

THE DODO

ENTERTAINMENT FOR CADETS

SEP 82

THE OFFICIAL MAGAZINE
OF CADET HUMOR



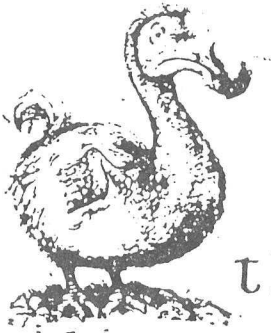
'RUGGED'

READ THIS AND WEEP

INSIDE:

*The Saga of Burlap Head,
another DODOFODO, ... and
much, much more!*





the dodo staff



STU POPE

CS-40



PETE BARTOS

CS-16



FELIX VILLARREAL

CS-18

Letter from the Editor

Hello, and welcome back to USAFA and the DODO - the Official Magazine of Cadet Humor. Hope everyone had an incredibly fantastic summer. Anyway, to start the year off right, I've got some advice for everyone: Avoid overusing cadet clichés, because they can make you sound like a real "dink." For example, imagine someone you know, a cadet, saying something like:

"Hey, Falcon-A; hold the 'vator, you guys - don't pimp me over. Gee, what a massive day - two G.R.s and the PCE. I really crashed and burned, too; probably go Ac Pro at prog. You know, I've been digging a hole for myself since day one, when my BCT Element Sergeant caught me falling out grossly at the retreat formation and flamed all over me. I remember he made me rack it in - shoulders back and down! Geez, what a hyper zit. After Beast, my girlfriend kissed me off in a Dear Dink letter and I was ready to punch. I started kissing off everything and ended up getting raped on my MPAs. My good news/bad news cards were all bad news, and everybody was saying that I was a real rope. Like this one time, a 3-degree in my squadron was inspecting my uniform before on-call and besides telling me I had a bad tuck and poor shoes, he pulled a cable off of my winter trou and made me tie 83 knots in it! Then he wrote me up for the max hit: 10 and 3, and I was signing in and on the tour pad the next weekend. What a drag, man - I'd planned to sign out to COS or DEN. Boy, was I torped off. That was only a month before Hell Week, and wouldn't you know, the upperclassmen had a buck-up the next day. They made all of us doolies form up in the SAR, wearing Combo One, and then ragged on us for sucking it up on the phase test. I got pulled out afterwards for not squaring my corner by a Firstie Group Staffer, who made me recite Contrails. I tied up and he said "Are you taking a blow, mister? Wipe it off! Why did you come here anyway? You make me sick, maggot." Then, on my way to Fairchild, I was looking around for my roommate, and another bogey pulled me out and said "Drive on out here, smack. You want to buy the place? Nice gaze, mister!" He flamed on me for about five minutes and I ended up being late for an E.I. session, so my Chem One-O-Dumb instructor sent a form 10 to my AOC through distro. Man, I figured at the rate I was going, I'd be a terrazzo frog in min time. I'd been hit for everything from bad hairs to frat. I played the game and lost. I figured I'd have to start striving, so I planned a bonus spirit mission for all of us wads. We spelled out "Hell Week" on Spirit Hill the night before a SAMI and ERI. Well, someone in the Comm Shop didn't like it and now I was in big time trouble. I almost had a CDB! I'm glad things got lax after recognition! Good deals for cadets, man! Well, I'll see you dinks at the Supt's Ball tonight. I've got to take my A-Jacket to the T-Shop and then stop by the C-Store before intramurder."

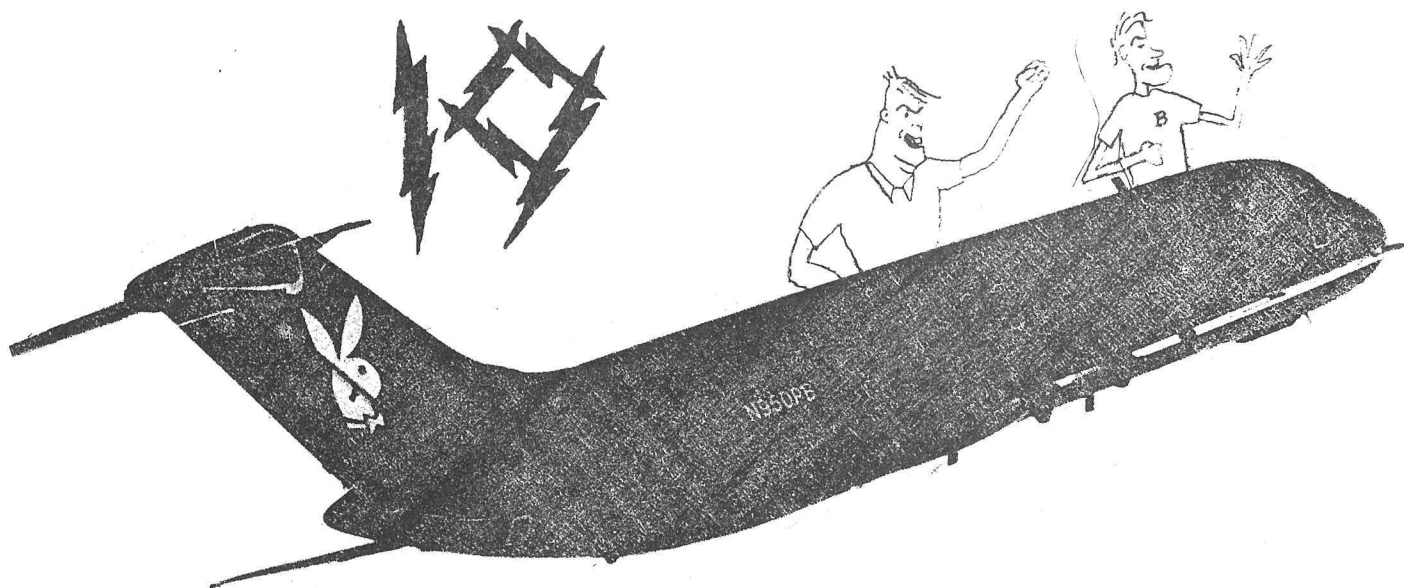
The views and opinions expressed in this publication do not represent those of the U.S. Air Force Academy, the U.S. Air Force or the Dept. of Defense.

See what I mean? So the next time someone starts talking about "the Zoo" at the CQ desk" on an "M-Day" or how he's going to sit with the "SOD" on the "Staff Tower" at the "Noon Meal," just tell him to read page 2 of the September "Dodo" and maybe he'll "mellow out" a little. Later, amigos.

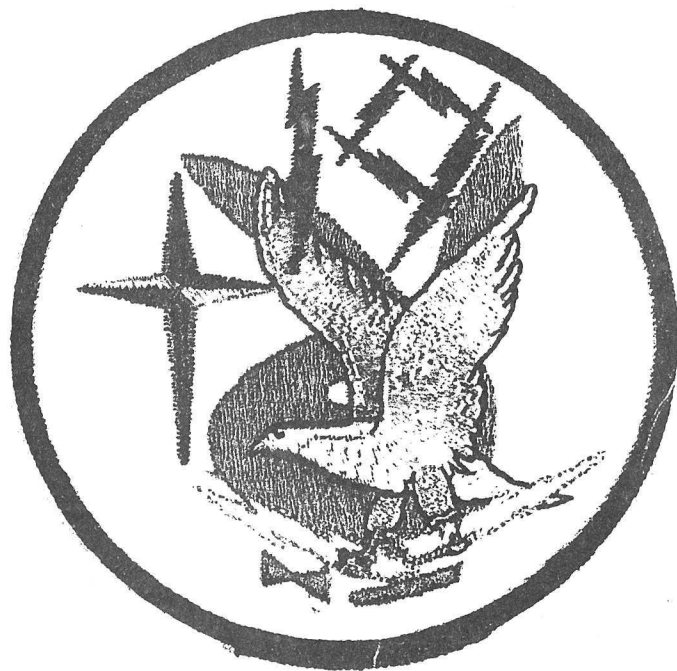
Stu



PLAYBOY



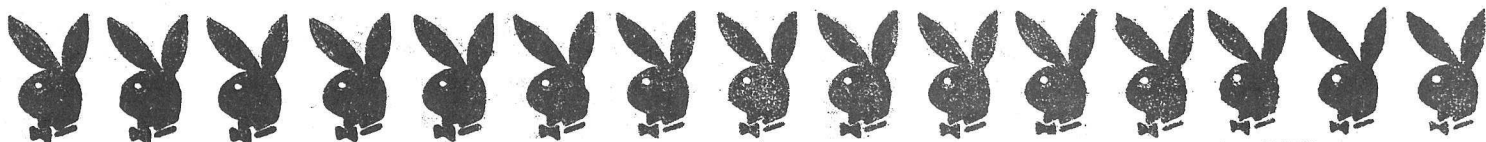
Back in the days when squadron patches were cool, 19th squadron had one of the best. Pictured at the right, the Playboy 19 emblem was worn with pride and was cherished by all who possessed it. We, the C.R.O.P.P. (Committee for the Return of the Playboy Patch), wish to bring back the infamous Bunny Patch. But we need your help. Please send your tax-deductable donations to:

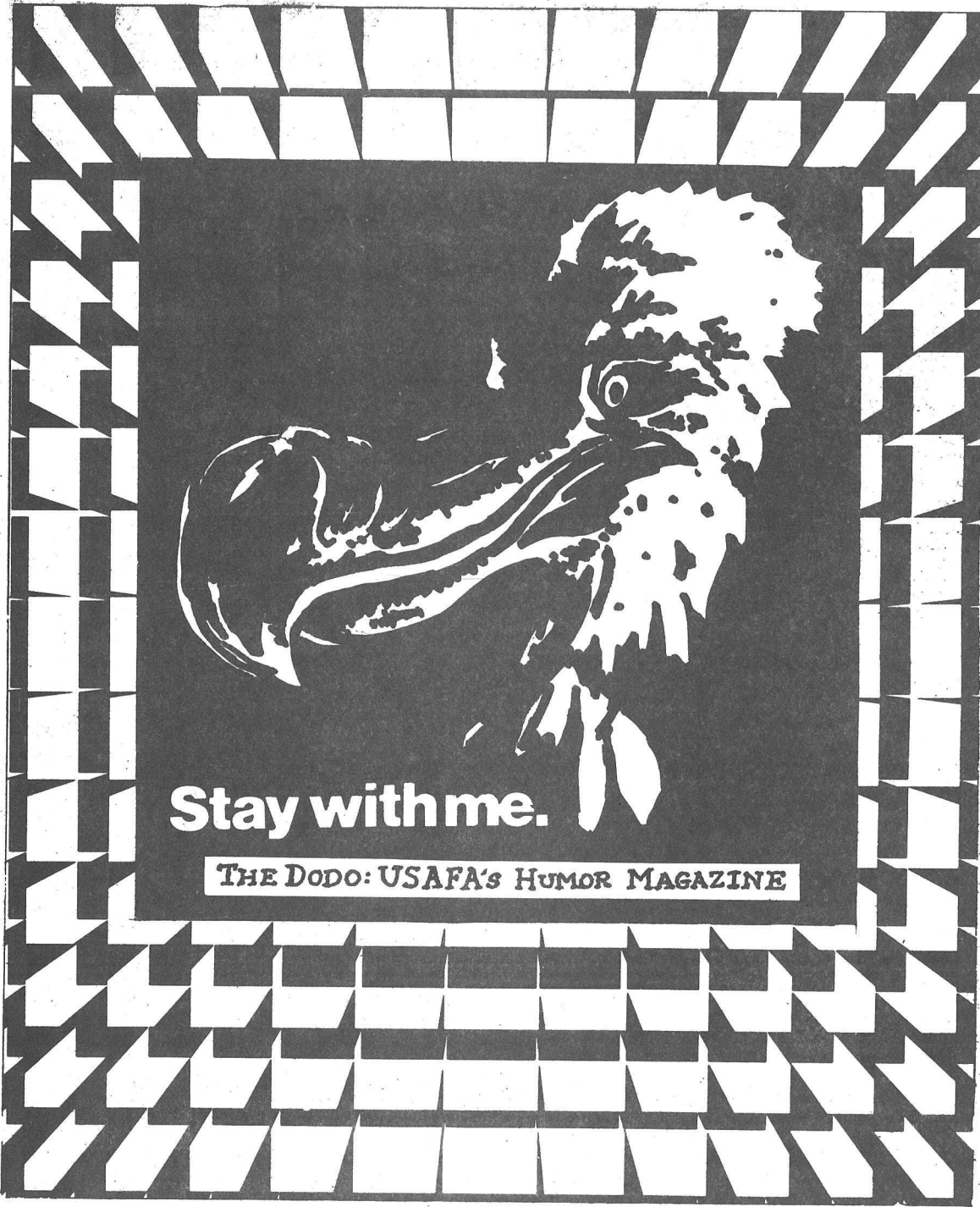


C.R.O.P.P.
c/o Cadet X
P.O. Box 9919
USAF Academy, CO 80841

Thanks!

Biff & LumPOE ("Cool Patch" Reps.)





Stay with me.

THE DODO: USAFA'S HUMOR MAGAZINE

FGY

The Saga of Burlap-Head



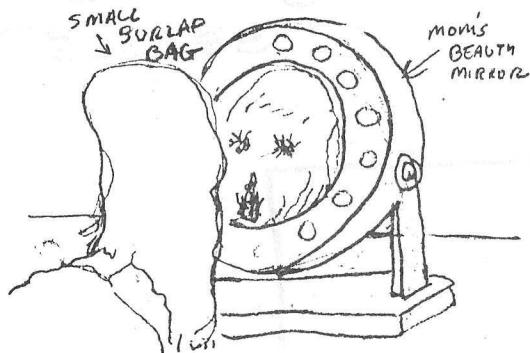
IT ALL BEGAN WITH HIS UNCLE'S DEATH TO OVEREX-
POSURE — BUT, NOT BEFORE HE CAUGHT A
NICE STRINGER OF SUNFISH ON MIRROR LAKE...

FINE, MONEY —
CAN YOU
CHANGE THE
CHANNEL?

MOM, I'M GOING TO
THE LIBRARY —



HIS LIFE WAS ALSO AN INFLUENCE —
WHILE HE STUDIED HARD TO RAISE
HIS SAT'S SCORES — HIS MOM DRANK
2 CASES OF LITE BEER WHILE WATCH-
ING "AS THE WORLD TURNS..."



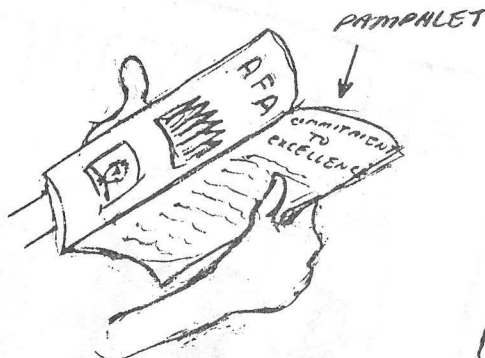
HE FOUND HIS SECURITY ONE
NIGHT WHEN HE PUT A SMALL
BURLAP BAG ON HIS HEAD —
WITH HOLES FOR HIS EYES AND
NOSE, OF COURSE

(EL BECKO)

CHECKMATE



ALTHOUGH HIS ATHLETIC PROWESS WAS LACKING,
HE MORE THAN MADE UP FOR IT BY PLAYING
LONG HOURS OF CHESS WITH A FRIEND AFFECTIONATELY
KNOWN AS "EL BECKO."



BUT, IT WAS A CASUAL STOP
BY THE HIGH SCHOOL COUNSELOR'S
OFFICE THAT WAS TO CHANGE HIS
LIFE — HE PICKED A PAMPHLET
TO THE UNITED STATES
AIR FORCE ACADEMY...

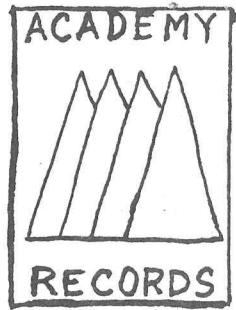


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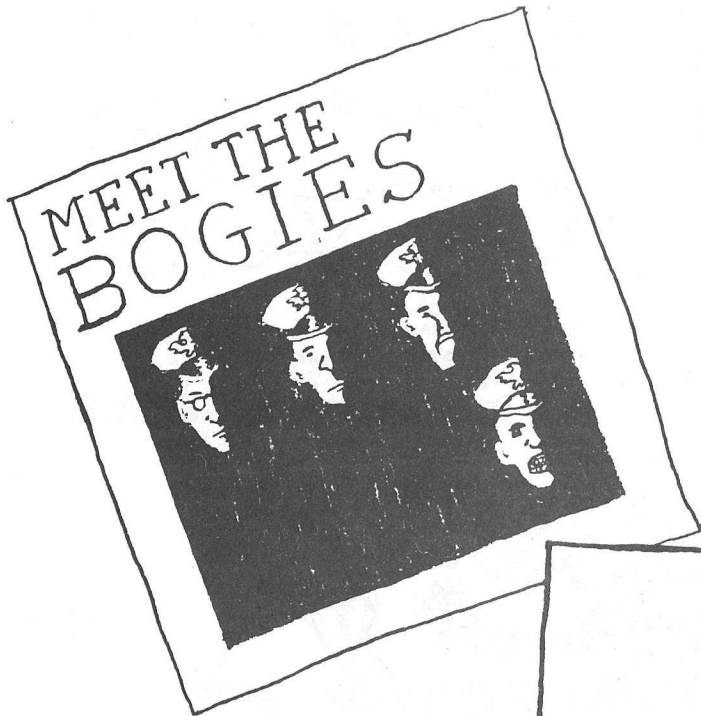
HIS SAT'S AND HIGH SCHOOL
PERFORMANCE WERE OUTSTANDING
— HE WAS EASILY ACCEPTED AND
HE WAS... READY FOR THE
CHALLENGE...

FGV

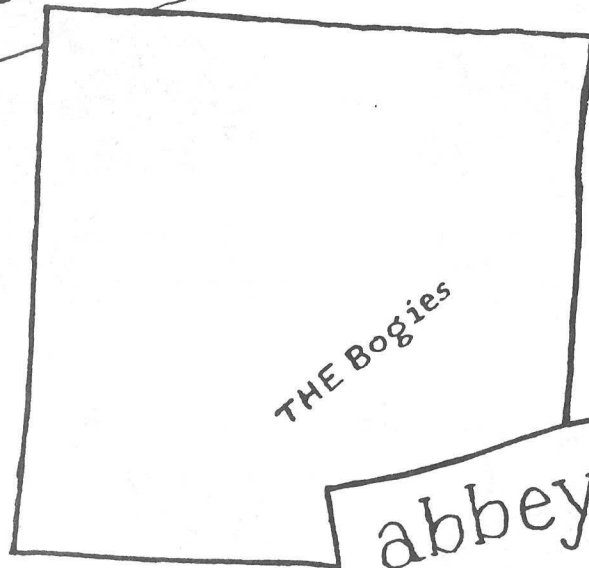
BACK! On Academy[®] records and tapes



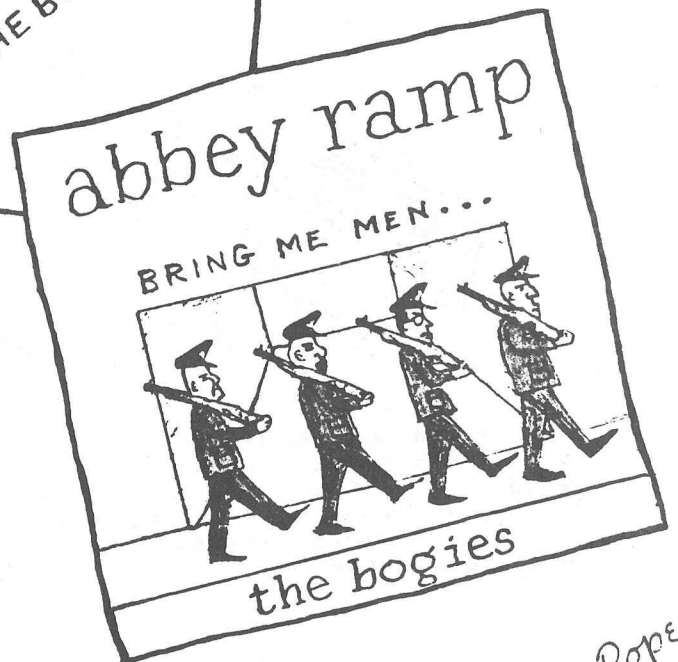
TM



*"olden
goldie
series"*



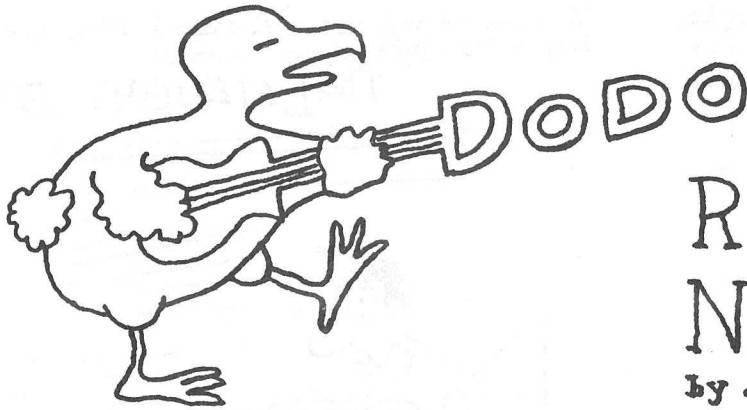
THE Bogies



abbey ramp

BRING ME MEN...

the bogies



Record News

by *Larry Latelights*

Academy Records and Tapes proudly announces the reissue of the classic Bogies albums. The Bogies led the famous "CWITish Invasion" of the early 60's, taking the Cadet Wing by storm with melodic tunes like "Love Me Doolie," and "I Want to Serve Your CQ Shift." Relive the music of Paul McCadetny, John Tennon-Three, George Harassment, and Ringo SAR by visiting your nearest C-Store and purchasing these "olden goldies":

Meet the Bogies

The Bogies Second Group Album

Something Blue

The Bogies Story

The Early Bogies

Bogies '65

Blubber Soul

Inspector

Yesterday...and the Day Before That

YESSIR!

Abbey Ramp

The Bogies (The Blue Album)

Hey Mister

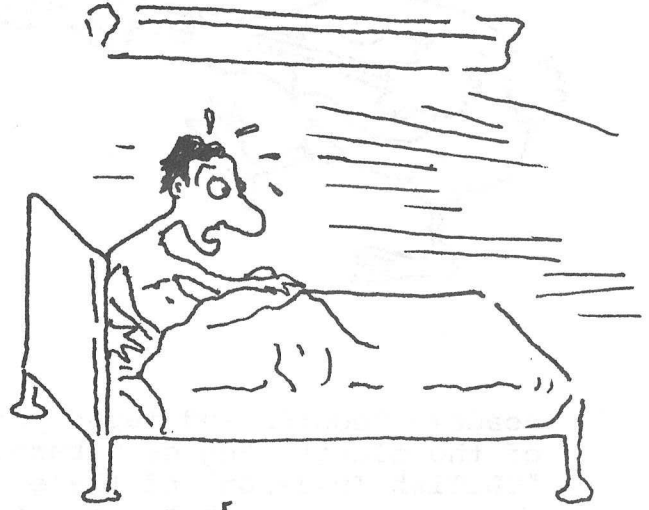
Mellow Sub-Marine

Let it Sit

Cadet Arnold Layne couldn't sleep that night, but that was no excuse to leave the safety of his bed to investigate the source of those strange sounds emanating from the hall...

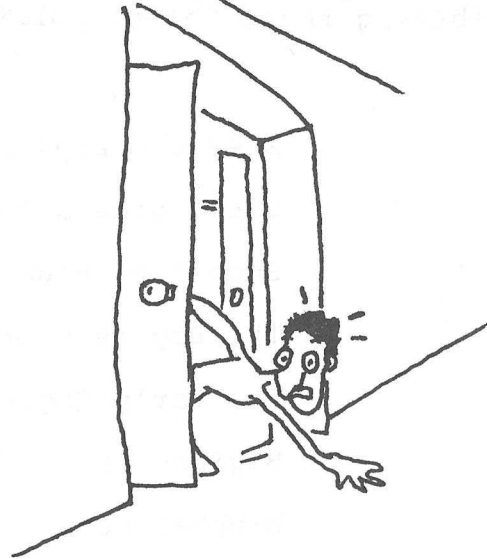
You see, it was after 11 o'clock, P.M., and Cadet Layne was just about to enter...

The LATELIGHT ZONE!



doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo

doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo



...The next day-

CADET COUNSELING CENTER

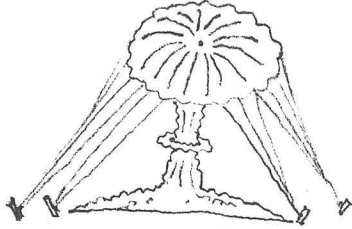
h-hu-hu-gugga-riaaa



FGY-
POPE

RANDOM

SURVIVAL USES OF THE PARACHUTE



Send 'em running with an ingenious simulated nuclear explosion!



Scare 'em off with a frightening ghost costume!



Or a macabre mummy suit!



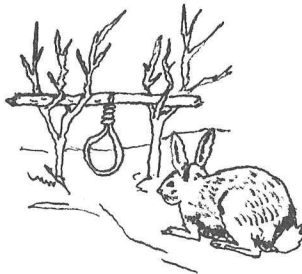
Butterfly net for your leisure hours!



Devise a gag and straight-jacket for uncooperative acquaintances!



Holy P.O.W., Batman! It's a clever "Robin" disguise!



Instant justice for small animals!



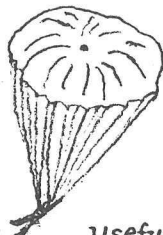
Construct great moneybags!



Handy hankie!

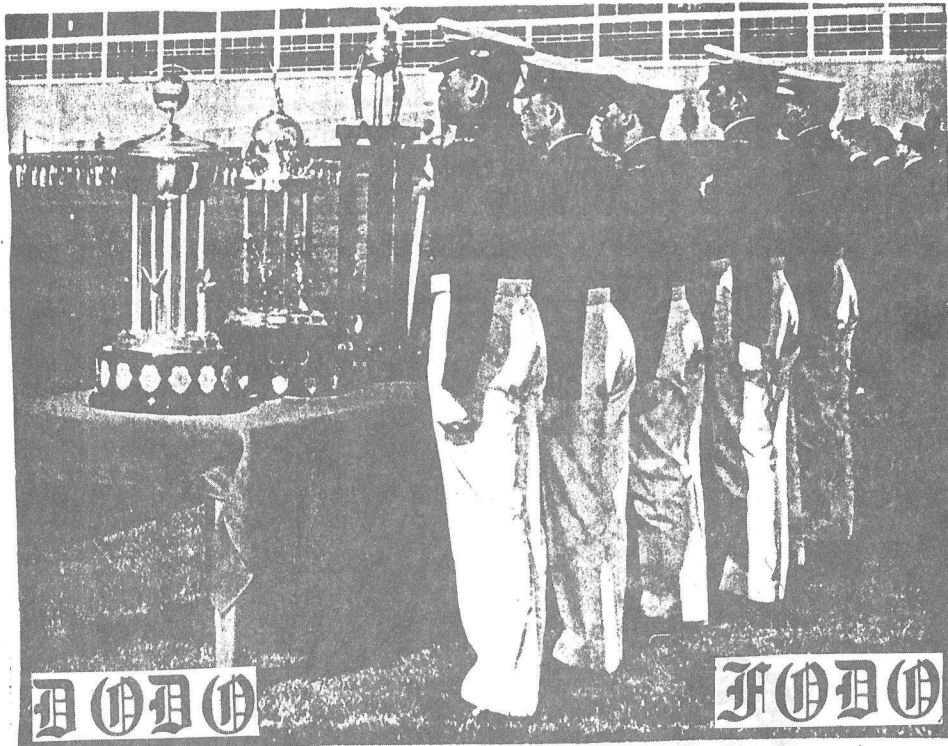


Make a political statement with an armband!



Useful as just a parachute, too!

Pope



“... Gentlemen, you will not use your hands during this trophy-eating contest. The first one to finish eating his trophy wins.”

Coming Soon...

They're not human.
But they hunt human women.
Not for killing.
For mating.
DOOLIES
FROM THE DEEP
©1980 New World Productions

Are you ready for some cultural enrichment? Think you can handle it? I'm Abtike Figurine (Antique Figure), 1940, a sketch by the great Swiss artist Paul Klee. Got that? Good. Now, coming up in the October issue of Dodo is another U.S.A.F.A.'s Believe it... or Rot, a Dodo Record Review, the latest of the new albums on Academy™ Records and Tapes... and *mucho more!* Don't miss the next great issue of Dodo!

