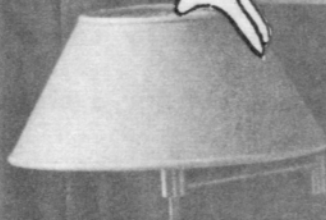
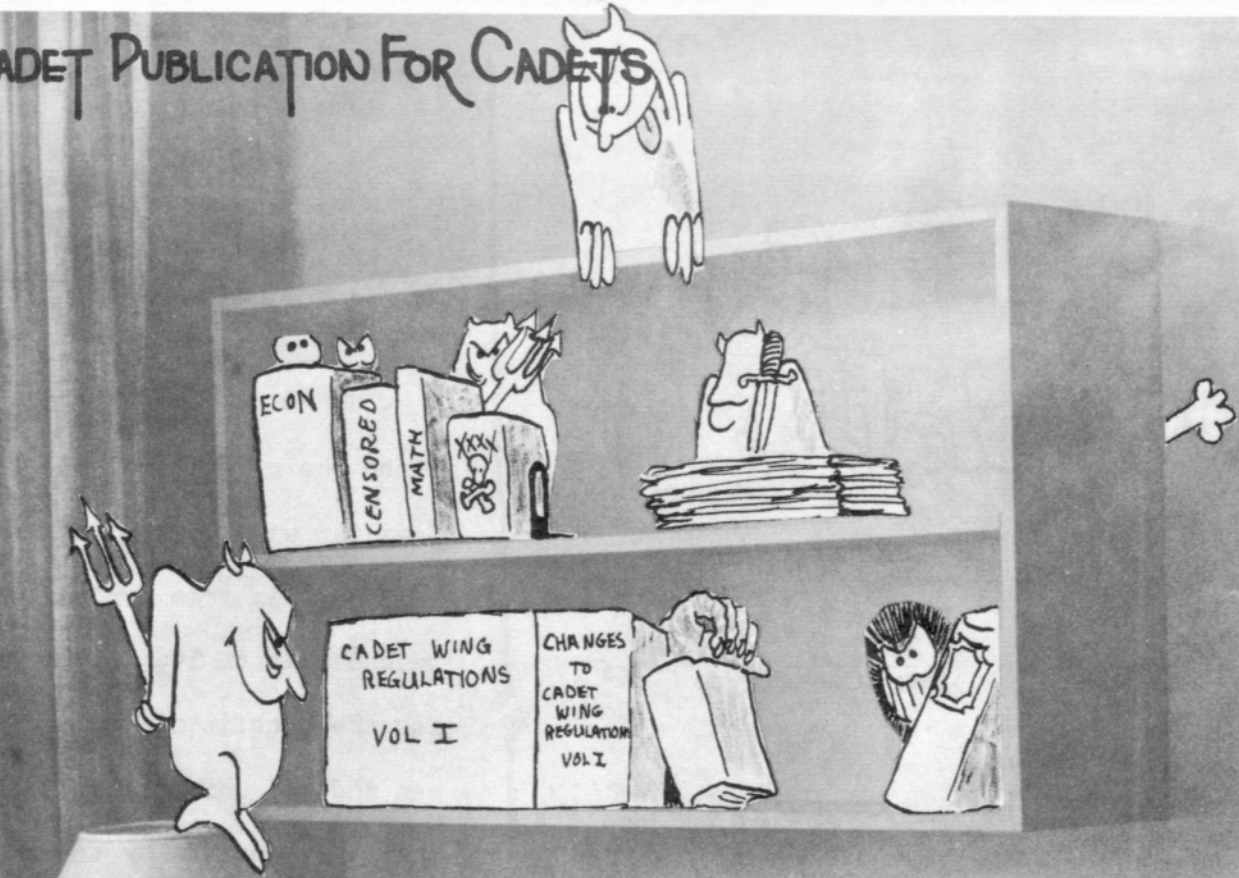


A CADET PUBLICATION FOR CADETS

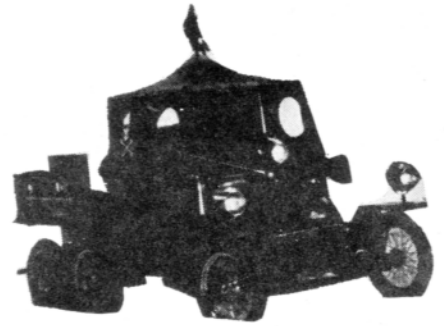


**OPERATION EASTER**  
18 APRIL '65  
SEE INSIDE . . . . .

THE  
**Dodo**

AFGRP 190-4, MAR 65

No. 5



Since the majority of the Wing is familiar with Operation Easter, I'll refrain from expounding too redundantly on it, only mentioning for the benefit of the sour old men and the uninitiated dools that the opportunity to do something worthwhile for a change, and to propagandize the press favorably for a change, is here presented in a program which you will enjoy. The support already given and promised indicate that past successful performances will be repeated. If you haven't yet signed up to participate, think about it. We'd be glad to have you, and believe that you'll be glad you did.

Thanks to the Wing for sponsoring and financing this most worthy project, from the Operation Easter staff and from the more than 500 kids.

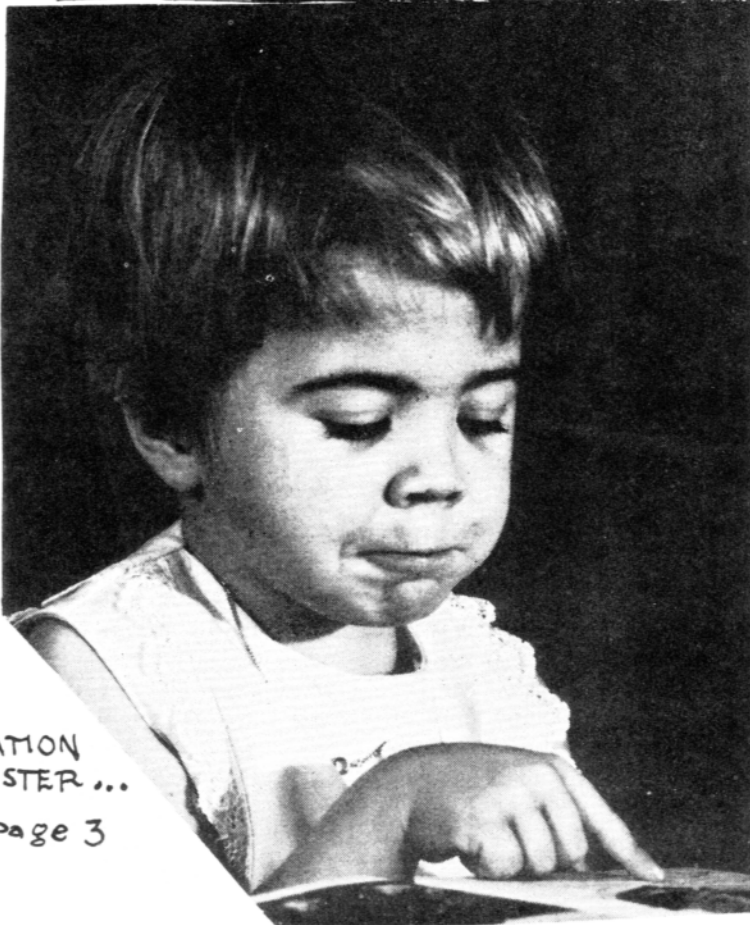
*Dave Connaughton*

OIC  
Capt Turner

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**Reel Talbott '6?	



OPERATION  
EASTER...  
see page 3

# OPERATION EASTER



The Cadet Wing's own  
project to brighten  
Easter Sunday for the  
underprivileged kids in  
the Denver~Colorado Springs~Pueblo  
area.



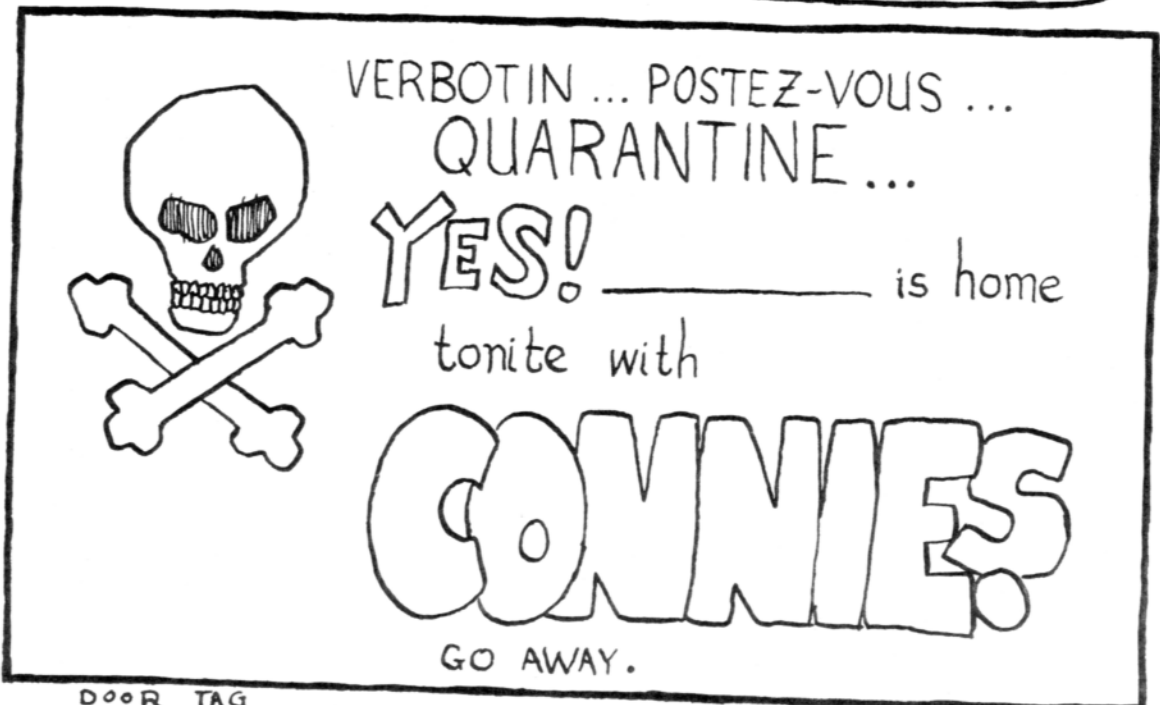
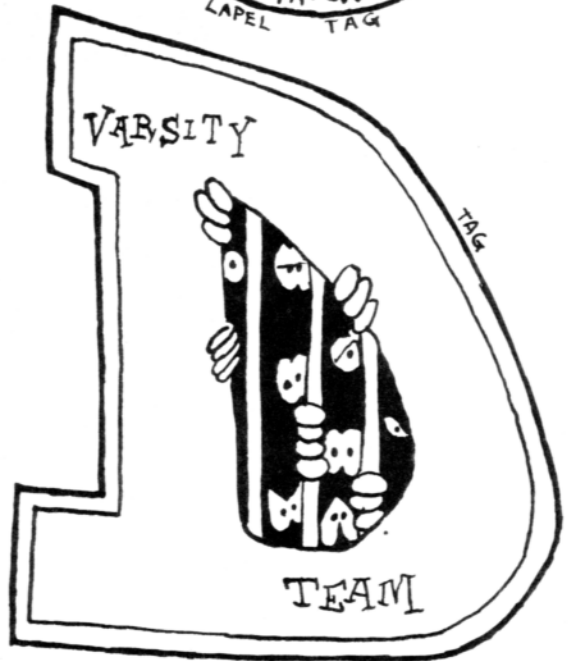
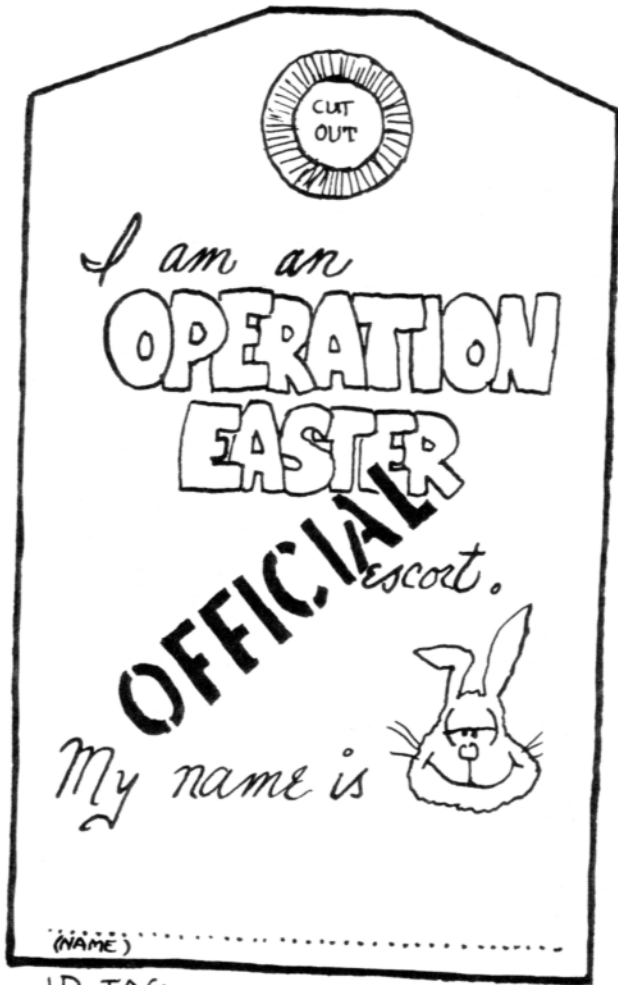
Don't Miss It!

APRIL 18, 1965



Printed by  
courtesy of the Dado.

Excruciatingly shabby, disgustingly non-standard, and other pronouncements of anathema describe a situation which the Dodo has here seen fit to ameliorate. Hence, cut out tags for special occasions....





**THE DOOB**  **SPACEMATE**

This month's Spacemate is pretty Miss La Rae Lippert. Originally from Salt Lake City, La Rae now resides in Colorado Springs and works in our tailor shop. She spends her spare time reading, modeling, and dying her hair, and can often be seen speeding down the ski slopes with a very special friend from sixth squadron.

They also serve...

Being the reflections of that breed second only in suffering  
and impatience to USAFA cadets themselves--the girl(s) back home.

PRAYER

Dear God: From Thy almighty throne  
Look down upon a girl alone,  
Alone for week on dreary week,  
Once outgoing--now rendered meek,  
Who can't remember how to dance,  
Whose books offer the only chance  
To gain forgetfulness of truth--  
The futile wasting of her youth,  
Whose dresses all sport cobweb trim,  
And whose sole intercourse with him  
(In any sense the word entails)  
Is via Uncle Sammy's mails--  
A most unhealthful situation  
Leading to ill-concealed frustration.

Give thy protection to my man  
(In normal instances he can  
Protect himself: from fire, flood,  
World disaster, lack of food.  
But now he needs some help from Thee--)  
Protect him from his AOC!!  
Keep him somehow in insulation  
From deeds of others' instigation,  
And if he is assigned a task  
The strangest idiot wouldn't ask  
Help him to bend his stubborn pride,  
His better understanding hide,  
And teach him how to emulate  
That worthy officer's mental state.

Give him patience, guard his sanity.  
(You and I know the inanity  
Which assigned him this restriction--  
All resulting from conviction  
That his brain would tell him whether,  
In a snowstorm, he would rather  
Break a dressing regulation  
Or freeze with A.F. trepidation.)  
I'll send him cookies with a file  
Concealed with the utmost guile;  
Call him nightly--no, forgot--  
Station-to-station still is not  
Cheap enough for my finances.  
He'll just have to take his chances  
With the usual daily letter--  
I hope that makes him feel better.  
After all, punishment aids--  
Staying in will help his grades.  
(But keep his fellow sufferers  
From a similar fate--or worse.)

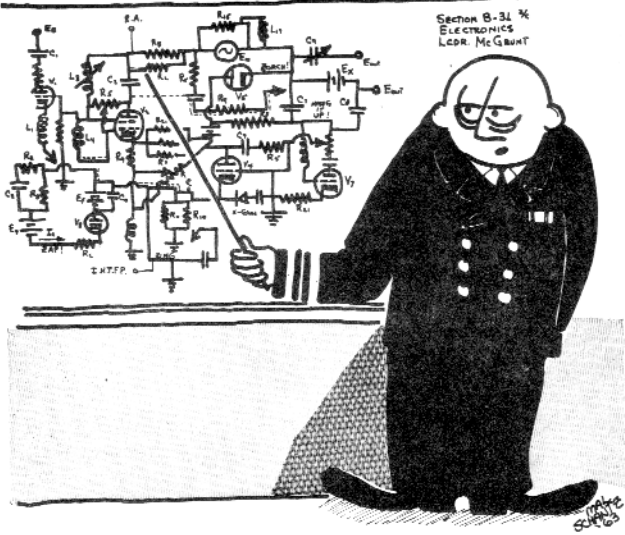
Time flies; speed it in it's flight  
'Till that fatal, festive night  
When my Love before me stands--  
"Hello, Dear"--and we shake hands.  
(There's his AOC again;  
"Glad to meet you, Captain Wren...")

And finally I'd like to mention  
Him most worthy of attention--  
Free from any kind of want  
The all-illustrious Commandant.  
Don't let him drop any deeper;  
Since we are our brother's "keeper"  
Aid him in his "Sky-Blue Zoo"  
To cage his wild, rebellious crew.  
He's done it all for their own good,  
Exactly as you probably would  
And since he loves them like Big Brother  
And we should love one another--  
"As others to you, so do to them"--  
As he to them, so do to him.

Amen. I'm kind of tired, Lord  
I know it's right, but it's awfully hard  
When others live the entire year  
To have just hours there and here  
When I can count myself alive--  
Well...maybe next year we'll arrive...?

-Celeste Heyl





“Here it is gents—the chapter in a nutshell . . .”



What do you mean you weren't there? You were my date!  
(SHADES of the WING PARTY --- 10 APRIL ---)

# Dob

## Dots & Doodles



15

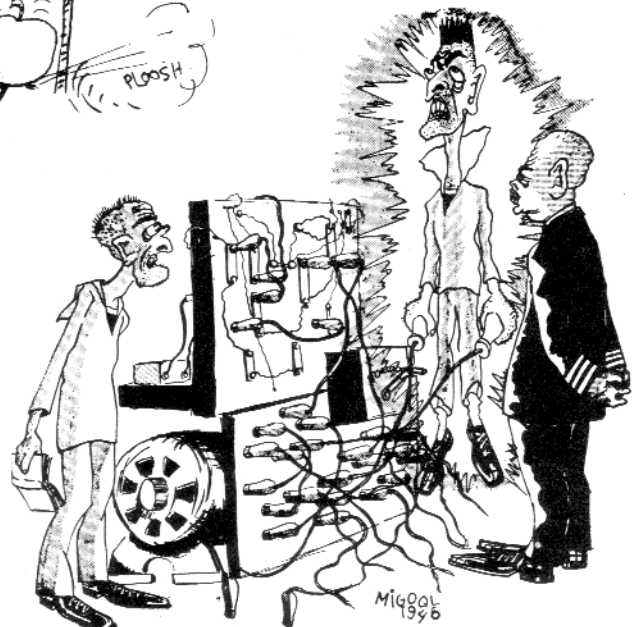
“Sorry, but all the fellas say your pin scratches their fingers.”

MARQUIS

A visiting psychiatrist, wandering through the wards of a state asylum, was particularly intrigued by a patient who sat huddled in a corner all by himself and scratched himself, for hours on end.

“My good man,” the doctor addressed the patient gently, “why do you stay huddled in a corner all by yourself and scratch yourself?”

“Because,” replied the man wearily, “I’m the only person in the world who knows where I itch.”



“Yes, yes, he certainly appears to be in series with the shunt field.”

