

JUMBO

FINAL

EXAM

ISSUE

**JAE**

**DODDO**

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DEC  
74  
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THE PUBLICATION FOR DISCRIMINATING CADETS



THE  
CROSS  
OF  
IRON

~~PRE-EXAM SPECIAL~~

## More Tidings of Comfort and Joy

Well, now that finals week has hit the Wing, everything is beginning to get all wrapped up and over with. I'm sure it is coming as a relief for everyone and there are few heartaches at getting another semester under everyone's belt.

Now is the time for all good cadets to make their resolutions for the new year. In case some of you out there are having a hard time coming up with some, here are a few standard ones that you might think over and resolve to carry out. Your AOC will love you for it.

- 1) I will mark all my underwear in my drawer IAW 35-11.
- 2) I will study harder and get better grades next semester.
- 3) I will go to bed by taps every night next semester.
- 4) The squadron will be first in the group in marching to lunch every day next semester.
- 5) I will pick up my airline tickets for Spring Break by the end of January.
- 6) I will keep all the black marks off the floor of my overhead next semester.

Well if you can keep any of these fine intentions, please give me a call, will you? I'd like to meet the cadet that can handle all this stuff, cause you are just Sierra Hotel in my book.

I heard a rumor the other day concerning the fine showing that our intercollegiate teams have been putting on here recently. Well don't tell anyone because like I said it's only a rumor but the reason they're doing so well is the Supt went out and bought two new pair of suspenders after the football team got beat by Army. He wears one pair twenty-four hours a day and he's sworn not to take them off until the basketball team gets beat (if it does). But like I said, that's only a rumor.

We didn't hear any gripes about our first DODO this year so we decided we'd put another one together for all of you out there in Cadet Media Land, and here it is.

Don't have too many more tidings of comfort and joy for you this time. You kind of run out of them this time of year.

Don't anybody forget that after finals week is over, Christmas Leave begins. So if you wake up Saturday morning and no one is around it's just TS for you. Don't say that I didn't remind you.



\*The Dark Ages will last officially this year from 5 Jan until 1 Mar. (That is of course, unless the Ground Hog doesn't see his shadow on 2 Feb.)

# T-41

CAN THE LOW-TIME PILOT REALLY FLY IT?

With New Pistons - \$4,300

## FUN PAGE

### WANTED AIRPLANE DRIVER EXPERIENCED IN T-41

FOR USAFA IP

### EXCELLENT PAY AND FRINGE BENEFITS



Blue Model  
four Bravo Delta Potrzebie  
seven angelt six six bogey Fast  
seven o'clock range two one  
Mach negative spiral veerle  
altitude six nine verbieste  
of three zero degree  
Pot Zobe out

### JET FIGHTER



### USAF T-41 FLEET

# Pedal power takes you 20!

Or as fast as one or two of you can pedal.

WTFO?  
(WITH THE FINEST  
ORGANIZATION)



Yeah, I'll admit I was a little scared, standing awkwardly  
in the background on the ramp

Will you be the kind of pilot  
you'd want your mother to fly with?

"HI THERE, EAGLE. THIS IS STEVE CANYON."

Life starting to get you down? Cheer up! Things could be worse. If you find that a little hard to believe, try reading through the following (with the Dodo's sincerest apologies to Alexander Solzhenitsyn).

### A DAY IN THE EXISTENCE

A Cadet wakes up at zero-six-thirty.  
He looks at his room, and sees it's quite dirty.  
He must hurry and clean, and straighten his bed,  
For if he doesn't he'll be marching tours instead.

As the time comes to go over to class, his room is no longer messed.  
Isn't it amazing how fast a Cadet can get dressed?  
He must be in class ere the start of the hour,  
Else the omnipotent CAS clerk have him in his power.

He makes it to class with seconds to spare.  
The irony is, he doesn't really care.  
A one hour class seems short for some,  
But to this Cadet, the end of the period seems never to come.

The Morning has passed, it's now time to eat.  
The Cadet goes to Mitch's for yesterday's meat.  
Going to lunch is no simple chore,  
For marching to meals one soon learns to abhor.

Another afternoon of textbooks and school,  
The Cadet wonders whatever happened to the "Golden Rule".  
The time has not yet come for him to relax,  
The Cadet must give one-hundred percent, always a max.

Athletics have much meaning in a Cadet's life,  
Intramurals can be fun, but so could a wife.  
If intercollegiate sports he should play,  
The Cadet rarely ever has a free day.

Dinner is a meal that most people can enjoy,  
But betray Amy Vanderbilt, and the watch dogs, The Staff, will deploy.  
If by some chance the meal should be good,  
No seconds there'll be, that's well understood.

The evening is set aside for hard work and study,  
But the Cadet is usually watching TV with a buddy.  
The taps bugle blows, it means time for bed,  
The Cadet starts his homework, his eyeballs are red.

At zero-one-thirty the Cadet goes to sleep,  
Five hours in bed is all he will reap.  
Another day of frustration and pain,  
Only to know tomorrow will be the same.  
And if anyone here should be the ones to know,  
It's those of us with only one-hundred and seventy to go.

---Jan Fenimore Cooper

Last year was The Year of Professionalism. This year could very possibly go down in the annals of the Academy as the Year of Decorum.

Beginning a new trend in the Dodo's format, this issue will begin a new series of articles intended to increase the Wing's awareness of possible areas in which one can cross that fine line between good taste and just plain grossness.

So without further ado, the Dodo presents....



"The Gross Movement"

# **NO-NO POSTER**

## **#1**

What with finals now upon us, it is easy to lose track of little things, like Your grades. So to ease the hearts and minds of those of you ill-disposed at keeping up with yourselves, the DODO is printing this period-by-period box score of the War between the Wing and the Dean.

PERIOD	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
COURSE										
CADET										
-----										
★ DEAN ★										
HOURS	105	100	81	76	55	52	33	28	9	4
UNTIL LEAVE										

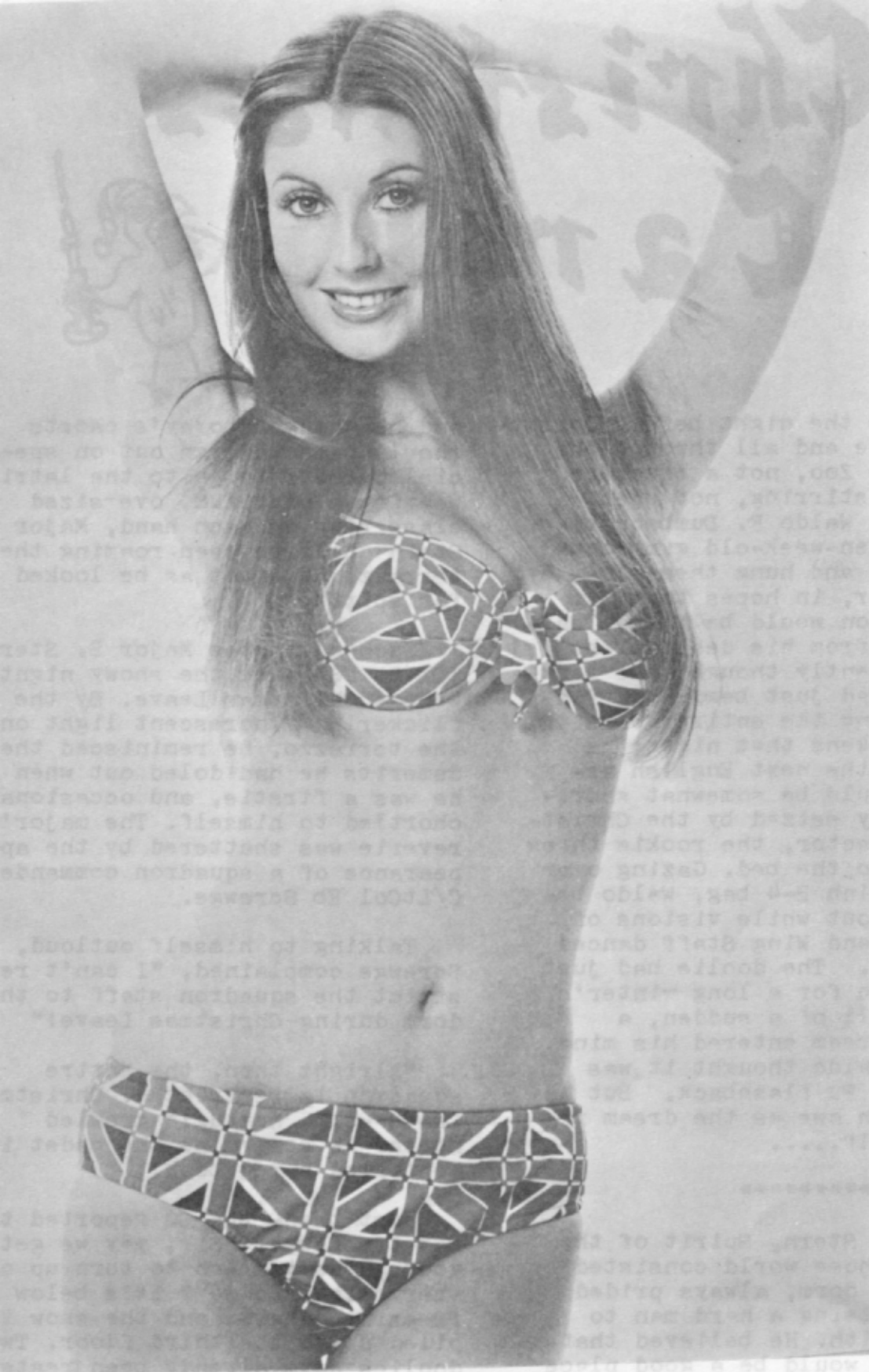
GENERAL COMMENTS: (check one)

Secure Until Next Spring

# DODOSASTER



# DOLO SPACE MATE



Miss Marilyn Cole is presented here through  
the Courtesy of Playboy Magazine.

# A Christmas Carol



**I**'was the night before Christ-Leave and all through the Blue Zoo, not a creature was stirring, not even a CQ. Waldo F. Dumbaquat's eleven-week-old gym socks walked over and hung themselves by the radiator, in hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there. Waldo watched from his desk as the snow fell gently thought the darkness. He had just begun and finished reading the entire works of Charles Dickens that night; he hoped that the next English assignment would be somewhat shorter. Suddenly seized by the Christmas Fismo Factor, the rookie threw himself into the bed. Gazing over at his bulginh B-4 bag, Waldo began to "Z" out while visions of sugarplums and Wing Staff danced in his head. The doolie had just settled down for a long winter's nap, when all of a sudden, a Christmas dream entered his mind. At first, Waldo thought it was just a Kung Fu flashback. But he watched with awe as the dream revealed itself.....

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Major B. Stern, Spirit of the old grade whose world consisted only of one dorm, always prided himself on being a hard man to get along with. He believed that the Academy would be a good place if the Cadets would ect their age instead of their shoe size. Like the old days, limited privileges were a part of his philosophy,

and he thought today's cadets should have to sign out on special permits to go to the latrine. Wearing a platinum, oversized class ring on each hand, Major Stern could be seen roasting the terrazzo at night as he looked for spirit.

Such a man was Major B. Stern, TDY to USAFA on the snowy night before Christmas Leave. By the flickering fluorescent light on the terrazzo, he reminisced the demerits he had doled out when he was a firstie, and occasionally chortled to himself. The major's reverie was shattered by the appearance of a squadron commander, C/LtCol Eb Screwge.

Talking to himself outloud, Screwge complained, "I can't restrict the squadron staff to the dorm during Christmas Leave!"

"Alright then, the entire squadron is restricted. Christmas Leave--bah, humbug!" growled Stern. He stared as the cadet inventoried a reg book.

Just then, the CQ reported to Cadet Screwge: "Sir, may we get your authorization to turn up our thermostats to 50°? It's below freezing outside and the snow is piled up to the third floor. Two doolies have already been treated for frostbite by the squadron Life Sci major."

"Certainly not!" snapp-ed



Screwge. "We're going to save energy, if it kills us. Now down to business; talk to Henderson about that ski patch on his athletic jacket--I think it shows an attitude problem.

Stern, listening from his door, smiled slightly.

"Bah, humbug," growled Screwge fondling Rev 35-6. He decided to run through his emergency shut-down procedures. Climbing to eighteen inches and leveling off, he shut his eyes and pulled his blanket over him. Unable to sleep however, he tossed and turned as the soft strains of Christmas music drifted through the dorm.

"Somebody's got their stereo on after taps. He swung out of bed and adjusted his uniform. But he began to sense something peculiar. An odd smell, the scent of old, musty reg books, touched his nostrils. A chilling breeze washed over the dorm. Without warning the lights went out and the cadet was surrounded by darkness. Fumbling down the hall, he went to see if Major Stern was still in his office. He got to the office just as the major was lighting a candle that he had confiscated during the last SAMI. A wailing moan split the air. It sounded like another had received a Dear John letter. But the moan became more distinct as it approached the major's office. Somewhere chains clanked.

"Ebenezer Screwge...Ebenezer Screwge!"

Into the room stepped a ghost. It did not knock first and then report in a military manner--it merely passed through the wall. Stern marvelled at the realism of the cadet spirit effort. Screwge could do nothing but gaze upon the spectre. It wore a uniform that appeared to have been sent to the laundry one too many times. The cadet particularly noticed the Form 10 lockbox

chained to its ankle.

"Jake Farley!" exclaimed Stern as the identity of the spirit donned upon him. The ghost was an old squadron commander that Stern had had when he was a cadet. "I thought you got stationed in Thule, Greenland."

"Does it look like I've been to Thule, "B"?" asked the ghost in a wavering voice that bordered on a moan.

"What brings you out this way, Jake?" asked the major lightly.

"I've come to save Cadet Screwge from the fate I suffer!" Farley shook his chains.

"Well I'm glad to see that you are carrying chains now, Jake. They're mandatory on base, you know.

The spectre wailed loudly and the major and C/LtCol stepped back. "You must change your ways Ebenezer Screwge or you too will roam the earth for years--as I have done--unable to find peace."

"Why should he change, Farley? Screwge is just like you and you were a great squadron commander," defended the AOC.

Farley pointed a shimmering finger at the Form 10 lockbox chained to his leg. "Every tour, every demerit, every confinement weighs upon my soul now., "B". And that isn't too cool. Prepare yourself to be visited by three spirits tonight, Ebenezer. Perhaps they can help you to mend your ways.

"Why do they all have to come tonight, Farley? Couldn't they just make an appointment? I've got to get my crewrest for T-41." But it was too late, the apparition had already vanished.

The two sat down in the office, but did not have time to contem-



plate the spectre's words. The first spirit dropped through the ceiling, made a perfect PLF, and recovered to the position of attention.

"Why aren't you in your room, mister? It's after taps you know" screamed Screwge.

"I am the SPIRIT OF THE REGS PAST," the cherub-like creature gestured. "We're going to take a little trip through time, Ebenezer"

"Humbug, I'm not going anywhere unless I get TDY orders and per diem."

Ignoring Screwge's protests, the spirit transported him into the past. He found himself standing near a squadron CO desk. "Fear not Ebenezer, the cadets are not conscious of us," the spirit commented.

"Oh, I'm not worried; the CO is asleep anyway."



"Look," signaled the spirit.

Screwge saw a thirdclassman bechewed out by an AOC. Surprised, he recognized the cadet to be himself. He stepped over and listened to the conversation.

"Mister Screwge, the squadron took tenth place in marching sick call again today and I'm holding you personally responsible. Not only was your armswing poor, but your left crutch was bouncing. You'll be reading about it."



"I remember that well, Spirit," said Screwge. "I had to march four tours. It's pretty tough to carry a rifle when you're on crutches."

"I hope you've heeded this lesson, Ebenezer Screwge," said the spirit as they once again stood in the cadet's shag-carpeted room. "I haven't got anymore time to mess with you. The next guy will be here in a second."

The ghost hooked up an invisible static line, shuffled to the window, and jumped right out. "Airborne!"

Screwge was quite startled by the appearance of the next ghost. The spectre entered driving a golf cart and accompanied by an aide. Screwge saluted smartly.

"Carry on," said the ghostly figure. "I'm the SPIRIT OF THE REGS PRESENT, and this is my faithful side-kick Terry. The ghost pushed his aide out of the cart. "Terry, give Screwge your magic aguillette."

Screwge took the offered piece of rope. Instantly, the trio was whisked into a firstie room. Two cadets were lounging on their beds, engaged in conversation.

"Did you hear what happened to me? Screwge issued me a Form 10 for not standing up when he came into the room; I was sleeping at the time."

"Was it during the AMI period?"

"Heck no, it was after taps."

"Strictly by the book, eh Screwge?" whispered the spirit to the embarrassed cadet. Screwge removed the aguillette and magically the trio returned to Screwge's room. "Now Eb, hopefully you can diagnose your leadership problem. It's not too late to change."

The cadet opened his mouth, but he was cut off.

"You don't have to thank me Eb; We're all Falcons." The spirit began to fade away, "I wonder if Billy Mitchell needs a golf cart..."

The SPIRIT OF REGS YET TO COME loomed ominously before the cadet. As it stepped from the shadows, Screwge peered at the face. "Colonel Dumsquat?" he asked.

"You were expecting Ben Martin

maybe?" boomed the ghostly colonel.

"And where are you to take me?"

"Nowhere, but here is the future." Dumsquat handed Screwge a ream of paper. "These are your transfer orders to Laredo AFB. You'll be personnel officer there.

"But Laredo has been closed down!" exclaimed Screwge.

"Yes, convenient, isn't it?"

"Is there still time to change?" asked the cadet. The spirit nodded as he stepped into a nearby latrine.

Screwge looked at his graduation orders and saw it transform into a reg book. He sighed with relief and replaced the binder on the shelf. Quickly, Screwge found his way to the CQ's room and told him that the restriction was lifted.

"Merry Christmas, Cadet Screwge," proclaimed the happy, but puzzled CQ.

"And by the way..."

"Yes sir?"

"Go ahead and turn up the thermostats. It feels like Thule in here.

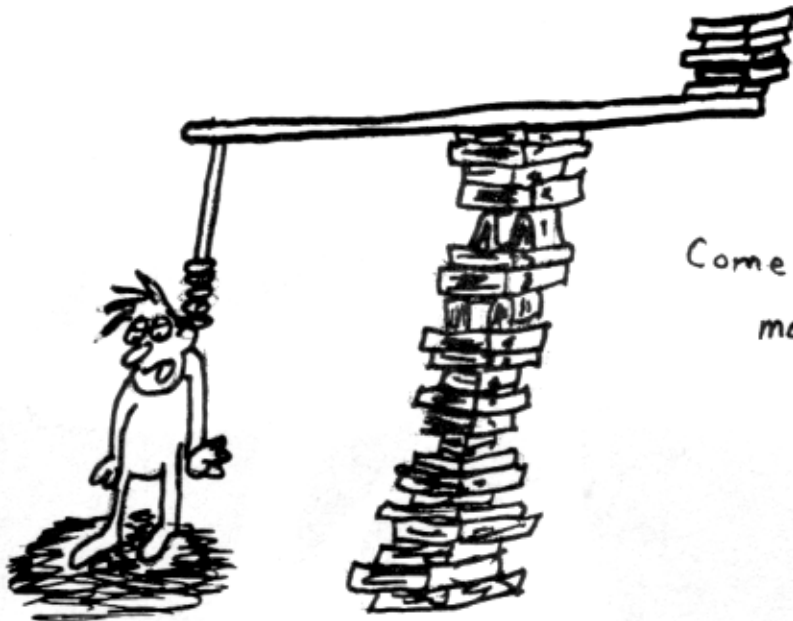
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It was Christmas Leave morning when Waldo awoke from his dream. The doolie decided that he liked Kung Fu flashbacks better. He dressed quickly, waited in the Armory line for six hours to turn in his rifle, grabbed his luggage, and signed out. He didn't want to take the chance of being restricted. As he drove out, he was heard to exclaim: "Merry Christmas to all and to all a good leave.

Don Hall

END

# HO, HO, HO.



Come Saturday  
morning....

ASK SANTA WOODYARD  
WHAT YOU WANT FOR FINALS;

UHH... I GUESS  
I WANT TO GET  
OFF AC-PRO

ERNE P.  
GLIMES

