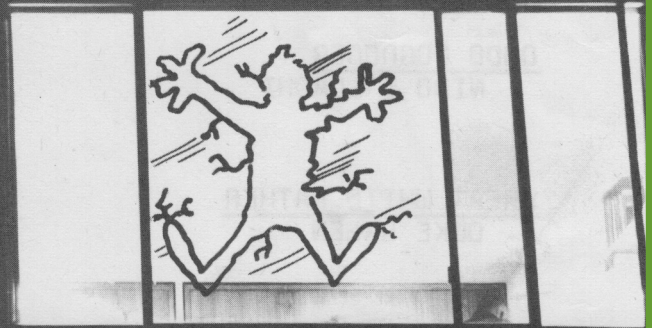
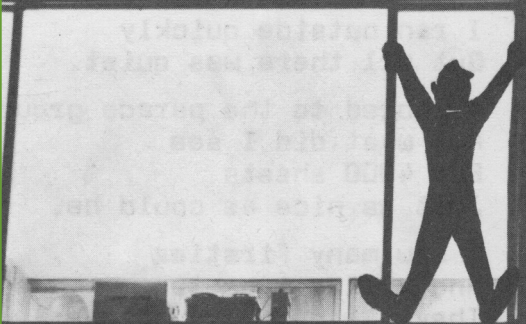


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A Cadet Publication for Cadets

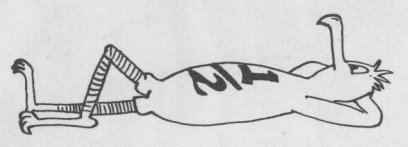
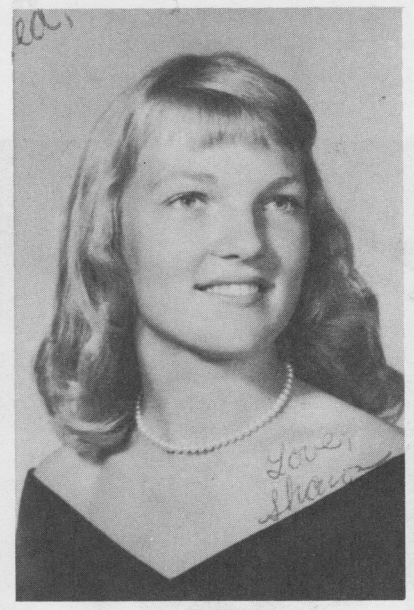
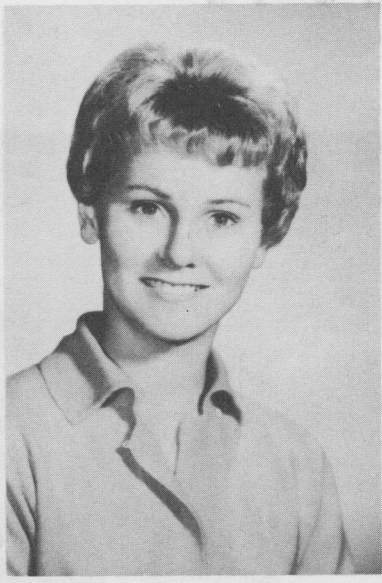
20 December 1961



"Attention in the area: Correction to the last announcement, Xmas leave is not cancelled..."

MERRY CHRISTMAS

dodo's XMAS CHICKS



the DODO staff

MAURITIAN LEADER
JOEL WENDT

DODO GONE SOUTH
MIKE REGNIER

PLUME PUSHERS

GORDON BREDVIK
JAMES LYDON
DICK KLASS
GLEN EMIGH
JOHN HEIMBERGER

CARICATURE CHARACTERS
MIKE DITMORE
HARV WALLENDER

BLESSED BIRD WATCHERS
G. GAULKE
PHIL HEPBURN
J.J. DAVIS
BILL WALLACE

PRECIOUS PRINTER
TED SAITO

NEST CONTRACTOR
MIKE GREECE

DODO DOGRODER
NINO BALDACHI

GREAT WHITE FATHER
DUKE GREEN



THE NIGHT BEFORE LEAVE

Twas the night before leave
And all through the wing
The doolies were happy
And ready to sing.

The firsties were packing
Their B-4's with care
In hopes that the next day
They would not be there.

And I with my arm band
Was just getting set,
To lay down in bed
Some sleep for to get.

When all of a sudden
There rose such a noise
I knew in a moment
It must be the boys.

I ran to the window
As quick as a mouse.
I thought for a moment
"They're after my blouse!"

"My pants then? My hat?
Or my topcoat instead?"
They were all sitting there
At the foot of the bed.

My clothes were all there
So I donned them with ease.
I thought, "Then my car!"
But I still had the keys

"Out on the terrazzo
There must be a riot!"
I ran outside quickly
But all there was quiet.

I looked to the parade ground
And what did I see
But 4000 sheets
Just as nice as could be.

I saw many firsties
And yellow tags too.
They all quickly vanished
As did those in blue.

The sheets had some writing
Twas written in red.
I crawled to the roof
To see what it said.

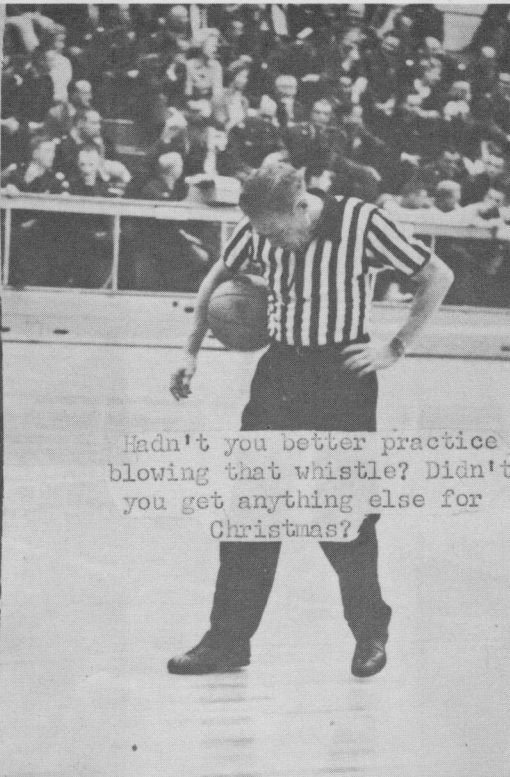
I then tried to read
Through the fog and the black
It said "MERRY CHRISTMAS!
WE'RE NOT COMING BACK!"

EZ says " Merry Christmas
and a Happy Turnout

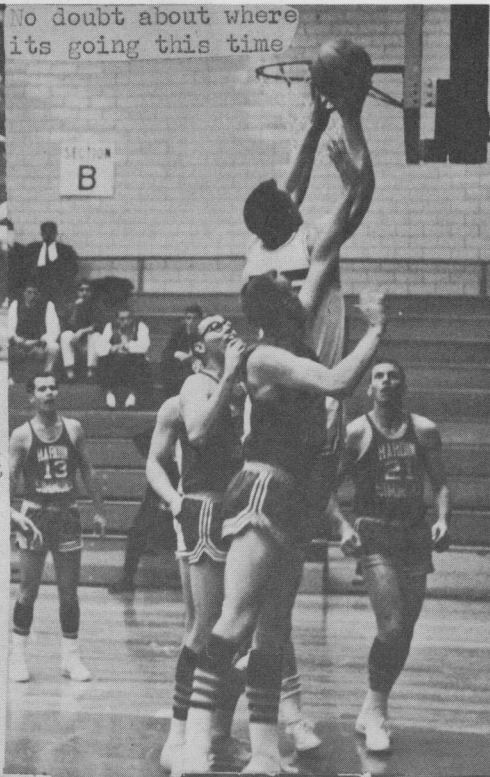
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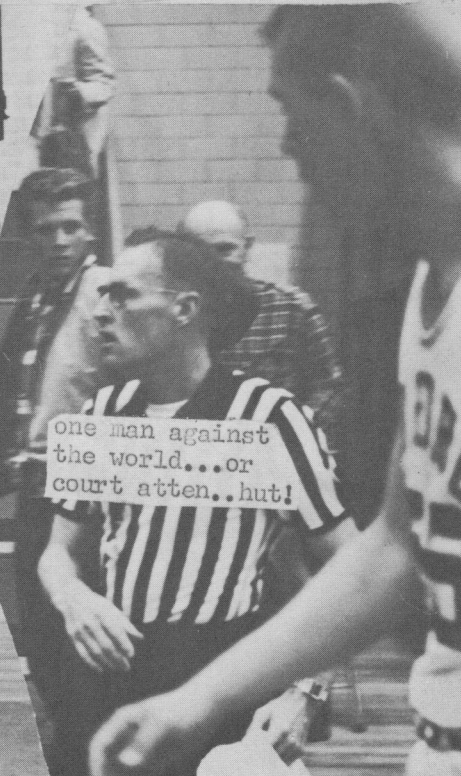
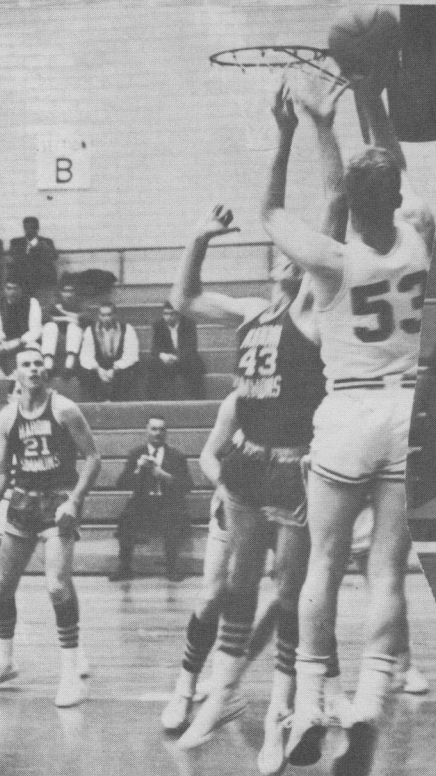
Butch gets 2 more...all alone



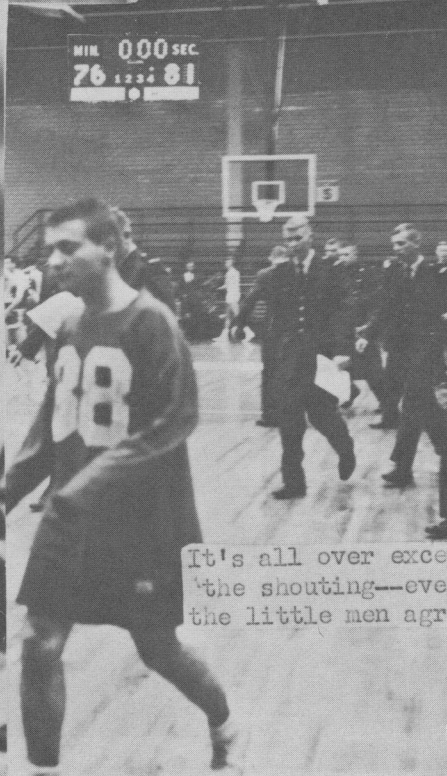
Hadn't you better practice blowing that whistle? Didn't you get anything else for Christmas?



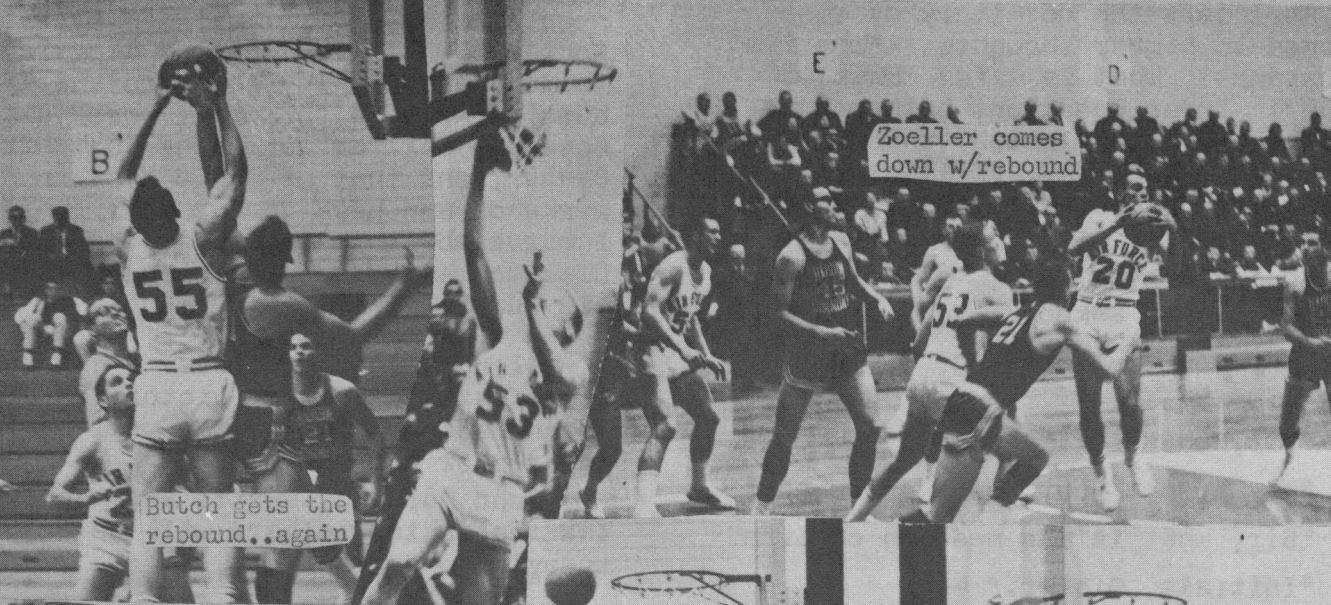
No doubt about where its going this time



one man against the world...or court atten..hut!



It's all over exce the shouting--eve the little men agr



B

Zoeller comes down w/rebound

Butch gets the rebound..again



E

Diffendorfer chalks up 2

A

F

This defender arrived a little too late



D

B

E

D

C

one the easy way

Get out of my way so I can get the rebound

A DAY (PART II)

As I left the dormitory my mind turned to higher thoughts. "What is substance? What is life? What is good?" These questions bothered me. We had a G.R. in Philosophy this morning. "I know," I thought, "I'll do what Socrates did of old--I'll just stop the first person I meet and ask him."

"Good Morning, Sir! Sir, what is the truth?" I asked.

"Where's your nametag, Mister?" replied the OC.

"Sir, what is the Good?"

"Why aren't your shoes polished?"

"Sir, what is the meaning of life?"

"Initials, Mister."

I wonder if OC's existed back in Socrates's day? Here comes a Squat. I'll try again.

"Hello there, you running man, what is truth?"

"Sir, I do not understand."

"What is reality?"

"Sir, I do not understand."

"What is substance?"

"Sir, I do not...."

Here comes a Redtag. Redtags claim absolute knowledge.

"Excuse me Sir, but could you tell me what is the Good?"

"I'm glad you asked me that," he said, "Because life without inquiry is not worth living for a man. Good, with apologies to Pierce and James, fails a pragmatic evaluation; values, concepts, exist which are universally identified as desirable and undesirable--thus excepting theories structured on relativity and local mores. Good is...."



Unfortunately, he never finished, because just at this point he was run over by a tractor. As I pondered this incident, a Third-Classman scurried up to me and asked if I'd heard the late rumor. He said that they were going to move our mail boxes to the Community Center, and that we could come down on weekends and pick up our mail. While I marveled at this saying, the Third-Classman scurried off again, spreading his rumor.

Hello, mechanics class. This is the room that has a color picture of a wedge framed and hanging on the wall over the instructor's desk.

"Good Morning, Gentleman," announced the instructor, "There will be no quiz today!"

"Instead, we will have a pop G.R.!" announced the instructor.

I laugh. However, since everybody else is silent and looking darkly at me, I stop.

After Mech, I hustle to Electrical Engineering class. I say hustle, because at 1005 hours the current to the wired door-knob is turned on, to the shock late-comers.

Next is Philosophy. This is the room that has a color picture of the Truth framed and hanging on the wall over the instructor's desk.

"Any questions?" asked the instructor as he handed out the G.R. .

"Yes Sir!" I replied, "What is life, substance, truth, reality, and good?"

"See me after class for a couple of minutes." he answered.

Philosophy 301 makes a man more thoughtful. It seems that most of the class is usually deeply meditating. One man was so deeply meditating today that he fell out of his chair.

EZ says " If you don't know it now, forget it."

THE PHONE CALL

by

heimburger

"Security Flight, NCOD Hosmer speaking. May I help you?"

"Yeass! Ah heard you--all were the cadet locator?"

"Well, harumph-h, yes, mam. I guess so."

"Ahm lookin for Cadet Buldochi, Nino Buldachi."

"Just a moment mam, I'll tell you what squqdron he's in."

pause ...

"Sorry Miss.. ah-ah-ah--"

"Porter, Susie Porter!"

"Miss 'Porter' I'm sorry, but there is no Cadet Buldachi in the Wing."

"There most certainly is! Maybe he isn't in the 'Wing' but he's a cadet out there with those do-dads on his shoulder."

"Well Miss Porter. How do you spell his name again?"

"B-U-L-D-A-C-H-I---Ah think."

"No, I'm sorry Susie, no Nino here."

"That's ridiculous. Ah just talked to his wife last night."

(...long, long pause with deep, deep sigh!)

"Cadet Nino Buldachi has a wife, huh?"

"Yes he does, and two beautiful children, too!"

(...longer sigh and slight moan)

"Sorry Susie, but cadets aren't married!"

"This one is."

"Well, Miss Porter, if you see Cadet Buldochi again, perhaps you'd better tell him that being married is grounds for dismissal. OK?"

"Dismissal, what-all is that?"

"It's Miss, I wish I could help you locate your friend, but I'm very busy answering phones, drinking coffee, eating donuts, etc. ."

"Well if you don't know where he is Ah guess Ah had betta hang up for now but"

"Yes!!?"

"...if you all find him, tell him that Madge wants 2 lb. of sugar and a gallon of milk when he comes home tonight!"

"Yes mam. I'll do that!"

click

Telephone rings...NCOD turns pale and hesitantly reaches for the receiver.

