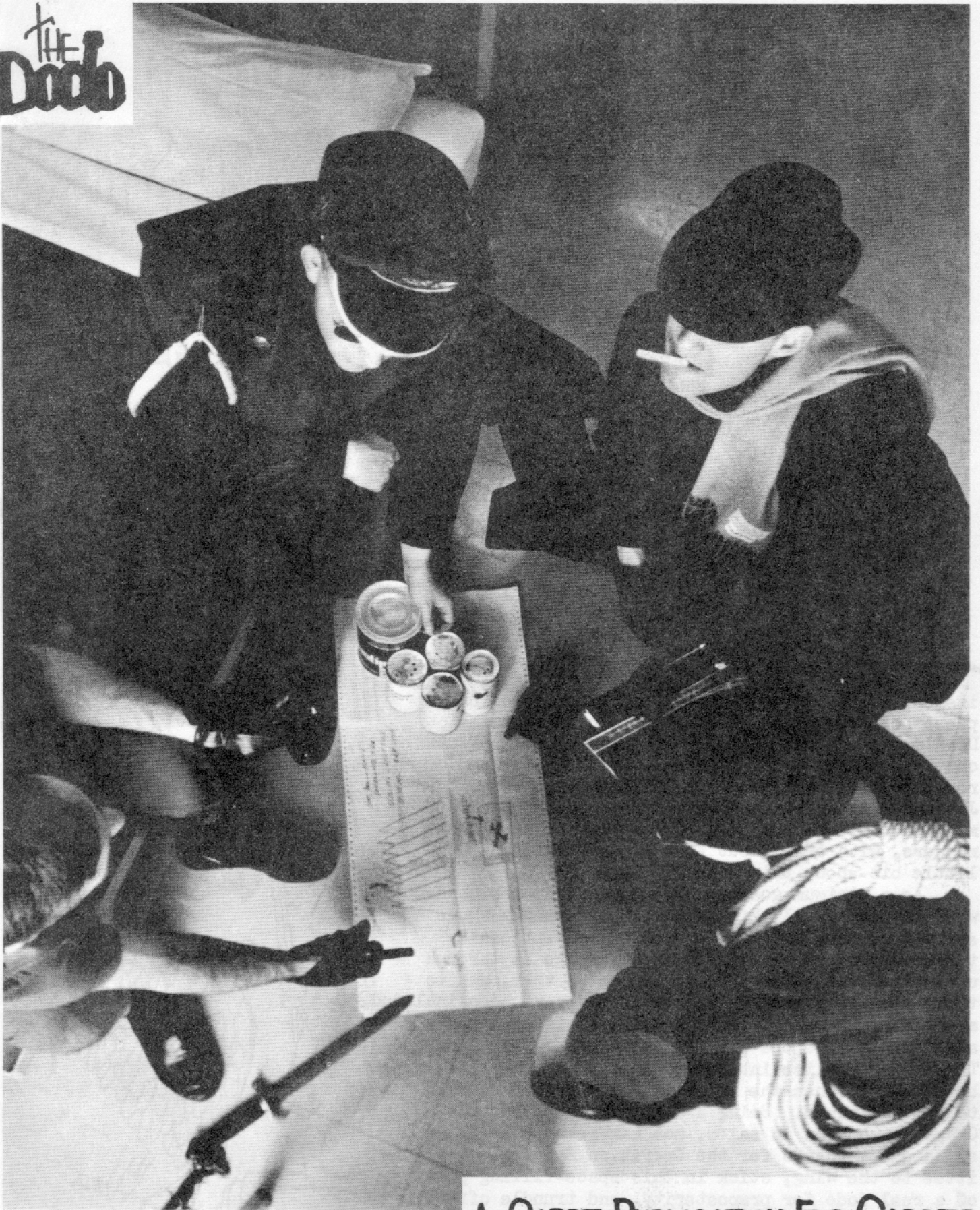


THE  
Dooob




A CADET PUBLICATION FOR CADETS

AFCRP 190-4, APR 65  
No. 6

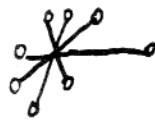


# The Dodo

# ALL-STARS

BEGIN ON 

PAGE 4...



OIC **Capt Turner**      EDITOR **Dave Connaughton '65**

Contributors:

Wayne Arnold '65	Reb Phillips '65
Den Thompson '66	Buddy Martin '67
JT Swan '65	Johnny McFall '66
Tim Wheeler '65	Bob Bresling '67
Jim Waggoner ?	Judd Iverson '66
Milt Spieglehaus '66	Dutch Berkley '66
	Joe Jarvis '66

A special thanks to those 20 who wrote articles for this issue.

I usually editorialize, in my final, last, final issues, to the effect that I wish the new editor plenty of luck, that I've had lots of fun at the Dean's expense, and that I hope a whole slew of new contributor's show up. Fine. But this time is for real, the gods of Astro willing, and I doubt that John McFalls and his talented contributors can mangle this publication any worse than their fore-runners, with or without that luck. Hence, on to a little bit about this issue.....

As a minimum goal, the Academy provides each cadet with (a list of all kinds of goodies usually shows up about here) but a certain number of exceptionally talented individuals always seem to make it through unscathed. This issue is dedicated to them, and to their admirers; to the many who would have been included, space permitting, like the firstie assigned here by accident and the one with an alligator in his room. There is no malice intended, but the harm may already be unleashed when the All-Star Team Captain decides to get organized. Being a little slower than the Chaplain who was in sales, not management, I'll say a quick thanks for the Operation Easter Committee to the Wing, stick in this space-filling picture of a real dodo for preposterity, and trundle off to my pad.

- Dave Connaughton



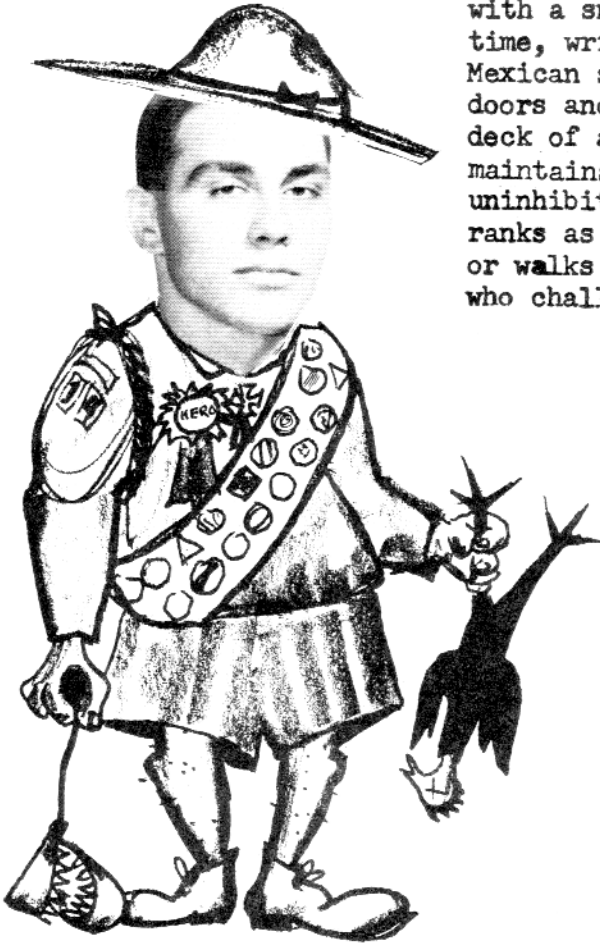
# The Doob SPACEMATE



Betty Gina Ferrelli -  
A student nurse who collects  
toy animals, including one  
from 16<sup>th</sup> Squadron...



Who else wears a mouthguard to parades, signs in wearing a coat and tie but no trousers, has hit the OIC with a snowball, dates three Chinese girls at one time, writes to Minnie the Elephant, invests in Mexican stocks, claims destruction of at least four doors and windows, had a motorcycle rust out on the deck of a ship. owns half of a '50 Buick- and still maintains a 3.5 cum with 2 day term papers? Totally uninhibited, you can recognize him on his way to ranks as he kicks his hat along in front of him, or walks on the retaining wall snarling at anyone who challenges him.



TEAM CAPTAIN\*

TEAM MINSTRAL

Cails has done extremely well by the system. He has used his singing talent to excuse himself from all manners of unpleasentries such as inspections, parades, classes, etc. He has searched for and found innumerable boon-doggles to help interrupt the flow from above. In addition to all his other achievements, he has remained relatively free from extra duty such as the drill team and squadron alert thus allowing him to become one of the more highly practiced Cadet Privilege Takers. Cails has a technique that should be studied and a level of figmosity that should be emulated by every aspiring All Star. Here, truely, is a man to be commended for superlative effort and enviable results in the field of military apathy.





# TEAM RABBLE ROUSER

Fletcher 'Flash' Wiley qualifies for the All Star Hall of Fame. Since his internment in the Blue Crypt there's very little he hasn't had a hand in. As a cheerleader he has inspired classic pre-game stunts and pep rallies. He is founder of an d vocalist for the Grubbs, an extraordinary musical(?) group which appears at nearly every party and Wing Blast Fiesta.

Well known to the Wing for his qualities of modesty and humility, "Flashius" is also the darling of local as well as foreign womanhood, witness a summer spent on the French and Italian beaches.

So we acknowledge one of the Wing's best known (notorious) and most popular Firsties, Fletcher X, whose immortal words, "I am so bad!" may outlive even him.



In only 60 days, the class of '65 will publish its book, "How We Beat the System in Eight Easy Semesters." The chief contributor for this text is none other than 3rd's own Roger Mortensen. "Mort", who is a charter member of the ac pro list, having made a pastime of staying just out of the Dean's grasp for 3½ years, is known throughout Thirsty Third for his 2.000000000+ accum, monthly loss of car privileges, and an insatiable appetite for any and all kinds of literature, as evidenced by a library that raises many questions, not the least of which is where he put that new 20 volume set of Great Books of the Western World which showed up in front of 5A23 several weeks ago. The former USN alum (in pre-cadet days) is looking forward to packing up his bound stores of knowledge, leaving behind his ability to convert HUM and ASTRO into night (all night) courses, and heading off into the wild blue yonder to find out what the Real Air Force is like.

PROCUREMENT  
OFFICER  
(PICKLE-BARREL DIV.)

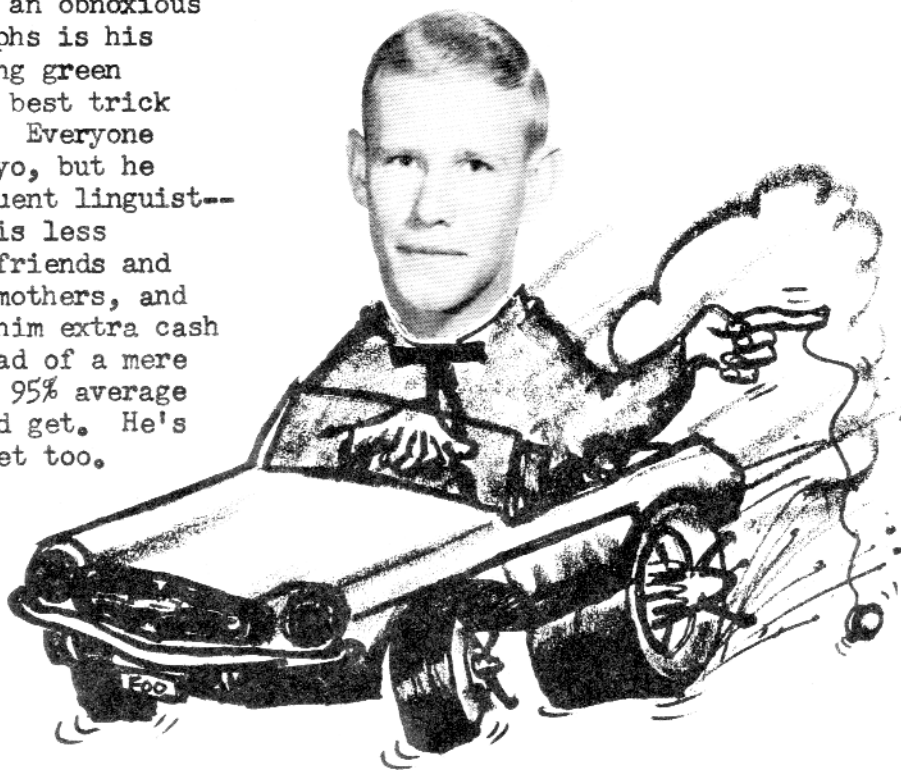
# \*JIMMY GRUNT



Seeing Jimmy-the-Leech\* in action is a truly enlightening experience, whether at a party, on the staff tower, or under a myriad of other circumstances (no plug for the Navajo Hogan intended.) It is estimated that he owes 97,000 cigarettes, 43 cigars, 1,000,061 matches, and 12 blind (very, very blind) dates to numerous creditors throughout the Wing. A well-known member of the Dean's Team, he spends enough time in the chem labs to maintain his strong position in the class (Williams AFB strong) and checks out new and interesting QHOH derivatives on the weekends...Alabama Fogcutters are rapidly becoming the most popular preservatives, grunts our hero in his fake British accent when we corner him at the Ranch. So we leave him to suavely ease his  $\frac{1}{4}$ -race Austin-Healy back into the mainstream of Cadet life--the pre-taps Grand Prix, and, in a few short weeks, the traditional Rush from the Rockies.

\*Spelling: -2

Tom aches all over. He sees himself as a mild mannered misanthrope with a bent toward hysteria, a visionary of sorts, an obnoxious pig. One of his crowning triumphs is his 120 hp slush Mustang. The racing green exactly matches his yo-yo. His best trick is his reverse round-the-world. Everyone tells Tom he doesn't need a yo-yo, but he doesn't get it. He's also a fluent linguist--the chief interpreter between his less acceptable socially acceptable friends and irate motel owners, irate housemothers, and constables. His old man sends him extra cash for being a Cadet Captain instead of a mere Lieutenant. He's played up his 95% average on his turnouts for all he could get. He's going into OSI for all he can get too.



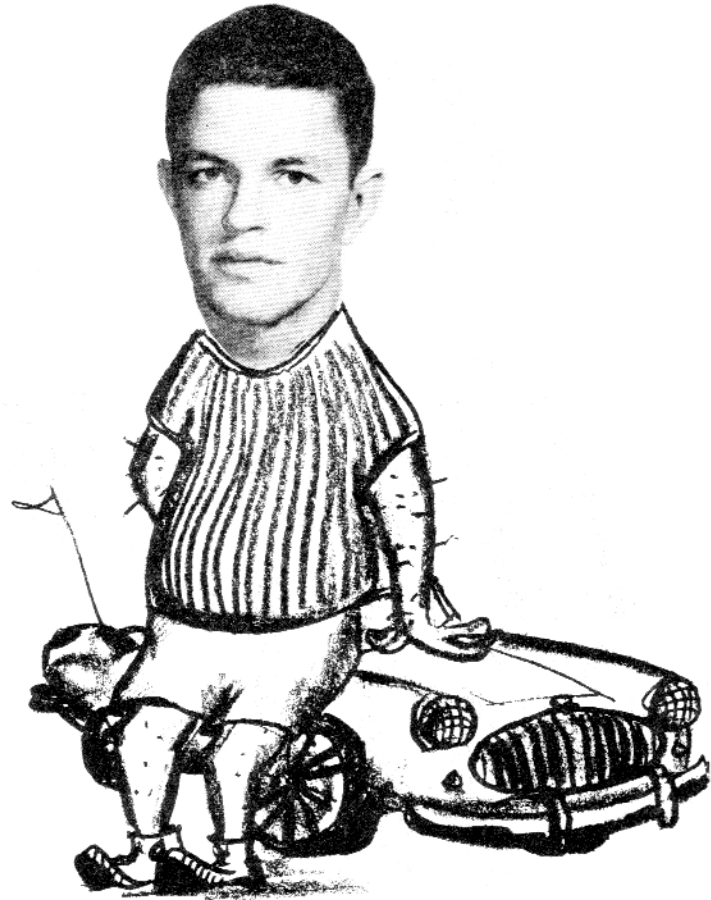
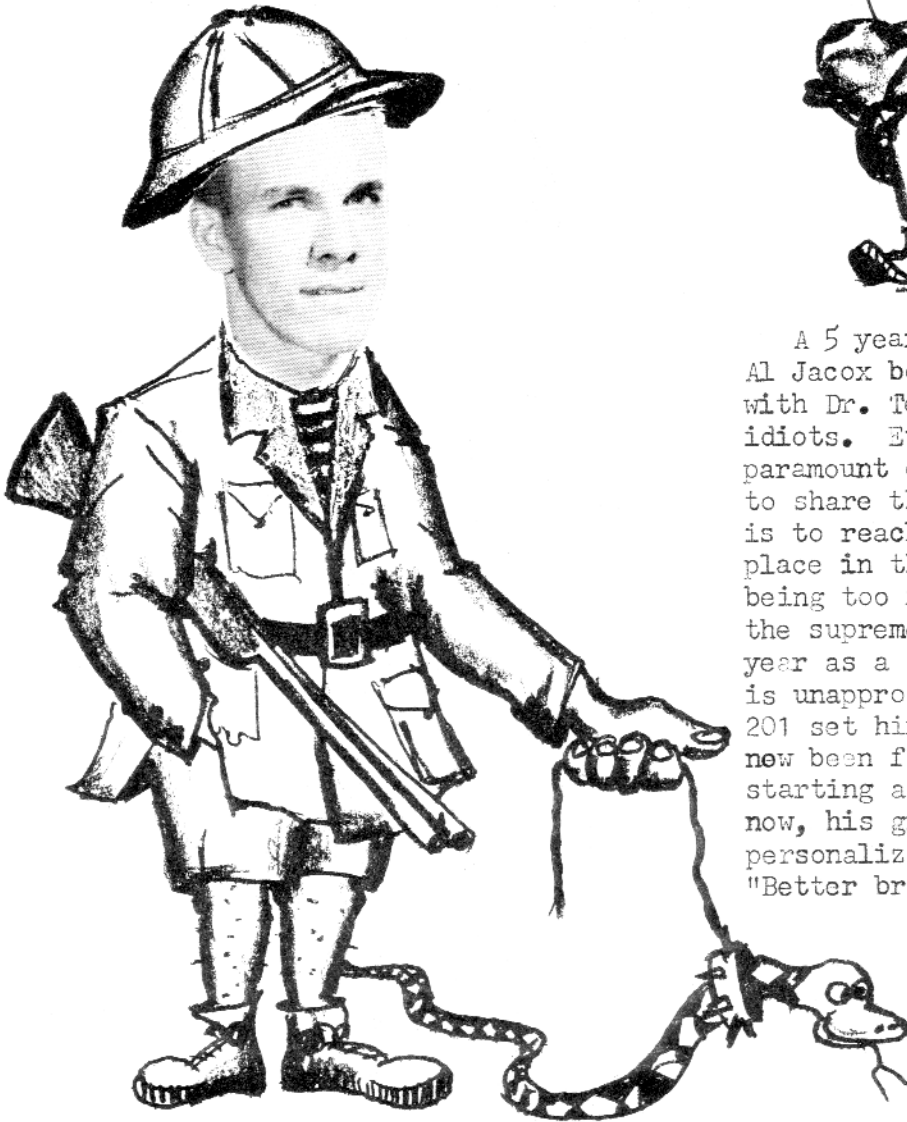
TEAM CHARACTER

J. Woodrow Corman, Esq., famous for his "Comeback of the Year" award, earned by manifesting amazing presence of mind and prowess in the face of a formidable enemy.

Tiger's exploits have been many and varied. After winning his first purple heart in the infamous Colfax Truck Tragedy, he was again cited for courage because of his exemplary management of the Cherry Creek Inn Incident. It was "Hot Ears" who, at great personal sacrifice, reduced our losses to an acceptable level.

We all wish Surfer John the best of luck with his new toy.

## CRASS JACK



A 5 year letterman on the "D Squad," Al Jacox boasts that he could pool his IQ with Dr. Teller's and produce two hopeless idiots. Every man has his own peculiar paramount obsession (although cadets seem to share the same one) but Jake's big drive is to reach the distinguished position of last place in the graduation line. Competition being too fierce in the Class of '64, he made the supreme sacrifice: he signed for a fifth year as a cadet. His record of D's and F's is unapproached, but an A in Bridge-Playing 201 set him back to 519 out of 520. Jake has now been forced to try a different tack, by starting a hasty collection of CDB's. Even now, his graduation announcements are being personalized with the hopeful warning: "Better bring your lunch."

ΜΕΓΑ βιβλίον,  
ΜΕΓΑ χαχόν



# MR. VICE

What is the magic quality that makes Bob Panke so cool? You might as well ask "What makes Sammy run?" The answer probably involves the creation and seizure of opportunities. Who else would have thought of turning on the parade-ground sprinkling system at West Point during a parade-and then done it? Who else could have invented "lurking" and chosen his AOC as one of the first victims.

Space considerations-as well as the fact that there is no statute of limitations associated with the Form 10-prevent a more complete listing of Pank's feats but you can see that it is more than mere originality, more than daring that makes him the coolest. He has kept the Wing in stitches for over three years by a subtle blending of daring, originality and neatness. (Neatness and originality count)



The cunning, calculating mind of Bob Gelling, which has led him to a place of prominence on the Bean's team, has also been responsible for what seems to be a permanent position on the Comm's drill team. Bob started his career at "The Monastic Managerie" by picking up a Class III during his deolie X-mas and then just to even out matters, he started his first class year with 6 months hanging over his head and all because some stupid tree came speeding down the highway about 60 miles an hour and smashed right into him. Bob leaves the "Zee" as not only a member of the century club but as one of these elite in the double century club.

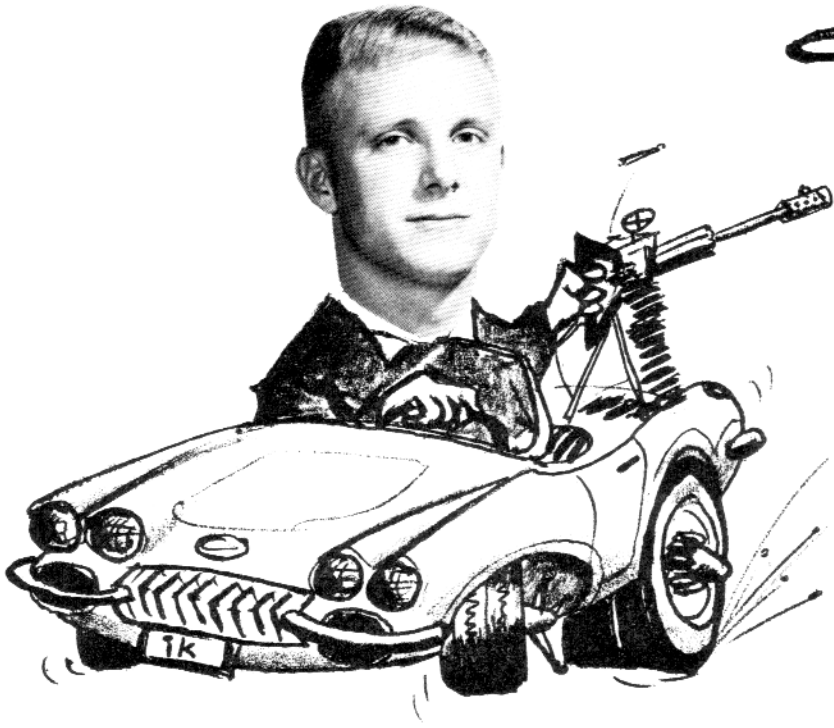
RECREATION OFFICER



With the uncanny ability to be two places at one time, this All-Star has found fame in such absurd places as the Dodo (Secret Agent Double-O Zero), Bonds Bros. Barnum & Polisci Productions, and the Aluminim Aviary in general. It is rumored that the Comm shop still believes there are two of them, but the hospital orderlies know better: after a losing bout with A. Fitzwilliam Badriver, Bonds came under their constant scrutiny as a problem-type when he walked out of the casting room with two broken legs. A double-threat Tennessean with a British accent and a flair for the preposterous, he eagerly awaits the June Exodus and the coming of Santa Claus in just 258 days.

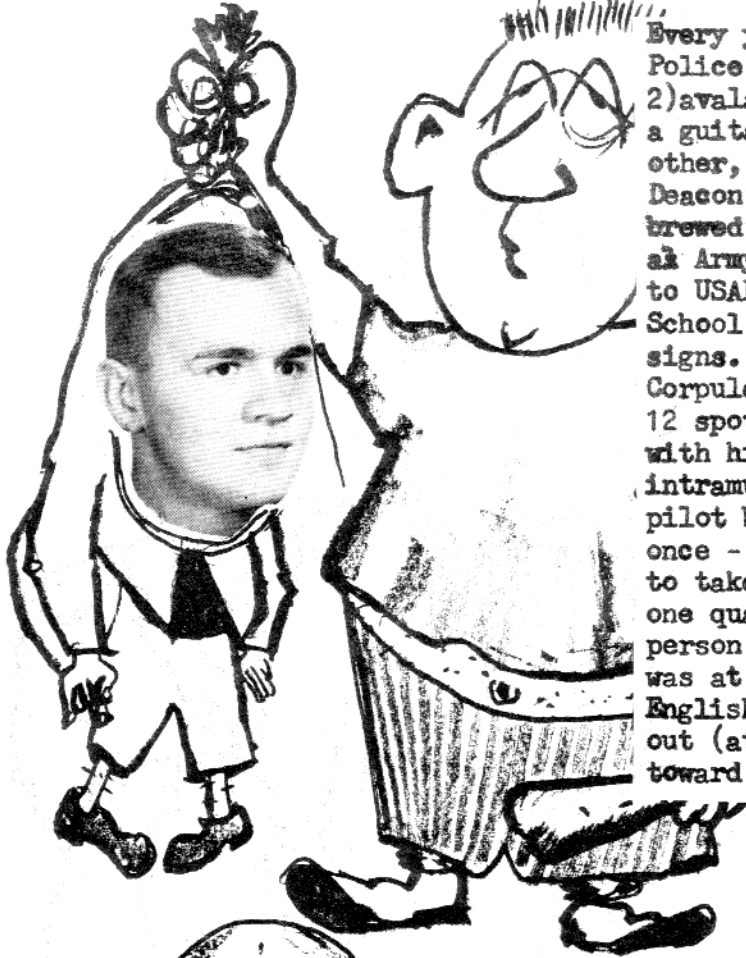


SPECIAL, SNEAKY, & SUBVERSIVE  
ACTIVITIES OFFICER



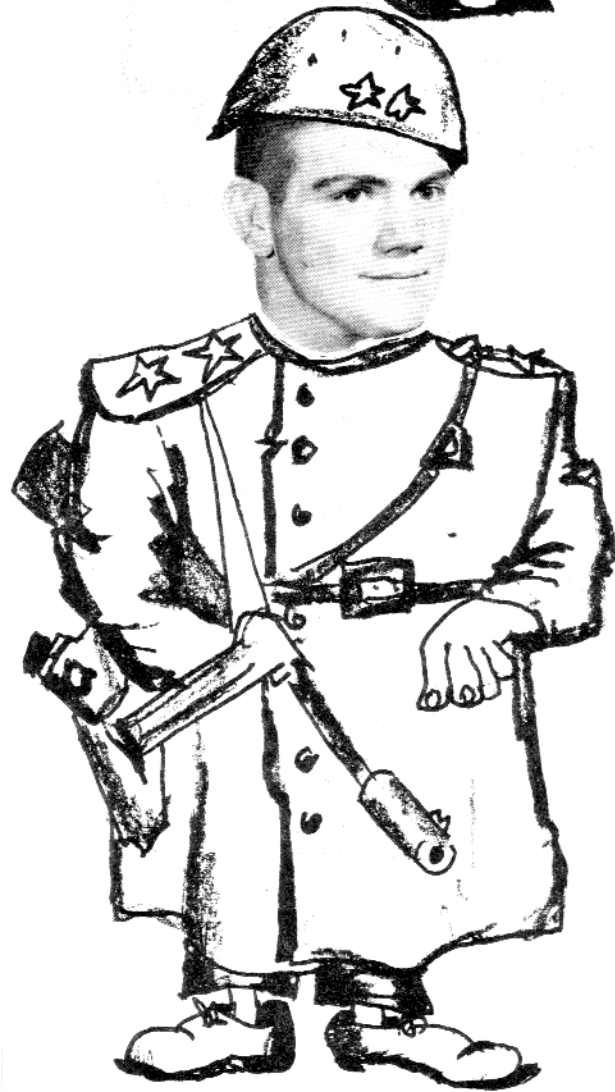
Wheels needs no more introduction than does his red Vette with the patch in the side and the machine gun in the rear. An excellent one-legged skier who can also hang seven on his skateboard, he almost won fame entertaining friends in Europe. Maintaining an astronomical GPA and coaching a co-Wing Champ soccer team have been easy diversions from his true goal...graduation, marriage, and pilot training may be greater challenges to same.

CINC WHEELS



Every year when the ski slopes open, the State Police issues warnings to skiers for 1) blizzards, 2) avalanches, and 3) a big round phenomenon with a guitar in one hand, a lacrosse stick in the other, and skis with fuel injection: Butch Deacon of Sixth's Dirty Thirty. 'Deke' was brewed in Dacksbury, Mass., where the Continental Army had its first woodsey in 1777. He came to USAFA wearing the blazer of Holderness Prep School and its class crest: crossed dollar signs. Deke was immediately tagged the Nimble Corpulent One, and has since earned the number 12 spot in his class (he studies metallurgy with his guitar), a powerful reputation on the intramural fields, and one Class III. A fighter pilot by nature, Butch has been airsick only once - on a chairlift, causing the skier below to take up birdwatching. Once, he came within one quarter-in-the-slot of being the first person waxed in a ski-waxing machine. Deke was at his best in Europe - after joining an English stripper on the stage, he was escorted out (at gunpoint) by the pub owner. Butch looks toward terrorizing Williams AFB next.

EL DEKE



"Grunge" Warren is literally one of the biggest men on campus. He used this size to good advantage on the freshman football and wrestling teams. Far from the typical jock, Gray has never been in disfavor with the Dean, he served as 22nd Sq 1st Sergeant, and this year coached his squadron football team to the league title. After serving two tours of duty with the 7625th knee operation factory, the present Fourth Group Commander has turned his attention to less strenuous sports, such as KOA bowling and KOA golf.

\*CINC GRUNGE



Final Installment :

# PLANNING CALENDAR

for  
**FIRSTIES**



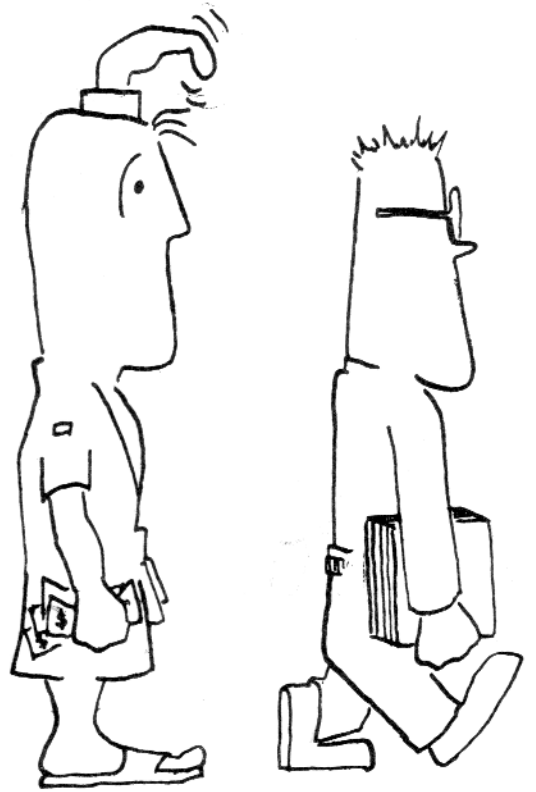
Shin dig (Jimmy & Yes men) 7:30 35	Bewitched 8:00 Write Betty 34	Dates w/CONNIE 33	Visit Best feater 32	Think about finals 31	U.N.C.L.E. 9-10 30	TWTWTWT Fug 9-10 A-Hall date 29
Burke's Law 8:30 28	27 <sup>th</sup> day party 27	Price list rolls for party Find summer uni's 26	Hump day 25	Still thinking 24	23 <sup>rd</sup> day party 23	Hullaba/oo w/PT Proby 22
Write Betty, Kathie A-Hall date 21	X-country meet (don't eat) 20	19 <sup>th</sup> day party 19	Week end leave @ Conqueror 18	Worry about finals 17	BP. TransVette, pick up bill (stop at Bella Vista) 16	S/sleep 15
14 <sup>th</sup> day party 14	Research for econ paper Write Barb, call Linda 13	412,000 word econ paper due, 1630 12	11 <sup>th</sup> day party 11	Think about turnouts 10	Get date's Ping dance for 2 Grad Bal Meeting of BTKLABMF 9	8 <sup>th</sup> day party 8
Get Motel Reserv. Send grad. invitations (if appropriate) 7	ODP 6 <sup>th</sup> day party 6	Get officer's uni (QUICK!) 5	Load car, sell record player & records, burn old uni's, books 4	Turn in leave request 3	Party Sign unmarried cert. 2	1

2400-1100  
CIVILIAN!  
SKIP REVELLE  
WEDDING 1100  
(conapt)

In a rather hasty study of the matter, your ultimately helpful DOBO staff has determined that, qualitatively, HAPPINESS IS:



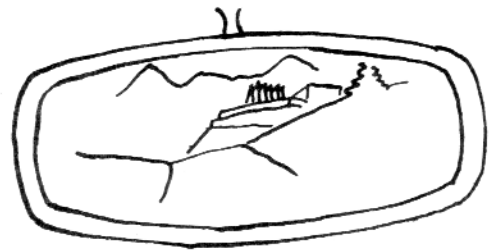
... BEING NEXT IN THE BLIND DATE LINE...



... SELLING A WHOLE STACK OF THOSE HURTING RECORDS YOU BOUGHT AS A DOOL FOR A PROFIT...



... BEING HIGH MAN ON THE POLI SCI GR AFTER ① THE WEEKEND PARTY ② HITTING THE RACK AT 1930...



50 60 70 etc.

... SEEING USAFA AS A RAPIDLY DIMINISHING SPECK IN THE REAR VIEW MIRROR...

... < 50 DAYS ...

# THE LEGIONIS<sup>\*</sup> MCMLXV

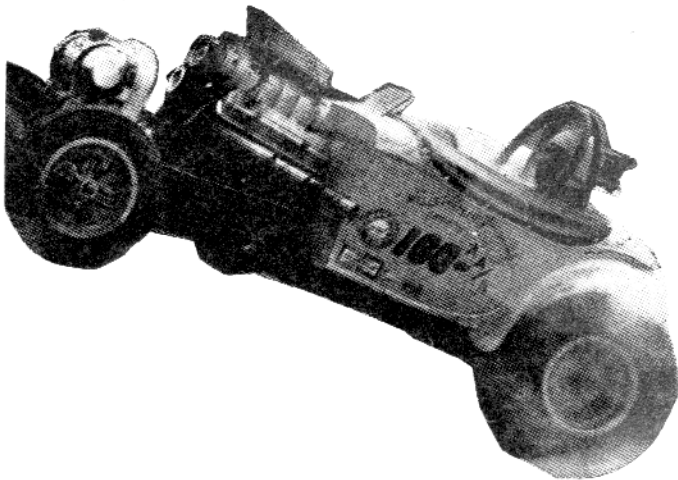
And it came to pass in the days of Tiberius the Stronghearted that Gaius Festivus was deposed in the bloody scourge of the Cold Season and there arose a new leader of the Legionis MCMLXV, Gaius Maximus. And a proclamation went out from the chair of Tiberius that all of the Legionis MCMLXV should praise Bacchus at a feast in the Holy Place of the gods of war, and the already depleted numbers of the legion came forth and celebrated. And lo, Maximus Vice stood and proclaimed many toasts, so that the legion was beguiled into a riotous state. And it came to pass that Gaius was placed on the roles of the Minimi Conducti.

And shortly in their journey came the time of the Vernal Pilgrimage, and the legionnaires set forth to ravage the countryside near and far. And they were beset by the Sirens and other Nymphs of the CWCae and of the heights of Loretto, who sang sweetly to them, and many remained, and their numbers were sorely depleted. And it came to pass that Gaius was placed on the roles of the PWae, and his time was marked.

And in those times bespoke Gruntissimus III, "Let us posthaste beguile Tiberius and, giving cause that he might believe us elsewhere, we shall remain in our homes." And Tiberius learned of this, and his brow was darkened. And it came to pass that Gruntissimus was inscribed in the roles of the Confined and his chariot sat idle. And he was sore disturbed.

Now as the time of their prizes and booty drew nearer the legionnaires were drawn into the halls of Torture, where they were subjected to terrible torments by the Astronites and Hummae, and the pitched battle was bloody, and the scarred legionnaires came forth triumphant. And Gaius Maximus, Gruntissimus, the Bondi fraters, even unto Alfredus Jacoxus (DXVIII) crossed over and were placed on the roles of the Maximus Figmus.

And on the last day, behold, the battle-weary Legionis MCMLXV came to the Colluseum where the cheering throngs beset them with design to capture their helmets. Fleeing before the fearful charge, the legionnaires drove their chariots mightily (for some of their number had CCCL great horses) into many directions, so that all who beheld were immediately befuddled. And Gaius Maximus was among them, and his name will be inscribed forever on the roles of the Magnus in Flamibus Charioti...id est, he flies jets.





Two of the least known spring teams at the Academy appear to be the best in their field in the Rocky Mountain region. Neither the lacrosse club nor the water polo club has been defeated by an area team in over two years. The lacrosse team has defeated CSU (15-5) and CC (9-4) so far, and they can be expected to continue their winning ways. Last weekend's game which was touted as a grudge match by Panks during a few meals seemed to settle CC's claim to the Falcon's top spot in the area. It was 9-0 after three quarters. The AFA let up a bit in the fourth quarter and substituted freely which resulted in four rather inconsequential goals for CC. Bob Heaton led the Falcon attack with his scoring, passing, and ballhandling. Bob was named to the All Western region team last year. Jim Perry and Bob Panke are close behind Heaton on attack. Panks set up four goals against CC. The defense is spearheaded by a misshapen dwarf named Manley. His work in the crease defense eases the load on goalie F.X. McCann though McCann seems rather outstanding on his own merits alone. The guerrilla twins, Bruce Toro and Don Bryzinski, help out Manley in the head-knocking department. The player cited by Coach Burch for his "terrific" play last week was midfielder Mike Francisco. Crass Corman should be watched this season.

The unheralded water polo team looks to be the best in the Academy's history, if they can just get some games. Lt. Paul Aehnlich took over last spring and since then has not had a loss to an area team. This spring's tentative schedule has listed an opener sometime between 17 April and the first of May (Hooray, Hooray). (You can't be any more tentative than that!) The team is headed by Charlie Galotta's ballhawking and all around play. Ron Grabe's heads up the defense while Terry O'Donnell is the keystone of the offensive with his explosive scoring and precise passing from the hole. Duke Swan, from the California surf, plays both ends of the pool until Coach Aehnlich tries to find a position where he will do the least damage. He handles the rough defense chores and provides the team's scoring punch. His main contribution is in the playmaking. The veteran from Napa can be expected to close out his career in a somewhat less than spectacular fashion. Rick Jaep is close behind Grabe in

defensive prowess while goalie Hairy Hunt looks like the area's outstanding goalie. Bill McLeod, Warren Leek, J.C. Marshall, Don Jackson, and Harry Wetzler head the list of returnees while efforts are still being made to persuade Reel Talbott to play in order to provide the team with a strong hatchet man.

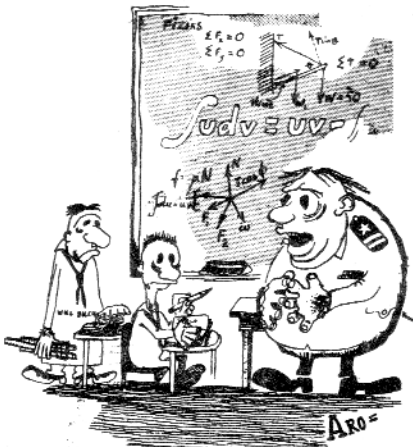
## THE DODO SPORTS SCOPE



Anyone interested in writing sports articles for the DODO please contact J.T. Sasmalita Sports

A canny Scot was engaged in an argument with the conductor as to whether the fare was to be five or ten cents. Finally the disgusted conductor picked up the Scot's suitcase and tossed it off the train, just as they were crossing a long bridge. It landed with a mighty splash.

"Hoot mon," cried Sandy (the Scot) "First you try to rob me and now you've drowned my boy!"



"The quiz will cover your question, Mr. Bilch."

# Doob Dots & Doodles

**Bachelor:** A guy who comes to work every morning from a different direction.

It happened aboard a trans-Atlantic liner. A steward was walking along the promenade deck with a large bowl of soup when the ship rolled exceptionally hard and he dumped the entire bowl onto the shirt front of a passenger sleeping in a deck chair. Thinking fast, the steward awoke the man and said, consolingly, "I do hope you're feeling better now sir."

"I'm all out of sorts; the doctor said the only way to cure my rheumatism is to stay away from dampness."

"What's so tough about that?"

"You don't know how silly it makes me feel to sit in an empty tub and go over myself with a vacuum cleaner."

The nurse entered the professor's room and said softly: "It's a boy, sir."

The professor looked up: "Well, what does he want?"

Jim Turinetti is not as good a swimmer as Reel Talbot, especially with a judogi on.



I DOUBT SERIOUSLY WHETHER THIS FALLS UNDER THE SPIRIT OF "OPEN BOOK, OPEN NOTES," MR. FINGLE.

