

DIC - Capt. J. Terry CMFWIC - Bill Radasky AMFWIC - Ros Dean other warped minds: MIKE STEVENSON Ted Helminski Rick Grandjean FROM THE CHEWIC

Well it's Friday the thirteenth and do you feel lucky? If your day wasnamything like mine... On my way to class I decided to walk around a ladder and ended up falling into a newly dug pit filled with pungy sticks. After pulling my head out I had a slinky feline cross my path. Muttering some appropriate comments concerning my bad luck, she promptly scratched my eyes out. Figuring that I had nothing to lose since I had my first class physical next period, I then proceded to Mitches to really stretch my luck. Figuring that I'd better straighten out the odds on my day, I tossed some salt over my shoulder right into Mondo Chonotes eyes. By the way, does anybody know what "Besezmez Couro" means? Until next issue (if there is one), don't take any wodden ones. Lt. Terry

Dear Editor:

About that AOC's diary. I'll have you know that not a word of that scandal sheet had any truth to it. For example, I'm sure we AOC's don't beat our wives for 20 minutes every morning. After all an AOC's hands do get tired after 10 minutes of any kind of work. Also that part about alloting one minute for explaining policy changes is ridiculous; anybody could tell you that reasons are never given for policy changes. And by the way, I never ask my wife for late lights! The lights in my room are mine. Those in her room are hers!

Maj. Aspenshield

Ed. So what do you know about being an AOC.

C/1C Radasky:

We would like to thank you for bringing to light the activities of T.H.E. Man. It's been quite a while since we've had a good withh hunt and we think that we have a stock which should fit him perfectly. You would be doing yourself and the Wing a service if you would reveal his name before the Denver Post gets wind of the story; besides that we wouldn't want to have an investigation of the DODO, would we.

CIC Ethics Committee

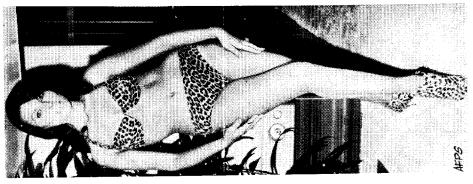
Ed. An investigation wouldn't bother us; we're not short any funds!

C/Unranked Radasky:

Why me?

Signed "X

Well, you can fool some of the people some of the time...





T. H.E.

I made it to the latrine, dove into a stall and popped quickly to a brace. At my feet was Major Jol E. Green making an inspection of the comode. I turned around and escaped before he could get his head out. There was no where to hide, no where to go but Col. Bore's office. I pressed on and entered the AOC section. I heard a scream from behind me. Turning suddenly, full of fear, I discovered it was only a secretary being chased by an AOC. I turned to proceed and tripped over Maj. LeeGreen working on his motorcycle. He belted me in the head with a wrench and then wrote me up for blood on uniform. I thanked him and then sprinted for the door of Col. Bore's office. I made it, tucked my chin in, and knocked. Hearing a roar which I took to be a command to enter, I opened the door and walked in. I flattened against the wall. Col. Bore just missed me as he sprinted across the room toward the AOC Buck-Buck team. Bodies flew about. I reported to Col. Bore who was now seated upon some prostrate AOC, saluting several times trying to beat him down.

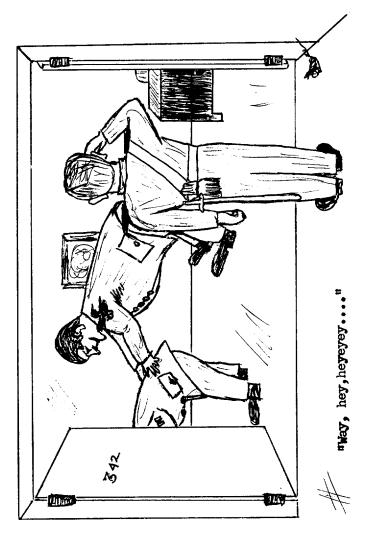
Finally having gotten the preliminaries over, I waited with queasy stomach for him to get around to the business at hand. He lurched up and lumbered toward his desk, stepping on those AOC's not yet recovered from the crash of the mesnest Buck-Buck breaker in the world. He rooted among the many papers on his desk and came up with a small yellow one. It was all over; my roommate must have talked! I hadn't thought much of it when he didn't return for taps last night. I had merely stuffed his bed. They must have had him here all night beating information out of him. Col. Bore began to speak but the silence was punctuated by a groan from one of the injured AOC's. Col. Bore order him out, and two of his comrades who were always eager to please flipped him out the window (it was closer than the door). The tension was unbearable! He finally spoke. The form ten was not for me; it was for my roommate. He had gotten his arm caught in the printout machine in the Comp Sci lab and had forgotten to pick up his bloody shirt on the way to the hospital.

Col. Bore then inspected me. Leaving his office counting the form tens I had received, I was much relieved to find that I had only gotten two months (for being insubordinate- I had tried to explain to Col. Bore that the reason I did not know my rifle serial number was that I didn't have a rifle; firsties never do). This close call made me

MAN

decide that the security would have to be tightened if THE PLOT were to succeed. There would have to be a meeting tonight, I thought. While I was thinking about this I forgot the danger I was in and walked right in front of the secretary being chased by Maj. Hands. She ran right over me. Had I not been occupied with the pain as her spiked heels jabbed into my chest, I might have enjoyed the view.....

to be continued



Have you ever noticed how some classes just seem to drag on for ever and ever and ever and ever and? And in these stimulating adventures into academic discovery we're sure that you've noticed how HEAVY those eyelids can get. Well, we of the DODO staff have compiled a list of the various techniques involved in the most heinous crime of SLEEPING IN CLASS. Our information is carefully documented from among the wing's favorites: Sci 350, Econ 311, Geog 110, Mech 355, MT (any grade), PE (???), and so forth. if deep in thought, and gradually the WHAT TYPE OF MAN ARE YOU???

The Simple Harmonic Oscillator: This guy sits at his desk trying desperately to be interested, but just can't manage. His head soon drops suddenly to his chest the minute he chest crashes upon his breastbone and, realizing his crime, jerks his head violently upward. However, he is so tired that he can't stop his motion This motion is repeated about 10 desk. (Source: Marriage 304) times per minute. (Source: SCI 350) The Rubberneck: the prerequisite for this is an instructor woth a monotone in a class immediately after lunch This is merely a variation of the SHO; it has a larger time constant. The student begins class listening intently to the instructor. As the period drags on, the head is slowly lowered down and to one side. The degree of conciousness is directly proportional to the angle with the vertical. The final position is with the head to one side. At a change in momotone, the victim slowly realizes what his state of affairs is (note: often does not care) and gradually retraces his path to the vertical position so as to remain inconspicuous. (note: Should stimulus be delayed for excess period of time, the momentum created by the drooping head may carry student off chair to the floor with a horrendous crash, thereby making it impossible to remain inconspicuous.) (Source: Mech 355)

3. The Thinker: everyone knows what this position is like. The instructor asks a deep question and asks the class to think about it for a while. The expert "thinker" begins to scratch his forehead, but never gets farther than resting his head on his hand.

the RACK-OUT REPORT

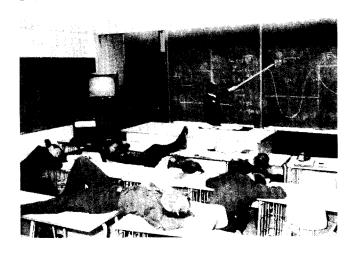
the eyes are covered with the hand, as student drifts of into Never-Never-Land. (Source: Econ 311)

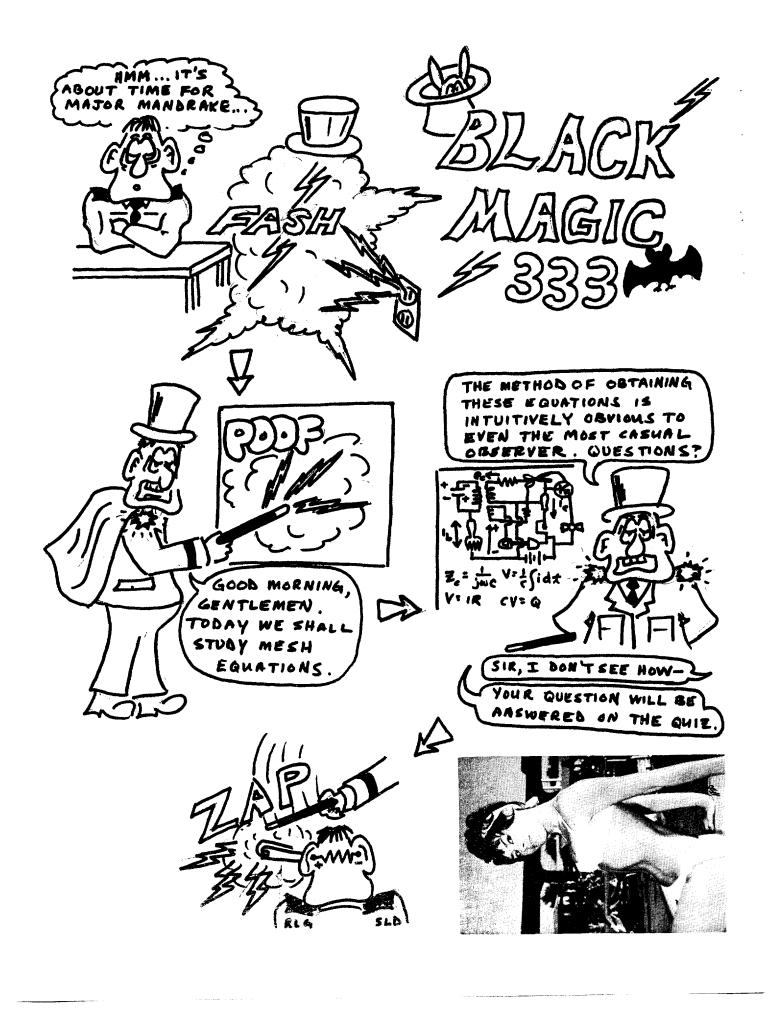
The Slider: This young stud is usually found in early morning classes. He has such an instictive desire for the horizontal that no matter how hard it falls asleep. He awakes as soon as his gets he always manages to come out right He begins the class sitting alertly in his chair, but as the lesson drags on, he gradually slips down further and further into his chair, eventually to end and his head beats upon the desk to his up on the floor sound asleep beneath hts

> 5. The Blatant Bagger: This cadet makes absolutely no attempt to even pretend to be interested. He brings his pillow (disguised as his map folder) to class and immediately puts his head down and goes to sleep. (Source: Geog 110)

This list, though certainly not complete, is surely representative of some of the more typical "Sack-men". I'm sure that from aomng these general categories

We're sure that from among these general categories you can find one that fits you. And in closing, We'd just like to remind you all that teh wgings ug sigoy top j bz....zzzzzzzzzzzzzz.





Spacemate

LOS TO

This month's SPACE*
MATE answers to the name
of Ruth Ann Walker. This
brown-eyed beauty measures
5'6" (sorry, no horizontal
statistics). Ruth attends
school in Oklahoma and
presently belongs to a
lowly Fourth Classman
(eat your hearts out
Firsties!!).





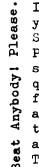


POOPSIE BEATS THE OTHERS COLD

Says Hans Von Bigmudder, agent for the Poopsie Protection Agency, (shown here explaining the advantages of his system to ClC Sick Jose - a subscriber to Croak). Remember if you have Comp Sci or any other type of activity which requires late night excursions in and around VBerg, you need Poopsie.

Sports Column

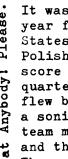
It was the toughest game of the year for both teams; The United States Air Force Academy vs. The Polish National All-Stars. The score was tied 0-0 in the fourth quarter when a flight of F-4s flew by at Mach I. This created a sonic boom which the Polish team mistook for the final gun, and they walked off the field. Three plays later the Falcons scored the winning field goal.



you

your

teeth.

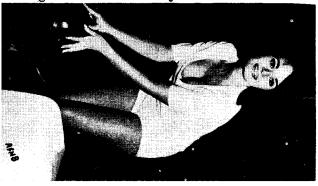


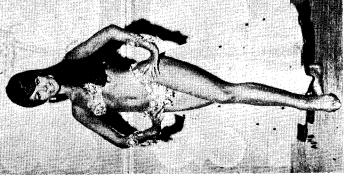


Its a good thing I only get to send out 36 pieces of laundry.

DID YOU KNOW THAT:

- 1. Vince Lombardi was tuned down in favor of Uncle Ben.
- 2. Laslo Jiacivici and Genedy Siderov were the 1,000 meters Tandem Single Blade World Canoeing Champions in 1962 3. The U.S. has successfully defended the America's Cup yacht racing trophy twenty times.since 1851.
- 4. Terry Hanratty wanted to come to AFA, but he couldn't pass.
- 5. Crusader Rabbit's hometown is Galahad Glen.
- 6. A six-pointed star is also the shape of a Chinese Checkers board.
- 7. A famous football coach recently said, "We always have a fine team. We should have. We have excellent coaching." It was John McKay, USC.
- 8. Peter Pain was the troll under the bridge in the Ben-Gay commercial.





Ed. What me worry?



roll of toilet paper to a crap game? Did you hear about the WooPoo that took a

