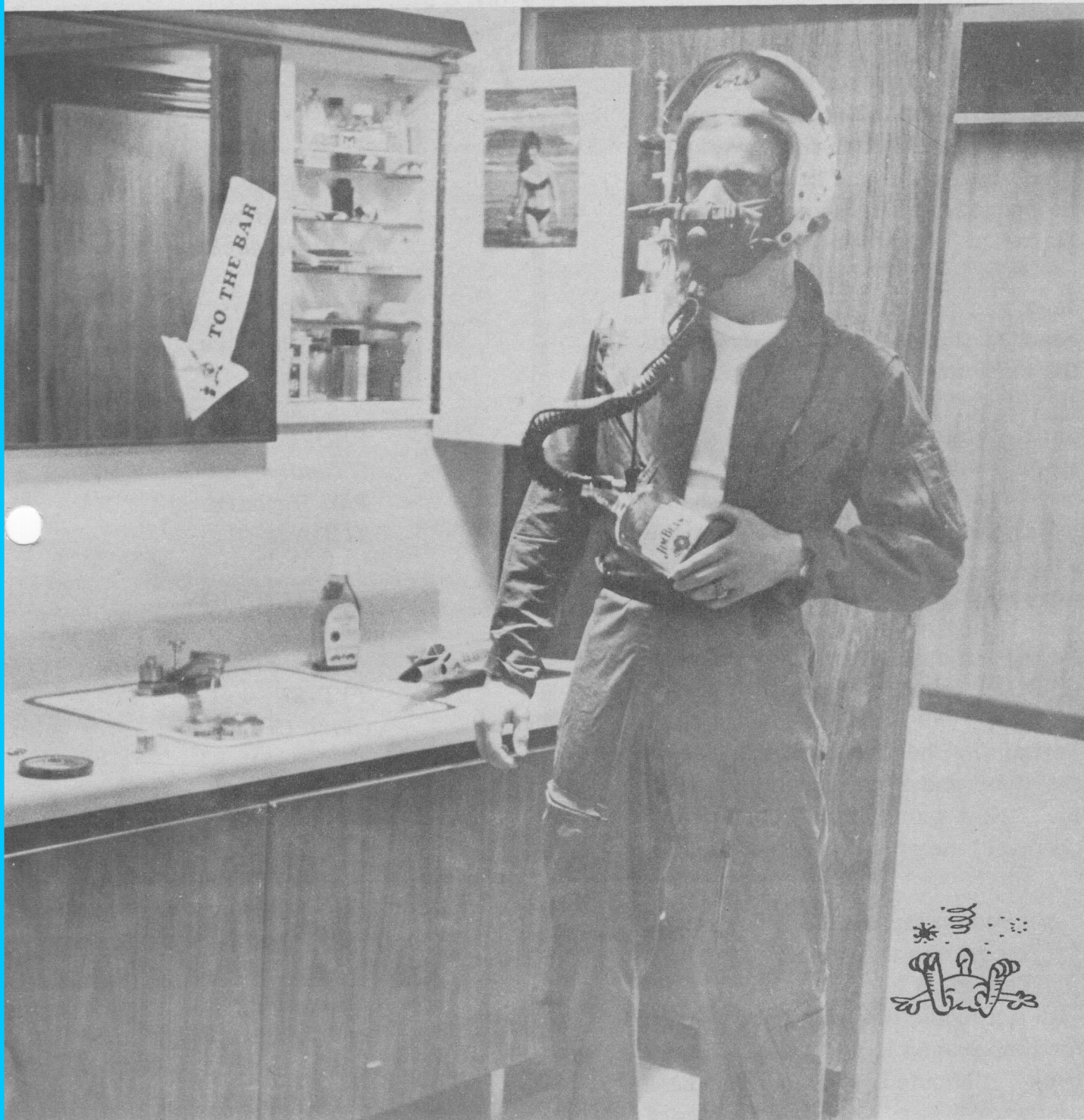


THE DODO

A CADET PUBLICATION FOR CADETS *Volume 6, Number 12*



unofficial — TODAY AT AFA A CADET ANNOUNCED THAT HE HAD DISCOVERED A NEW AND STARTLING WAY TO FIGHT HYPOXIA—

!!!!LOCKING OUT!!!! A PROTEST!!!!

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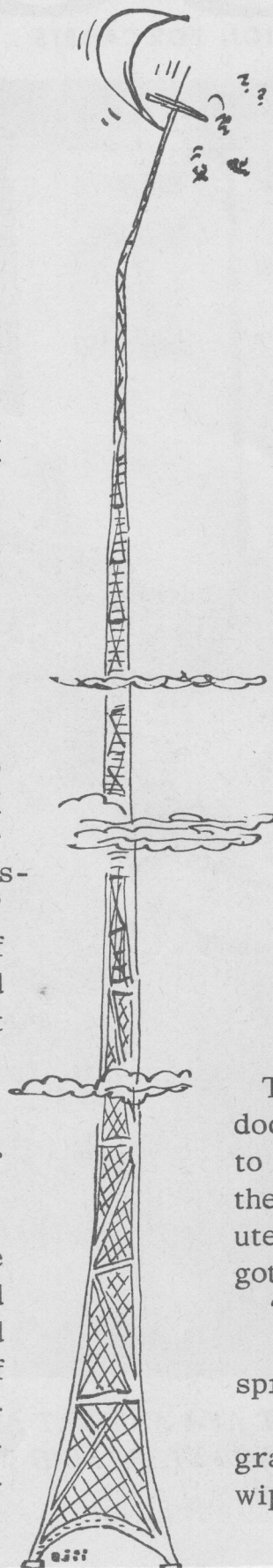
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There were ten minutes to get to class. I left my room and headed for the stairwell. I reached for the green door. I gave a mighty heave and slid toward its green handle. I tried again. One more time I slid over the slick floor. In despair I put my books down. I braced myself against the other door and started to pull. It moved open about an inch. A doolie posted up. "Let me help you, sir." He opened the other door with ease. I glared at his sympathetic look and ran for class. The doolie shook his head and posted off. Breathless, I reached the northwest stairwell of the academic building. A mob stood outside scratching at the glass with their fingernails, crying. Inside stood a worker with a demonic smile on his face. The key was in his hand. "They've locked us out!" someone cried in desperation. "All the doors are locked!" I looked left. A group was trying to get in that door. I looked around the corner. Another GROUP! Someone started to get hysterical. "We'll all get class III's!" Screaming, he kicked the glass out of the door and ran through. We filed in. "Now wait a minute! You can't do that!" the worker shouted....

My roommate and I left for class.

"You got the crowbar?" I asked.

"Yea, right here," he said.

We got to the doors. People were milling around looking lost. "Stand back!" I shouted. My roommate held up the crowbar; there were cries of joy. Like a oiled machine my roommate and I swung into action. Swiftly we pried the door open and everyone scurried in....

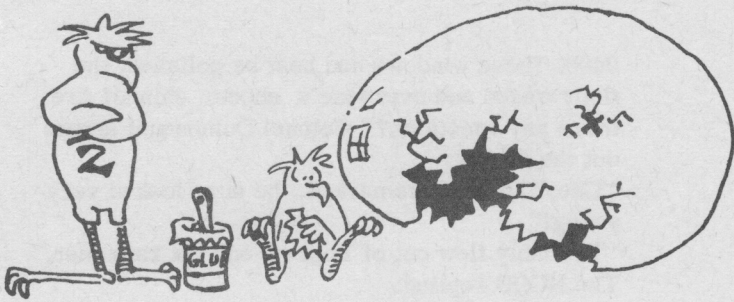
The workers were fixing a broken door. Both of them were straining to put in a huge spring. I gave them a hand. After several minutes of straining and sweating, we got the spring into place.

"Thanks, buddy," a worker said.

"No sweat, but why such a big spring?" I asked.

"Something about a Spartan program for you fellows," he replied, wiping his brow....

DODOS and CHICKS



This lovely lass is Sharon Bader. She's a red-head native of Colorado who includes in her interests such things as art, sport cars, and horseback riding. Her vocational aspirations are in the secretarial and modeling fields. To present, she has been most successful in the latter-- don't you agree?



THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER F. DUBMSQUAT

Walter F. Dumbsquat sighed. It had been a bad day. Very, very, bad. He had been ten minutes late calling minutes for reveille, and there had been some kind of trouble with Security Flight not getting a report. "Dumbsquat," his element leader had shouted, "you're on SI's for ten years!" Then with one minute till first call for classes his shoelace broke. His instructor had made him do board work all period for not having done his homework. At lunch the waiter had spilled ravioli all over his sleeve. Then coming back from lunch he had stumbled on a crack in the terrazzo, wiping out both shoes. After dinner he had gotten trapped into holding the door open for all the upper-classmen, and as a result he could not give an all right in the hall for call to quarters. Then he had a class meeting, organizational meeting, fourth class meeting, a meeting to decide when to meet again, a ring meeting, a meeting for all fourth classmen who did not have a meeting at the time, an honor meeting, a meeting to decide how to sort laundry, a meeting for minute callers, a tattoo meeting, a flight meeting, an element meeting, a squadron meeting, and a group meeting. It had been a very bad day indeed.

But Walter F. Dumbsquat did not despair. He did not cry or become hysterical. He stood up bravely in spite of his life as a fourth classman. "Ho Hummm," he sighed as he climbed into bed. "I'll make up for it tonight."

The alarm rang. Walter F. Dumbsquat peered at the time, 2400 hours. Yawning, he climbed out of his bed. But now his appearance was changing. Proud, haughty, and with a look of independence, he walked down the hall to the elevator. He pushed the button that said basement. Switching on the lights for the tunnels, he strode down the cobweb way. He stepped into a room. Minutes passed, then from the door strode not C/4C Dumbsquat, but Colonel Walter F. Dumbsquat. Pushing the button for the third floor, he fitted a cigarette into his silver-plated holder. He strode into Security Flight.

"Room attention!" The SOD shouted.

"I want a car immediately, mister!" Colonel Dumbsquat demanded.

"Yes, Sir!" The SOD replied promptly. He dialed for the motor pool, and got the car.

"I want this room straight when I come back at

0400. These windows had best be polished, the floor waxed and everyone's shoes shined! Are there any questions?" Colonel Dumbsquat strode out the door.

"Gee," The SOD remarked, "he sure looked very young!"

"Probably flew out of England and got rank fast." The NCOD replied.

"Yea, but I would swear that he was about 19."

The IOD said while polishing the windows.

"Oh, Walter!" Bell Air cried, melting into his arms. "It seems an eternity since last night!"

"Now, now, now, dear," Walter cooed. "You'll wrinkle my uniform—Driver! to the Broadmore for dinner!" He then shouted.

"Good evening, Colonel," The head waiter syr-
uped, showing them to the best table.

"We will have the same as last night, Charles, charge it to the BOQ at the AFA."

"Fine, sir, anything else?"

"Ah, Yes, have the orchestra brought back."

"Yes, Sir!"

"And Charles, give each man a ten dollar tip and twenty for yourself."

"YES, SIR!"

The evening slipped on into the morning. Walter left the Broadmore and headed for home.

"Good night, dear." He said to Bell Air.

"Good night, Walter." She murmured with tears. The car headed for the Academy.

"That will be all for tonight, Driver." Walter said.

"Room Attention!" The SOD cried tiredly.

"Much better, Mister, but those windows could do with some more work."

"Yes, sir!"

"Oh, Yes I want you to wake up all of 17 squadron and take them for a run immediately!"

"Yes, sir...." They were crying now.

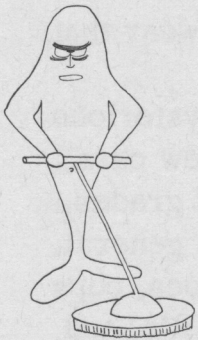
"Good evening men."

Back to the tunnels Walter went, into the little room. A few minutes later once again C/4C Walter F. Dumbsquat stumbled out, haggard.

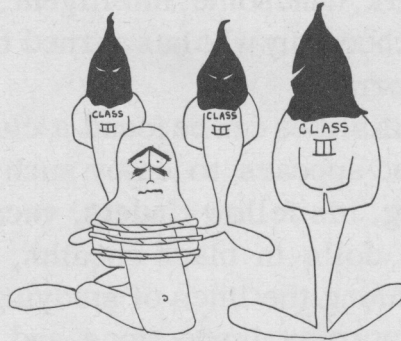
It had all of the making of a glorious day. He called minutes on time and made it back to his room without being caught for not wearing pajamas.

"Gee, Walter, what a night," his roommate remarked. "I couldn't sleep a wink. Some squadron was running all night."

"That's funny, I didn't hear a thing," Walter replied.



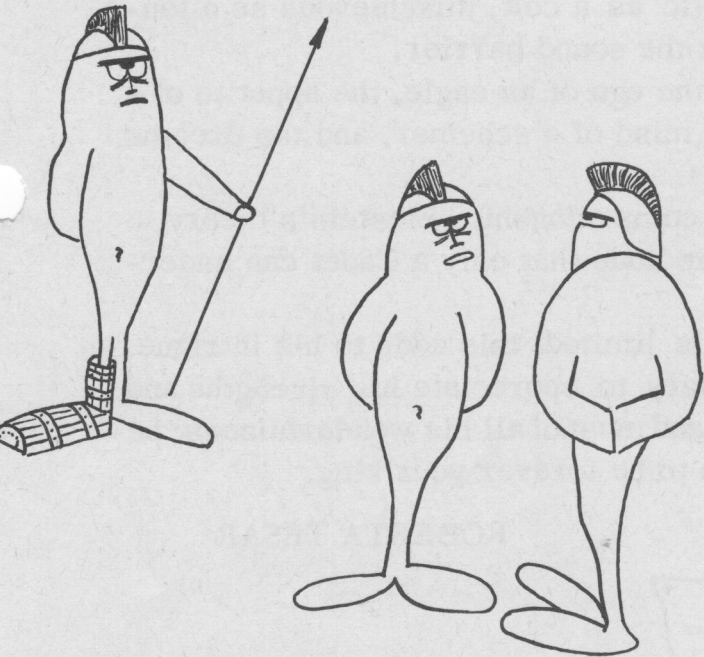
"...LAY ON, MACDUFF, AND DAMNED BE HIM THAT FIRST
CRIES, HOLD ENOUGH!"



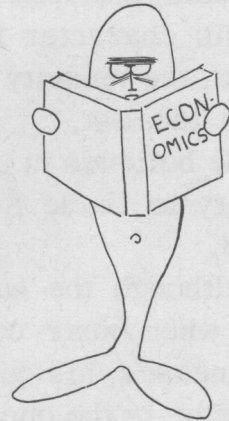
"... THE QUALITY OF MERCY IS NOT STRAINED..."



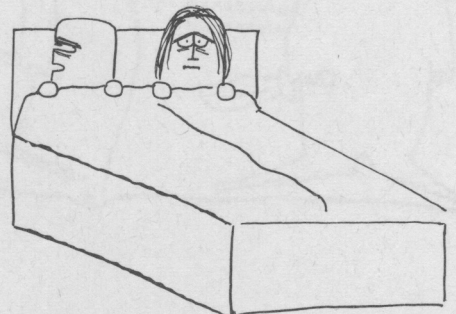
"... OUT! OUT! DAMNED SPOTS!..."



" Watch, Achilles, I think he is losing his nerve..."



"...IT IS A TALE TOLD BY AN IDIOT, FULL OF SOUND AND
FURY SIGNIFYING NOTHING..."



"Damn it, Chaucer, find research material elsewhere!"

THE AIR FORCE CADET

Who or what is that delightful creation known as the Air Force Cadet? Is he the proverbial tall, dark, handsome, intelligent, continental man? Or is he perhaps the neighborhood guy who has earned the right to wear that very impressive blue uniform?

Maybe in his likes and dislikes can be found a clue to this mysterious character. The AF Cadet appears to enjoy such things as new cars, shady jokes, home cooking, his fellow Cadets, vacations, good grades, swinging parties, stacked dolls in black sheaths, and girls in general. His dislikes seem to run along the lines of studying, college Joes, cops on the Valley Highway, Saturday inspections and parades, GR's, and being limited to one reproductive (music) system for his room, that is!

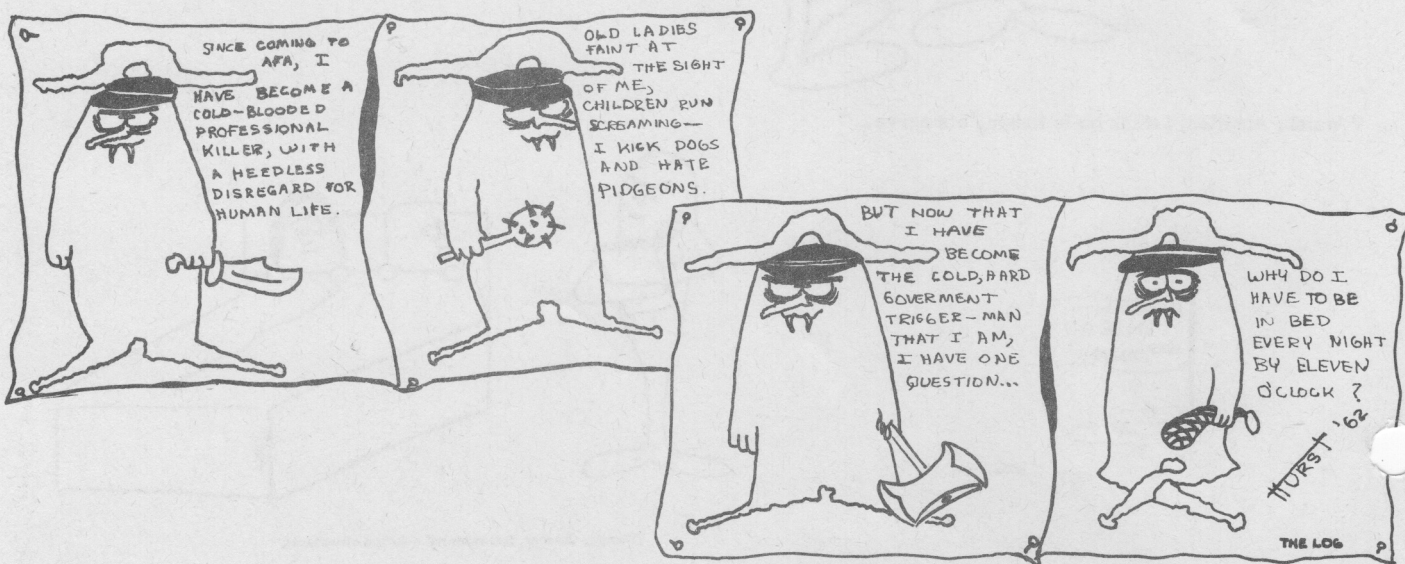
The Cadet can be quiet as a snowflake, reserved as an Englishman, suave as a playboy, gentle as a caress, cool as a Rocky Mountain stream, and subtle as a summer breeze. However, in the next moment he may be aggressive as a bulldozer, energetic as a colt, mischievous as a ten-year-old, and loud as a jet breaking the sound barrier.

His character is composed of the ego of an eagle, the appetite of a horse, the tenacity of a bulldog, the mind of a schemer, and the dreams of an idealist.

He believes in unlimited female companionship, Einstein's theory, loyalty to Uncle Sam, and an honor code that only a Cadet can understand.

Although the supply of Cadets is limited, this adds to his intrigue. And when near one, it is necessary to appreciate his strengths and weaknesses, his quirks and qualms, and most of all his wonderfulness, because he is the one you have chosen to be forever your king.

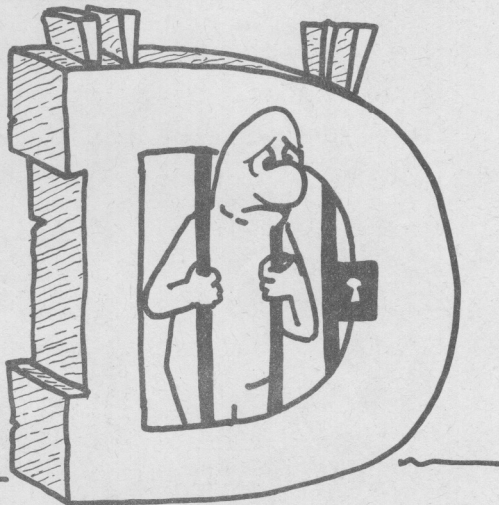
ROBERTA TESAR



QUIET
I'M SLEEPING



HELP!
I'M



OH GOD!
IT'S MONDAY!





4760E