENBITER !!

The Mission of the United States Air Force Academy is to provide instruction, experience, and motivation to each Cadet so that he will graduate with the knowledge, character, and qualities of leadership essential to his progressive development as a career pilot for United Airlines.

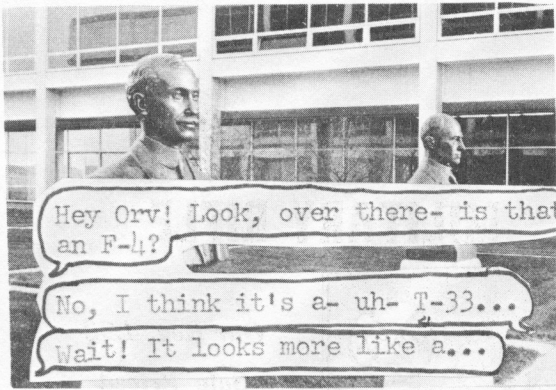
SPECIAL DEAL!!! Evergreen now offering spirit paper at reduced prices- big closeout sale! Might ought to buy some- maybe you can use it at the big event- Homecoming. They're selecting Queen candidates already, and the primary source are those dudes who flunked the PFT. After all, who wants a muscular queen, right? And what does a Homecoming queen have to do with girls, anyway?

Major [redacted] is organizing a car caravan on the terrazzo?

Playboy? Squadron's Army type has undoubtedly taught his troops some old infantry tricks, like sheep stealing. Pretty easy, really. I mean, how hard is it to catch a three-legged sheep?

CSU was happy with the way we dedicated their stadium- you could tell by the way they asked everybody to leave in the middle of the 4th Quarter.

LeMay? Wasn't he a WW II German general or something? "Nixon is platic"-Humphrey. "Humphrey has heart"-Mattel. Where has everybody been these past few Tuesday afternoons? New offense code!!! 500 'Spirit' 6& 120.



Hey Orv! Look, over there- is that an F-4?

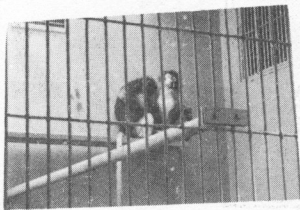
No, I think it's a- uh- T-33...

Wait! It looks more like a...



robin.

ORV & WILL



That's the last Pep Rally I run!



GET YOURS



#4 IN OUR SERIES OF INSPIRATIONAL PHOTOS

Wherever you go, take along

CLAKKERS !!

THEY'RE

SOFT AS A KISS!

"You guys are a lot more subtle than Radasky; when he was Editor, all I had to do was look for words like [redacted] and [redacted] and cross them out." J.P. TERRY

THE ESSENTIALS OF A FLYBOY

Between the security of childhood and the insecurity of a second childhood, we find a group of individuals known as Flyboys. They come in assorted sizes, colors, and states of drunkenness. They can be found anywhere! On base, on leave, in the bar, in fights, and always in debt.

Girls love them, towns tolerate them, and the government supports them. A Flyboy shows laziness with a deck of cards; bravery with a tattooed arm; and the protection of the free world with a Playboy magazine. He has the energy of a turtle, the slyness of a fox, the ingenuity of a con-man, stories of a sea captain, sincerity of a liar, the inspiration of a Casanova and his desires are sex, money, booze, and always a discharge. Some of his likes are women, girls, ladies, dames, chicks, broads, dollies, and all members of the opposite sex. His dislikes are writing letters, wearing his uniform, being true to his girl, superior officers, and getting up for reveille.

No one except a Flyboy can stuff into one pocket a little black book, a pack of crushed Winstons, a photo of Liz Taylor, a comb, a church key, cards, and what's left of last month's pay, and be out of the gate only seconds after LMD.

A Flyboy you can lock out of your house but not out of your heart. You can scratch him from your writing list but not from your mind. You may as well give in, he's your only loved one. Your one and only good-for-nothing barrel of joy. Your dreams become reality when your Love, the Flyboy, comes to see you, looks at you through bloodshot eyes and says, "Hiya, luv!"

A Flyboy is damned if he does and damned if he doesn't so he might as well do as he damned well pleases.

--our thanks to the girls of Mary College, Bismarck, North Dakota

OROC - Cadet Counseling
Rm 3C26 Vandenberg Hall

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NOVEMBER — 1968

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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24	25	26	27	28	29	30



APPS

Business Advice: Bad business is like robbing Peter to pay Paul.

Man to Polak with a pig under his arm: "Hey where'd you get that."
Pig: "I won him at a fair."

Women like the small things in life,
like the folding of a \$100 bill.

SAKATUMI

Did you hear about the girl
who swallowed a razor blade;
She got a tonsilectomy, a
hysterectomy, an appendectomy,



Dots and Doodles

" Help ????"



— jokes —

Hubert Humphrey



► Sign language experts say that the four Pueblo crewmen are not accurately spelling the word Help, but may be trying to convey such a message from a vague knowledge of the sign alphabet. The first man on the left does indeed give the symbol for H; the second man does not spell E, but by placing a closed fist in his palm, signals the entire word Help, or Give me assistance. The third and fourth men give the wrong signs for L and P, though there are some similarities.

Did you hear about the girl
who thought she was a chicken?
She went around the peckin' and
cluckin' all the time. Her
family was going to commit her,
but they were poor and needed
the eggs.

In response to official Air Force
investigation results, that flying
saucers are the result of naturally
occurring phenomenon -

"Flying saucers are real ...
the Air Force doesn't exist!"

that's the way the
squash!

Why I Like Women Over 30
by Henry Gibson

They don't
They don't
They don't
and they're



Don't drive with one hand: let your girl friend drive and use two!

Did you hear that Mr & Mrs
White got a son? They named
him egg - .066 with
a Get the Yolk ?

mult. choice

in whose waves
waes course tell
ply bird sunken yell
apples chest comes peas h
fiddled why snap pneumatic
waifs behind gratefui
no Peter swell low
make out Mackerel waifs

An epileptic went to a County Fair - 25 people lined up behind him because
they thought he was a ride.

Confucius say: "Woman who cook carrots and in same pot is unsanitary."

THINGS YOU MISSED DEPT.

THE NAVY SMT

Good Afternoon, Mates....This is the old salt, [REDACTED] coming to you live and a little limp with a tale for you of sailors and seamen. Return with us to those salty old days when men really knew how to [REDACTED] and Captain's Dinghies were [REDACTED]. If you keep a sharp lookout to starboard into the sky of blue and sea of green, you should be able to see the wandering scum barge, SS Tuna, Chicken of the Sea.

It was back in the fall of '68 when the SS Tuna set sail on its mission to the Falcon Islands to recover a pelt of virgin goat wool which had been carried to the big Falcon Island by a wayward provider. The crew of the vessel was the ruthless Irish twosome, Phil and Pat Muweenie, and their coxswain, Horatio Haag. If we listen closely, we can hear their conversation, as Phil [REDACTED] with his favorite instrument, the sextant. Pat [REDACTED] on the bridge.

"Sure is a cloudy night--are you going to be able to shoot the stars?"

"No, it's too soupy. I'm going to have to shoot the moon."

"We're approaching the big Falcon Island. What is our course?"

"Well, Sir, we have two choices; we can take the outer course, or we can take the inner [REDACTED] route."

The final course was steered upon and everything was fine until the ship hit the sand.

"Come here, Muweenie, and help me with my Dinghy."and then they disembarked.

After a friendly welcome in which they received leis from the natives, they proceeded inland following friendly native directions.

Finally they arrived at their destination. "Hmmm, this must be the place. And there is the Mermaid, Anita Rasmussen, that guards the sunken chest that contains the virgin pelt of wool for Falcon A. Tweety, the Lord and Master of the island. We'll have to take her unawares so that she won't be able to flash the [REDACTED] signal and warn Falcon A. I'll catch her by surprise and put the [REDACTED] on her."

(He saunters over) "Hi, Anita, how about a little filet of soul? ...Why don't you tell me about your [REDACTED]"

"Holy Halibut, Muweenie, she's flash ed the [REDACTED] And here comes Falcon A. Tweety!"

"Quick, grab the pelt and beat it back to the Tuna. We'll fight him off with our five pound, water cooled Navy logs."

But no one escapes the bird, and Phil and Pat Muweenie were no exceptions. So, Falcon A. Tweety got their goat, and all they got was the bird.

Which brings us to the morals in our story, which are:

And so once again, with truth and goodness in his heart, our hero, Falcon A. Tweety, has made it a little safer for the flag, Mom's cherry pie, and the girl [REDACTED] you left.

-OR-

If Anita Rasmussen married Phil or Pat [REDACTED]

-OR-



Dog Nearly Itches to Death



Mrs. Mildred Dog



Overheard in the Physics Dept:
 Instructor: "If in travelling down this incline, I gain twenty-five feet per second, what will my condition be after four seconds?"
 Voice from back of room: "Sir, you'd be a centipede."



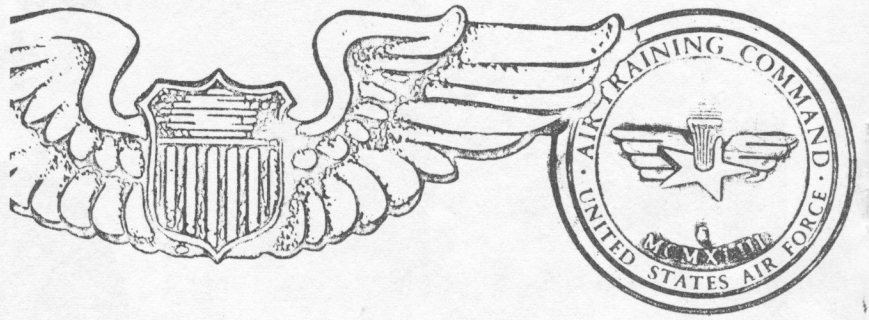
Giant Poster from any photo



2 ft. x 3 ft.

No, Miss Gruch, I'm not your blind date. He was run over by a truck while crossing the street to pick up your flowers.





Well Done

Cadet Ralph H. Bendjebar
United States Air Force Academy, Colorado

On 15 October 1968, Cadet Ralph H. Bendjebar was in his room studying when he noticed some distribution that a squat had left on his valet for his roommate. In this letter was the story of a janitor in Denver that electrocuted himself with a faulty buffer. Ralph, completely disregarding personal safety and neglecting his studies, immediately went to the custodial room and inspected the squadron buffers. As he had suspected, the squadron also had a faulty buffer which a poor unsuspecting squat may have used and caused serious injury to himself, but more important would have ruined some upper-classman's room. Ralph immediately put a sign on this and notified his squadron safety officer who took proper action to see that this would be corrected. Cadet Bendjebar's immediate and fearless action reflects great credit on the Air Force and his mother. For this action he was awarded five feathers and the squadron safety officer gets four feathers for this letter.

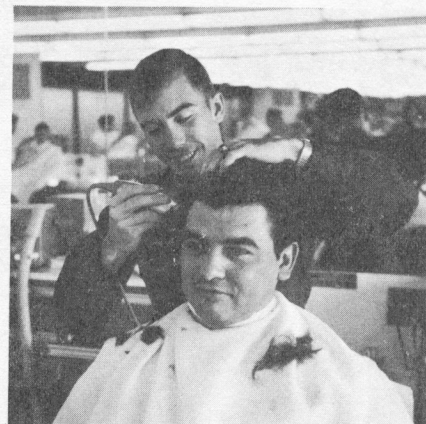
WELL DONE, Cadet Bendjebar.

Tailor
AND

HAIR

"To me, growing sideburns or a beard lets a man express some individuality. I'm a traditionalist, but I do enjoy a distinctive looking haircut, the individuality of clothes that aren't duplicates of the next guy's."

Barber



Shoppers