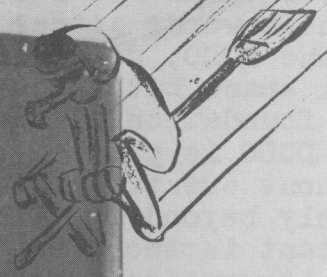
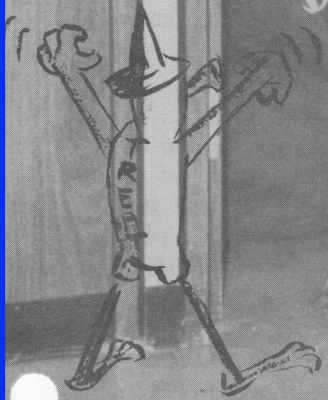
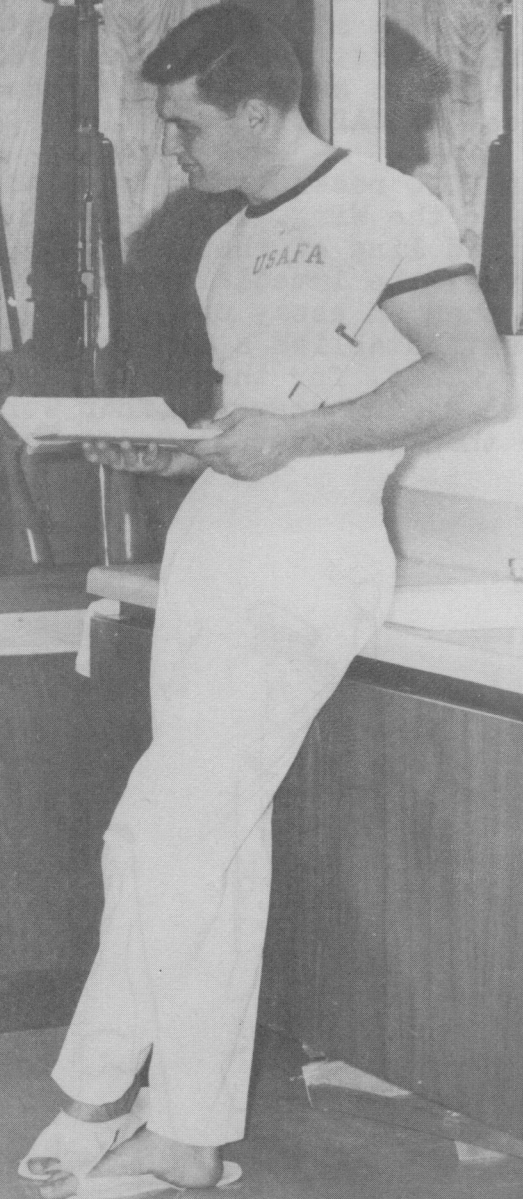


# THE Dodo



389

TRICK OR  
TREAT  
BOYS?  
BIG BLUE



A CADET PUBLICATION FOR CADETS

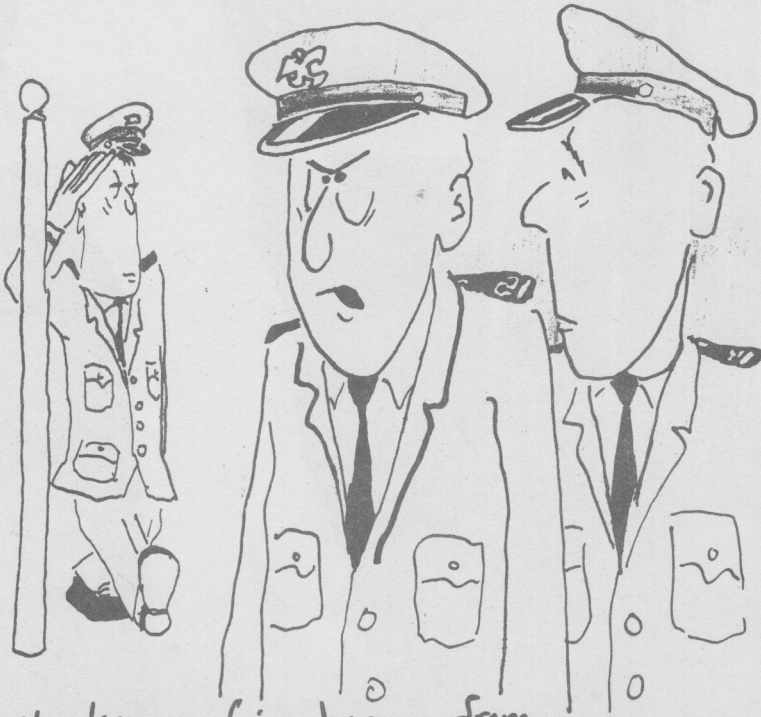
FROM THE EDITOR....

....A CADET PUBLICATION FOR CADETS

These words appear on each cover of the DODO, not there merely to fill space but instead to establish the foundation of the publication. The DODO is printed by us, as Cadets, without creative entries from immediately beyond the Wing. But more important is the direction of the DODO and its entire content toward you, the Wing, and no one else. And you must accept this role as the sole recipient in keeping the DODO inside the Wing. This magazine is not intended to be sent home or given to a sweetheart...it is ours, and that which is the DODO is meant to be shared only by us. If issues continue to escape the Wing, the DODO will be forced to alter its format, thus, in my opinion, killing it and us. We can continue to publish a modified Cadet desire pleaser or we can introduce a new academic character into the magazine. It is your choice...A CADET PUBLICATION FOR CADETS?

\*\*\*\*\*

The DODO recently extended an offer of an essay contest to the Wing. This was, in contrast with the staff's accepted line of thought, entirely legitimate and real. However, the immediate response would more suit a D&D page than an essay or, further, a movie script. Thus we must establish a minimum limit of 750 words for the paper. That, for the winner, amounts to more than \$.15 per word. The answer...four words will yield more income than the average Cadet pay (cashwise) for a day.



Doesn't know his brass from  
a pole in the ground.

# THE DODO staff

VOLUME 7

NUMBER 7

EDITOR. . .

DAVE SAMUEL '64

CREATION. . .

Bredvik & Malone '63

Bothwell & Osborn '64

Gerry Alfred '64

John Heimburger '63

Jimmy Brown '64

THE ARTISTIC. . .

Jack Eidson '65

Mike Ditmore '65

Dave Connaughton '65

Jack Oskowis '64

THE PRESSBOX. . .

WA Meyers '66

Jim Lemon '64

DISTRIBUTION. . .

Don Graham '64

THE PIC DEPARTMENT

Ferg Henderson '64

Grady Gaulke '64

John Davis '64

Dick Shuey '65

John Murray '64

TYPISTS. . .

Herb Bevelhymer '64

Jerry Bolt '64

Joe Rodwell '64

Bill Sakahara '64

Dave VI '64

An unhappy Cuban shuffled down a deserted Havana street muttering to himself . . . "Those feelthy, rotten, steenking, low-down pigs . . ." . . .

A sudden hand fell on his shoulder. "Come along," said a policeman. "You are under arrest for treasonable utterances against the authorities."

"The authorities!" cried the ignorant citizen. "Why I never even mentioned them."

"No," said the policeman, "but you described them perfectly."

# THE DODO Sweetheart

It seems that Texas is a fountain of beautiful women, for again the DODO has dipped into that magic land to find its sweetheart. And here we've found the lovely Susie Boyd, a 5'6" honey-blond cheerleader for Texas Western's Miners. The word from John Puster is that she cheers for the ~~team~~ ~~too~~. PASS 'UM



# Blessed Boredamne

## And the Cadets

(A one act play in honor of  
Karl Marx and friends)

MC - MR



Scene opens with Boredamne, our hero, stage right discoursing profoundly on aesthetic ramifications of higher economics. Stage is set with wildly colored graphs obscuring the blackboard, walls, etc. Section marcher calls the section to attention.

S.M. - Section, ten-hut. Section GL-70 all present, sir.

Boredamne - take seats, gentlemen. Now, does that make sense? It does, does it not?

That is to say, shall we sit down that we may learn of monopsonistic effects of labor wage relationships. In other words - well, let's be on with it.

Section (in chorus) - Oh, yes, let's. What fun.

Boredamne - Goody, let us proceed.

Cadet Figno - Yeh, yeh, yeh, yeh, yeh.

Boredamne - What ho? Who's that mumbling now? Ah ha, it's a form 10 for you young man.

No remarks except to the class as a whole. (Then smiling, with great feeling.)

You know, form 10's are wonderful things; I certainly wish we had them in the Ivy League. Such power.

Cadet B. Nose - (In a twangy Southern accent.) Sir, may Ah aiyahd mah concurrence.

They are indeed swell, but can we get awn to the lesson, ah eee, the monopsonistic effects of labor wage relationships?

Boredamne - Yes, certainly, that does make sense. Well, doesn't it?

Nose - Yes, sir. And sir, while Ah have the flo-ur, Ah beleeve that the oil industry of East Taixis is a good example of monopsonistic-monopolistic interrelated effects. Indeed it must be for Ah have the inside poop.

Boredamne - Yes, Mr. Nose, that is indeed true beyond all assailibility of credence. That is to say, one could certainly not dispute that element of obviousness. Ch- I beg your pardon. Is everybody with me? Am I going too slowly? If there is anything that bothers me, it's one who repeats himself redundantly.

Nose - Yes, sir, that is true.

Boredamne - Isn't it though.

Nose - Yes, sir.

Boredamne - Indeed.

Figno - Bull@#&%.

Boredamne - Indeed. (Does a double take.) Whup ho. Who said that? Who said that word?

Confess. I heard that word. The swift sword of vengeance will strike would that he vilifying the sanctity of this class does not capitulate. Who did it?

Figno - Sir, it is me.

Boredamne - Ah ha, Mr. Figno, caught again. Just what did you think you were doing? Well, answer me.

Figno - I, ah, well, you see sir - what I was trying to do was to emphasize that not only the oil industry, but also the fertilizer industry is a powerful example. It is, as a matter of fact, the question of the quano industry monoplostatic-duoplastic demand curves which gave rise to primary adjudication in the field of monopolies.

Boredamne - Indeed?

Figno - That's true, sir.

Boredamne - I do believe you're correct, Mr. Figno.

Figno - Yes, sir.

Nose - Bull@#&%.

Boredamne - Indeed. (Triple take.) Whup ho. I've got you now. Sure as these lieutenant's bars on my shoulders. Oh excuse me. One bar is for lieutenant, is it not, and a captain has two? I sometimes have a mental block about that. That is to say...

# The Blue Zoo

(no. 3)

I was not even remotely engaged in thoughts of an anthropological nature that cloudy afternoon last week when I was suddenly accosted by the most rare specis yet to be accurately described in any journal to the best of my knowledge. I was quietly padding my way along a second floor hall in the Dean's graveyard muttering colorful adjectives, when my thoughts were suddenly broken by the sound of someone reciting poetry in one of the Aeronautics labs. I only caught a few snatches, but the jist of the poem was along the lines of "Ode to a Hydraulic Line." Setting my books down, as I often have occasion to do, I peeped into the source of this mysterious and horribly painful lament. There he was, perched high atop a main propellant tank, horned rim glasses set at a jaunty angle over his huge brown beak. It was . . .

**BROWN BEAKED HORNED SMACK** The Brown Beaked Horned Smack, not to be confused with the Great Horned Owl, is seldom seen by those of us who haunt the lower sections and decelerated courses. He is commonly seen hiking to classes carrying an alligator brief case filled with his favorite texts, poems, slide rule, pocket calculators, crayons, and

cookies. Arriving in the classroom, he moves shyly to his last seat, last row and grins sheepishly at the first classmen who make up the remainder of his Astro 569 course. This bird is unusually short and colored a deep brown. He is often found to be slightly wet behind the ears and tends to shy away from physical hardship. The most distinctive marking of this bird is his utter lack of real distinction. The Brown Beaked



Horned Smack is usually found near the library. He eats very little, but still retains a portly profile. His left arm is grossly overdeveloped from carrying a heavy briefcase, and his eyesight is generally poor due to excessive reading. He must be approached quietly, for he is very

nervous.

Unfortunately, this specis is becoming so rare that extinction is almost inevitable within one year. The Horned Smack is beset upon all sides with natural enemies. For the mutual benefit of all beasts, he often migrates to a less severe climate. If, perchance, you should come upon one of this specis, we reccommend that you report the sighting to your local Council for Protection of Dumb Animals. The dumb animal you save may be yourself!

# THE DUCK SPORTS SCOPE

THIS WEEK IN SPORTS	RECORD
Football 20 * Oregon 35	3-2-0
Soccer 6 - DU 1	5-0-0
X Country 5th Denver Invit.	2-2-0
Lacrosse 8 - Denver 2	1-0-0
Water Polo 8 - CU 9	
Water Polo 9 - Cele. Lanes 13	0-3-0
JV FB 8 - Grand Rapids JC 8	1-0-1
Frosh FB 20 - Preps 6	2-1-0

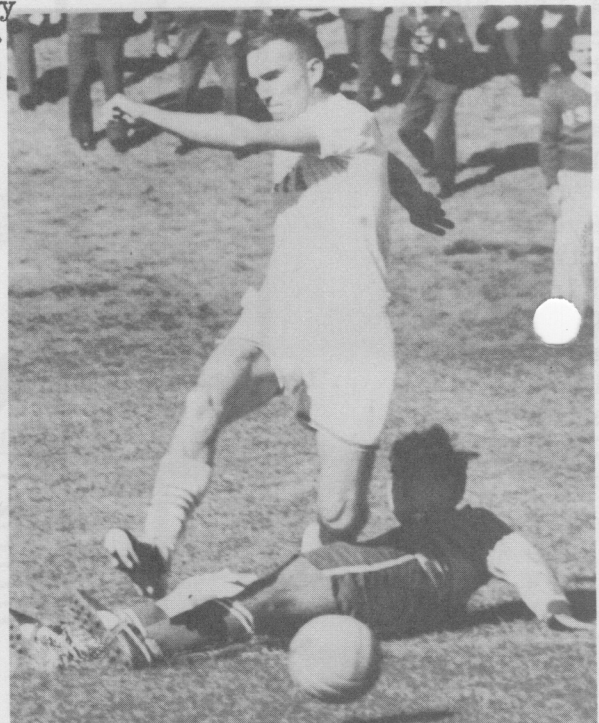
## THE WEEK AHEAD

- FB) vs. Miami
- S) at CU
- CC) at Iowa
- L) vs Denver Lacrosse Club (Sunday)
- WP) vs CU

Although the powerful offense of Oregon pretty well left us shredded last weekend we should take note of one encouraging fact, the twenty points scored against Oregon were only five shy of the high scored on the Ducks this season, that by the number one team in the nation, Texas. The game this weekend promises to yield high scores on both sides and the amount our pass defense has improved this week might well be the difference in our battle with Mr. Mira.

In a very disappointing performance, the Cross Country team placed 5th among seven teams entered in the Den-Invitational meet. Falcon runners face another tough weekend as they go up against Iowa, who has not lost in its last 15 dual meets

In a very impressive effort, the Falcon Soccer team downed DU 6 - 1 with the help of a large turnout from the Wing. Outstanding jobs were turned in by Bill Hoilman, one goal, Jack Zimmerman, one goal, Fullback Erik Aspelin and Goalie Dan Holloviak. However we owe a special salute to Big Jim Renschen who scored 4 goals and all season has provided the big punch to the fine Falcon offense. Jim, an All-American candidate this year, is from St. Louis, Soccer capital of the US, where he starred on the top high school soccer team in the nation his senior year. One of two Sophomore lettermen last year, Jim played Center Forward but was moved to Inside in order to get more of the big guns on the front line this year. Looking ahead, the Falcons take on CU in Boulder, a team who is probably about the same caliber of the Wyoming team we played week before last.



LACROSSE  
WATER  
POLO  
SUNDAY  
You GO

And then there was the dooley who thought that a **redhead** was a Russian toilet.

\*\*\*

He loved a girl so much that he worshipped the ground her father discovered oil on.

\*\*\*

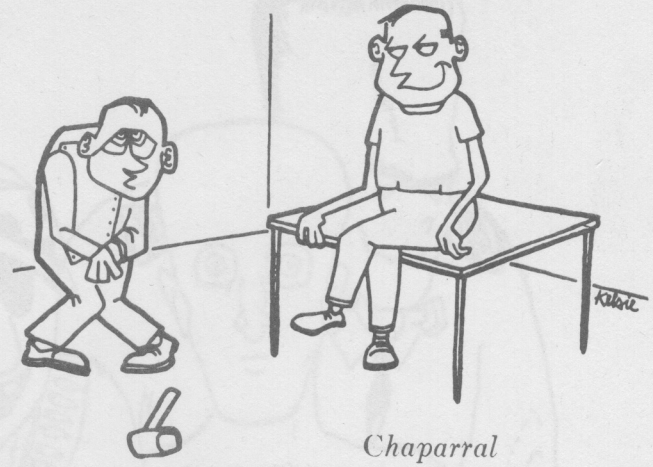
Then there was a gal who was so thin that when she swallowed an olive ten men left town.

\*\*\*

"Do you believe in fairy godmothers?"  
 "Not really, but I have an uncle I'm not sure of."

\*\*\*

Have you ever wondered if the chinese have white pages in their phone book?



Chaparral

# Dads Dots & Doodles

Two cute nurses slipping in late met two internes: "Shhhh. We're coming in after hours."

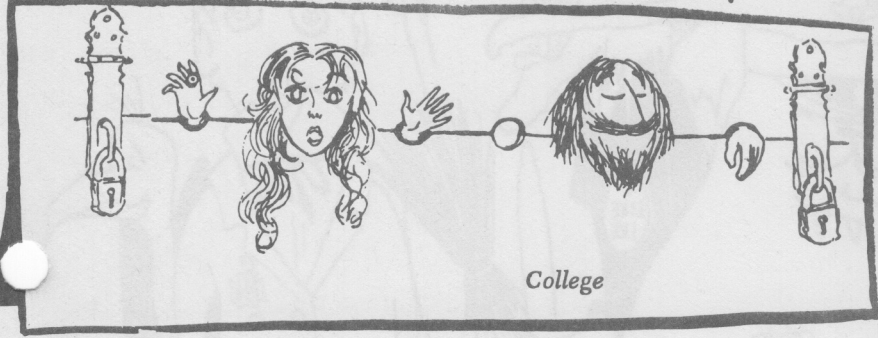
Internes: "Think nothing of it. We're going out after ours."

\*\*\*

"I've found the best way to start the day is to exercise for five minutes, take a deep breath, and finish with a cold shower. Then I feel rosey all over."

"Tell me more about Rosie."

\*\*\*



College

\*\*\*

The mama broom and the papa broom had a little whisk broom, and they couldn't understand it because they had never swept together.

\*\*\*

Paul Revere: (1st house) Is your husband at home?  
 Madam: Yes.  
 Paul Revere: To arms, to arms, the British are coming!  
 Paul Revere: (next house) Is your husband at home?  
 Madam: Yes.  
 Paul Revere: To arms, to arms, the British are coming!  
 Paul Revere: (next house) Is your husband at home?  
 Madam: No.  
 Paul Revere: Whoa!

\*\*\*

Papa Bear: "Who's been drinking my beer?"  
 Mama Bear: "Who's been drinking my beer?"  
 Baby Bear: "BARF"

\*\*\*

There are lots of couples who don't neck in parked cars. The woods are full of them.

## ON THE HOME FRONT



"Well, she's not too tall, cooks, makes all her own clothes, has lots of personality, and all the girls here in the dorm like her . . . sure, any time you want a blind date, call me up."

RIVET

—Showme



HAPPY HALLOWEEN

..... from all of us on the *D.B.* staff