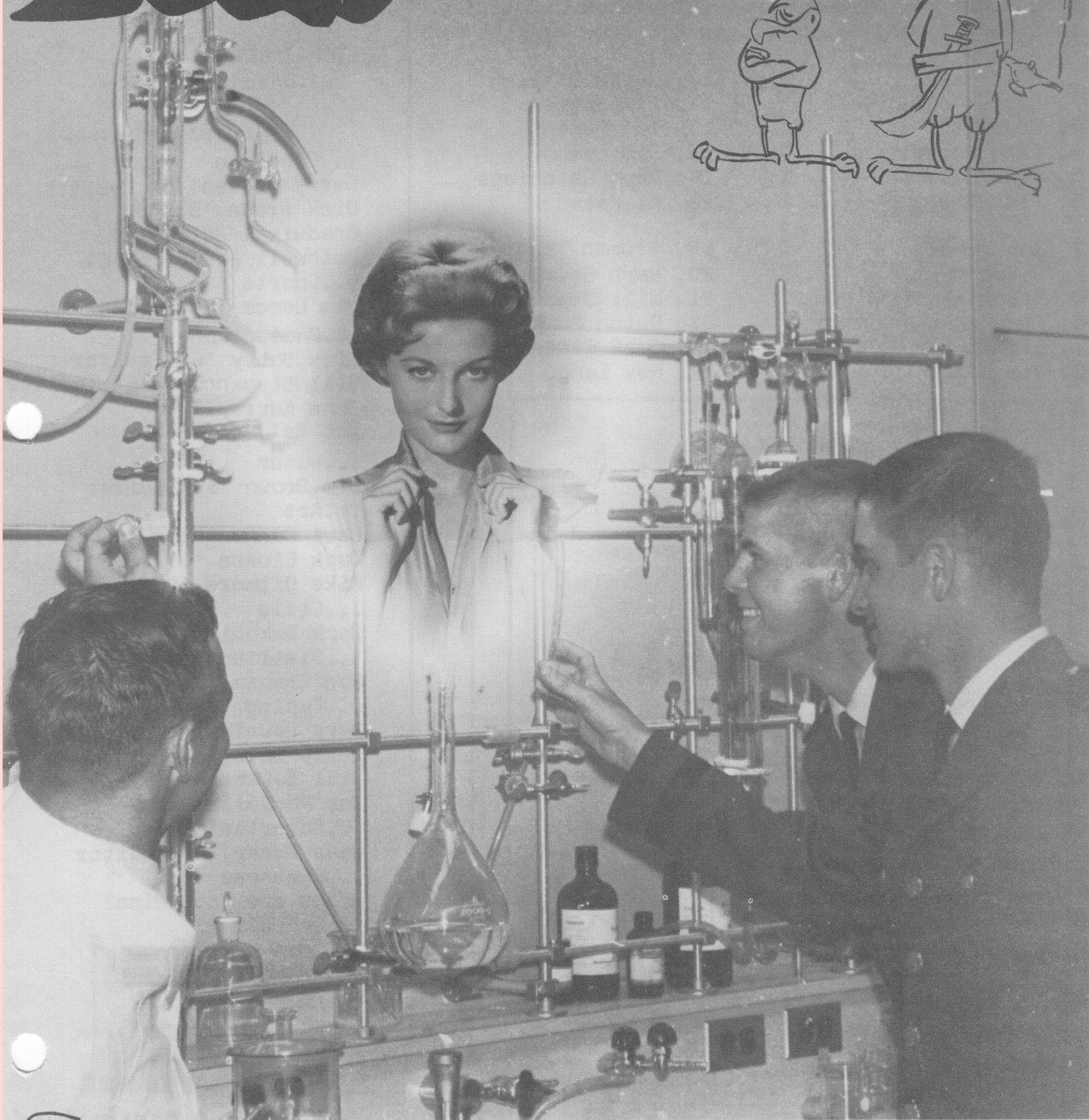


A CADET PUBLICATION FOR CADETS

# THE Dodo



Shuey

FROM THE EDITOR.....

The below-listed men will serve in the capacity of 1962-63's DODO reps ... an elegant title for those who purge activity points through this means. Should you -- CADET LITERARY GENIUS -- originate any idea which would add to the DODO, don't let it fade in your fold. Just give it to your squadron DODO rep, and he in turn will assure that it reaches me. Thus we have introduced simplicity into your creative life...you BIG BLUE BOYS!!!

- |                   |                     |
|-------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Bill Skaer     | 13. David O'brien   |
| 2. Larry Tollstam | 14. Jim Ingram      |
| 3. CJ Welter      | 15. Tom Mahan       |
| 4. Ferg Henderson | 16. Jim Lemon       |
| 5. Mike Ditmore   | 17. Doug Catchings  |
| 6. Dick Shuey     | 18. Al Ross         |
| *****             |                     |
| 7. Bob Abbott     | 19. Truman Young    |
| 8. Steve Mayo     | 20. Herb Bevelhymer |
| 9. Frank Midnight | 21. Will Stackhouse |
| 10. Frank Packer  | 22. Butch McGehee   |
| 11. Gil Achter    | 23. Jack Eidson     |
| 12. Jim Renschen  | 24. Ray Longo       |

*Wal*



"I Came, I Saw, *They* Conquered!"

# THE DODO staff

VOLUME 7  
NUMBER 2

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF  
...DAVE SAMUEL '64

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Where are you, Nino?

"LIFE'S GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT IS THE CONTINUAL REMAKING OF YOURSELF SO THAT AT LAST YOU KNOW HOW TO LIVE."

... Mark Twain

WHAT WE NEED AROUND HERE IS MORE

'Spizzerinctum'



THE  
**Dodo**  
SPACEMATE

Ponce de Leon gave years of his life to the search for a fabled fountain of youth. In youth, he must have seen beauty, joy and new life...the DODO, a Ponce de Leon in its own right, has discovered in the personage of Connie Graham of Tuscon, an effervescent, blue-eyed, package of youthful pulchritude. To think that good 'ole' Ponce wasted his time looking for a fountain, when the only answer to his quest is to be found in our Spacemate Connie. " O "

# The Dodo ON THE SPOT

Because of the recent swell of enthusiasm shown by the Cadet Wing for subjects dealing with counter-insurgency, The Dodo, in a never ending attempt to broaden the narrow horizons of the Cadet Wing, dispatched its world affairs reporter, Rodney Robelprat Jr., to Laos. Mr. Robelprat's discourses with J.J. Spicketzer, the commander of the Army's special forces in Laos, proved lofty enough to warrant publication in the Dodo.

R.R. Jr. - It is a pleasure to meet you, Col. Spicketzer. I've heard so much about the famous Julius John Spicketzer, the Tiger of the Marshes. You are certainly famous, Sir.

Col. S. - Look Robelprat, I'm busy, and I hate a brownie. Get to it will you please.

R.R. Jr. - Well Sir, I'm curious about that nickname "Tiger of the Marshes." How did you come by it?

Col. S. - Actually it's a misnomer.

R.R. Jr. - Humility.

Col. S. - No really. There's a .. well, kind of night club down in town called Marsha's and one night ...

R.R. Jr. - Yes Sir. And how long have you had this duty?

Col. S. - Four years. Four stinking, mosquito-bitten, damp, cruddy...

R.R. Jr. - A duty like this would have its drawbacks, wouldn't it?

Col. S. - Well there's Marsha's.

R.R. Jr. - Colonel, could you tell us what your first action taken in Laos was.

Col. S. - The Officer's Club was built.

R.R. Jr. - That's right. I remember reading about it in the investigation.

Col. S. - Looking back on it, I guess that two million was a bit steep.

R.R. Jr. - Sir, it has been rumored that you have four thousand armed soldiers in your command. Could you tell us if this is true? If security allows.

Col. S. - That is not true. I command only technical advisors. Four thousand armed technical advisors.

R.R. Jr. - What do you consider your greatest achievement in Laos, Colonel?

Col. S. - The highway, I guess. You saw it on the way up here, didn't you?

R.R. Jr. - I meant to ask you about that. Just what is an eight lane highway like that doing in the jungle? Does it lead anywhere?

Col. S. - As a matter of fact, it surely does.

R.R. Jr. - Where?

Col. S. - The pond.

R.R. Jr. - The pond? You jest.

Col. S. - No, not at all. The people like to go down to the pond and skip rocks on the water's surface. You can get about four skips with a little practice. Of course, you have to use the right kind of rock. Should be flat and kind of heavy. Not real heavy. Just kind of hefty. You know what I mean?

R.R. Jr. - Yes. About Communism, Sir. Just what do you think of our chances here?

Col. S. - Grim. Damn grim. Yes, I think that sums it up. Damn grim. You see we are at a disadvantage. These people are Buddhists and as such are pacifists. You just can't talk them into killing. But there is one consolation.

R.R. Jr. - What is that?

Col. S. - Christianity is catching on.

By  
mELone

There are some recognitions due at this point. First we salute Dick Shuey for his brilliant work in transposing my hairbrained schemes into cover fotos. And everyone's thanks to Will Stackhouse who has provided Sweetheart and Spacemate pics for publication. Mike Ditmore has brought back MACH  $\frac{1}{2}$  and  $\frac{1}{4}$  who are so very much a part of the DODO. And a final salute to Jack Eidson, the guy who has created all of our new mastheads. Thanks, all.

# THE BLUE ZOO

Armed with only my flashlight and notepad I was working my stealthy way from car to car last Saturday night with the precision of an accomplished highway patrolman, when I finally found what I had been searching for. It was about time too, for my activity had not gone entirely unnoticed that evening, and my inquisitive form had been the target of several oaths, pieces of loose terrain, and articles of clothing.

But here they were at last. I would have kicked myself but for the necessity of secrecy, because it should have been obvious from the very start that my prey would be found in this particular automobile. There it sat in pea green splendor and caked with the dust of inimitable tradition. With unusual courtesy I forbade myself even the slightest peek in the window and crouched quietly on the running board. Yes, yes, it was perfectly clear now, the old Bugatti was just part of his inevitable tale, and now I could hear him weaving it into his story of bravery in the face of terrible odds, spirit in the very eye of poverty, honesty toward a world of cruel untruths, etc., etc., etc. As I sat there in silence listening to his tale of woe and the sympathetic cooing of his obviously impressed mate, I was almost affected by his story, for I was hearing expert of all expert sympathy gatherers, that king of sobs, hurt looks, that sower of corn that only a female would believe, the ...

SNOWY WHITE SYMPATHY HOG

There's a little of the Snowy White Sympathy Hog in all of us, but the real professional is a wonder to behold. The safest and most readily available place to observe him is none other than our own Arnold Hall. Of course those of us who want to see him at his very highest peak will risk a venture like that described to the left, for the seclusion of a parked Bugatti is like a soft wind whispering "go to it man" in his ear. Wherever he may chance to bend an ear we overhear "And then there was the morning when I had a fever of 105, my left arm wouldn't bend, early reveille, cold grits for breakfast, IRI, parade, etc." We often wonder if he goes to the same USAFA, it somehow sounds tougher than the one we know. But what other USAFA does his listeners know? So mother starts sending blood plasma through the mail, Dad digs out some old cliches guaranteed to buck up the oppressed, and the date, well, being motherly too she can bearly do enough.

"The Birdman" has requested that his efforts be engaged only within the confines of an "INVISIBLE SHIELD."



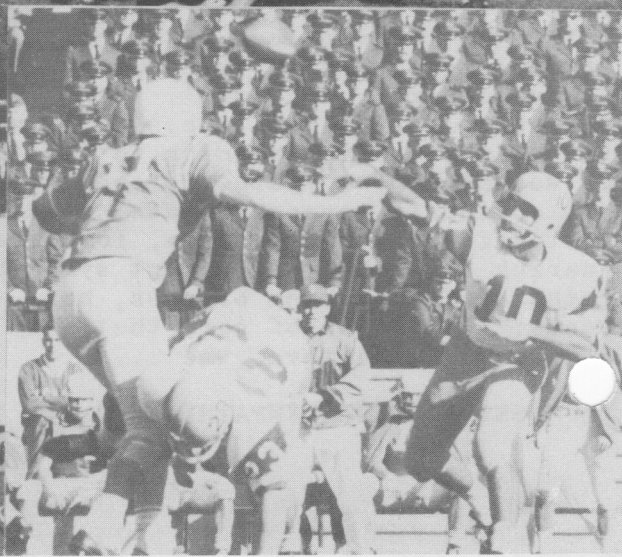
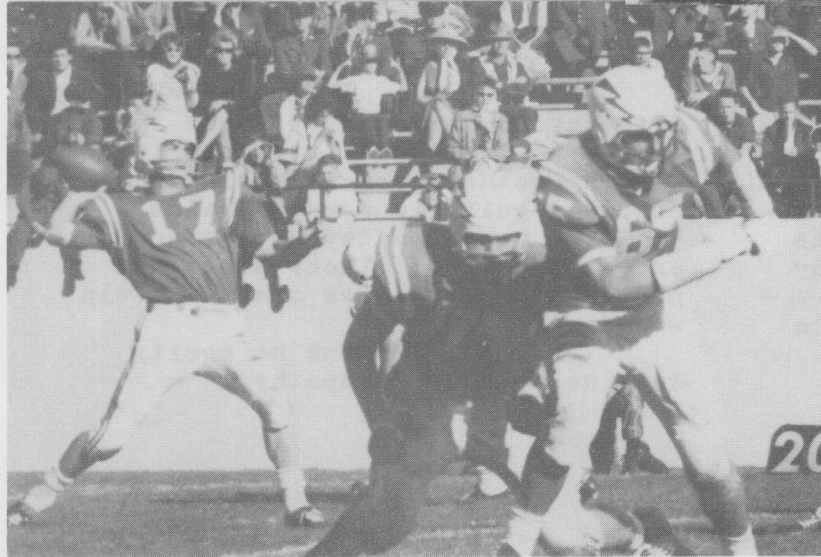
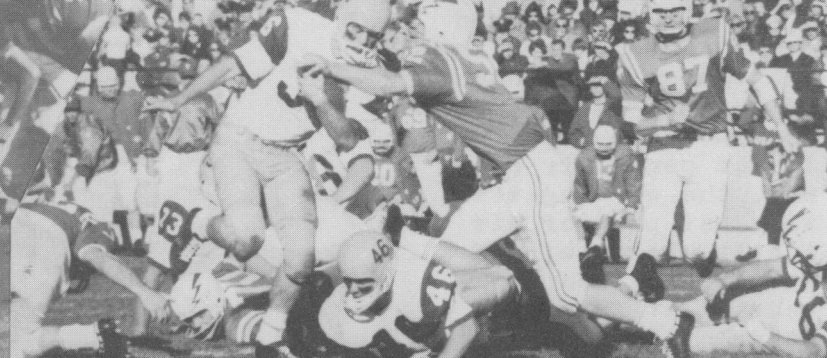
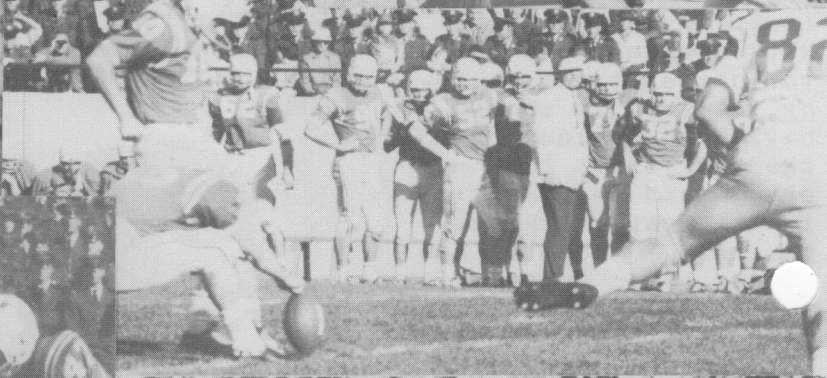
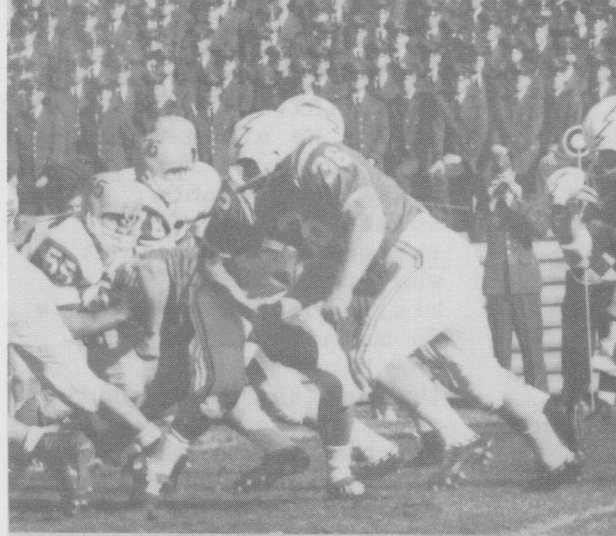
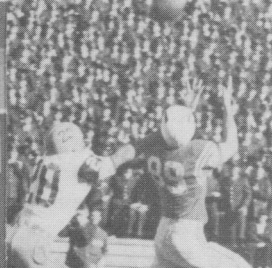
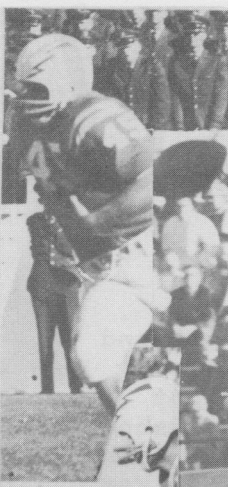
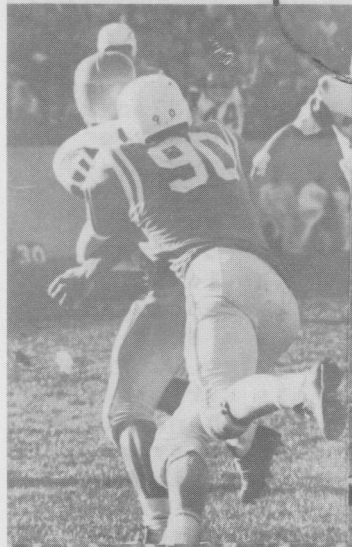
The Snowy White Sympathy Hog is usually found in the company of shocked little old ladies, weeping mothers, back-patting fathers, and gullible young females. His skin has a pastey appearance, except for those places where he purposefully exhibits scars and old wounds.

You know, I think he really does deserve our sympathy!

# THE DODD SPORTS SCOPE

THIS WEEK IN SPORTS		RECORD
Football	3-Miami 21	3-3-0
Soccer	2-CU 4	5-1-0
X Country	39-Iowa 16	2-3-0
Lacrosse	6-Denver 0	2-0-0
Water Polo	11-CU 4	1-3-0

THE WEEK AHEAD  
 FB vs Wyoming  
 S vs Royal Roads  
 CC vs Wyoming and Denver  
 WP vs Celebrity Lanes



# Dooob

## Dots & Doodles

"Billy, get your little brother's hat out of that mud puddle."

"I can't, Ma. He's got it strapped too tight under his chin."

\*\*\*

A paradox is two places to park boats.

\*\*\*

He: Kiss me.

She: No.

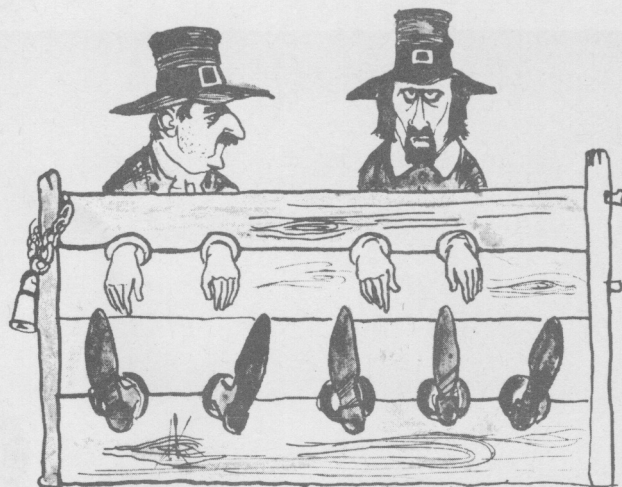
He: Why not?

She: Because I'm a lady.

He: Listen, if I wanted a man, I'd have called your brother.

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Spoken by the great Indian chieftain Montezuma: Would someone please tell those damn Marines to stop singing in the halls?



PHOENIX

BUCK HILSMAN



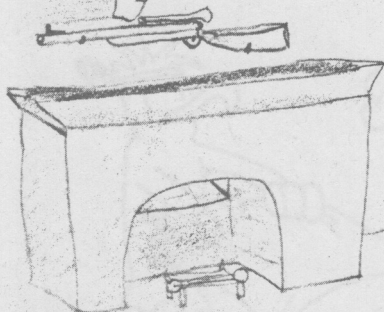
PHOENIX

BUCK HILSMAN

"Man, that guy fought dirty. He sicced his seeing-eye dog on me."



Old Line




Mitchell  
Buckzin

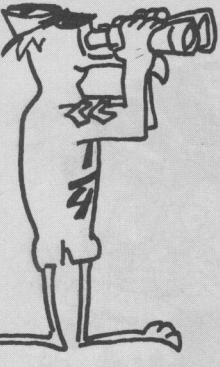
On A Golfer—  
Here you lie, golfer;  
God rest your soul;  
From a hole in one  
To one in a hole.

On A Pugilist—  
Here, by death only  
Outfought and outfaced,  
Stan Waller, the boxer,  
Is finally boxed.

Just before I shot it, it said "HEY BOO BOO!"



THE CALVARY HAD RIDDEN TO THE RESCUE, BUT ALL THE MEMBERS OF THE WAGON TRAIN WERE DEAD EXCEPT THE WAGONMASTER, WHO LAY PROPPED AGAINST THE WHEEL, AN INDIAN ARROW PIERCING HIS LUNGS.



"DOES IT HURT?"  
ASKED A NEW RECRUIT.

"ONLY WHEN  
I LAUGH."

