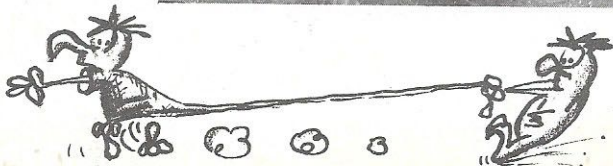




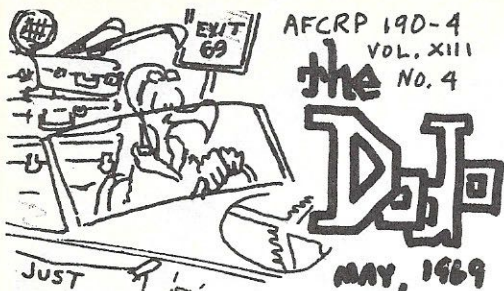
# Dodo



Looking ahead to June



A CADET PUBLICATION FOR CADETS



AFCRP 19D-4  
VOL. XIII  
No. 4

# the Dodo

MAY, 1969

JUST GRADUATED

## Staff (?)

HEAD HONCHO:

CAPT. ZAWACKI

CHIEF PRINTING PRESSER:

RIEK GRANDJEAN

PENCIL-PUSHER & WHIPPING-BOY:

DAVE DANIEL

HEAD GROUCH:

H. OWNBY

KEN STEVENSON, PURVEYOR OF DIRTY JOKES & OTHER TRASH

STEVE EDELMAN, WHO PASSES OUT DODOS & FROM DRINKING TOO MUCH.

IN CHARGE OF THE NUGH DORM:

JEFFERSON DAVIS MCBRIETY, BOY WONDER

OTHER FEARSOME BLOWHARDS:

DICK WIGLE - BATTLEING BIVALVE

HUGH JARDON BOLIVAR SHAGNASTY

HOOKER WATTERS BUSTER CHERRY

MARKOV CHAINS

KILL...



RANDOLPH AFB PERSONNEL CENTER



Foreman and Rancher

### EDITORIAL

With this issue, the '69 Staff bids a tearful adieu to the windswept vortex that tis a privilege to live in and leaves '70 and '71 holding the proverbial bag. In this sad moment of less than one MMC until graduation, we have prepared for you a final rash of trash from the twisted no-minds of '69, having articles for every taste, sweet and sour.

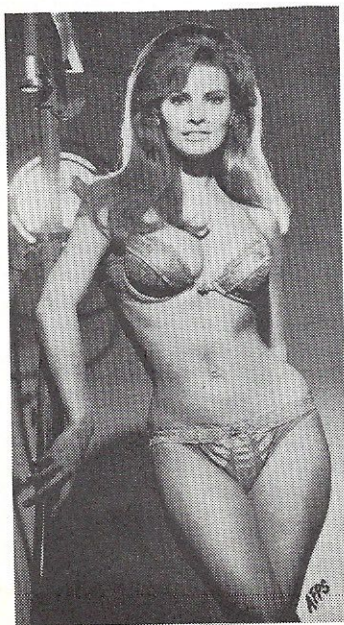
Taking over as editor is Jeff McBriety, a sophomore who has been an Army private, a member of R-Flight, and perennial ac-pro star. We think he'll do a good job, if he doesn't flunk out first. By the way, get those names and résumés for All-Star in to him, % 25th Squadron, ASAP, or there won't be any.

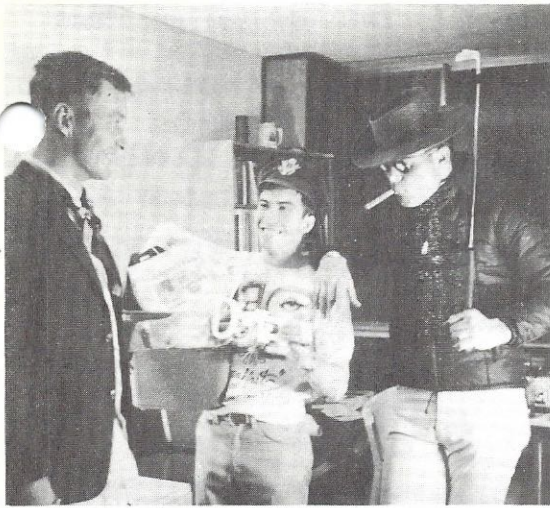
Does anybody want to buy a multi-peaked aluminum tent that sleeps 800?

We don't appreciate another publication's stealing our ideas (e.g., "communication within the Wing", All-Stars of '69), but then we suppose he's not real pleased with having his car title impounded by an irate bank.

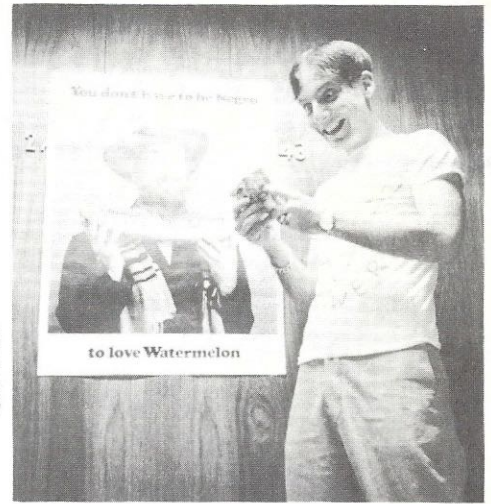
As I sit here fingering my PCV Valve I ponder the past and remember that someday, we'll all look back on this and laugh.

*Rick*



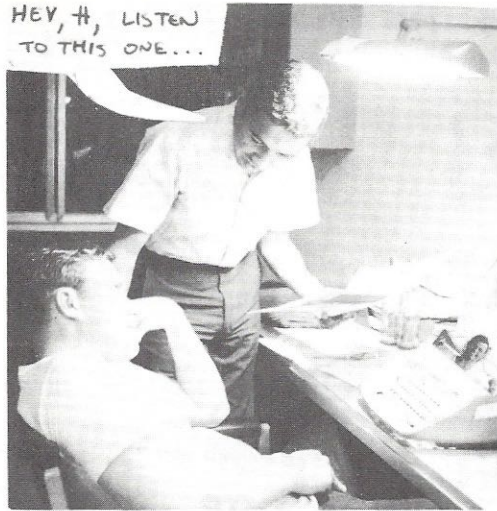


# the Dodo Awards



The Second Annual Dodo Awards Ceremony began when T. Abdul Goldstein, Mayor of Colorado Springs, presented Rick Grandjean and Dave Daniel with Keyes out of the city, while Jose Iturbe and the Colorado Springs Symphony Orchestra played "The World Turned Upside Down".

HEY, #, LISTEN  
TO THIS ONE...



For his work as distribution manager, Steve "The Hebe" Edelman proudly accepted the "Golden Pushcart" award, which he promptly hocked for \$1.98, cash.

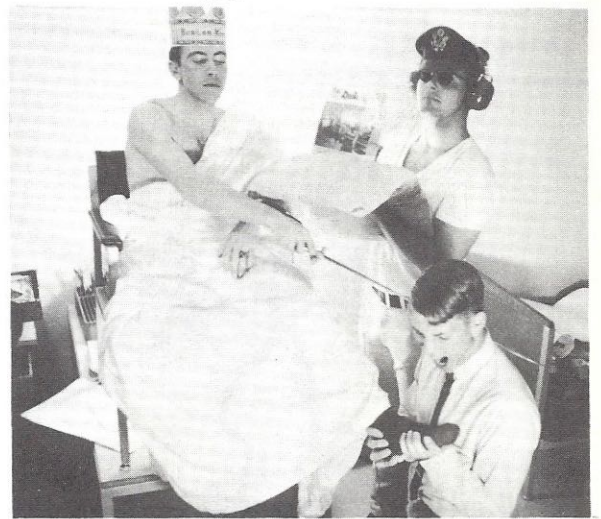
Ken Stevenson, for his outstanding work as joke editor, was presented with five back issues of the Talon.

# 1969

The "Shut Your Fat Mouth and Hand Me My Quinine Pills" Bitterness Award went to H. Ownby, for being perpetually so.



The entire Dodo staff gratefully presented Captain Zawacki with the rare and coveted "Gluteus Maximus" award for being one of the few willing to put his on the line.



His Majesty Rick Grandjean bestows upon the Right Honourable Jeff McBriety the unspeakably high honor of Dodo Editor, 1969-71. Press on, Ace!

HERE'S THE WORLD WAR THREE USAPA  
CADET ABOUT TO GRADUATE... WHAT  
A FINE FIGURE HE CUTS! WHAT PROUD  
TRADITIONS FILL HIS MIND! WHAT  
TRASH FILLS HIS MIND:



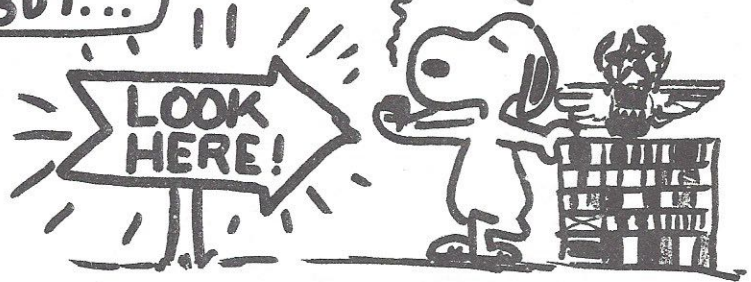
I'VE GOT SUCH A FUTURE! THE  
WORLD IS MINE! THE CREAM OF THE  
CROP SHALL DO GREAT WONDERS - GREAT  
RICHES WILL BE MINE; SCHOLARS WILL  
CONSULT ME; BROADS WILL  
CRAVE MY BODY; MY RING WILL  
FLASHINGLY BLIND ALL  
WHO DARE LOOK UPON IT!



I'LL PROBABLY MAKE GENERAL BEFORE  
MY COMMITMENT IS UP! BUT...



HUMILITY WILL BE  
MY WATCHWORD!



FORWARD, MEN! GUNG HO, PRESS ON,  
SMOKE UP TO SPEED, CONTINUE TO  
MARCH, STAND BY ONE, AND ALL THAT  
MILITARY STUFF!



I LIKE TO DREAM A LOT.



REV. THEODORE M. HESBURGH, president of the University  
of Notre Dame: "We must take some chances and have  
more faith in this younger generation and have more un-  
derstanding of their concerns."

☞ [CONFIDENTIAL NOTE TO RANDOLPH PERSONNEL CENTER:  
PLEASE TELL ~~ME~~ <sup>US</sup> ~~OUR~~ <sup>OUR</sup> FIRST ASSIGNMENTS BEFORE AUGUST.]

# SMUT

Ten years ago the first graduating class ('59) had a small school newspaper with a little column called the "Purple Falcon" which kept track of the doings of some of the more notables on campus. "Smut" would like to give a tip of the hat to its predecessor on this Tenth Anniversary.

On to business!

The committee of officers from the Comm Shop that was set up to discern whether cadets should be allowed to wear gold prop and wings has reached a decision. NO! Reason: too dangerous a possibility that a tradition might start naturally instead of being dictated. What's wrong with your Dad's wings?

Household Goods Shipping Briefing: 30 minutes of sales pitch to come back and be an instructor and 2 hours of explaining how to sign your name on one piece of paper.

Another problem solved - no more of this firsties being late getting their uniforms, we'll make them buy them thru the T-shop. Latest word from the T-shop: the rest of the uni's should get here before 4 June (maybe).

Green Onion Shows Brilliant Exposé Of Intelligence! He put one of those nasty cadets under arrest for impersonating an officer (sounds like the pot calling the kettle black!). Seems this 1<sup>o</sup> cadet was driving his dad's car (retired) with a white sticker that had started to peel and some of the old blue sticker was showing through. Stay tuned - there's more! This is the second officer impersonation the Green Onion has exposed -- the first was for the same dude who hung his 2<sup>nd</sup> Lt. bars on his mess dress 100<sup>th</sup> night. Keep up that Naval Academy tradition there, Greeny.

Next comes a little tidbit from that old stockbroker himself. It appears that this dool popped off to old second group about not knowing the name of a 2<sup>o</sup> dude that had used the group phone, so when the dool corrected himself what else could old second group do but sap the 2<sup>o</sup> dude for "endangering the career of a fourthclassman".

Bought any good uranium stock lately? 2<sup>o</sup> beware. Big Brother has already started gate checks of all temporary tags.

Get out your pencils kiddies, we're going to have a quiz!

1. Who gets the money for using the chapel in the Alcoa Aluminum ads?

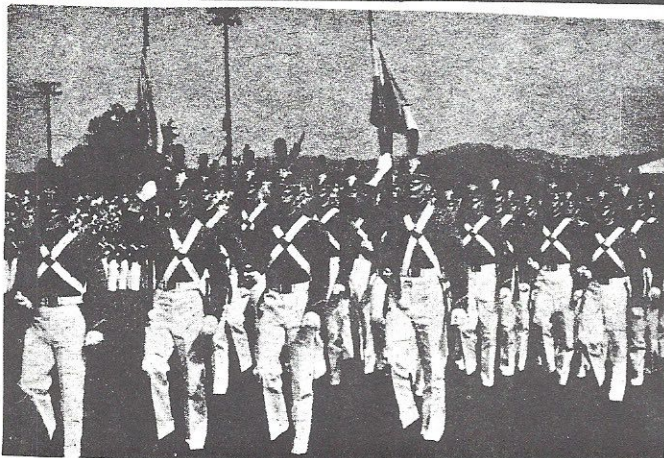
2. Who gets the money for using cadets in that certain Clearasil ad?

3. Who gets the money for using good ol USAFA for the Lucy show?

4. What was that rule about not using ol USAFA in any way for a commercial reason?

WHOOOPS! Here comes the OIC and the SOB!  
Good-bye - for good!

LWJ  
X



Why did they spend all that money for a brand new military school for the air force when all they needed was a good Xerox machine?

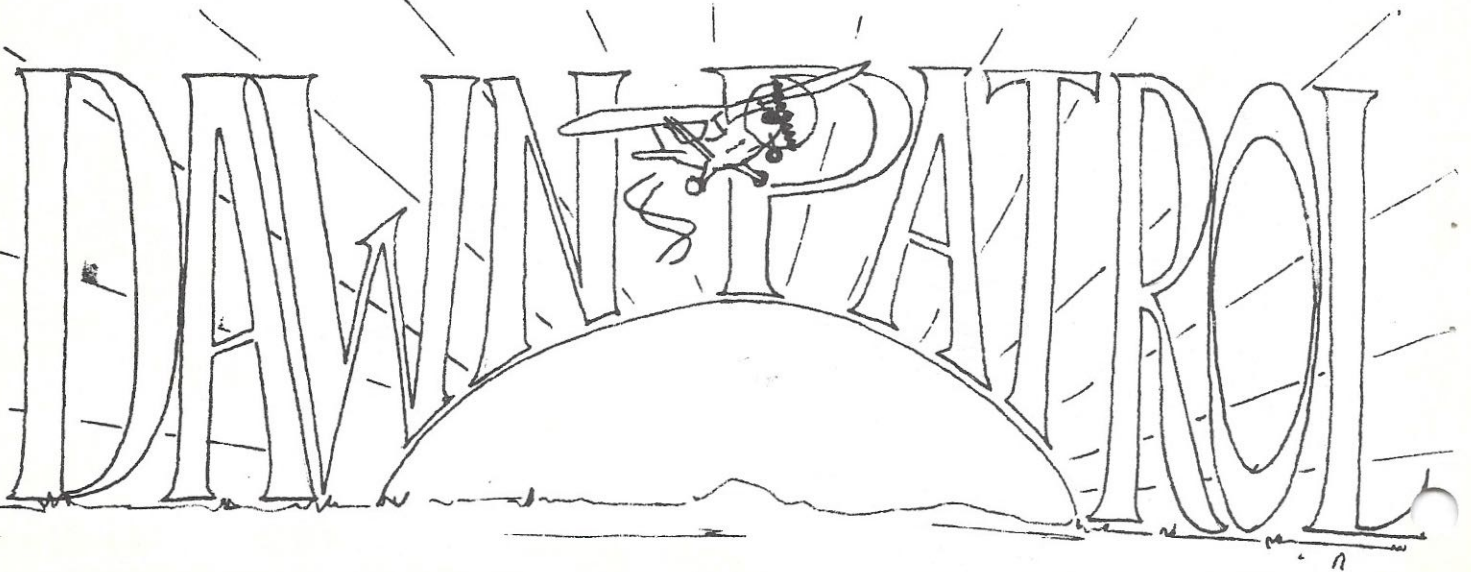
DO YOU ENJOY  
BEING UNMOTIVATED?



THE TIME - ANY MORNING ... EARLY!!  
 THE PLACE - ANY ROOM; MAYBE YOURS!  
 WE FIND OUR HERO, BARTY  
 BLOWLUNCH, C/I, DEFENDER OF  
 DOOLIES AND CARGO ABOUT NOTHING,  
 BLITHELY OBLIVIOUS TO ALL ABOUT  
 HIM, SECURELY ENSCONCED IN THE  
 SECURITY OF HIS GRAY ALTEREGO,  
 BAGMAN! WHEN SUDDENLY -

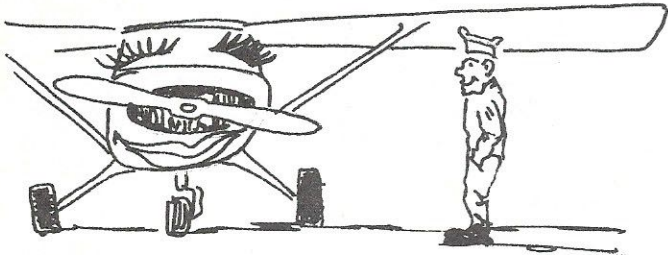


AND SO OUR HERO,  
 BARTY BLOWLUNCH,  
 PREPARES FOR YET  
 ANOTHER STAR-WROUGHT  
 ENCOUNTER WITH  
 DESTINY; HIS  
 FIRST STEP TOWARD  
 FAME AND FORTUNE!  
 HIS MAGNIFICENT BODY  
 TREMBLING WITH AN-  
 TICIPATION, BARTY  
 PRGPARS FOR YET ANOTHER  
 EXCURSION WITH  
 THE FAMED...



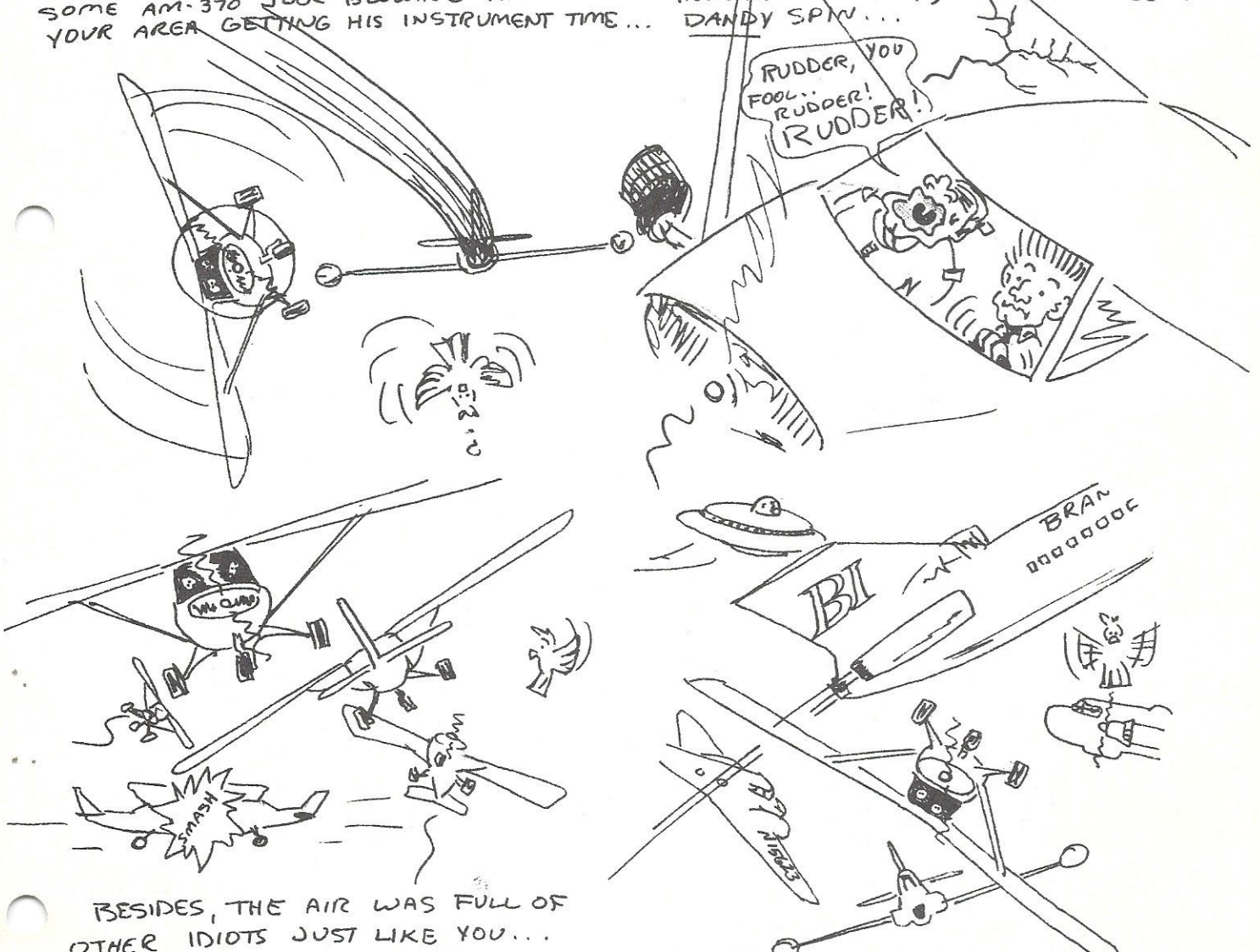
LIKE ANY OTHER T-41 STUDENT, BARFY & HIS PLANE WERE LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT. UN-LIKE ANY OTHER STUDENT, BARFY GOT TO SEE HER AT HER FINEST - WITH THE FIRST GLOW OF DAWN PAINTING HER GLEAMING SKIN. SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL! AND SO TINY & INNOCENT! RIGHT!

THEN YOU MET YOUR IP; HIS SNOW-WHITE HAIR CONTRASTED SHARPLY WITH HIS DIM, BLUE, BLOODSHOT EYES. BUT IT WAS EARLY, AND YOU COULD SEE IN HIS FACE THAT HE WAS A PRO, EVERY LINE HARD-EARNED SINCE HIS EARLY DAYS OF FLYING, PROBABLY WITH THE WRIGHT BROTHERS! THEN YOU LEARNED HE WAS ONLY 25....



YOU LEARNED THAT YOUR BIRD HAD SOME QUIRKS - LIKE, SHE WAS SUSCEPTIBLE TO TURBULENCE, WHICH COULD BE CAUSED BY SOME AM-370 JOKER BLOWING THROUGH YOUR AREA GETTING HIS INSTRUMENT TIME...

AND, DESPITE ALL THEY TOLD YOU ABOUT "INHERENT STABILITY," SHE COULD DO A DANDY SPIN...



BESIDES, THE AIR WAS FULL OF OTHER IDIOTS JUST LIKE YOU...

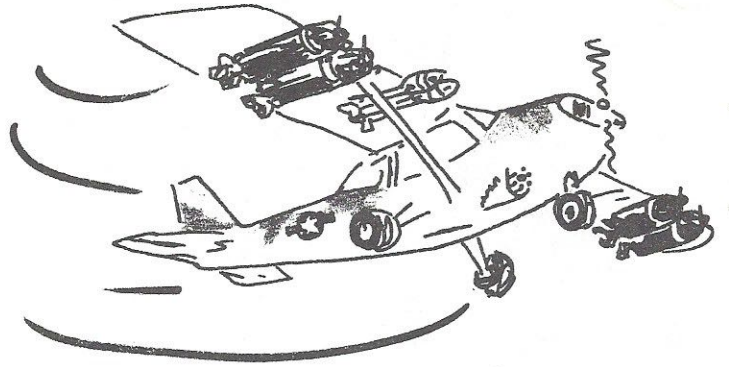
ADD THAT TO THE ALREADY TIGHT AIRSPACE AT PGTE, AND YOU HAD FUN, FUN, FUN!!

THEN, YOUR FIRST SOLO -

TAKE IT AROUND THREE TIMES, AND TRY TO MAKE IT BACK IN ONE PIECE... IF YOU HAVE TO KILL YOURSELF, TRY NOT TO BEND THE PLANE... I'M SIGNED FOR IT.



BUT AFTER THAT, SHE WAS YOUR BABY, AND SHE TOOK ON A WHOLE NEW ASPECT...



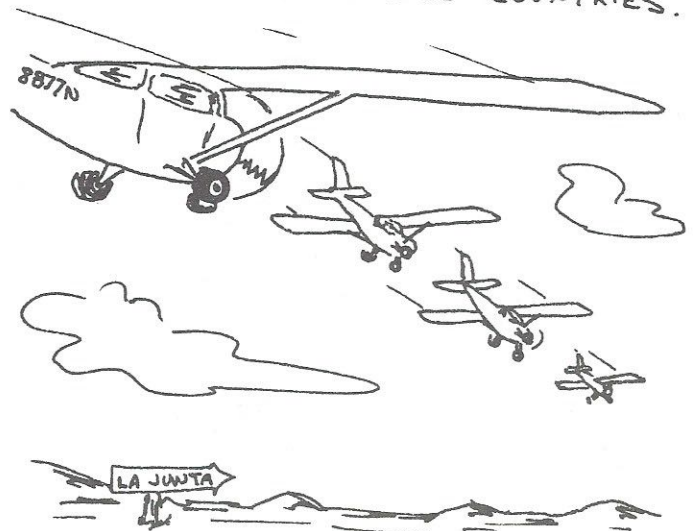
the F-41 !!

AND YOU WERE ON YOUR OWN! PLANNING CROSS-COUNTRIES...

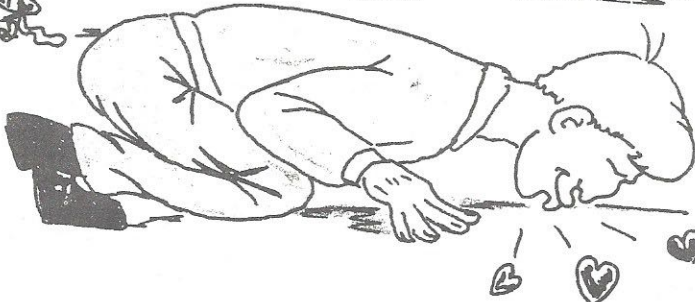
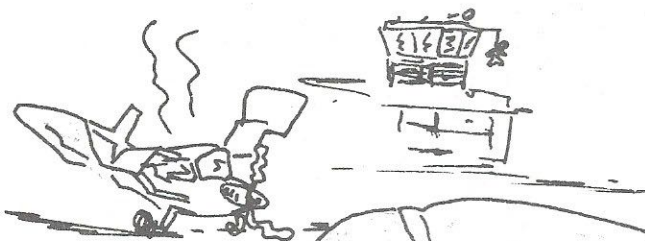
WASHING WINDOWS WHEN YOU WERE DOWN FOR WEATHER...



FLYING SOLO CROSS-COUNTRIES.

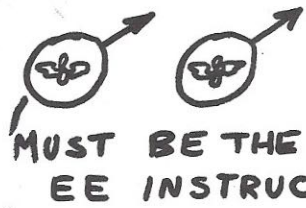
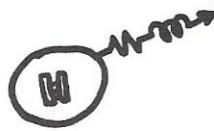


BUT NO MATTER WHAT THE MISSION, YOUR FEELINGS WERE ALWAYS THE SAME.



LUV !!



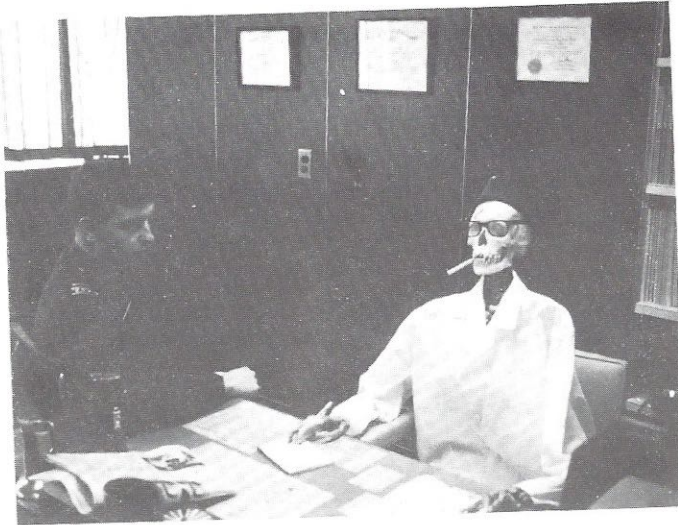


MUST BE THE NEW  
EE INSTRUCTOR!

Two miniskirted Coeds were strolling through beautiful downtown C-Springs when they noticed two cadets following them.  
" Aren't those cadets out after hours ? " one said.  
" I certainly hope so!," replied her friend.

Dots & Doodles

As he stopped his new vette off a well secluded road, the cadet asked his date,  
" If I try to make love to you, will you yell for help? "  
" Only if you need it. " replied his date.



" I suppose, " snarled the iron-can AOC to the Firstie, "That when you graduate, you'll wait for me to die, just so you can spit on my grave ! "  
" Not me sir, " said the cadet, " When I leave here, I never want to stand in a long line again . "  
One restricted firstie has announced the discovery of a sure cure for hangovers: keep drinking !

Opportunity Knocks



" There are plenty of other fish in the sea. " But I think the last one got all of my bait ! "  
" Yeah, " said one cadet to his roommate after he got a Bear John, " There are plenty of other fish in the sea. " "ther up, " said one cadet to his roommate after he got a Bear John, " There are plenty of other fish in the sea. " "ther up, " said one cadet to his roommate after he got a Bear John, " There are plenty of other fish in the sea. "



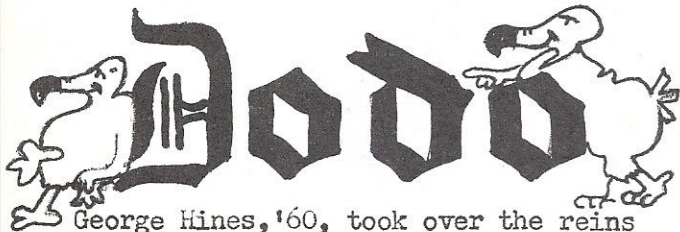
I STILL DON'T SEE HOW YOU CAN TELL HE'S A CADET AND THEY AREN'T



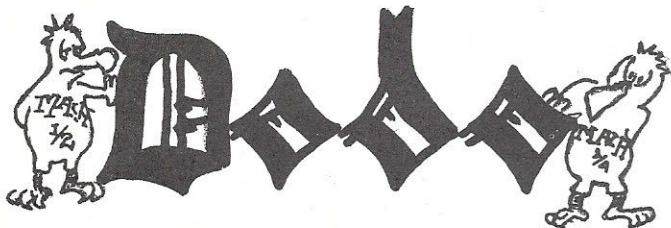
# A CONCISE HISTORY OF THE DODO '57-'69

On 16 May 1957, Cadet J.M. Reeves began what he felt would become one of the outstanding campus newspapers in the nation. Unfortunately, somewhere along the line his weekly mimeographed newsletter, called the Dodo, went wrong and ended up as the whatchamacallit that it is today. How did this impetuous fore-runner of the true Cadet magazine evolve into the present publication? Forthwith is the answer:

Cadet Reeves' features included the Purple Falcon, the "Smut" of yesteryear, and "True Course-Career" by Dave Goodrich, now a major in the Poli Sci Department. There was very little humorous content, no girls and no photos. It was truly a newsletter, with a title block like:



George Hines, '60, took over the reins from Reeves, continuing his news theme and format, then passing it on to Pat Wynne of '61. Wynne produced the first Dodo that somewhat resembled the present magazine, although there was still much serious material in it. In September of 1961, Mike Regnier of '63 inherited the publication and gave us the first Girl of the Month. On 13 October 61, a new title block appeared, drawn by Mike Ditmore of '65, one of the best artists in Dodo history. Ditmore provided the present style bird and gave us the fractions on their chests, intended as a parody on Mach 1.



Regnier was the first to use humorous covers and for a while used stationery type letterheads. Dave Samuel of '64 followed Regnier, adding innovations like the Spacemate, Dots and Doodles, the weird way of printing the word "Dodo" that we do, and the almost complete transition to a

humor magazine. Dave Connaughton of '65 continued Samuel's excellent tradition, then passes it on to whom we consider to be the Master Editor, John McFalls of '66. McFalls' rare sense of humor made his issues collectors' items, and he gave us the present letterhead, ads on back covers, and a keen insight to the funny side of our life here. Mel Greene took over for '67 and the Dodo almost went into hibernation, with poor art and articles; he had few people to help him, and when Bill Radasky took over for '68, the rag had become a Fifth Squadron publication. Bill was another rare mind and produced some outstanding issues. When Dave Daniel joined the staff, the art quality rose a few thousand per cent. The next year, we took over and tried to make the Dodo more representative of the wing, both in staff and articles. The editor felt that a simple humor magazine should serve other interests besides entertainment, such as providing otherwise unheard feedback up the chain. So now you know how we went from a newsletter to a humor/spokesman publication, and how we'll probably go to hurried scrawls on the back of forms 0-96.



When a guy's livelihood  
is riding on his zipper

he can't afford to take chances.

OUR SCENE OPENS WITH THE MASKED MOLLUSK, ①  
IN HIS SECRET IDENTITY OF TIMOTHY BLEARY, PART-  
TIME HIPPIE, WATCHING OVER HIS SIDEWALK DRUGSTORE

**Seagram wouldn't settle for less.**

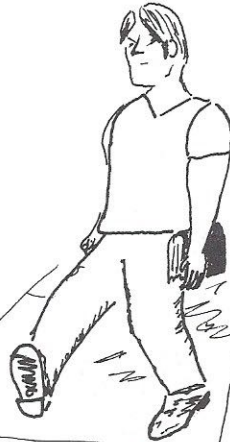




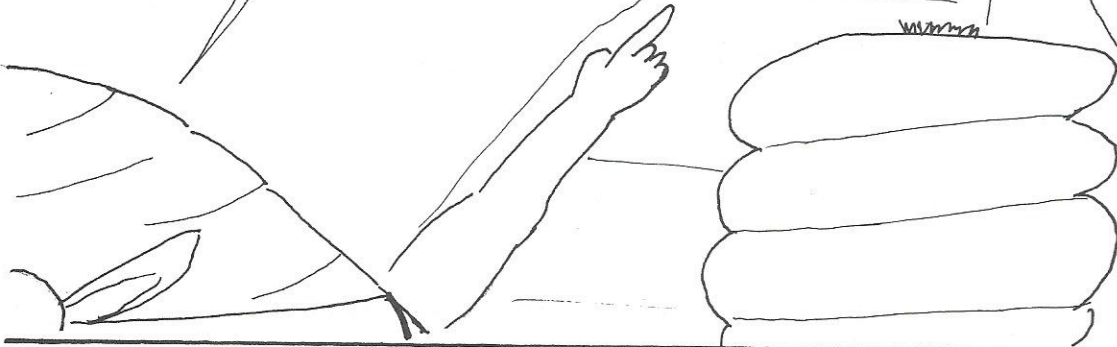
The legend of the unicorn has tickled the fancy of sportsmen since before Pliny. An admirer of purity, the unicorn can only be lured into the open by exposing a virgin to his view (see Marguis de Sade, Varionse and Assundrie Uses for Virgins). The unicorn will then approach and docilely lay his horn in the virgin's lap. Unicorn lap-capture, or capture by any other means, has been relatively rare in recent years, which may lead one to doubt the existence of unicorns or virgins. You may draw your own conclusion.



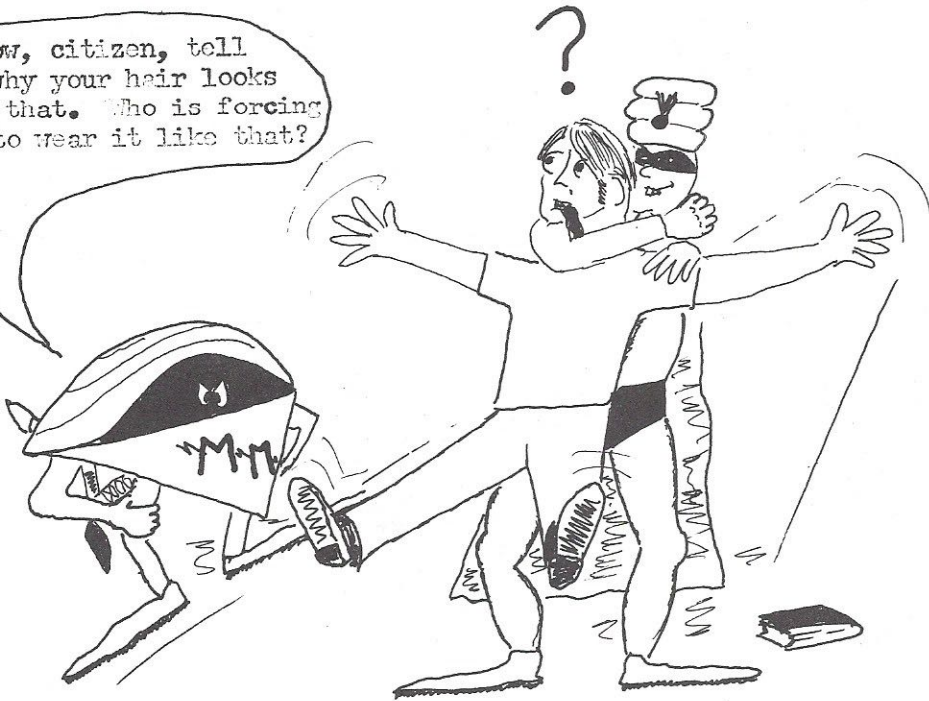
Ai she! Look at the hair on that citizen. It's atrociously long.



Holy transvestite, Masked Mollusk, that is exactly what the message is about... People all across the U.S. are showing up with hair like that. It's an affront to all that's decent. Let's question him.



Now, citizen, tell us why your looks like that. Who is forcing you to wear it like that?

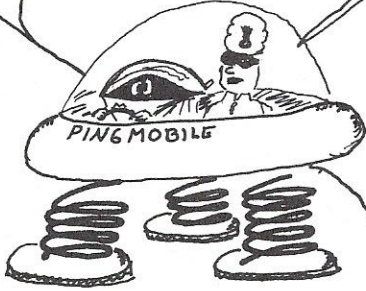


Tell, Aishe, from what the citizen (Burroughs rest his soul) told us, the source of the undisciplined barbers is Washington, DC. I suspect that this is the work of the infamous DR. FU MUCHAIR.

But, MM. Dr Muchair is locked in a storage locker at O'Hare International

Yes, Aishe, but you know what they say: O'Hare today, gone tomorrow.

ETCH



PING PING PING

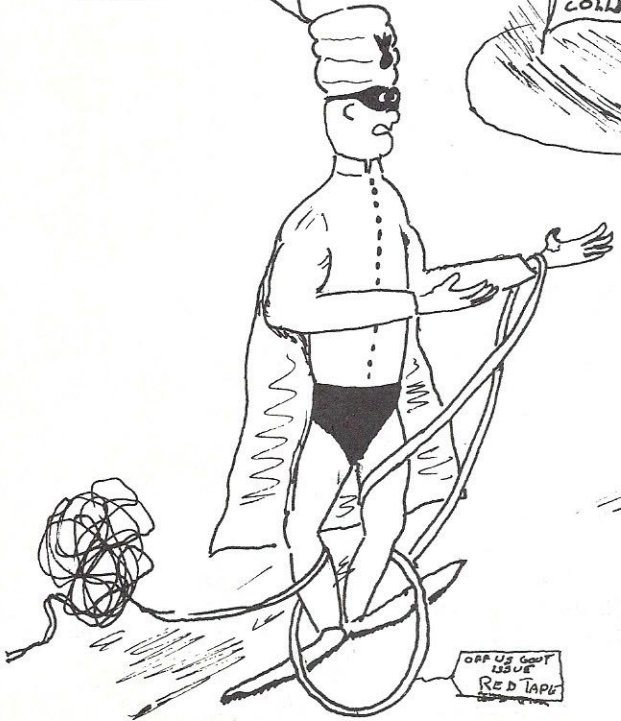
Holy Bureaucracy, Masked Mollusk. We're in Washington but there is no sign of Dr Muchair. Could you have made a mistake?



I never make errors, Aishe. However, I expect that Dr Muchair has cleverly located his hideout in a spot that he would never be connected with.

Holy Camouflage MM, you don't mean....

Yes, Aishe the biggest Shaft in town; the Washington Monument



OFF US GOVT ISSUE Red TAPU

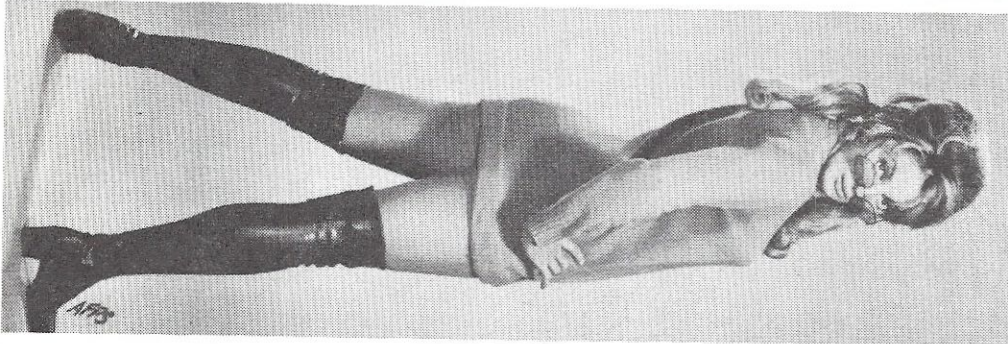
[TO BE CONTINUED]



May's Sweetheart is the lovely Miss Nancy Bottando, of Chicago's South Side. Fond of all sports (real skiing-on water, watching lacrosse, a third classman), Nancy spends most of her time working toward her career as a nurse, and intends to attend Northwestern next fall. She can patch us up any time.



**the only way  
to beat the  
system**



CUT OUT  
& GLUE TO  
RT. POCKET OF  
ALPHA OF  
BLOUSE.



**↑  
smaller  
hips**

MOST REV. HELDER CAMARA, Archbishop of Recife, Brazil, to a student audience in Manchester, England: "Youth will not tolerate an estranged society because they nearly always see further and deeper than adults, and regret that there should be so many fathers and teachers, writers and politicians who persist in flying in the face of history, in the teeth of time and space."

7  
22  
↓

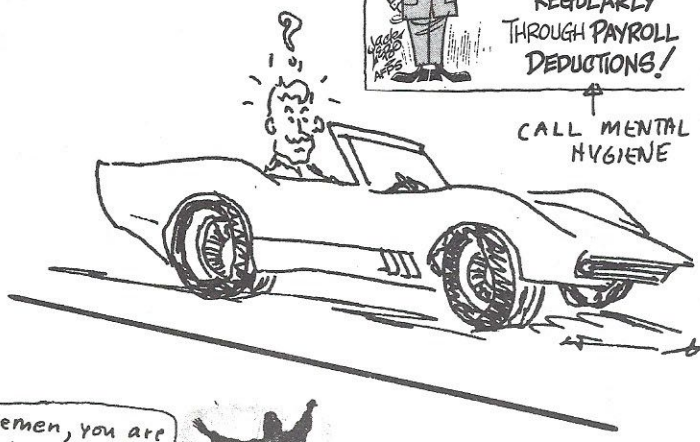
A good wife knows how to be an expensive mistress.

**SECURITY?**  
I KNOW WHERE ITS AT...  
I REENLISTED AND BUY BONDS  
REGULARLY  
THROUGH PAYROLL  
DEDUCTIONS!

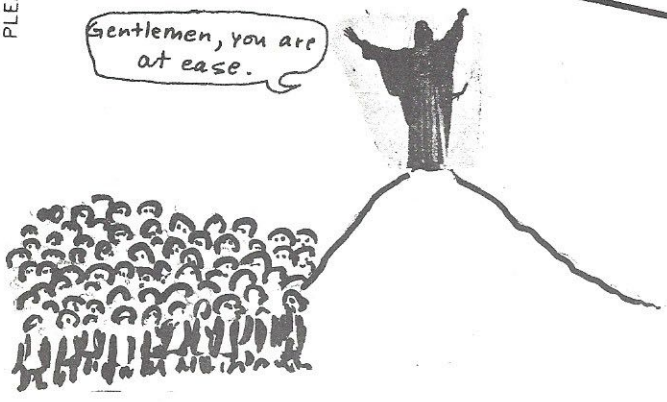
CALL MENTAL  
HYGIENE



PLEASE PUT THIS IN WASTEBASKET.

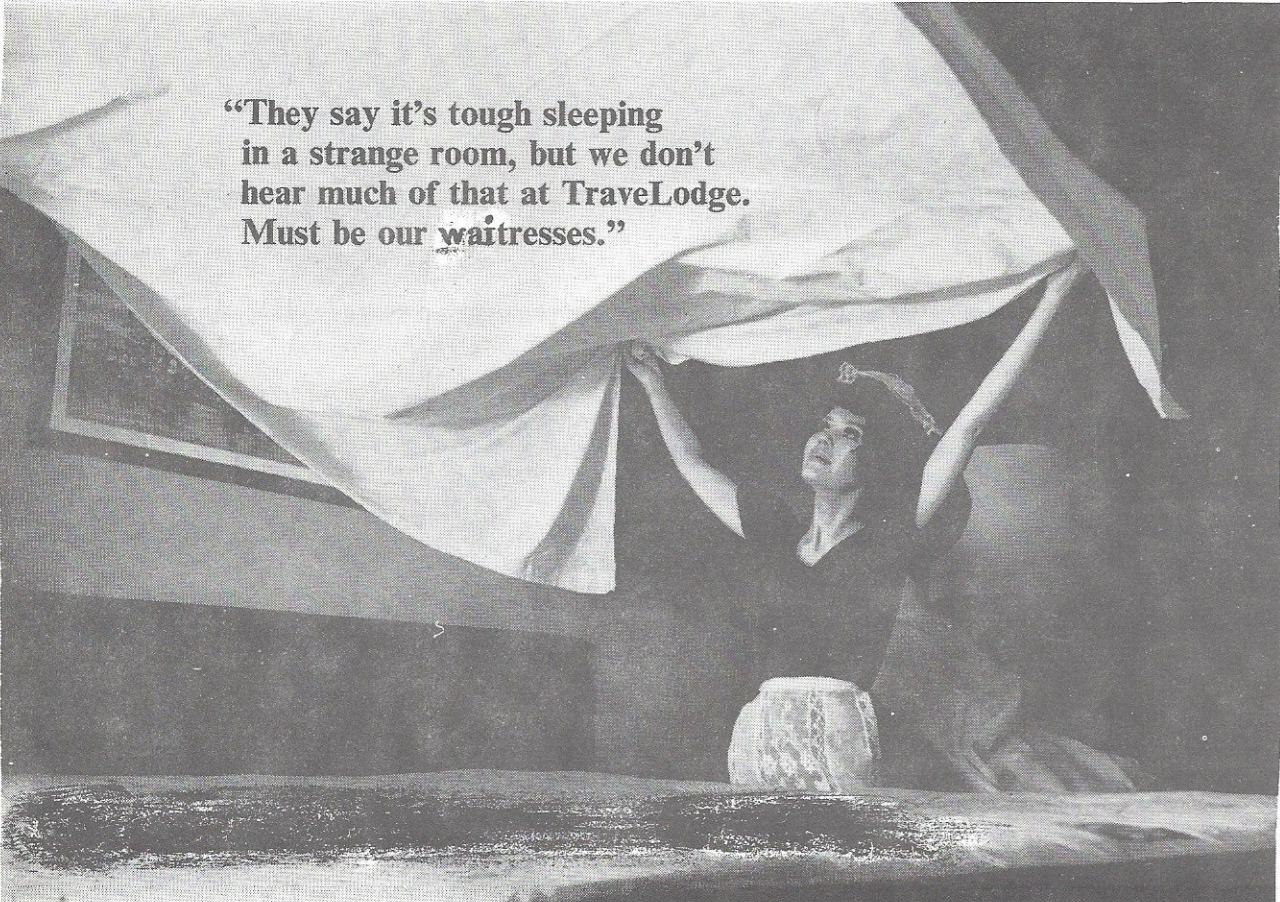


Gentlemen, you are  
at ease.



MOTIVATIONAL  
PHOTO  
of the  
MONTH

"They say it's tough sleeping  
in a strange room, but we don't  
hear much of that at TraveLodge.  
Must be our waitresses."

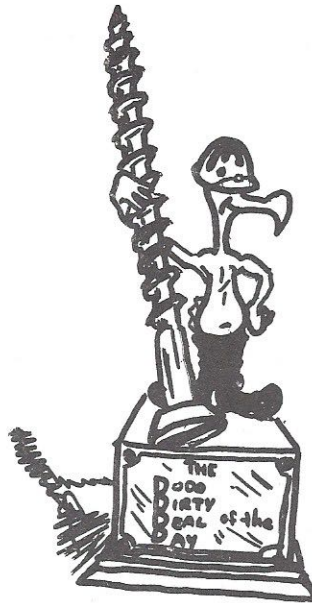




the Dodo

# DIRTY DEAL of the DAY

← SPLITS! →

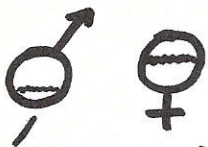


Part 1 of the Dodo Dirty Deal of the Day goes to the Cadet Tailor Shop, those jolly trolls who lurk in the nether reaches of the Nugh Catacombs, drinking java merrily and working as little as possible, and especially to their shrewd leader Robbing Hood, who convinced the powers that be that rather than giving all 1<sup>o</sup> \$300 and requiring them to have all uniform items by 1 May, to give the Merrye Men of ye olde T-shop the dough; now no firsties have their uniforms! Uniformity and Standardization, the watchwords of the day! Also deserving of mention and contributing heavily toward selection for the Award were the usual good fit and outstanding quality (see above). So, our Morry Luxemborgs are off to you, T-Shop; when we re(tire)(sign) we're going to be government racketeers contractors too.

Part 2 of the Conniving Connector goes to that paragon of inspiration in the halls of academe, the little blue-walled lounge housing the Dean and Vice-Dean for their last-ditch success at hazing the Class of '69. Ninety-five young men taking Physics 334 have the enviable opportunity of losing a half-week of extended weekend due to the outstanding average finals schedule of 1,3,10.

**THE UNFORGIVABLE MISTAKE**

The DODO hereby respectfully requests AMNESTY from the powers that be, since as this issue goes to press, there is exactly one M.M.C. until the Class of '69 ceases being little tin soldiers and become men.



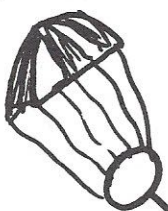
NOW THEN, YOUR PLACE OR MINE?

LOSERS ARE MADE—NOT BORN.

Asked by his teacher to spell "straight" the third-grade boy did do without error. "Now," said the teach, "What does it mean?" "Without water."

not join you  
to join you  
if she'd like to  
or make you 2"

Jokes  
PHYSICS 334  
VICE DEAN



YOUR PLF'S LEAVE MUCH TO BE DESIRED!

BUCKNER -  
1 FIMWL, 10TH PERIOD

He overheard two young ladies discussing their marriage plans at TBC last weekend. I guess you'll be getting married then."

"Oh, no, not right away. I want him to practice for at least a year first!"

"I understand your boyfriend graduates from law school this June. I guess you'll be getting married then."

"Intimate??"

What makes a shy girl get intimate??"

YEAH, RIGHT!

SKING??"

We also heard two of the better secretaries discussing a certain young cadet. "He dresses so well," said one. "Yes," said the other, "and so quickly!"

To a quick-change artist any zipper worth its salt has to zip like greased lightning. One jam one snag or one grab and there he'd be stuck half way between Dracula and Sherlock Holmes.



NOTHING WRONG WITH A LITTLE SQUADRON SPIRIT, IS THERE?

# "WHAT THIS PLACE REALLY NEEDS ..."

AN EDITORIAL

We've heard that phrase a lot. What do we really need? We say more criticism, but not moaning and groaning; we need constructive criticism, the kind that opens doors and offers practical solutions- not the kind that gets that door slammed in your face.

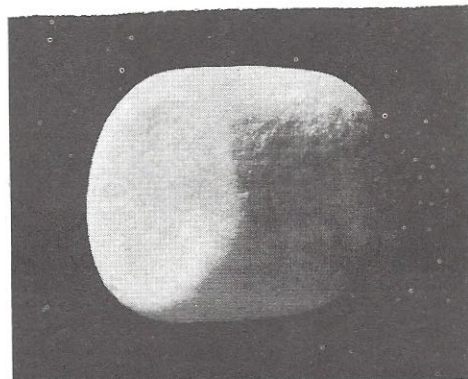
Most people will admit that this place isn't perfect, but few will take the trouble to try to change it. USAFA is changing, maybe not fast enough, but some progress is being made. We'd like to point out at least one problem area and offer some suggestions.

Perhaps the most noticeable area to us is the example set by our officer corps. The example they set is our only guide to the attributes that an officer should possess, and will determine in part the kind of officer we will become. Some of these men are the finest we could ever hope to have leading us, such as

men who have earned the respect, admiration, and obedience of their men. Yet there are others (without mentioning names, as all of us know who they are) who apparently do not believe in earning respect. It is this small group who make us leery of a service career. The "Old School" approach and methods of West Point, OCS and OTS, and ATO's just will not produce career motivated lieutenants. On the contrary, the modern military man is more intelligent, a soldier-scholar, who must question and analyze if he is to be of service to his nation. He must also obey the orders given him, often without question; yet, he must have every assurance that those orders come from rational, competent men. We do not want every single point of every decision explained to us, but we would like to know the reasoning behind some of the more important ones. Maybe we are being optimistic, but we feel that these inflexible men do not fit the mold of the "new" Air Force and therefore will not be permitted to hold a high position within our service. How can one identify the individuals that are making a negative contribution to the mission of the Academy? Look for signs like spending an inordinate amount of time around the Squadron; for talking about one man behind

his back, in front of other cadets; for inability to make any decision himself (constantly referring everything to a superior); for being inflexible on minor points (first class finals, postponing a confinement to see a girl who's been planning to see a cadet for months, ad infinitum); for performing the duties of the Cadet Squadron Commander ; for punishing, not correcting (sending a man to a CDB for speeding after he'd been fined \$175); for checking and becoming extremely upset over petty trivialities (firsties sleeping between the sheets

These are not generalities, but are specific examples of negative leadership that we see every day. Fortunately, much of this is offset by the efforts of those who are leaders. We are tired of observing so many cadets who hate their AOC's, whom they view as distant dictators striving for high OER's. Could it be that the officer "system" places such a high premium on ER's that a man must disregard the principles of leadership for which he was selected to come here? Or perhaps some are not aware of their influence and sincerely believe they are doing the right thing but are merely misguided? This article is not a bitter indictment of the officer corps- it was written to point out some weaknesses that, if corrected, will make this institution a better place. An officer who proves that he is willing to stick his neck out for his men will have all the respect he needs; "He who feels the respect which is due to others cannot fail to inspire in them respect for himself, while he who feels, and hence manifests disrespect toward others, especially his subordinates, cannot fail to inspire hatred against himself."



Hey kid! If you see yourself in this picture, you need help.



# TRUE-LIFE (for the most part) EXERPTS FROM AF FORM 81 - AEROMEDICAL SURVEY

## HABITS:

Check each item (or type) of food you usually eat for breakfast:

- |                            |                                |
|----------------------------|--------------------------------|
| a NOTHING                  | e GREASE SLABS, PADS OR STICKS |
| b WATERED DOWN FRUIT JUICE | f BROWN BATTERY ACID           |
| c COLD TOAST               | g ANYTHING EDIBLE              |
| d HARD FRIED OVA           |                                |

## SYSTEM REVIEW:

Have you ever had  
SHINGLES  
ST. VITUS DANCE  
FUNKY BROADWAY

COCCIDIOIDOMYCOSIS  
COXSACKI

Which of the following describe your habits or characteristics?

DRINK MORE ALCOHOL THAN IS GOOD FOR YOU

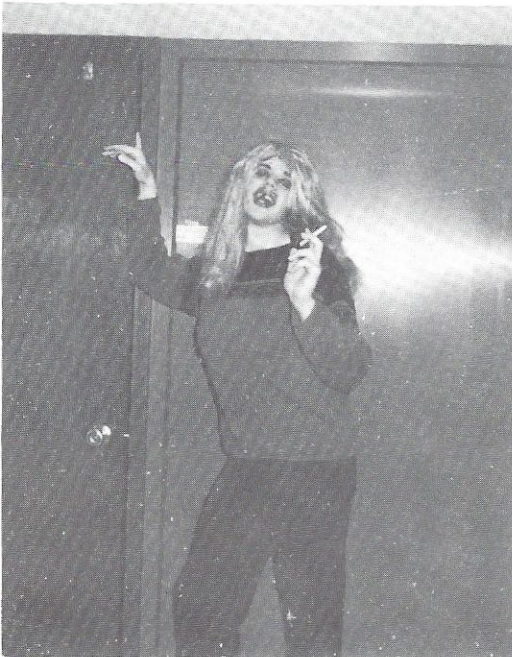
Have you ever or have you ever been

FELT THAT YOU HAVE BEEN A FAILURE IN LIFE

Do you have or have you had

FRIGHTENING THOUGHTS THAT KEEP COMING BACK IN YOUR MIND  
A SENSE OF FULLNESS IN THE EAR  
PAIN IN THE RECTUM  
ANY MUSCLE THAT FEELS PAINFUL WHEN MASSAGED OR TOUCHED

Do you ever seem to confuse your thoughts with someone else's thoughts, as if someone might be putting things in your mind or even saying things to you?



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The first winner of the Annual Wing Sweat-Hog Contest is a lovely lass who was submitted by a lad in Fourth Group. Miss Bovine Grunch hails from Tewksbury, Massachusetts, and is rather typical of all the luscious broads that live in the Northeast. She is currently a senior at Loretto Heights College and is under investigation by the Federal Drugs and Narcotics Bureau. We wish all the luck in the world to Bovine!



**It Can't Happen Here—Can It?**