

WAR

the
DODO

MEMBERS

THE PUBLICATION FOR DISCRIMINATING CAETS



introducing in this
issue:

"The Secret Life of Cadet Third Class

Richard D. Heipzitz"

More Tidings of Comfort and Joy

Well, it is said that Spring is that time of year when a young man's fancy turns to the finer things in life...GR's, drill, intramurals...yeah, it's getting to be about that time of year again.

You know they make a pretty big affair out of the swallows returning to Capistrano each spring. It is a little known fact that a local event of similar note likewise occurs about this time of year. On 20 Mar every year, the magpies return to the terrazzo from their winter scavenging grounds. This event is not quite as well publicized as the one in California, but is notable, nonetheless. Plans are presently in the making for the first Annual Return of the Magpies Festival, to be celebrated here at USAFA. The festivities will include a Watch Party by the Fourth Class on the terrazzo at 0710 to look for the first signs of the returning fowl, a Wing Parade on the terrazzo at 1210, followed by a sumptuous banquet on the main floor of Mitchell Hall of Mystery Meat with peanut butter and jelly hors d'oeuvres. Later that same afternoon, games of athletic prowess will pit squadron against squadron to determine which one will win the coveted Magpie and Birdlings Trophy. Then from 2000 to 2045 that night, each squadron will meet in its appointed place to meditate on the significance of the events of the day. After that each cadet will go his separate way to ponder the things weighing heavily upon his heart in hopes of manifesting the means to resolve his inner turmoils with the forces of Nature. It will be a day you will not soon forget!

It is also getting to that time of year when those of you out there who have worked and strived throughout the past four years receive your just rewards. (Just like anything else around here.)

THAT'S RIGHT! Now is the time to get your nominations in for the 1975 DODO All-Stars! Membership on the elite All-Star First Team is limited to (graduating) First Classmen, although members of the Class of 1976 who wish to get a head start are encouraged to try out for the JV team and, in exceptional cases, Three Smokes have been known to break into the team. (Sorry rookies.)

So fill out the following application ASAPly and so your place on the All-Star team can be assured!

--- cut along dotted line ---

Name _____

Sqdn. _____ GPA _____

Cumulative punishments _____

Number of CDB's _____

Number of pro's currently on _____

Number of squadrons _____

Number of pro's that you have been on in the past _____

Send to Mike Witherspoon, CS-21



Have you ever wondered why Waldo F. Dumsquat is in trouble all of the time? Well, the DODO, in this copy-righted story reveals for the first time, the true cause of Waldo's woes. You see, there is a certain Thirdclassman in his squadron who has got it all over Waldo. Read the story of...

THE SECRET LIFE OF

HEIPZIT, RICHARD D.

The crackle of the command post PA system woke C/3C Richard D. Heipzit from his reverie.

"Attention in the area. First Call for the morning meal formation will be 0700 hours. Uniform is Service Chuckie, parkas & accessories, hoods up. All Fourthclassmen are invited to attend. Be sure and wear your mittens, 'cause Baby, it's cold outside. Command Post out."

Rick was always the first ^{Third Classman} ~~sophomore~~ in his squadron up because he liked to start the day "bright and early" by having breakfast with the rookies. He quickly threw on his flawless uniform and strutted out of the room to make sure that the Fourthclassmen were hard at work with their details. They were, of course, because Heipzit had trained them well. Rick's training philosophy was "You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink, although you can sure as hell make him wish he had." Unfortunately, he had to temper this philosophy somewhat when two Fourthclassmen in the squadron mysteriously drowned in the toilet after having On Call with him. Although Heipzit might have been a little harsh at times, he was respected because he was consistent, professional, and his father was the AOC. "Besides," said Rick, "the little snots deserved it."

After chewing out the Fourthclassmen for lack of spirit during call to quarters the night before, Heipzit went out to the squadron form-up area and waited for his troops. They came pouring out of the dormitory at one minute to First Call because they hated answering knowledge questions before the dawn's early light had broken.

The familiar bugle cut the cold morning air as frantic doolies lunged for the safety of the formation.

"What's this?" screamed Heipzit, "A LATE doolie?" A rage seized Rick's mind and quickly jumping into the tailpipe of the F-104, he cried, "Sylvanius, give me strength! FLAME ON!!!" Before you could say "last four, please" C/Gen Heipzit was on that doolie with the strength of a thousand afterburners.

"Why were you late, Mister?"

"Sir, I was hit by a snowplow on the terrazzo and I think my leg is broken so I walked on my hands and carried my books in my mouth and besides sir, I was only four seconds late...."

"What's the answer to a Why question?"

"No excuse, Sir."

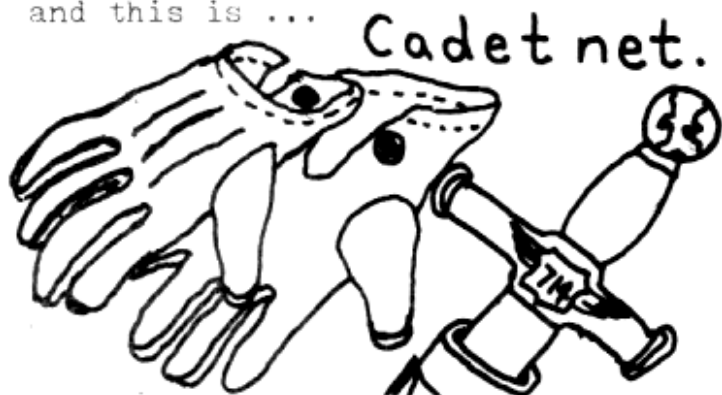
"That's right. Report around after the meal."

*****DON'T MISS THE NEXT EXCITING EPISODE, "FARENHEIT 451"*****

Press on!

**The persons and events depicted in this episode are true. The names have been changed to protect the innocent.

This is the school: USAFA, Colorado; pollution: 4000 cadets. Each year there are over 1500 A-jackets issued here. Each year, some 300 of them disappear...some of them illegally. That's where I come in. I carry the saber and white gloves of the Senior Officer of the Day, and this is ...



At approximately 1320 on 25 Feb, a call came into CWCP to report a missing A-jacket from outside 5D33, FH. The ODCP initiated the SOP. At 1630 on the same day, C2C Friday and I went over to the ND to interview the distraught victim.

KNOCK! KNOCK!

SOD: Good afternoon, we're from CWCP. You the guy that lost his A-jacket?

VICTIM: Oh, yes! It's just Sierra Hotel that you're here. For a while, I thought that they were bagging me, but then I realized that I had really been pimped over. I've been beside myself with worry. I've looked everywhere for my A-jacket! In my laundry bin, A-Hall, C-Store, Mitch's...everywhere a normal cadet would go! I don't know what to do! (Sob! Sob!)

SOD: Just give us the facts.

FRIDAY: Could we get a description of the missing article, please?

VICTIM: Well, you know, it was just your regular A-jacket. Blue, had a class patch on the right shoulder, squadron patch on the left shoulder...just your run of the mill A-jacket. Oh, there was a spot of dried gravy on the left sleeve where I had

accidentally put my elbow on the table over at Mitch's once.

FRIDAY: Did you have your name in it?

VICTIM: Well, uh no.

Friday shot me a quick glance.

VICTIM: Well it was brand new! I had only had it three days! I had sent my name stamp and ink pad out to the dry cleaners!

SOD: I'm sorry, but you have to come along with us. We're running you in on a 711.

VICTIM: NO! NO! Don't, please don't.

FRIDAY: I'm sorry, we've got no choice. Come along quietly now. Friday sighed deeply. He always disliked running in a distraught victim.

VICTIM: Is there no justice?

SOD: We're not concerned with justice...just the regulations.

Later that day, I was down at the BOR, checking out the PAFCW for the proper UOD. One particular C2C caught my EYE. For some reason, he looked different from everyone else. I approached him...

SOD: Would you mind answering a question or two for me?

C2C: Sure, what can I do for you?

SOD: What's your name?

C2C: C2C X.

SOD: OK, X, how about opening up the parka?

C2C: What?

SOD: Just unzip the parka.

ZZZZZZIIIIIPPPPPP!

There concealed beneath the parka, was the missing A-jacket.

SOD: How'd you come by the A-jacket?

C2C: I got the wrong one outside of math class the other day by accident...

SOD: Sure you did.

C2C: ...and I was taking it back today to see if I could return it.

SOD: Did you know that the UOD was only parkas?

C2C: Yeah, but...

SOD: No buts, just come along with me. I'm taking you in on a 422. Oh yeah, zip up your parka, Mister.

I realized what had called my

attention to Cadet X. The rest of TAFCW, wearing parkas without their A-jackets, had evinced that cold, lean, hungry look that is so typical during USAFA winters. X had had a puffiness about him, a warm

contented look that few cadets show. Though not particularly noticeable, X's non-uniformity had been caught by my trained, calculating eyes. I was able to return the missing A-jacket that very afternoon.

On 27 Feb 75, Cadet X was tried and found guilty of Out of UOD (intentional). He was sentenced to not less than 5 demerits and 2 tours and not more than 35 demerits and 18 tours.

What we're doing makes a difference.

need help?



**THEY SAY 'YES, SIR,'
AND LOVE IT.**

From the people who brought you "PUPILITY"..... Another mind boggling cadet game!

US against THEM

(A Simplified Non-War Game)

RULES: The game requires two to four players. One person gets the "Cadet" marker, the other player(s) divide the three (3) "Officer" markers between themselves. The "cadet" is given one die, and the "Officers" share a dice.

A turn is defined as three moves per marker. A move is defined as moving one square in the direction of the arrow on the marker, or as one rotation. Rotation is a change of direction. The cadet must turn 90 degrees for each move, while the officers may rotate 45 or 90 degrees per move. The cadet must move only in straight lines or around 90 degree corners. The officers can move along diagonals or straight lines, as they prefer.

OBJECTIVE: The object of the game for the cadet is to evade contact with the officers; the object for the officers is to contact and destroy the cadet. A cadet forced into COMPOSP immediately loses.

RESTRICTIONS: The cadet cannot move across the grass or in areas marked "G", simulating real life. Officers may.

PLAYING AND SCORING: The cadet starts in a square in MITCH's or R-HALL. Officers start in any other building except CHAPEL. No two officers in one building at a time, also, an officer may not start in the same building as the cadet. Cadet has first turn, then all officers take a turn. Cadet tries to get into CHAPEL before receiving his 6 month allowance of 12. Cadet getting to chapel before receiving 12 Ds wins. Officers win if cadet gets 12 or more Ds. Ds are scored on the cadet when an officer lands in same space as cadet. The number of Ds are figured by the officer and cadet each rolling his dice, and finding the appropriate punishment on the REG TABLE.

INVENT YOUR OWN VARIATIONS!
 TRY YOUR HAND AT BEING A PROFESSIONAL!
 OFFICERS, FIND OUT HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES!

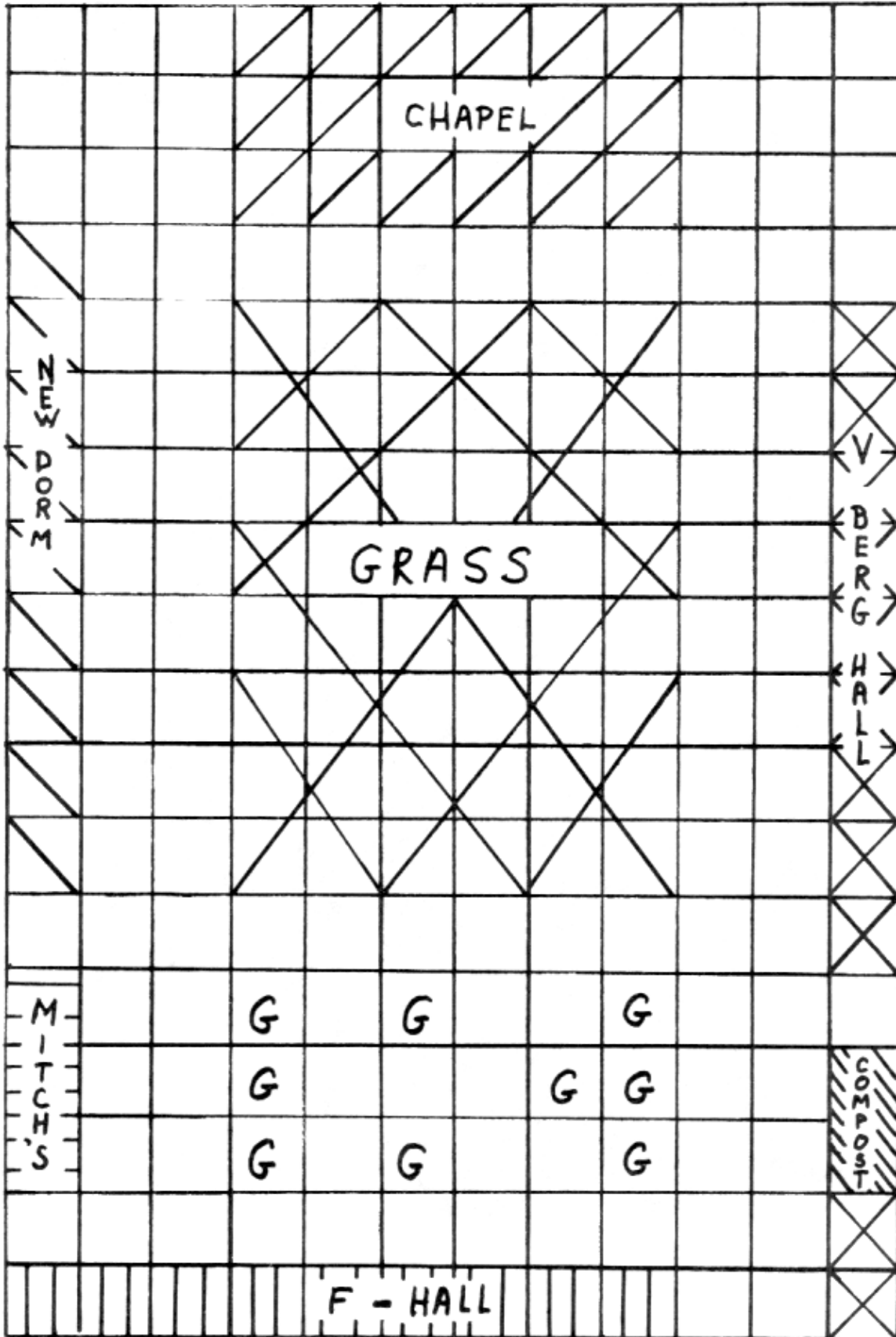
REG TABLE

		Officers					
		1	2	3	4	5	6
C a d e t	1	0	1	2	3	4	5
	2	1	1	2	3	4	5
	3	2	2	3	4	5	6
	4	3	3	4	5	5	6
	5	4	4	5	5	6	6
	6	5	5	6	6	6	6

CUT ON dotted line---



GAME BOARD



CIVILIANS,
TOURISTS,
AND OTHER
STRANGE
BEASTS...

SPRING

