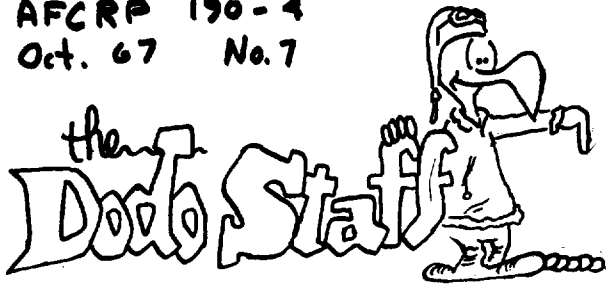


AFCRP 190-4
Oct. 67 No.7

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



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 allotting 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!

□ I C - Capt. J. Terry
CMFWIC - Bill Radasky
AMFWIC - Rog Dean

other warped minds:

Mike STEVENSON
Ted Helminski,
Rick Grandjean
FROM THE CMFWIC

Maj. Aspenshield

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

C/IC 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?

Lt. Terry

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

Well it's Friday the thirteenth and do you feel lucky? If your day was ~~anything~~ 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 proceeded 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.

Signed "X"



an extra
cost
option...



AFPS

GOES
A D E



63 67

THE
DODD
STAFF

T.H.E.

MAN

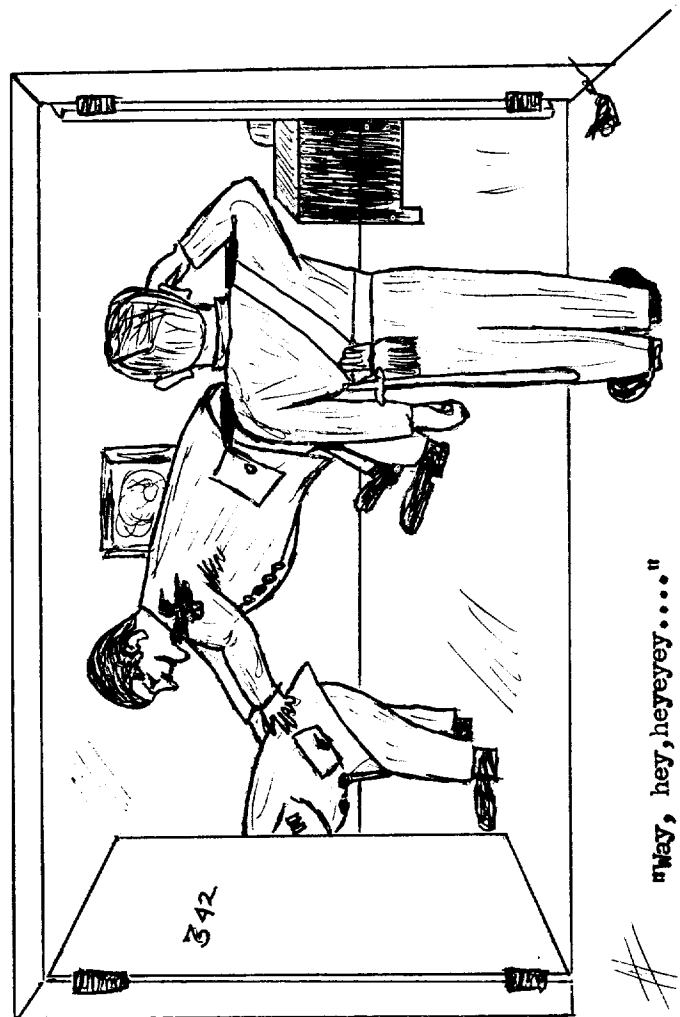
I made it to the latrine, dove into a stall and popped quickly to a brace. At my feet was Major Jol E. Green making an inspection of the comfode. I turned around and escaped before he could get his head out. There was no where to hide, no where to go but Col. Bore's office. I pressed on and entered the 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 meanest 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

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



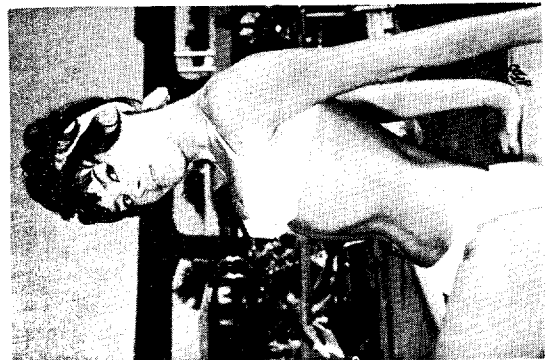
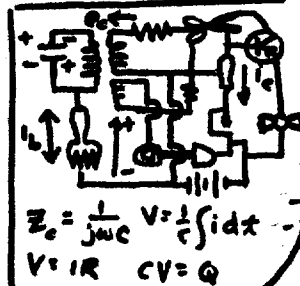
HMM... IT'S ABOUT TIME FOR MAJOR MANDRAKE...

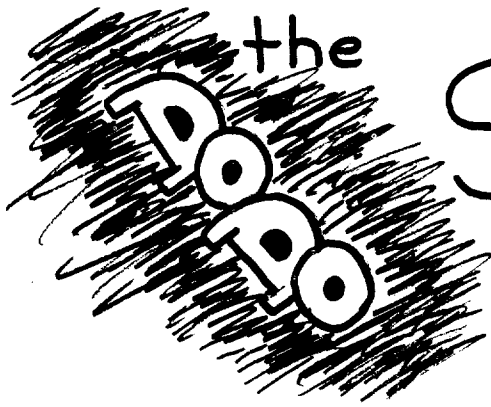


BLACK MAGIC 333



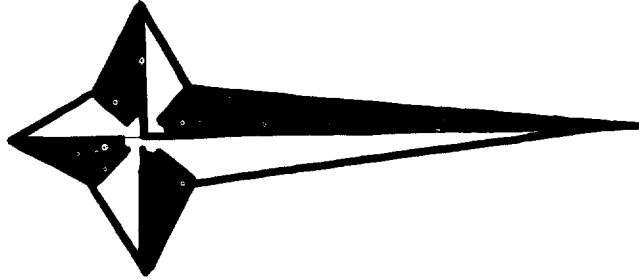
THE METHOD OF OBTAINING THESE EQUATIONS IS INTUITIVELY OBVIOUS TO EVEN THE MOST CASUAL OBSERVER. QUESTIONS?





the

Spacemate



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!!).



— Ann J. Smith

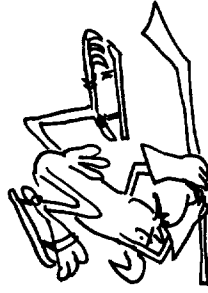


POOPSIE BEATS THE OTHERS COLD

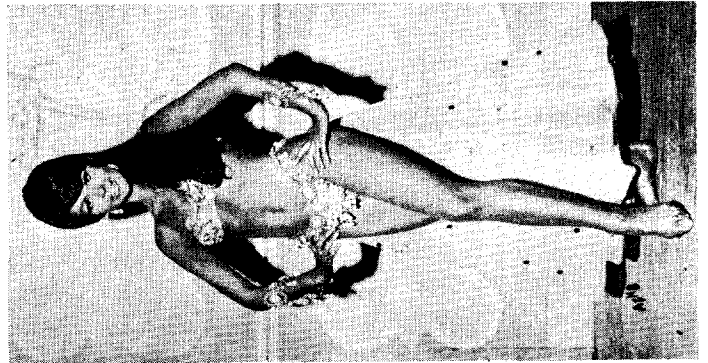
Says Hans Von Bigmudder, agent for the Poopsie Protection Agency, (shown here explaining the advantages of his system to ClC Sick Jose - a subscriber to Croak). Remember if you have Comp Sci or any other type of activity which requires late night excursions in and around VBerg, you need Poopsie.



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



Beat Anybody! Please. 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.



DID YOU KNOW THAT:

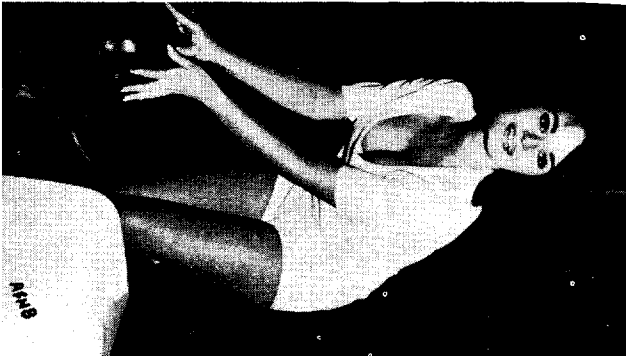
1. Vince Lombardi was tuned down in favor of Uncle Ben.
2. Laslo Jiacivici and Genedy Siderov were the 1,000 meters Tandem Single Blade World Canoeing Champions in 1962
3. The U.S. has successfully defended the America's Cup yacht racing trophy twenty times since 1851.
4. Terry Hanratty wanted to come 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.

What me worry? Ed.



The new dorm is coming along just fine.

How do you get rid of 10 lbs of ugliness? Brush your teeth.



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

