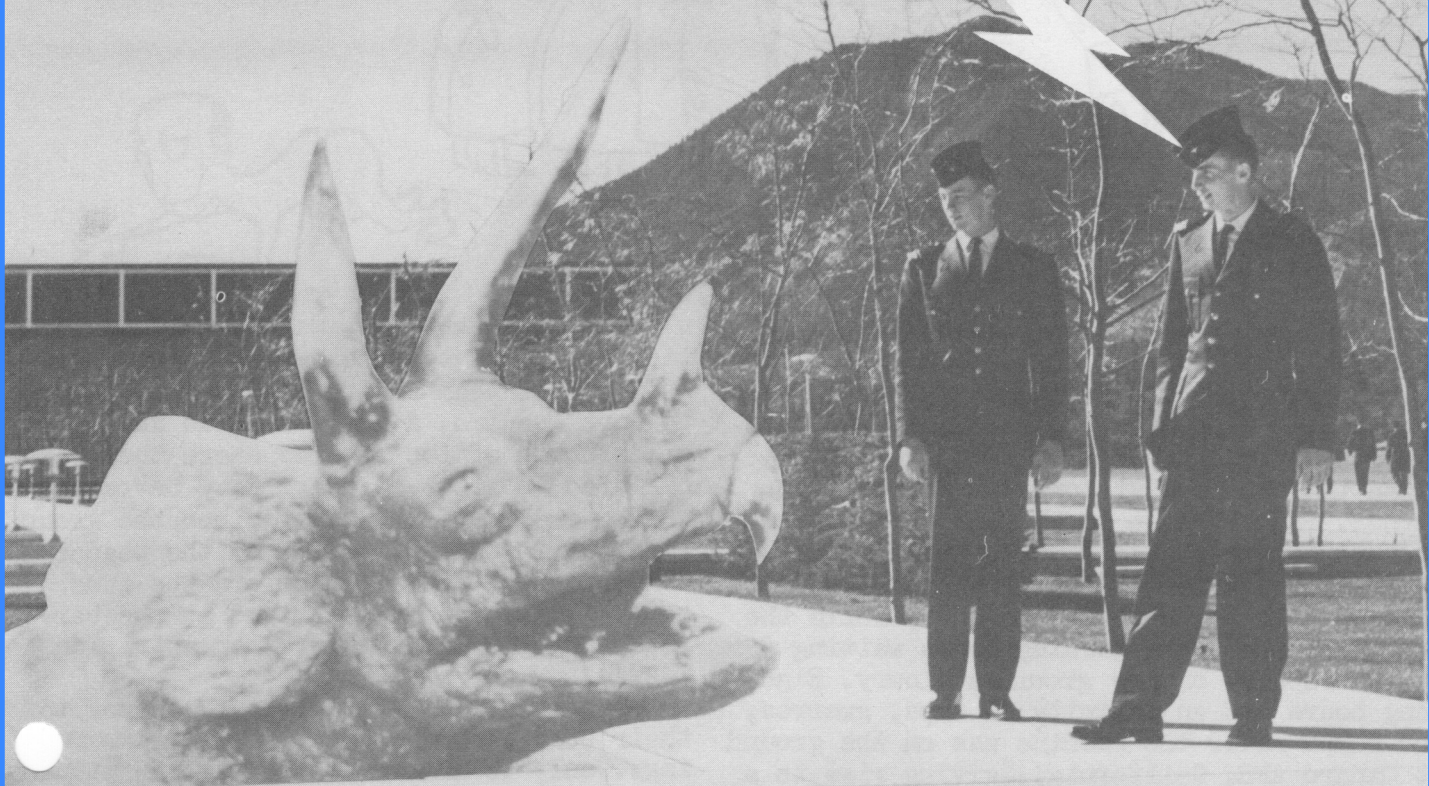


THE Dodo



OH MY GOD!!! Is this...No, not really my date...echh..No wonder you didn't want me to meet her in A-Hall, roommo....



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...DAVE SAMUEL '64

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VOLUME 7
NUMBER 10

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Last Saturday, the Air Force Academy soccer team contributed a tremendous effort to a Falcon sweep of UCLA's Homecoming Weekend. We thought the Wing might be interested in some aspects surrounding that weekend less publicized than the 4-0 victory the soccer team earned. Probably the number one soccer team in the Western United States, the Falcons departed Lowry early Friday morning..... that is half the soccer team left, while the remainder spent the morning hours waiting for engine repairs on the ground at Lowry. Eight long hours and an infinity of dips, swerves, and bumps later the machine was on the ground at Oxnard AFB, California...giving rise to a player's comment, "First they feed us in Mitchell, then they put us on the mixmaster." And thus was well summarized the journey from AFA.

The trip, however, was only an indication of things to come. From Oxnard, the half of the team in presence was transported to Port Hueneme, a Naval station about 60 miles north of Los Angeles where they were billeted in a sub-standard Navy barracks. The remainder of the team joined the group at about 2330. And, to add to the peaceful atmosphere of the night-before-the-game setting, 2nd Squadron arrived at the barracks at 0100 Saturday...after a trip on T-29's!

The team made the two-hour journey to their UCLA game site early the next morning...only to arrive at the game 45 minutes late. That this team was able to perform as well as it did is a tribute to its stamina and morale.

THE BLUE ZOO

It was not without some danger to my person that I ventured out in search of this week's Blue Zoo entry, for I sought the most dangerous, willey, and unpredictable creature of all, the cadet blind date. First off, where would I look for her? The railroad siding? Maybe, at the base of the loading ramp leading to "A" Hall? Perhaps I might even catch a glimpse of her feeding in the snack bar. Without another thought, I jumped into my neat looking blue serge suit and made tracks for that citadel of frivolity, "A" Hall. Seating myself near the Security Flight desk, I began my vigil. There they were, wandering aimlessly all about me. There were all sizes and shapes, some with and some without, but none of these specimens seemed to fit the description I was looking for. Then, the glass doors burst open, and a flock of doolies ran by me screaming. A few seconds later the cause of their horror was seen loping through the same doors. "Good God," said I to myself. With three huge bounds she reached the desk. Popping to attention, she rendered a salute and full report. The JOD politely returned her salute, took a long drag on his cigarette, and tried to look both casual and in the opposite direction.

There she stood in all her glory, echh. Panting hard after her initial rush at the frightened doolies, she pulled an old tee-shirt out of her burlap hand-bag and began to vigorously swab down her face. Then she leaned provocatively over the desk, the lipstick and rouge smeared over her in the inimitable fashion of Emmett Kelly, and asked the choking JOD where Cadet Fourth Class Loser was kept. Fighting for words through the garlic smell of her breath, the JOD could only point towards the lounge area.

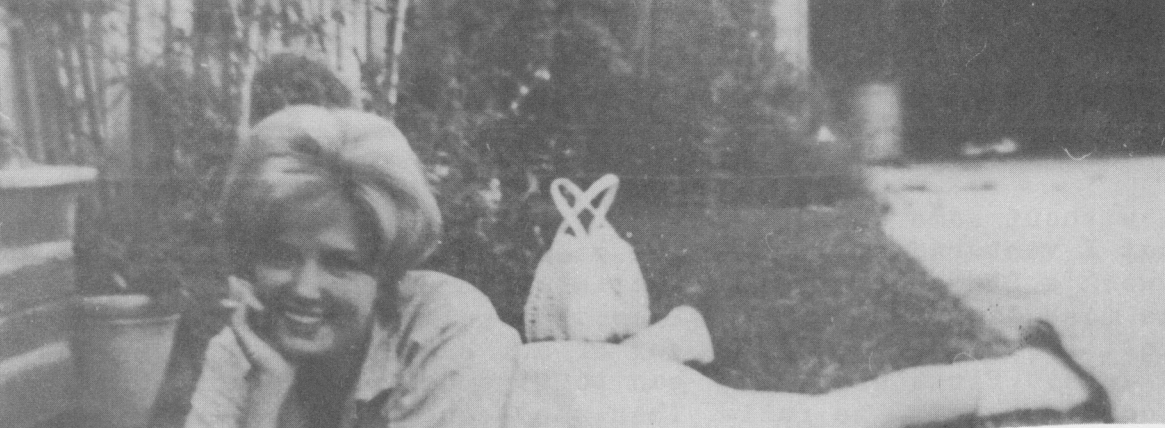
With a terrible wink and the resultant loss of an eyelash, she trotted off down the hall. I tried to run in the opposite direction as fast as possible, but I still could not avoid the sounds of Cadet Loser as he found himself cornered in the Ballroom.

Two days later, Cadet Loser was found wandering about the

athletic fields, his clothes torn, his eyes bloodshot. Who says the system is getting any easier? Cadet Fourth Class Loser was just another victim of that growing plague of mutated humanity which has of late been common at the Tin Palace, the...

BLIND DATE





Five-foot, seven-inches of rip-
snorting, hell-raising, fun-loving, and
very beautiful Texan, and we've described Spacemate
Charlotte Parker. The eighteen year old University of
Texas lovely has left her brand on Galveston's silvery beaches,
Houston's less silvery cell blocks, and silverless grey tag Jim
Piper. Enchantment rings when her Southland-tinted voice beckons...
and to see her on the dance floor is to bring paradise to Texas.
The seemingly uninhibited Miss is an Art Major in Longhorn
Land...but as the summer surf bubbles past her, the
thoughts of Rembrandt and Picasso fade into thoughts
of *@p@%/#.....at least that's what Bish White
told me!



THE
Dodo
SPACEWATE



THE DOOB SPORTS SCOPE

THIS WEEK IN SPORTS

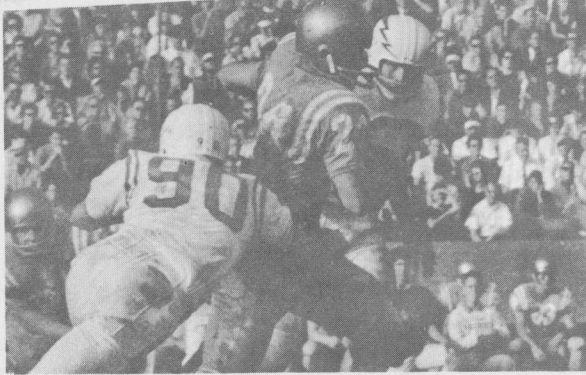
Football 17-UCLA 11
 Soccer 4-UCLA 0
 X Country 26-UCLA 30
 JV Football 6-Iackland 13
 Frosh Football 20-BYU 14

RECORD
 5-3-0
 7-1-0
 3-5-0
 2-2-0
 4-1-0

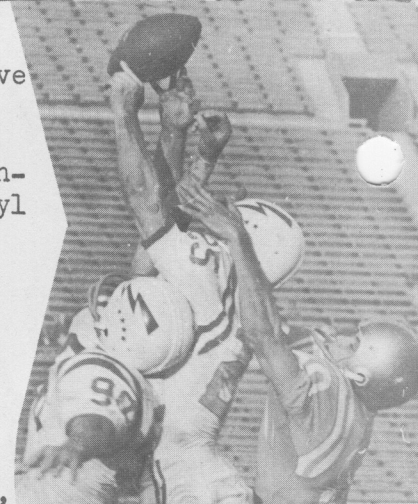
THE WEEK AHEAD

FB vs Baylor
 S vs S.F. City College
 CC vs CSU

The Falcon Cross Country team placed runners 3rd (Cookie Cardoza), 4th, 5th, 6th and 8th to win 26-30 over UCLA. The thinclads from AFA stayed well grouped over the 4.3 mile course, proving Coach Arneson's philosophy that a group of good runners can be more effective than one or two top individuals and a mediocre follow up.



The Falcon's Sophomore-studded team won their prestige game Saturday on the home field of the UCLA Bruins. Excellent lineplay and a few mistakes highlighted the game, as the only play that gave AFA any consistent trouble was the off tackle running of Kermit Alexander. In control of the like play from the beginning drive of the game, the Falcons also got good performances from the defensive backfield, especially Dick Ritchie, Terry Isaacson, and Darryl Bloodworth. Dave Sicks starred in his role as linebacker. This week a good Baylor team visits Falcon Stadium. The Bears, who threw 33 passes in accumulating 235 yards passing against Texas last week may give the Falcon pass defense a real test. It will take another good effort by the Falcon gridders to beat the pesky Bears from Waco.



The Falcons used their standard weapons, excellent conditioning and a hard, pressing offense to wear down UCLA and win going away, 4-0. AFA goals were scored by Jim Renschen, Jim Perry, Hank Hoffman, and Bill Hoilman while Cy Rickards and Rod Himelberger contributed excellent defensive games. Potentially the best competition this year, the Bruins sported some fine individual players as well as team unity. Much to the disappointment of the Falcon rooters, their fine performance did not get them



the NCAA bid they had been led to expect to be just around the corner several times after key wins this season. As usual the West Coast representative is one of the Bay Area teams, this time Stanford, which sports a 7-1 record, identical to AFA's. Apparently the decision was made on the grounds that Stanford's 6-4 win over San Jose (a fair team this year) was more impressive than our 4-0 win over UCLA, one of the best teams on the West Coast. Our Soccer team will have a chance to prove its worth and perhaps gain the respect of those making these decisions when it meets one of the aforementioned Bay Area teams, San Francisco City College, in a home game this weekend. It is a pressure game for the Falcon. a game that could well illuminate the quality of Soccer played in the Rocky Mountain area.

Right now I could laugh my way through a mass execution.

Dood

Dots & Doodles

ROTC Officer: "Why didn't you salute me yesterday?"

Frosh Cadet: "I didn't see you, sir."

ROTC Officer: "Thank heavens, I thought you were mad at me."

Jim: "Do you file your nails?"

Sam: "No, I just cut them off and throw them away."

And then there was the WooPoo who wanted to see his blind date in something long and flowing. So-o-o he threw her in the Hudson River.

Ever wonder what happened to the old-style, crew-cut, scrubbed-face, typical, nice American male?

He was run over by Marlon Brando on a motorcycle.



"Nothing too serious—but I wouldn't make any plans for next week."

Driver of the car: "I take the next turn, don't I?"

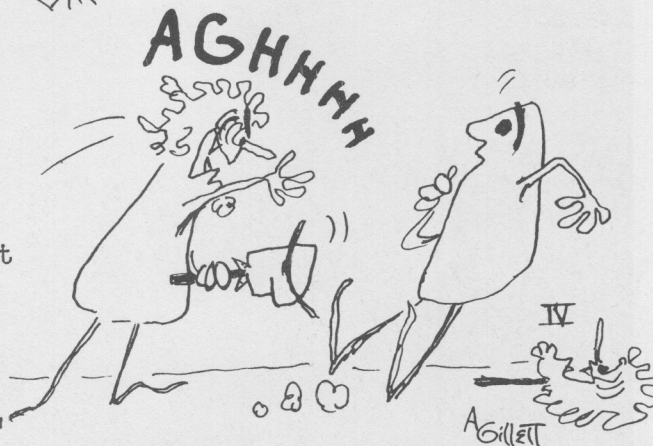
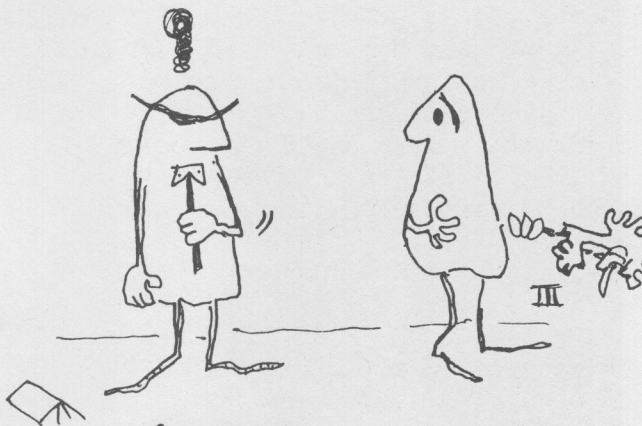
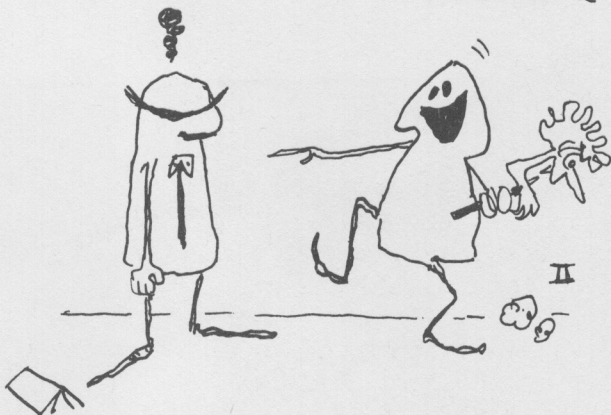
Came a muffled voice from the back seat: "Like hell you do."

"Did you give your penny to the Sunday School?"

"No Ma, I lost it."

"That makes three Sundays in a row you've lost your penny."

"Yeah, I know, but that kid's luck can't last forever."



Rosanna Schiaffino

Hailed as the ideal of Italian
beauty,

Rosanna lives up to the
description --

raven-black hair, brown eyes,
measurements,
and a dimpled chin!

