

THE Dodo



NO NOTHING
FEB 71

T-41 story!
Chapel Hill massacre...
Some wise cracks...
"It's not my fault," says REAGAN.

BLOW
BLOW

HIGH SEA

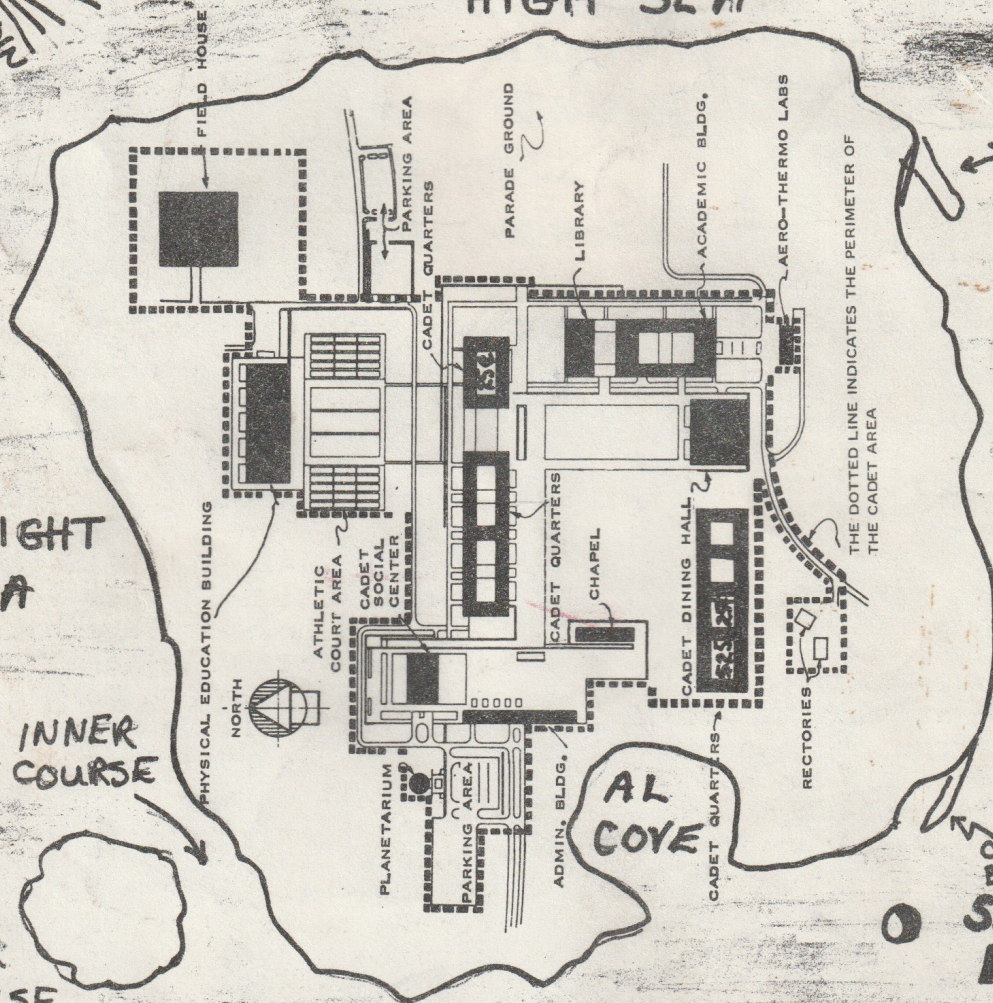
SAND BAR

A O SEA

STRAIGHT SEA

INNER COURSE

OUTER COURSE



SEA HOLE

CLARK BAR
SEA OF HOLES

ANOTHER HOLE

Welcome To

GALLIGAN'S ISLAND



A CADET PUBLICATION FOR CADETS

THE STAFF

Oh-I-See!! CAPT GRACE

CINC DODO J.D. McBrierty

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HUART DUERSON, Dougherty, Voss,
Thrush, T.D., FLUEG, Threen GRAYSON

PHOTO. DIXIE, Paul, Dave Floyd Glick

SUPPORTERS: SSgt. Schoffstall Whitt

Steve Harman, Ted Munsch Ken

Voss, Jack, KAFA, Sgt Malooff White

The Vets Dept

BROWN AMONG THE BLUE

Captain Gradatsio, a typical blonde irishman, sat in the black armchair staring at the wall clock. He had been sitting for some time in this manner with beads of sweat rolling intermittently down his furrowed forehead. The clock now read 1756 hrs. and all those present knew that a decision was eminent. Still the captain held on.

Suddenly, the captain blurted out the statement, "We'll march," as he turned to the firstclassman (Senior) on his right. A doolie (messenger) to his left fainted, a secondclassman held his hand to his mouth and dashed (flashed?) for the latrine and a low murmur issued from those left standing.

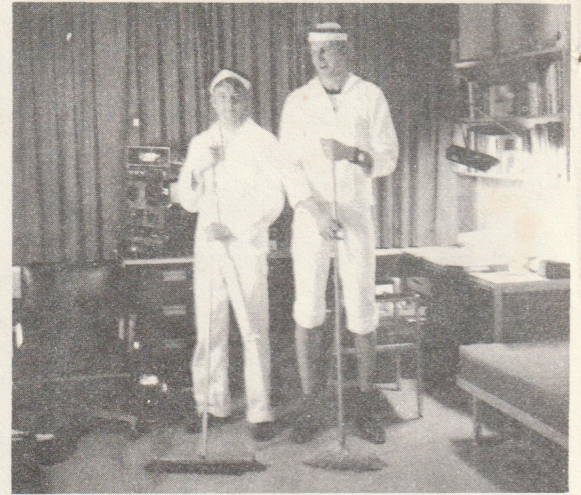
"But sir," the towering firstie whimpered, "it's nearly 20° below, the snow is coming down in sheets and the wind is nearly eighty knots.

The senior knew that time was precious and thus his efforts to dissuade this paragon, this mentor of Amerika's finest were rather Grazen. Just a few short minutes later, the correcting announcement spread the warmth, admiration and "oh" of compromise wing wide.

Academy Exchange

OR

Go 2000 miles to serve a cow?

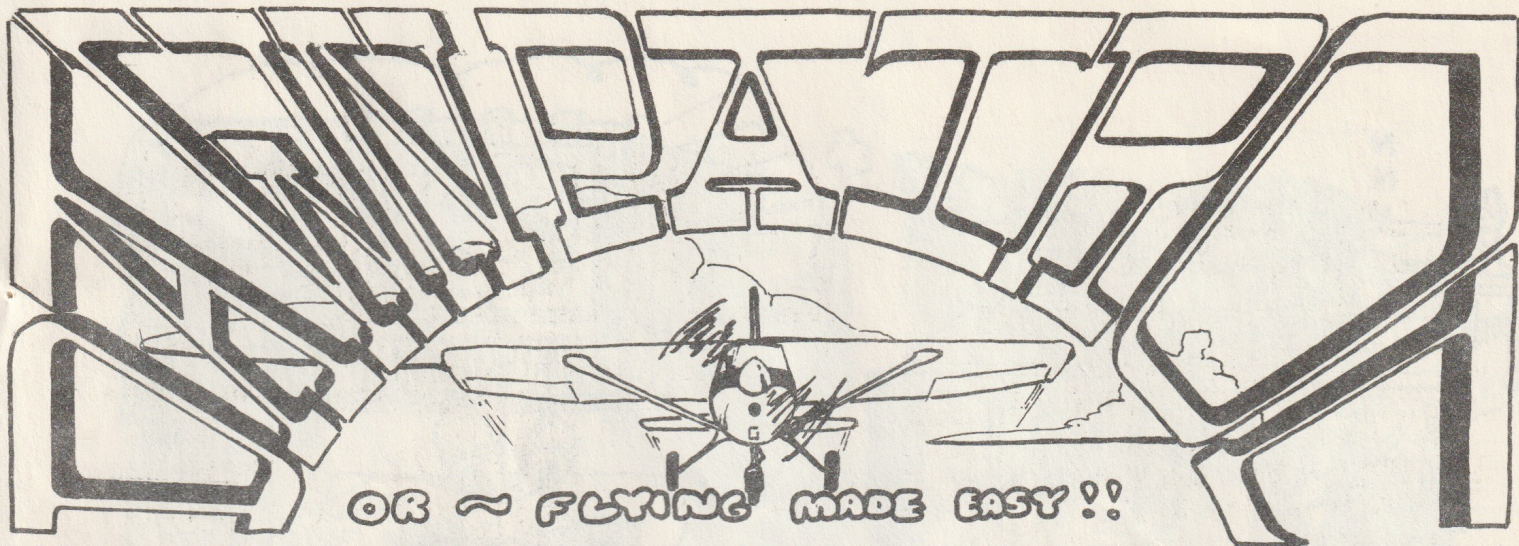


"Attention in the area, attention in the area," came the approved solution. "Correction to the previous announcement. Due to high winds, all cadets weighing less than 125 pounds will not march to the evening meal, but will precede to Mitchell Hall from V-berg via the road between Farichild Hall and the Wall using the buddy system or from Gnu Dorm's North-east stairwell forming a human chair. The remainder of the wing will march. Squadron operations officers will be held responsible for navigation errors. All cadets will wear combat boots, long underwear, service bravo, overcoats, parkas and accessories, hoods worn up and so forth. The formation might be monitored. I say again. . . ." The announcement trailed off in a sob, and the distant sound of shattering glass.

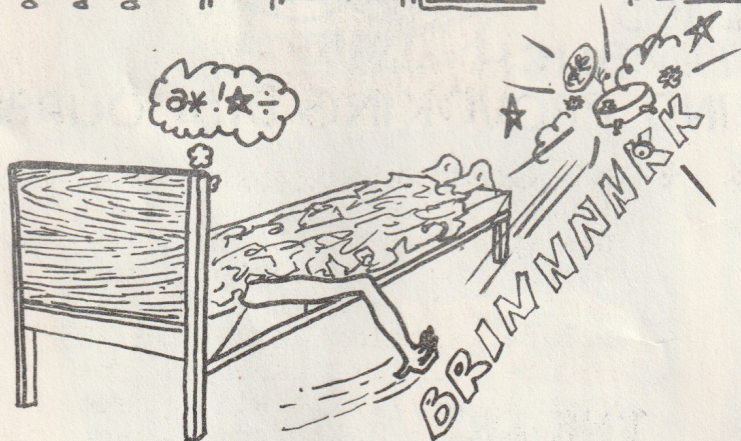
Moral: Don't write a dodo debacle on the [redacted] of the moment--or--try not to [redacted] so often. Then you'll weigh less than 125 lbs--or--not by bread alone does man [redacted]

B.C.

?
g

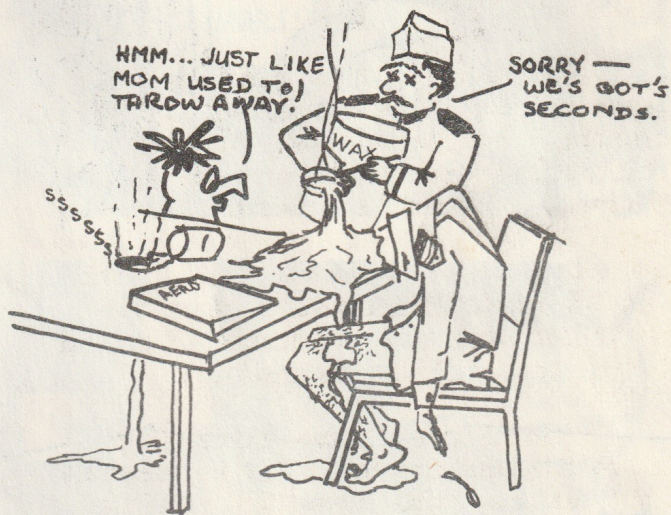


THE THRILLING ADVENTURES OF THOSE DARE-DEVILS OF THE SKYS
 ... THE T-41 JACKS.

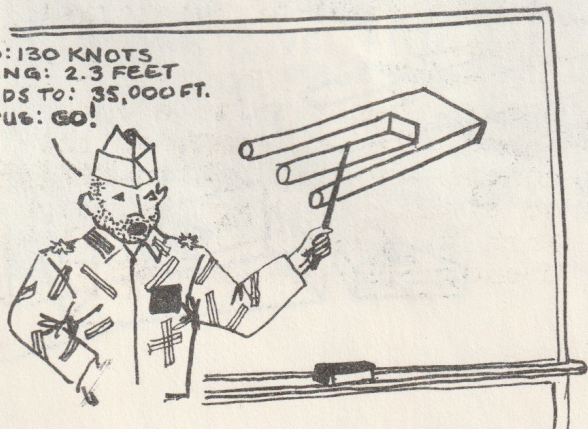


AT 0430 OUR HERO
 LEAPS TO HIS DEMANDING
 TASK WHICH HE KNOWS
 WILL INVOLVE 5 HOURS
 OF UNREMITTING EFFORT
 AND COURAGE, —WAKING UP!

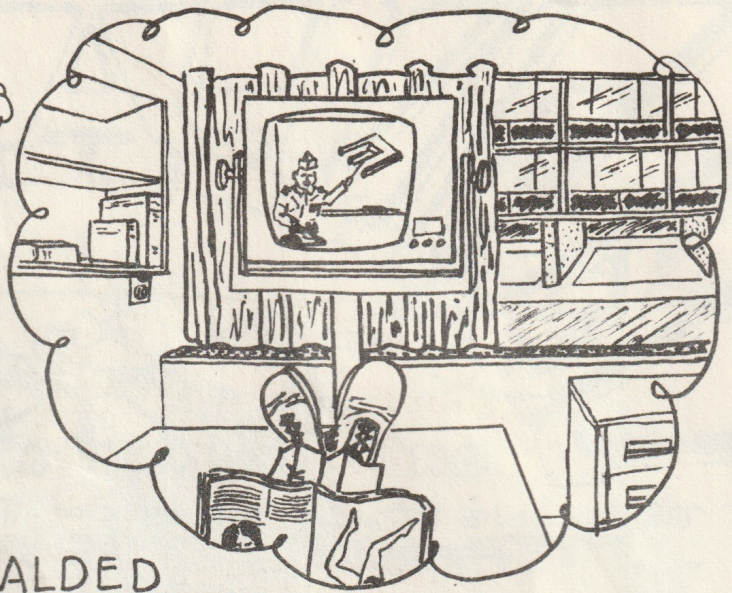
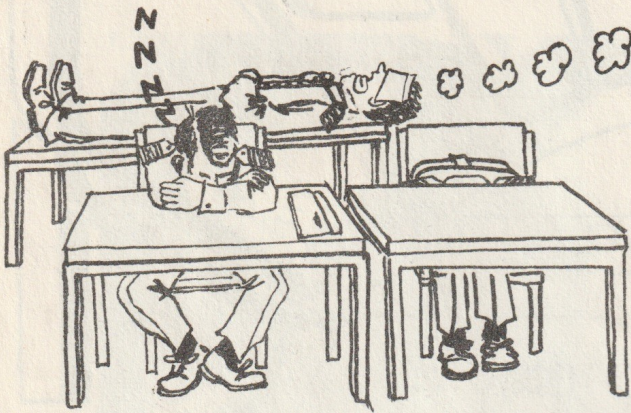
AFTER A HEARTY
 BREAKFAST OF HOT
 WAX AND MINT GUOLASH...



WIND: 130 KNOTS
 CEILING: 2.3 FEET
 CLOUDS TO: 35,000FT.
 STATUS: GO!




OUR HERO IS BRIEFED
 ON THE LATEST INFO
 WHICH WILL PROVE TO
 BE OF MUCH IMPORTANCE
 IN THE LONG DAY AHEAD.

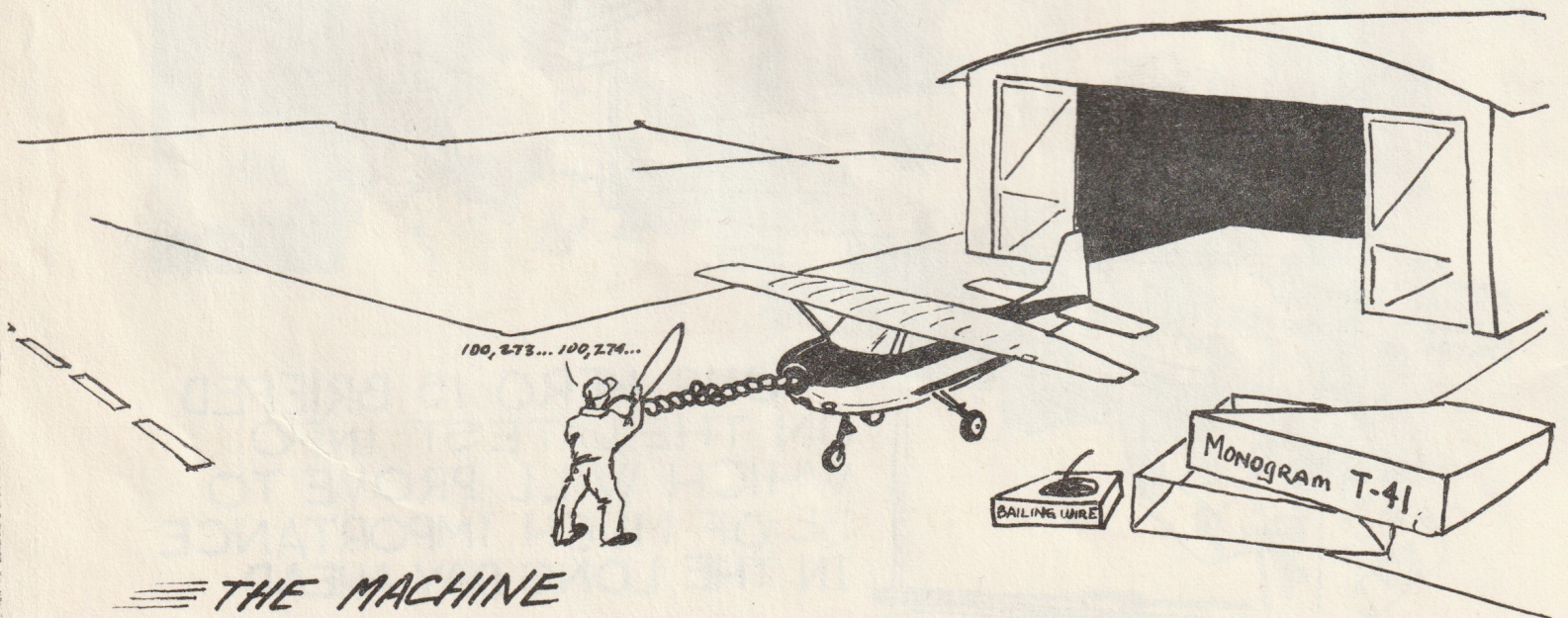


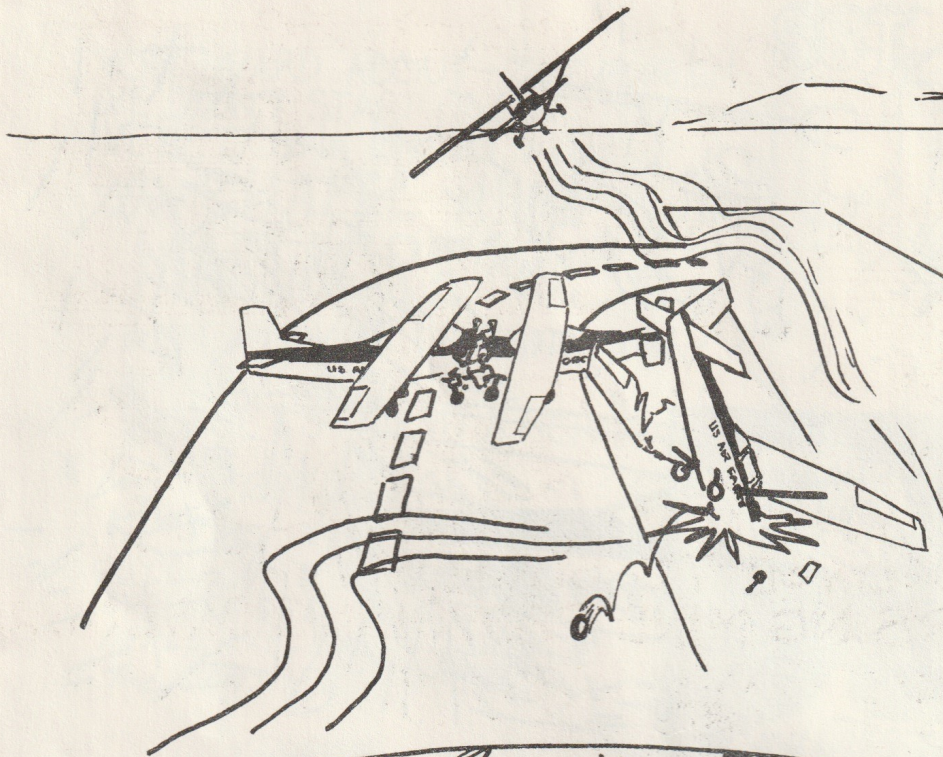
THE AUDIENCE IS UNHERALDED
IN ITS EAGER RESPONSE TO SUCH
DEEP AND ABSORBING MIND PROVOKING DISCOURSE



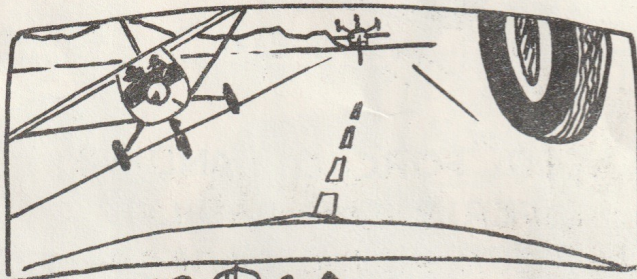
THE I.P.*

* SHORT FOR 

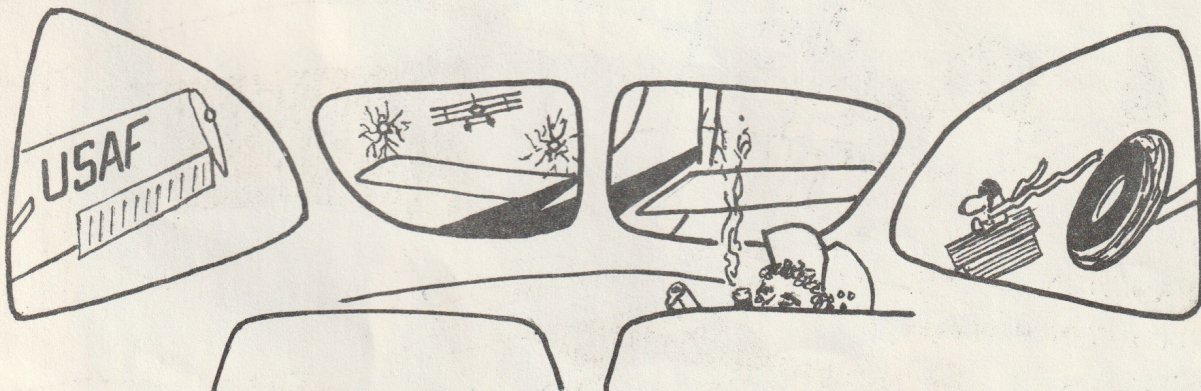
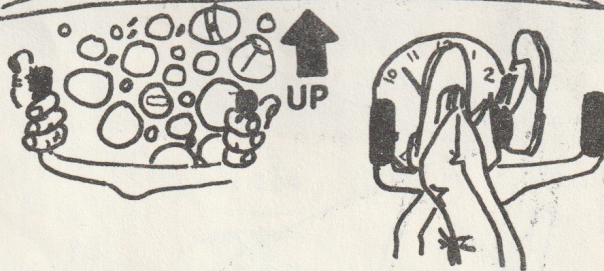




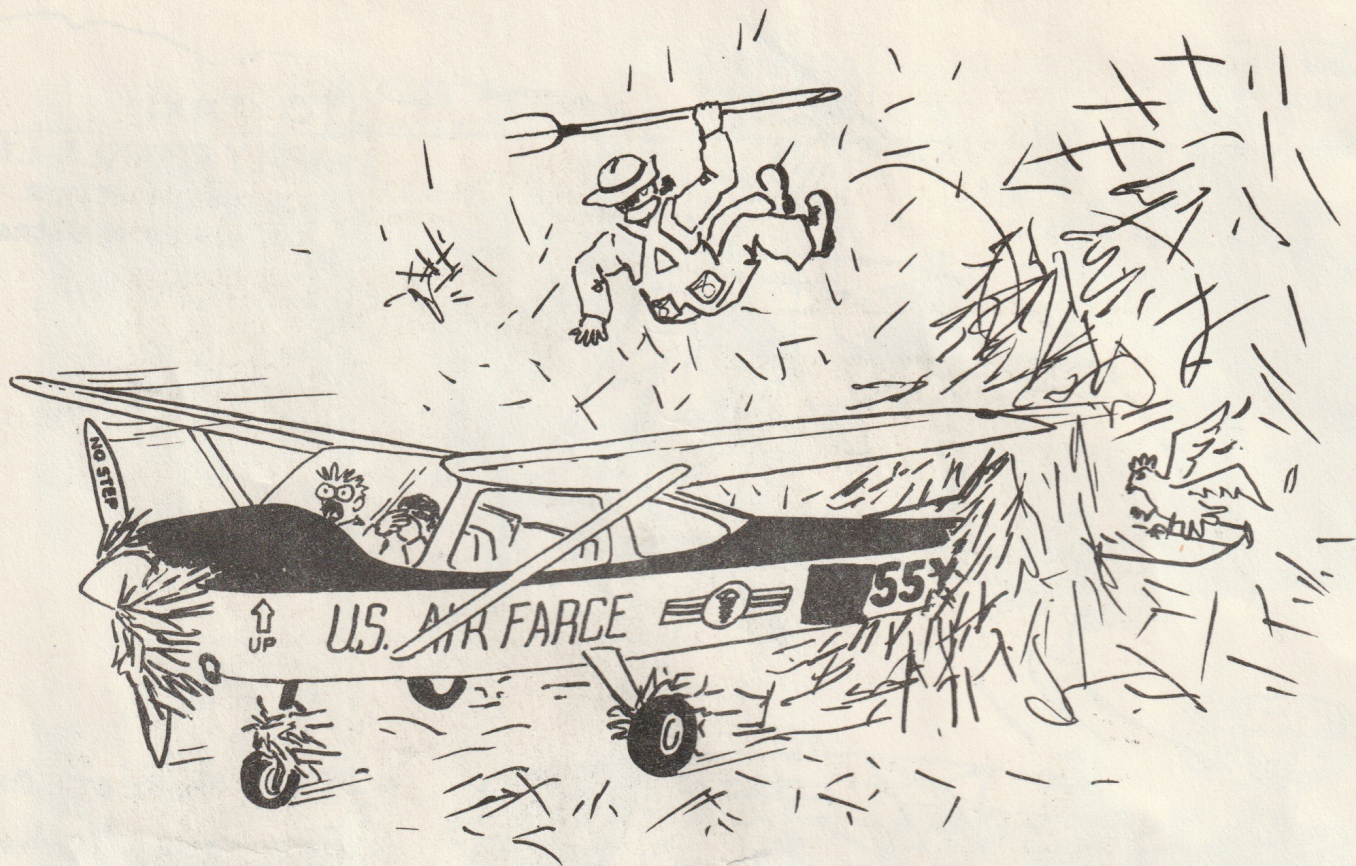
TO TAXI:
 APPLY BRAKES LIGHTLY
 OR USE MODERATE RUDDER
 OR ABANDON AIRCRAFT



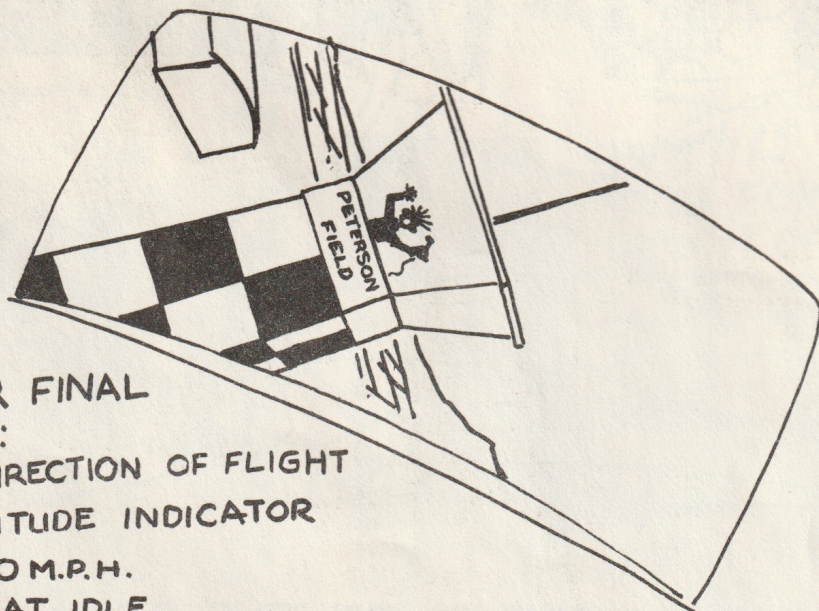
Effect takeoff only
 after PRIOR A/c has
 left the ground.



"CLEARING" AFFORDS THE PILOT THE OPPORTUNITY TO
 ASSURE HIMSELF OF HIS OPEN AIRSPACE.



THE "SIMULATED" FORCED LANDING.
- IF DONE PROPERLY CAN EASILY
LENGTHEN YOUR FLYING CAREER.

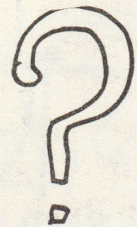
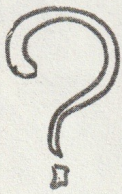


THE PROPER FINAL
APPROACH:

1. OBSERVE DIRECTION OF FLIGHT
2. CAGE ATTITUDE INDICATOR
3. SPEED - 80 M.P.H.
4. THROTTLE AT IDLE
5. FLAPS 20°
6. RIPCHORD OF PARACHUTE FIRMLY GRIPED IN HAND



RAQUEL WELCH
A sitter . . .



7. [REDACTED]

.eh?

Capt. Kangaroo got passed over for Major.

Q: How can you tell an Ethnic airplane at an international airport?

A: It has hair under its wings.

Q: Who won the Polish national beauty contest in 1950?

A: No one.

Q: How do you break an Ethnic's nasty drinking habits?

A: Slam the toilet seat on his head.

7. A: [REDACTED]

7. Definition: Pregnancy- [REDACTED]

♀

7. Confucious Says: [REDACTED]

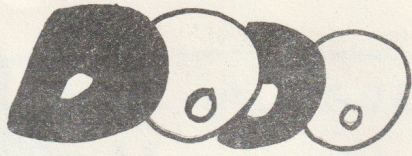
How do you break up an Ethnic party? Flush the punchbowl.

Announcing-
The 356th annual **HOOGE**
Contest. Send entries to the Dodo CS-07



WHAT KIND OF MAN READS DODO?





Dirty Deal o'

The Day

OR

**We've Had
Enough!**

To whom it may concern
(take this for what it's worth)!
Yes friends cadets do live,
breathe, eat, sleep, and on
occasions they have been known
to think. We are real people,
locked up confused animals or
playthings; we are not. To do
with us what you want at whims
from intellects that are at
the most, questionable, is
unfair, unjust, and approaching
criminal. We really want an
input to " liberal, meaning-
ful, but purposeful regulations."
We are intelligent human beings-
capable of dressing ourselves,
having sophisticated likes and
dislikes(none of which, are not
thought out to the individual's
standards as he sees fit), and
above all being interested in
the motivation question. There
is an interesting topic people
seem to look around, under, or
over, never at. Being realistic,
the most motivated person that
is at the Academy (including
AOC's) is the basic cadet, the
most de-motivated person is the
graduating firstie. Now there
is a dichotomy of logic. Let
me ask you, should it be the
other way around or does any-
body really care? So far to
me, it looks as though the
latter wins out. Token gifts
to the cadet are no more the
end all; be all of our lives.
We are clamoring for sub-
stantial gains. Unlimited
extendeds for firsties?
Yes, If your definition of
unlimited is 4! ODP's, until
0030? Come, on, give me a
break, I know the "logic"

behind the 0030 sign in time,
but I won't insult your intelli-
gence by telling you. How
about the "new" haircut reg,
mutilated to read, "sideburns
are now $\frac{1}{4}$ inch longer, that is
all troops"s etc. etc. ad
infinitum. "Help him, Help Him.
Help who? Help the cadet!"
I'm the cadet, and I know how
to help me, just ask! Respect
me as a person, yes, even a
future officer, don't step
on me anymore, don't push
me to the wall anymore. Help
me, understand me, but above
all respect me. Get to know
me, really know me.
ARE YOU PART OF THE SOLUTION-
OR- PART OF THE PROBLEM.

DIRTY
CORNIE
CORNER

Top of the Week

"



"!



"!
"
!"

"!
"
!"

BOOBY TRAP PROBE — Pfc.

5/

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

DUE TO PAST GRACE-IOUS CENSORSHIP OF THIS PAGE
[REDACTED] & ARE PROVIDED FOR YOU TO ^{FILL} [REDACTED] WITH YOUR
OWN PERSONAL [REDACTED] !! (MAYBE THIS WILL PASS) (FAT CHANCE ^{of} !!)

ARE YOU PLAGUED BY ZEROES WHO ASK STUPID QUESTIONS? THE KIND OF QUESTIONS WHOSE ANSWERS ARE PAINFULLY OBVIOUS. WELL... NOW YOU CAN STRIKE BACK BY MEMORIZING THE FOLLOWING SITUATIONS!

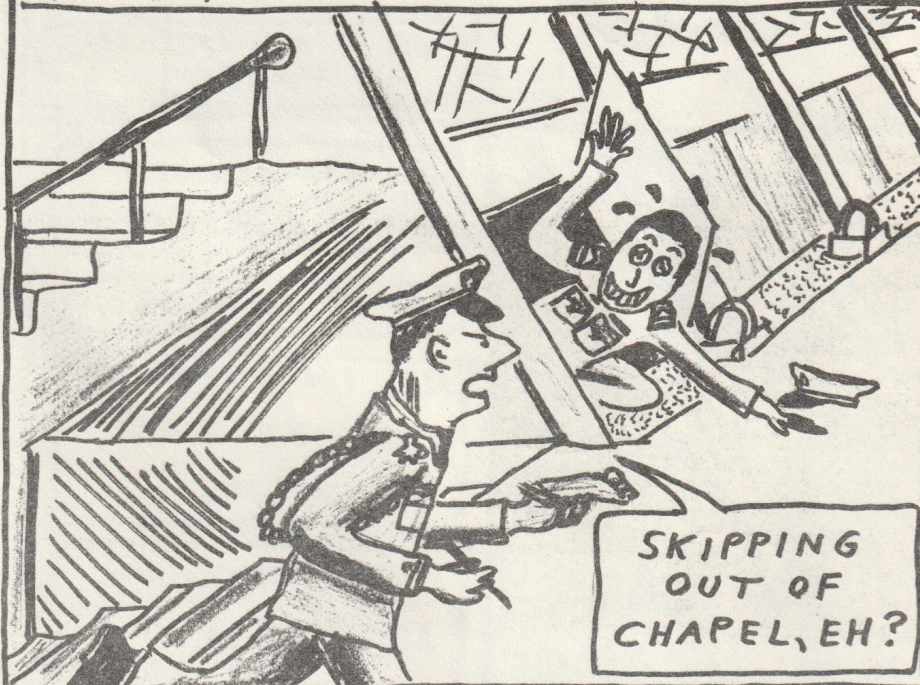


WRONG! I KNOW WHERE IT IS.

NO! I LOST MY ~~KEY~~ QUARTER.

NO. I'M BEATING MY COKE OUT OF IT.

NO. I HAVE AN OEDIPUS COMPLEX AND THIS COKE MACHINE REMINDS ME OF MY FATHER!.



NO. CRAWLING OUT.

NO SIR, JUST CHECKING THE SECURITY SYSTEM.

NO. THE GUY NEXT TO ME JUST ~~.....~~.

NO. I WANTED TO SEE THE LIGHT.



NO STUPID, THATS YOUR FINGER.

NO! THE SIGNS DON'T APPLY FOR ILLITERATES.

NO. ITS THE LATRINE PLEASE TURN AROUND.

NO. THIS IS A BOOKIE JOINT. WHAT'S YOUR PICK?

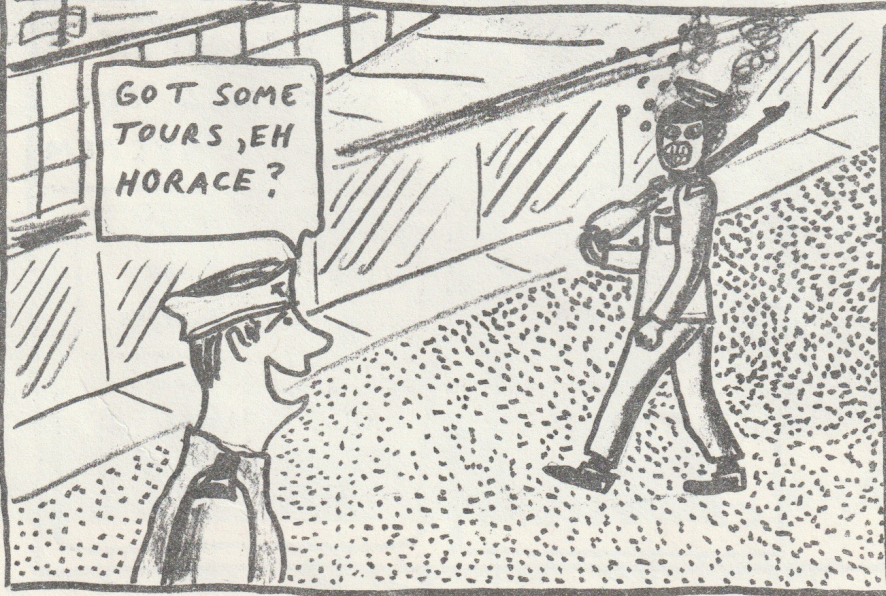


NO, I'M TAKING A BLOW, ITS SUCH A LONG WALK BACK TO THE DORM

NO. I TRIPPED ON A SMALL SNOW-FLAKE.

NO. I'M STUDYING CLOUD FORMATIONS.

NO. I'M PRACTICING MY YOGA.



NO. I'M AIRING OUT MY RIFLE!

NO. CONNIES.

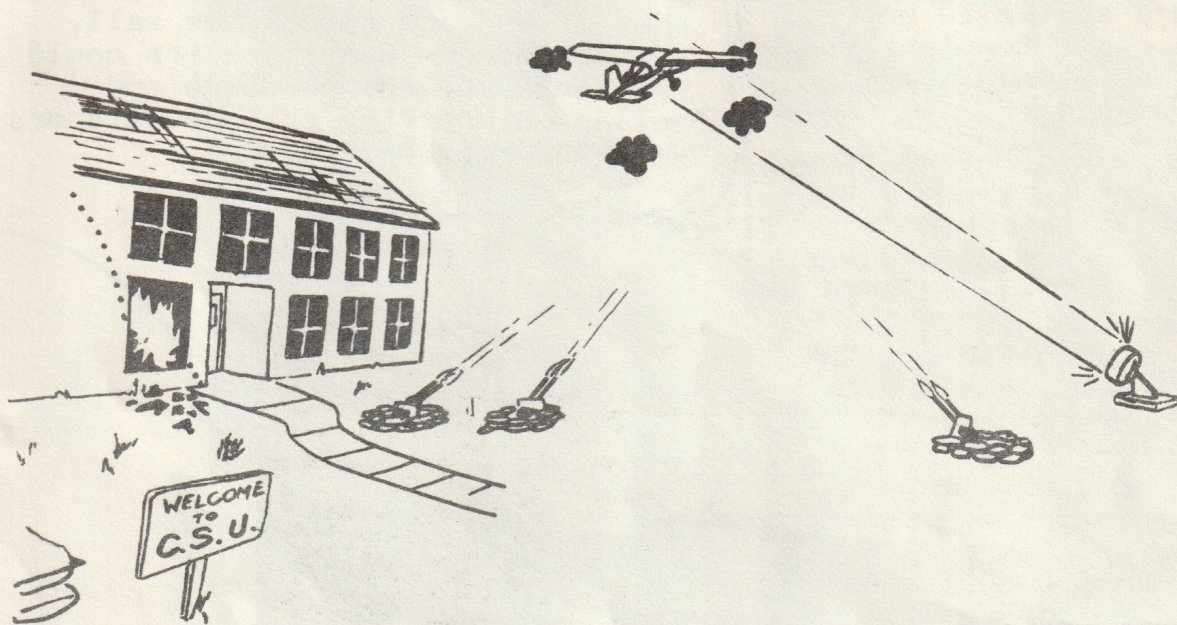
NO. IM BREAKING IN A NEW PAIR OF SOCKS!

NO. I'M TANNING MY RIFLE.

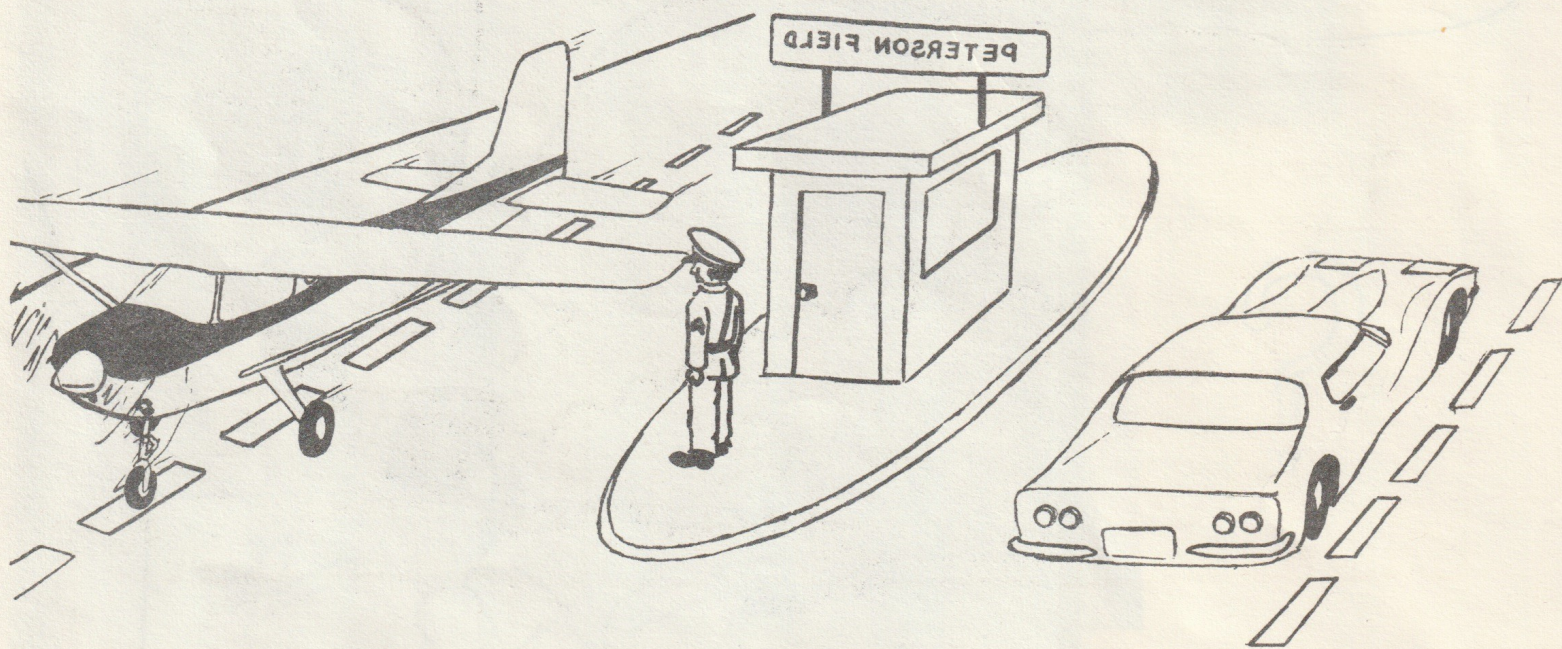
THREE

IN THE EVENT OF AN ABORTED LANDING :

1. GIVE UP ELEVATOR
2. APPLY 10° BANK
3. SET HEAD FOR 15° N



A "PERFECT" LANDING WILL INVOLVE SETTING THE PLANE ON THE DOTTED WHITE LINE.



Colorado Springs, 1984. The nation was mildly amused to learn this morning of the execution of the notorious revolutionary, Nino Baldacci, the United States Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs. Baldacci, a member of the USAFA Seven, was charged with inciting to riot when he and 3000 other cadets staged a strike in opposition to the cadet regulation of mandatory chapel attendance, an Academy spokesman disclosed today.

Baldacci appeared before the ancient ritual of a military tribunal known as a Commandant's Disciplinary Board (CDB) and was sentenced to five years at hard labor in the remote New Dorm Detention Room. When asked if he had anything to say, the 26 year old revolutionary replied, "Screw the core!" referring to the academic core curriculum, long considered sacred in the hearts and tunnel minds of the Academy Establishment. At this outburst of blasphemy, the members of the Board, a few simple characters known only as Brush, Chartreuse Onion, and FSH, changed the sentence to death. When asked how he wished to be executed Baldacci answered, "Crucify me!" Again, after a lengthy deliberation with the 22 volume regulation book on the questionable authorization of such an act, the three simple members decided to postpone any

appeals the defendant might have and led him out to the Chapel Wall to be shot.

The revolutionary's execution would have been dismissed as an everyday occurrence, except that fate chose to intervene in a most ironical way. It seems that when the Board members fired at Baldacci, they missed and struck the wall, supporting the Chapel, which could not withstand the pressure and collapsed, burying the executioners amid the rubble.



NO MALLOP
I'M JUST A
SIT-IN



YOU HEARD ABOUT - THE PURGE
WE DIDN'T START IT, BUT...
WE'RE GONNA END IT WITH...

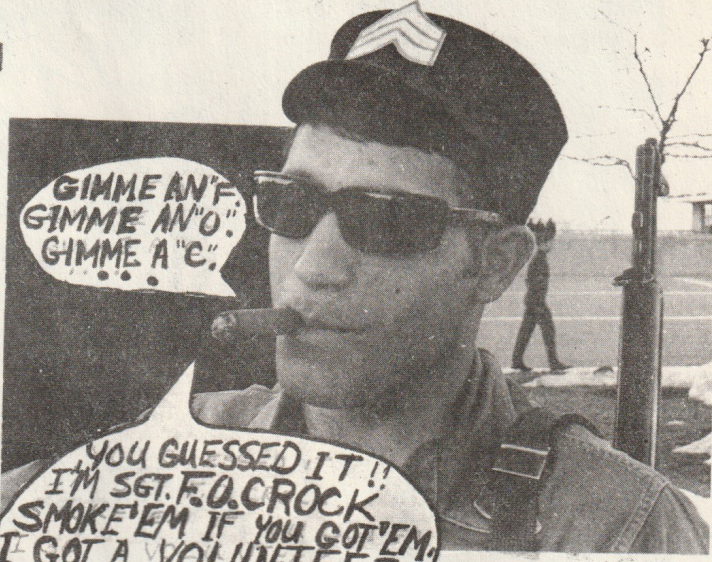
The CHAPEL HILL MASSACRE' FEATURING THE:

- ★ ALL AMERICAN FIGHTING MAN
- ★ PINBALL WIZARD
- ★ CADET'S FRIEND & HERO

w/ GREASY Co.

THE STORY OF A HAND
FULL OF PATRIOTS WHO
CHALLENGED FOES OF
APPLE PIE, The HOT DOG, &
The CONSTITUTION (HEARD OF IT?)

SGT. CROCK



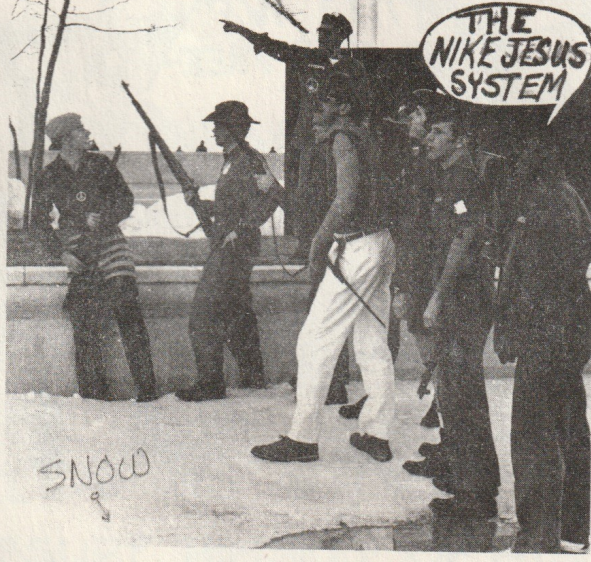
GIMME AN'F
GIMME AN'U
GIMME A "C."

YOU GUESSED IT!!
I'M SGT. F.O. CROCK
SMOKE 'EM IF YOU GOT 'EM,
I GOT A VOLUNTEER
MISSION THAT IS
MANDATORY...



UNKNOWN

Greenhenny KID N.J.
H.A. Pennix
THERE IT IS GUYS...
WALT Z. MATILDA
DONNER
RAPON
BLITZEN
BASTILLE



THE NIKE JESUS SYSTEM

SNOW

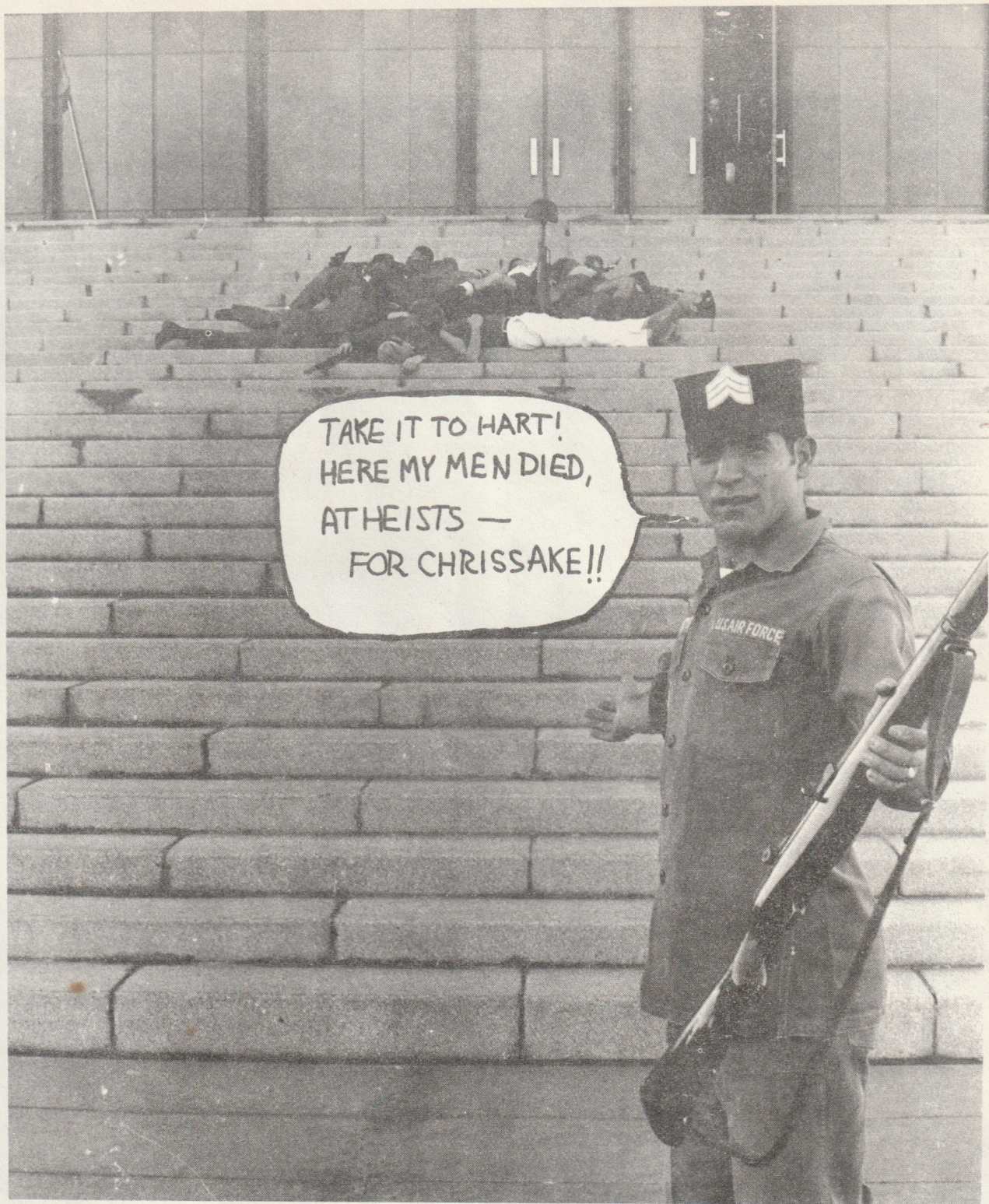


AG!*

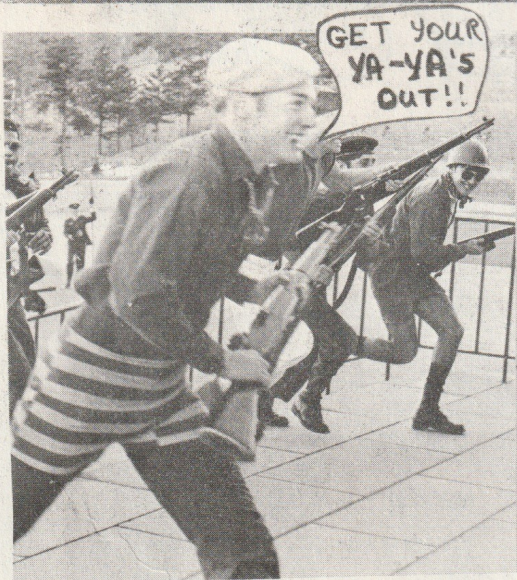
WHAT AM I DOING HERE?

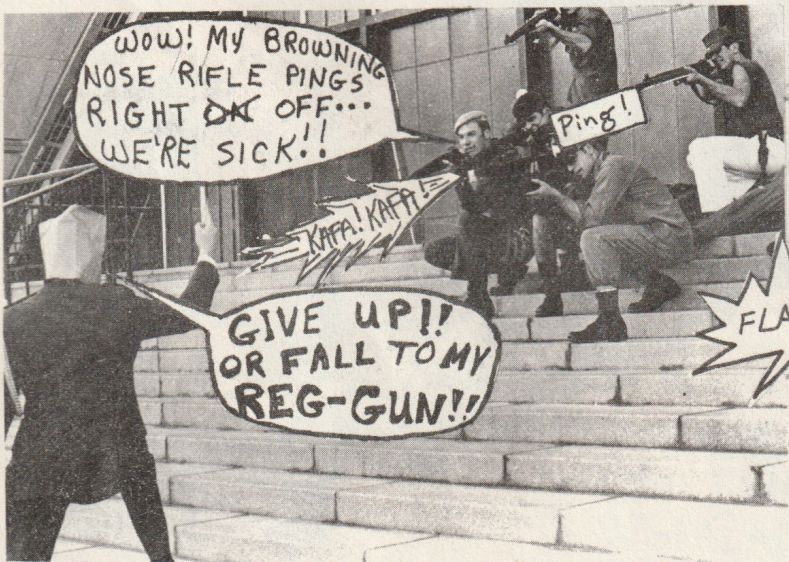
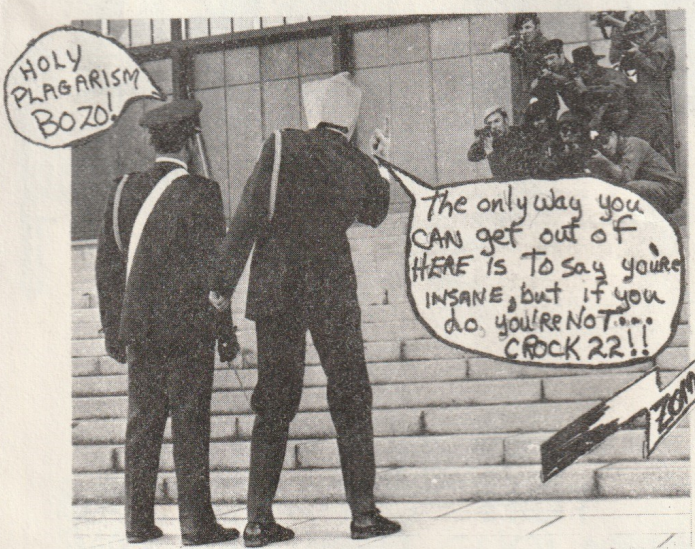
I HEAR IT'S GOT A DIVINE GUIDANCE SYSTEM!

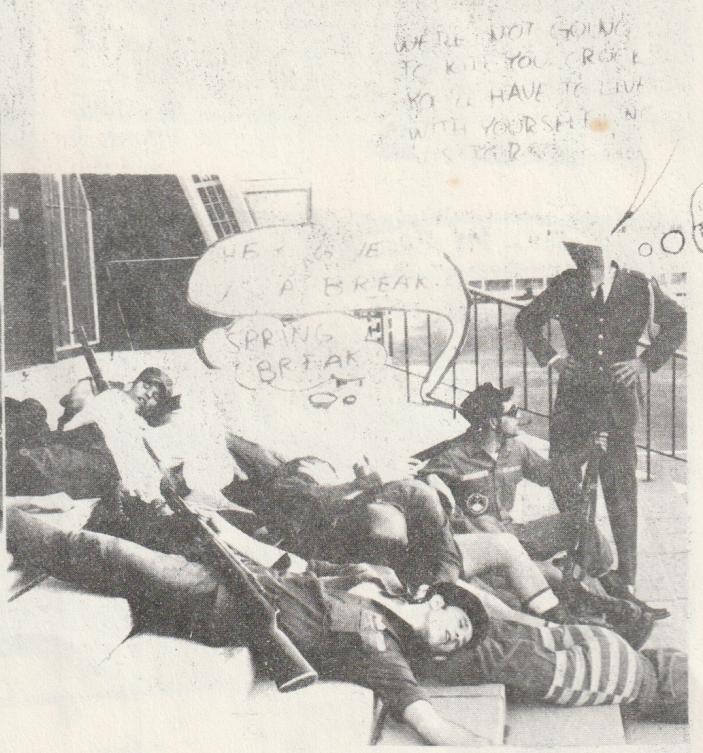
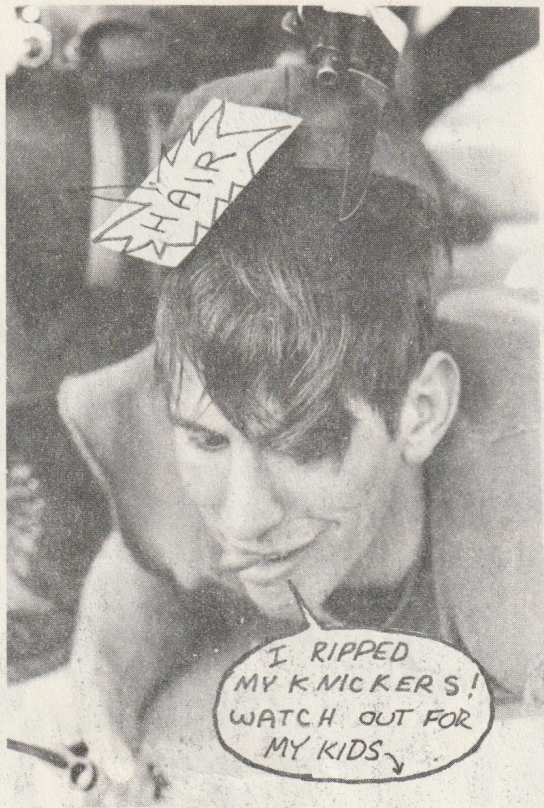
WE'RE THE



Sgt Crock lost his men, and his comic book... He never lived to see Chapel Hill taken — He slit his throat shaving soon afterward. accident? or maybe a heart attack.









TWO WEEKS?



Why not have
Spring Break
For All?

SD66