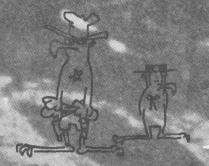
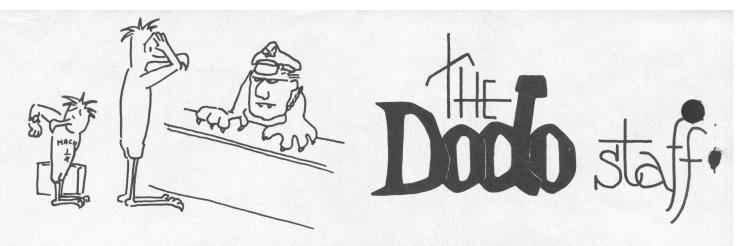
A CADET PUBLICATION FOR CADETS



how to get down to the stadium when this old feller with a great big hat ambles up and.....



With this issue, we launch into another year of the DODO ... a new DODO which we of the staff hope and believe will carry you into many foreign areas (after reading an issue, assemble it in the form of a Surface-To-SHI-NY Surface missile and launch it at the OC, and our beliefs should take form as reality). This year's mag will be directed toward you, and, as such, it is yours to create. We welcome any offerings of genius (literary, artistic, or -censored- otherwise) which might be a dormant part of you. For your ideas WILL BE the 1962-63 DODO ... the only purpose of the staff is to joyously bear that-which-is-certain-to-flow-from-above should your creations gather frowns from our star-spangled overlords.

Through your aid, (and we hope that those many wild illusions which before perished as unrefined dreams will be shared with us) a new DODO will appear every Friday. The contents — chicks, cartoons, chicks, humor, chicks, news, chicks, sports, chicks, and anything else wildly fervent Cadet minds might conceive (chicks)— all add up to a lot of fun. But, in all seriousness, the DODO stands dependent on the Wing for its continued existence. So let's all pitch in and make the DODO "the threshold to every weekend." (And, upon reading, fold into the shape of a cone and enjoy a new drinking mug each weekend......)

Editor...
DAVE SAMUEL '64

Creation...

Bredvik & Malone '63

Bothwell & Osborn '64

Gerry Alfred '64

JM Narsavage '66

The Artistic...

Jack Eidson '65

Mike Ditmore '65

Dave Connaughton '65

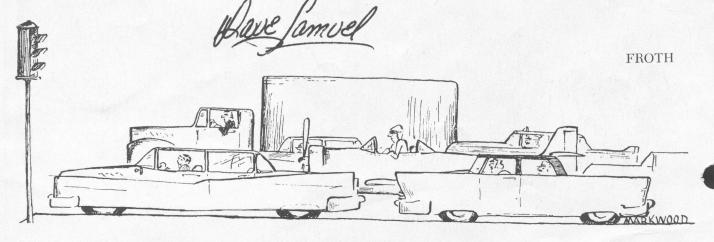
Jack Oskowis '64

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Diffe weetheart





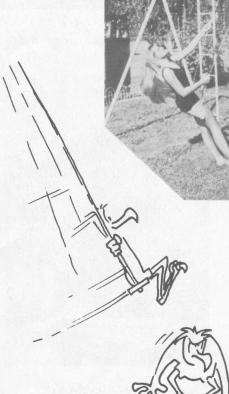
Cinderella has truly vacated that wonderful realm of fantasy to brighten 1962's inaugural issue of the DODO
in the person of Albuquerque's very lovely Siegrid Knapp. A stunning 5'2" honey blond, 18 year old Siegrid is at home **
on the dance floor, climbing New Mexico's Sandia Mountains, bowling, or just plain having fun. She enjoys her daytime hours as a secretary. And her evening hours... well, just count the stars in Stu Mccurdy's "Twilight Zone." **













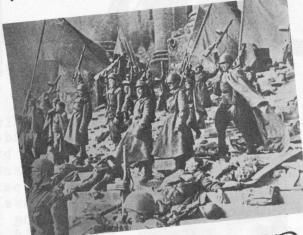


by the local flowers of life.



... and Husbands ...

... where we were eagerly received by waving shrongs of smiling people ...



SUMMER

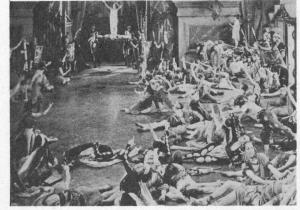




awe at the sight of our inspiring, parade.



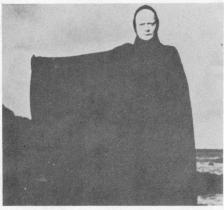
DIARY



... art, and culture ...



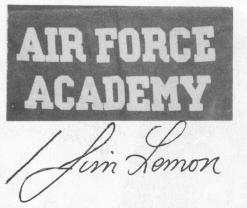
return to the welcome clutches of UDA-A...





etter military men!

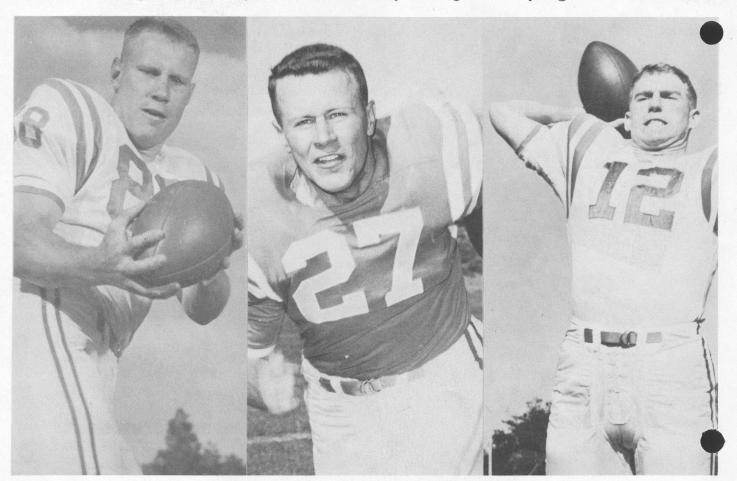






In its brief history the Academy has gained a reputation for spirited, capable athletic teams and for spirited, enthusiastic backing of these teams by the Cadet Wing. The three outstanding football players below - Rich Mayo, Mike Quinlan, and Bob Brickey led in building our athletic prowess during the 1958, '59, '60 football seasons, just as the Cadet Wing's support of the teams they starred on built a tradition of unequalled loyalty to those teams. Together they shared triumph, and together they faced defeat ... but they always stood together.

This year fifteen varsity teams face schedules more challenging than ever before. We enter this year with more talented, stronger teams than we have ever boasted in the past. However, there is one facet of the approaching season which today cannot be calculated - the backing from the Wing. Just as in the past, we must assure that the spirit of the Wing does its part in providing that extra edge needed in order that, game after game, we might field history's highest flying Falcon teams.



Dots Doodles

Quote she: "When I let him steal a little kiss, I didn't know it would start a one man crime wave."

"We're going to give the bride a shower."

"Count me in. I'll bring the soap."

The local police received a call from an exited young lady. "A sex maniac just broke into my apartment, "came the cry...." "Come and pick him up the first thing in the morning."

An enterprising sea gull had always wanted to own a car. Sooo, one fine day when he was feeling extravagant, he laid something down on a new convertible.



"A half-dozen plastic bags, please ..."

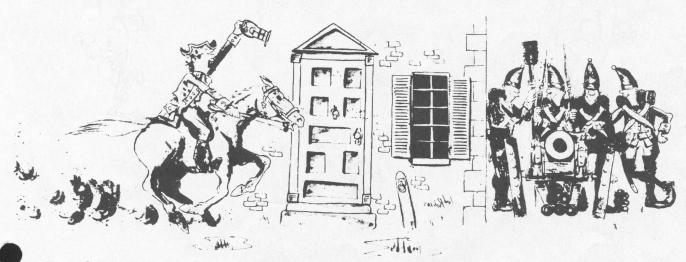
JOHNNY (six years old): Daddy, the little girl across the street and I are going to get married.

DADDY: That's quite a step to take, son. What are you going to use for money?

JOHNNY: Her daddy built a playhouse with a garden for us to live in.

DADDY: Well, that's taking care of the housing and eating problems. But what about child-ren? Have you thought about that?

JOHNNY: Oh yes, her and me have talked that over. If she lays any eggs, we're going to step on 'em.



-Record

