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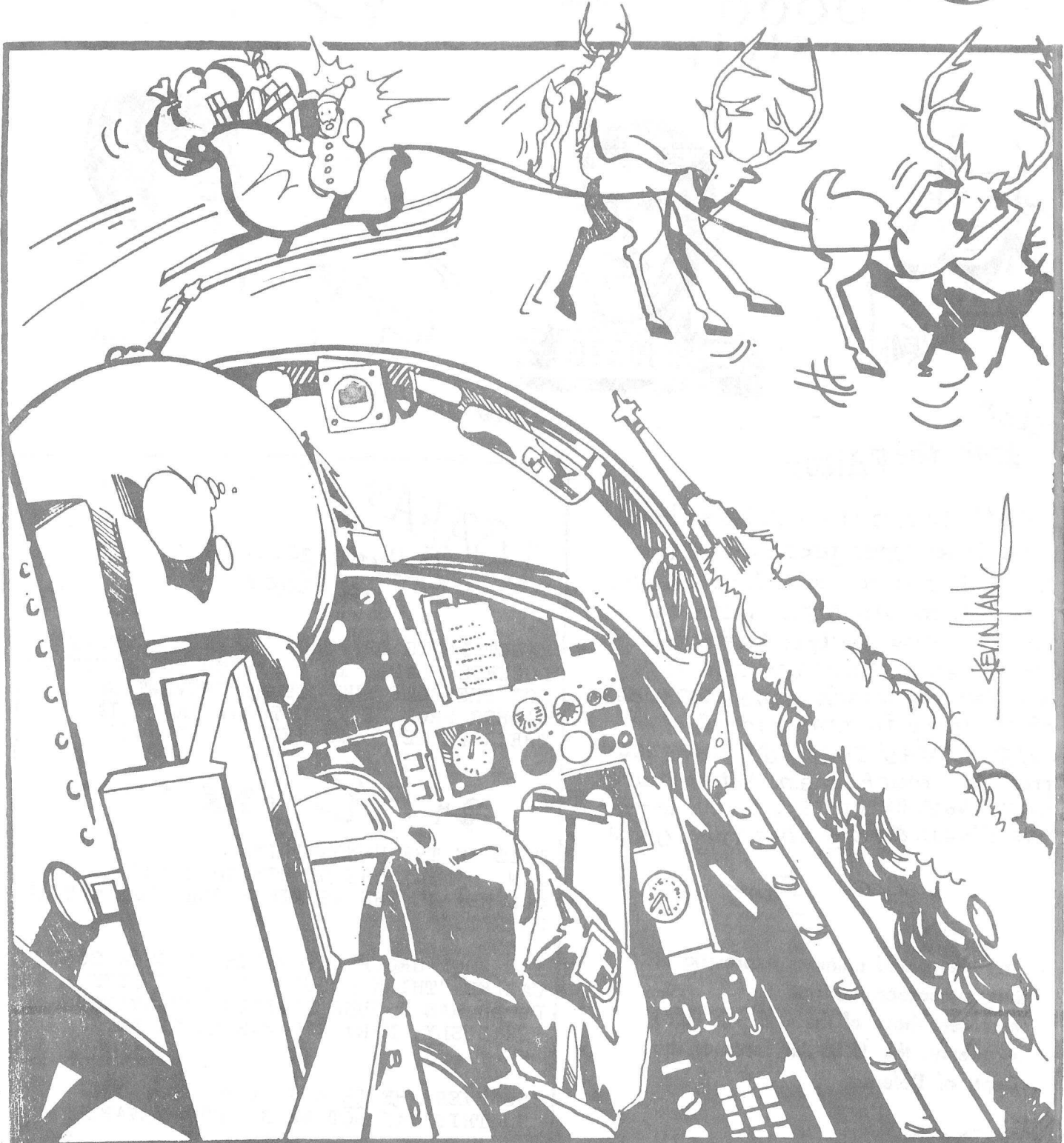
82

# THE DODO

ENTERTAINMENT FOR CADETS

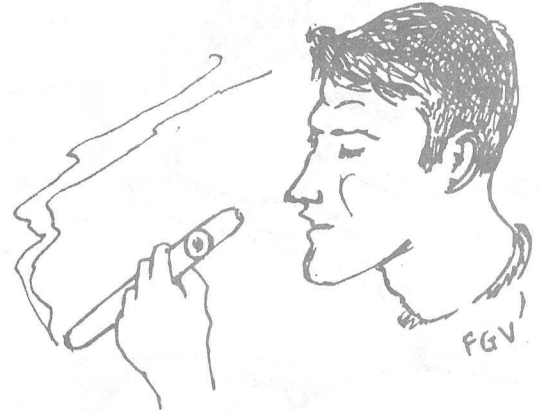
THE OFFICIAL MAGAZINE OF CADET HUMOR

LIKE A 'MOE'





the  
dodo  
staff



Letter  
from the Editor

Well, here's the fab December Christmas issue promised in the November issue, which you never saw due to procrastination by the reviewers - but then, that's (cadet) life. Anyway, this is another landmark issue - 20 pages of insanity in traditional **CHRISTMAS COLORS!** Like, it's just too much, man. What more can I say, except sit back, forget the finals, & read this rag. O.k.?

Stu

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.

USAFAs  
Believe it...  
or Rot!

CADET PANTS OR "TROU" HAVE THE FRONT POCKETS PLACED IN A RIDICULOUS POSITION FOR THE SOLE PURPOSE OF PREVENTING CADETS FROM RESTING THEIR HANDS IN THEIR POCKETS! BELIEVE IT OR ROT!

By P.K., 12/1/72

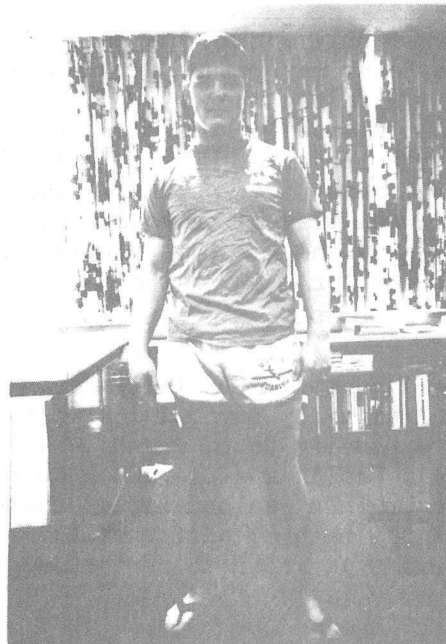
THIS IS THE HANDWRITING OF A FULL-GROWN MAN, NAMELY THE DEPUTY COMM AND A COLONEL IN THE US AIR FORCE! BELIEVE IT OR ROT!\*

THE ROCK GROUP AEROSMITH SINGS A SONG CALLED "THINK ABOUT IT" WHILE PINK FLOYD HAS A TUNE ENTITLED "FLAMING" - SERIOUSLY, MAN! BELIEVE IT OR ROT!

\*HOWEVER, HE IS A WEST POINT GRAD, SO THIS MAY NOT BE SO UNBELIEVABLE. Pope

# MISSING!

YES, the Wing Commander, JOHN HESTERMAN, is lost amidst a sea of TEDDY BEARS! Can you help C4C Doolie find him before he's discarded as "EXTRA MEMORABILIA"???



# Animals of the Academy



## THE SAMMEY:

Among the most dreaded of all Academy predators, this beast usually appears on Saturday mornings but may reappear on Saturday afternoon or Sunday if the hunter is caught unaware.

## THE ESSODEE:

Not especially fun to hunt, this common breed can be identified by the distinctive grey markings on its shoulder. It often travels with its mate, the Oisee.



## THE MANDITORRIE LEXUR:



This brute should not be hunted by experienced Academy sportsmen. However, "greenhorns" are advised to pursue this viscious creature in order to gain experience in hunting the "animals of the Academy".

## THE TURST:

This common pest can be easily identified by its dark eye coverings and the strange, camera-like growth around its neck. The Tursts gather in flocks around noon each day, often in the vicinity of the Chapel, and can be easily bagged.

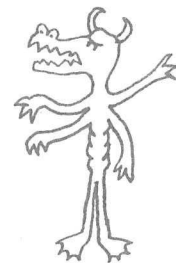


## THE SEEDEEBEE:

A most feared carnivore, the Seedeabee is seldom stalked at the Academy. Only the most hard-core hunters even attempt pursuit of this dreadful creature, which may appear almost anytime and anyplace.

## THE BEAST:

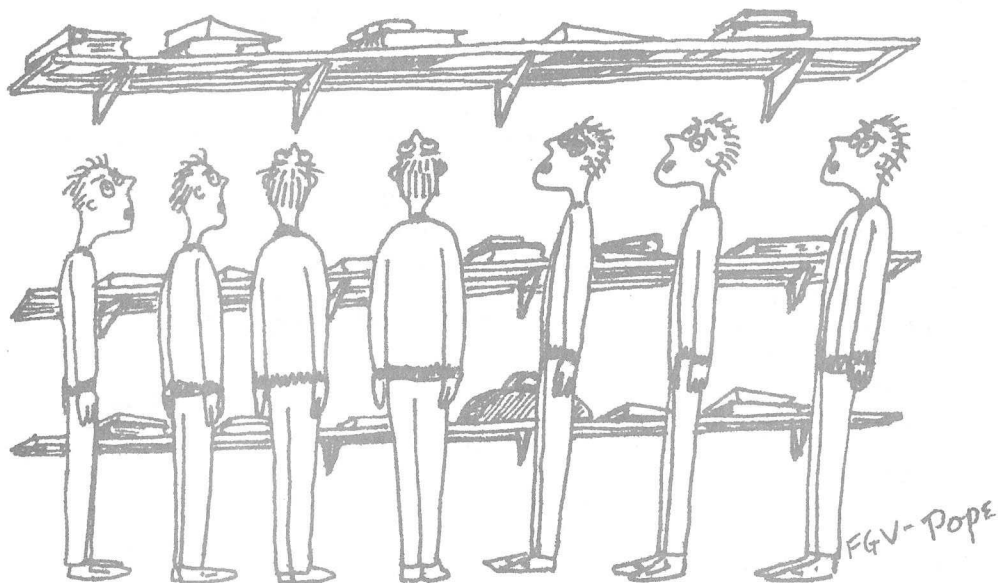
Usually encountered only during the hunter's first summer at the Academy, the Beast may return during his third and fourth summers to tangle with the hunter. The Beast is rarely fun to hunt, and the most dreaded of all encounters occurs when the animal travels with its mate. The pair are known as Phurst Beast and Sickened Beast, respectively, and are referred to as a "Double Beast" when travelling together. It should be mentioned, however, that the Beast is always a more enjoyable pursuit after the hunter's initial encounter with it.



## THE PRAID:

Although hunting season is officially during June Week, the Praid is also occasionally pursued during the remainder of the year. Praids are usually found around what hunters have come to call the "Praid Field" and are often hunted while wearing a special "Praid Uniform" which enables the hunter to "blend in" with the Praid's natural environment. The most dreaded species of the Praid is known to hunters as the Teedeewite Praid.

|                  |                     |
|------------------|---------------------|
|                  |                     |
|                  |                     |
| ALL <sup>0</sup> | ALTHOUGH THERE IS   |
|                  | ABSOLUTELY NOTHING  |
|                  | WORTH LOOKING AT UP |
|                  | HERE, YOU WILL ALL  |
|                  | CONTINUE TO STARE   |
|                  | AIMLESSLY AT IT AS  |
|                  | THOUGH THERE WAS.   |
|                  |                     |
|                  |                     |
|                  |                     |



B977 &

# LUMPOE go to TEXAS

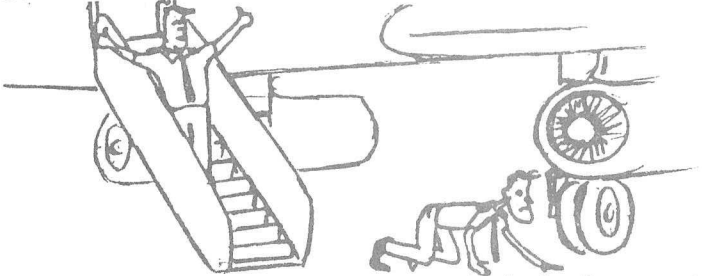


AS TOLD TO STU POPE BY BIFF BOOTER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FELIX VILLARREAL

Where else in the whole [redacted] world would they send me and Lumpoe for Operation Air Force but Cactus Field AFB, Texas? I suppose it could have been worse, but luckily we don't have any bases in Lebanon or Philadelphia. Anyway, we ended up in the middle of the wastelands of West Texas in an obvious attempt by the Summer Programs people to make us more appreciative of Camp USAFA. And believe it or not, it worked.

The trip down to Cactus Field was just that: a [redacted] trip! We flew Brannif, "the dying airline," from Denver to Ojos Locos via Dallas. I kept asking this one stewardess what she was going to do when the airline went under. She stayed pretty cool for awhile, but after about forty-five minutes of it, she experienced a complete breakdown. Lumpoe, being the gentleman he is, commandeered her liquor cart and mixed her a stiff gin and tonic before we mixed ourselves about three dozen seven & 7's.



Needless to say, when we switched planes at Dallas/Ft Worth, we were post toasted. Neither one of us can remember much about that second leg of the flight, except for the waterballoon fight we started when Lumpoe took all of the barf bags into the bathroom and filled them with this weird water from the toilets that had some neat blue chemical in it which left viscous stains on everything. It was great. The Brannif people claimed we'd never fly with them again. They were right; they folded a few weeks later.

We were met at the measly, one-dirt-runway, Ojos Locos International Airport by this old dude named Chief Master Sergeant Crugg. Chief Crugg was snacking on a mixture of nails, ball bearings, and small rocks, and he generously offered a handful to me and Lumpoe, which we refused. After all, we'd eaten on the plane. I asked the Chief if Cactus Field AFB flew to any overseas bases and he told me he could get me and Lumps on the manifest for the next flight to Cambodia, so I shut up, because I've got better things to do than wear pajamas and work in a rice paddy, and you never know what kind of strings people could pull. I mean, we were here, weren't we?

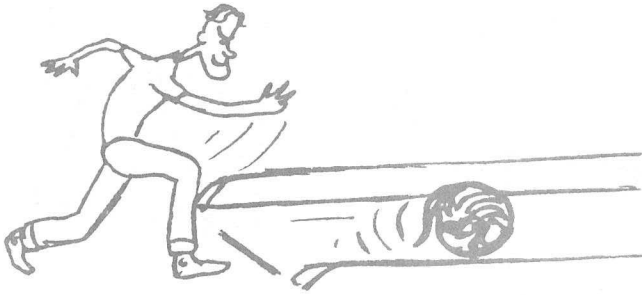
Somebody was obviously out to get us.

We got to the base about twenty minutes later and were dumped off on some unsuspecting airmen, Leon and Bubba. Luckily for us, (and them, too) Leon and Bubba were extremely good dudes and were even kind of an enlisted version of me and Lumpoe. So we got along great. They showed us their radical bathroom, wallpapered completely with Article 15's, and I gave them one of my Form 10's to paste over a bare spot on the ceiling. Leon reciprocated with a six of Lone Star longnecks; like I said, they were good dudes, man.

So me and Lumpoe spent a dull week in the motor pool, working on trucks and jeeps and stuff. The only highlight was on Thursday afternoon, when we mounted an old machine-gun on a tripod in back of one of the jeeps and went cruising *a la* Rat Patrol. The fun ended when the SP's finally shot out the jeep's tires, but not before we'd laid waste to the O-Club and the Barber Shop. It was a literal [redacted] blast! The feel of that machine-gun brought back some great memories, man, and it made us sort of regret having sold our Uzis in protest of the Israeli invasion of Lebanon. But wat the [redacted] - que sera, sera.

The weekend following the week in the motor pool was better than we'd expected. Leon and Bubba took us to Ojos Locos for a taste of West Texas nightlife. We cruised down Lone Star Street and picked up a case of Lone Star beer at the Lone Star grocery store before stopping by the Lone Star Saloon. The trouble began when a loud-mouthed cowboy pulled a knife on us and told Lumpoe that the town wasn't big enough for the both of them. Lumpoe took this to be an insult about his weight and smashed a full bottle of Lone Star on the guy's head. That shut him up fast. After exiting the bar, we headed for the local bowling alley, which is always a good place to get rowdy. We really freaked some people out





when we rolled up armadillos and used them for bowling balls. It made the game a [redacted] of a lot more interesting, man.

The second week at Cactus Field, they had us working on the flight line. You really couldn't ask for a better opportunity to wreak havoc and make a general nuisance of yourself, but me and Lumps behaved pretty well because we ourselves hope to be pilots in a couple of years and I know we wouldn't want a couple of guys like us messing things up on the flight line. So we played it cool and waited for the weekend to leave our mark on the great Southwest.

We went to the ZZ Top concert in Lubbock on Friday afternoon and really had a [redacted] great time. ZZ Top are some kind of national heroes in Texas or something, and Lone Star Stadium was packed. Leon showed us how to use a lasso and we roped us about eleven cowgirls by the time the



concert ended.

On Saturday we went to the Gila Club in Amarillo. The Gila Club must of gotten its name from the women who hang around the bar because most of them looked like [redacted] gila monsters. We didn't even bother trying to pick them up. We just had our obligatory Lone Stars and then left.



On the way back to Ojos Locos we had to stop several times so Lumpoe could get outand practice his cactus imitations. As ridiculous as this sounds, Lumpoe did get pretty [redacted] good at it, being especially talented at portraying the saguaro cactus and the joshua tree. People in West Texas really appreciate a good cactus imitator, too, man, and Lumpoe was pretty popular with the locals by the timé we left.

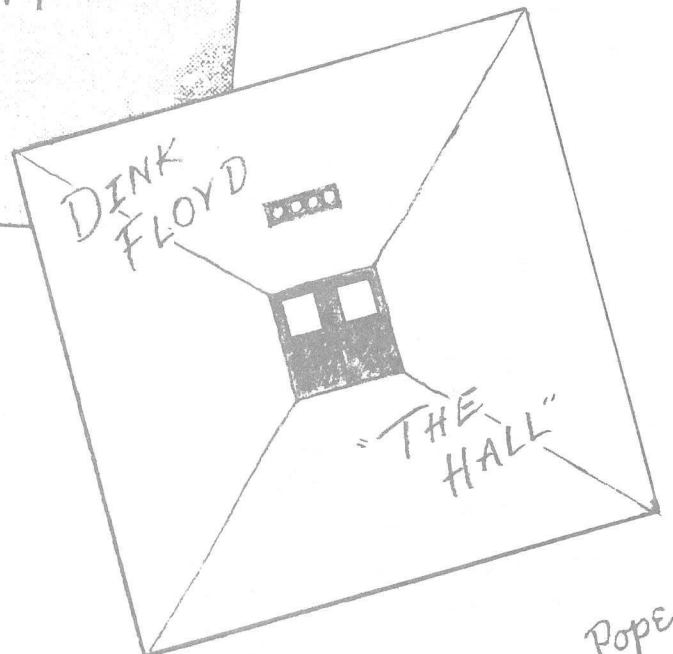
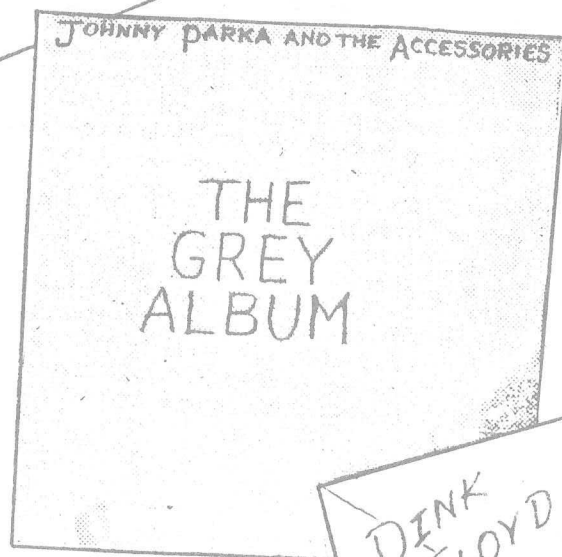
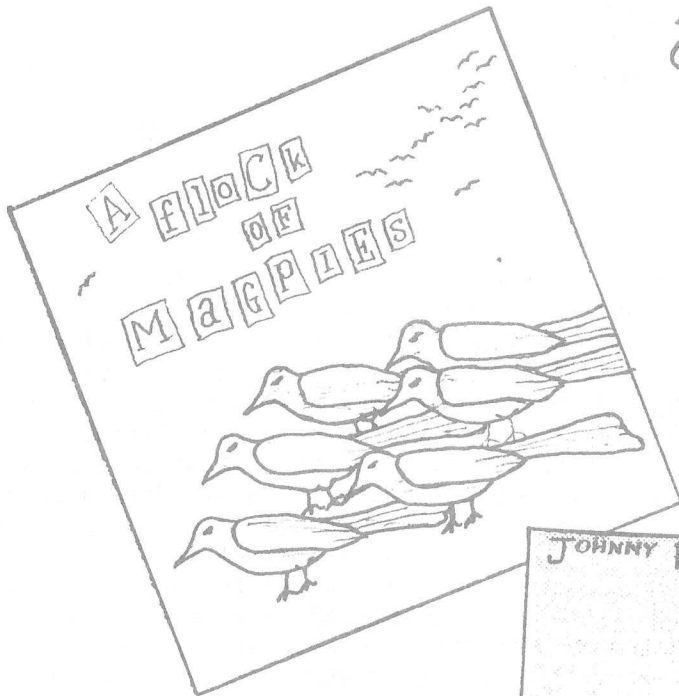
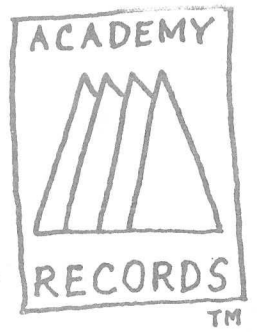


Our final week at Cactus Field AFB was spent with our old buddies, the SPs. They remembered us from the Rat Patrol thing from a couple of weeks earlier but they were a pretty radical bunch of guys and could appreciate a good prank. They were actually kind of grateful to us for livening up their boring lives, so me and Lumpoe were able to get away with practically anything. Naturally we wore berets and always had those babies on full automatic in case communists tried to get on base or something - it was [redacted] excellent. We were gate guards for the main entrance to the base and we were always [redacted] with people. Like this one time, the base commander, General Store, tried to get through the gate without an I.D.! Man! What a mistake on his part! Lumpoe had him face down on the asphalt with the muzzle of the M-16 jammed in his ear. The General's wife had to bring his I.D. down before we'd let him go. What a power trip, man.

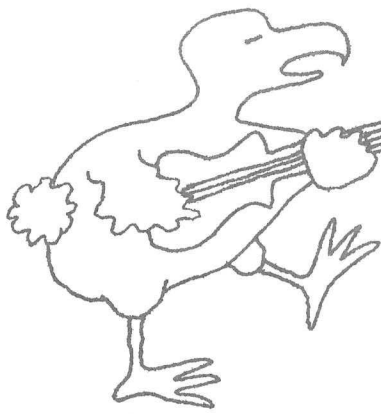


Before we left, we blew off about 12,000 rounds of ammo, carving our names in the mesa right off base. It was a fitting tribute to the havoc we wreaked on the barren wastelands of the American West. It was also cool as [redacted]. Sort of like Mt. Rushmore or something. We'll never forget Cactus AFB, Texas, man. And I'm [redacted] sure they'll never forget us, either.

NEW! On Academy<sup>®</sup>  
records  
and  
tapes







## Record Review

by Larry Latchlights

### A FLOCK OF MAGPIES by A Flock of Magpies

While initially attractive, the flashy surface of this popular album is quickly eroded upon subsequent listenings. It seems A Flock of Magpies, hailing from the ghettos of Vandenberg Hall's upper levels, have assembled an album which lacks substance in much the same way as do the areas affected by the GUIDE program. Perhaps AFOM, then, cannot be blamed for the emptiness of their music; perhaps they are merely a reflection of the environment from which they emerged. In any case, AFOM, the group and the album, prove to be an overall disappointment.

### THE GREY ALBUM by Johnny Parka and the Accessories

Johnny Parka and the Accessories' new release, "The Grey Album," is the result of the group's much-publicized retreat to Winter Park & Mary Jane for a combination ski weekend/song-writing venture. While on the trip, Parka penned current hit "I Was Issued the Blues," along with twelve other classic tunes, including the cacophonous "General Confusion" and the fast-paced "In My New Running Suit." The Cadet Ski Club also appears on the album, providing the chorus on "Dinks on the Slopes" and "Military Skilift Command," two songs obviously inspired by Parka's environment during the "snow sessions" as they have come to be known. "The Grey Album" is a must for JP fans, ski enthusiasts, and anyone else with good taste and an an ear for great rock 'n' roll.

### THE HALL by Dink Floyd

Soon to be a major motion picture, Dink Floy's "The Hall" is a musical excursion through the darker depths of USAFA. The powerful double album tells the story of Dink and his experiences at the Air Force Academy, from his rambunctious going-away party the night before BCT to the day he throws his white parade hat into the air, symbolizing the casting away of his old life and a new beginning. "The Hall" centers around the central theme of an anonymous hallway located somewhere in the bowells of Vandenberg Hall, with each song taking place somewhere in this hall and in random chronological order. A series of flashbacks leads the listener through Dink's harrowing years as a cadet, constructing vivid scenes of a cadet room, an AOC's office, the C-Store, the mail room, a SAR, and, finally, the Cadet Counseling Center. "The Hall" is destined to become a cult favorite, and may be Dink Floyd's best album since "Wish I Wasn't Here."

Hey, Believe it or Rot, these pathetic flower children from the CCCO actually sent a copy of this letter and the accompanying advertisement to the USAFA Wing media office! Doesn't this just prove they've absolutely lost touch with reality?

FOUNDED IN 1948  
AS THE CENTRAL COMMITTEE  
FOR CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS.



CCCO / An Agency for Military and Draft Counseling

Dear Student Newspaper Editor:

As the Government has begun prosecuting draft non-registrants, college-age men are being jailed, while high school seniors must think carefully about the meaning of registration and the results of non-registration.<sup>1</sup> Because this issue is so important, we have prepared an article for the high school and college press.<sup>2</sup> You may edit or rework it as necessary.<sup>3</sup> Feel free to call us with any questions, problems or suggestions.<sup>4</sup> Information about CCCO is in the article, so I will not repeat it here.<sup>5</sup>

Besides running the release, you might consider:

—Running an editorial on the prosecutions, or on registration for the draft, and their effect on your student body.<sup>6</sup>

—Taking a poll: Should people who don't register be prosecuted? Should there be registration? A draft? What kind of a war would the U.S. most likely get involved in next? Where? Would you fight?

—Interviewing a public non-registrant in your school, college, or community.<sup>8</sup>

—Running the enclosed ad (on the reverse of this letter) as a public service.<sup>9</sup>

There is no need to feel you should not cover national issues, even if you have never done so before. Draft registration and the threat of prosecution of non-registrants clearly affects your own student body.<sup>10</sup> Furthermore, nearly all leading scholastic press associations—including the Columbia Scholastic Press Association and the National Scholastic Press Association—encourage student journalists to deal with issues beyond their school or community.<sup>11</sup>

If you would like to receive other CCCO releases during '82-83, just drop the enclosed postcard in the mail.<sup>12</sup> No postage is necessary.<sup>13</sup> We will gladly add you to our media list for this year. Many electronic and print media use our press releases, including NBC Radio, *Mother Jones*, National Public Radio, and *The Philadelphia Inquirer*.<sup>14</sup>

I would appreciate your sending me anything you print on the subject.<sup>15</sup>

For peace,<sup>16</sup>

*Lysbeth Borie*

Lysbeth Borie<sup>17</sup>  
for CCCO<sup>18</sup>

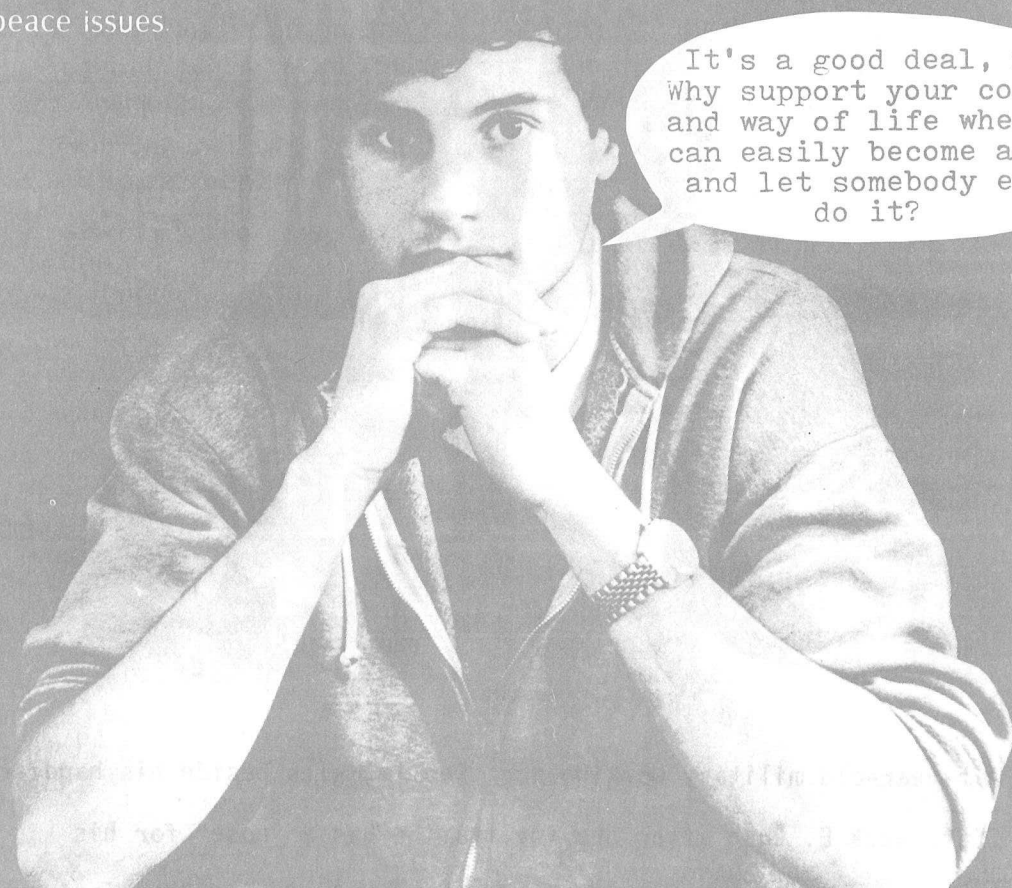
1. and how far it is to Canada 2. and, of course, the publications of the Service Academies for some bizarre and unknown reason 3. Gee, you mean we have your permission? 4. You want suggestions? Well, how about taking your [redacted] publication and [redacted] it [redacted] [redacted] 5. Thank you 6. Nah 7. Well, everyone, what do you think? 8. I'll look for one 9. Consider it done, baby 10. Clearly 11. Where? 12. Forget it 13. Well, o.k. then 14. Hey, you forgot The Dodo! 15. All right, I'll print a letter bomb 16. as well as Soviet domination and whatever else best serves your selfish motives, right toots? 17. What a name, man 18. i.e., [redacted]-[redacted] for Control of Civilian Operations

# LISTEN TO THIS:

There IS an alternative to compulsory military service. If you have moral, ethical, or religious objections to participation in any war or military training, you can be a conscientious objector. One can be a CO regardless of one's religion: an agnostic or atheist can make a CO claim based on deeply held, personal beliefs. The Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors is an organization engaged in a nation-wide effort to inform people about Conscientious objection and related peace issues.

We are also registering conscientious objectors with our CO card. This card simply states: "Because of my beliefs about war, I am opposed to participation in the military." Should the draft be reinstated, and this is becoming increasingly likely, a CO card could provide important documentation of your status as an objector. For more information, write to:

CCCO



It's a good deal, man. Why support your country and way of life when you can easily become a C.O. and let somebody else do it?

**CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR STATUS,  
THINK ABOUT IT.**

# TRUE SECTION



A 5-year-old military working dog, Doolie, sits beside his handler, SSgt. Jack E. Rush after proving that he has a "nose" for his business. Doolie won first place at the U.S. Canine Association championships held at Patrick AFB, Fla., after proving he was highly efficient in sniffing out seven types of explosives.

(U.S. Air Force photo by Sgt. Charles Newkirk)

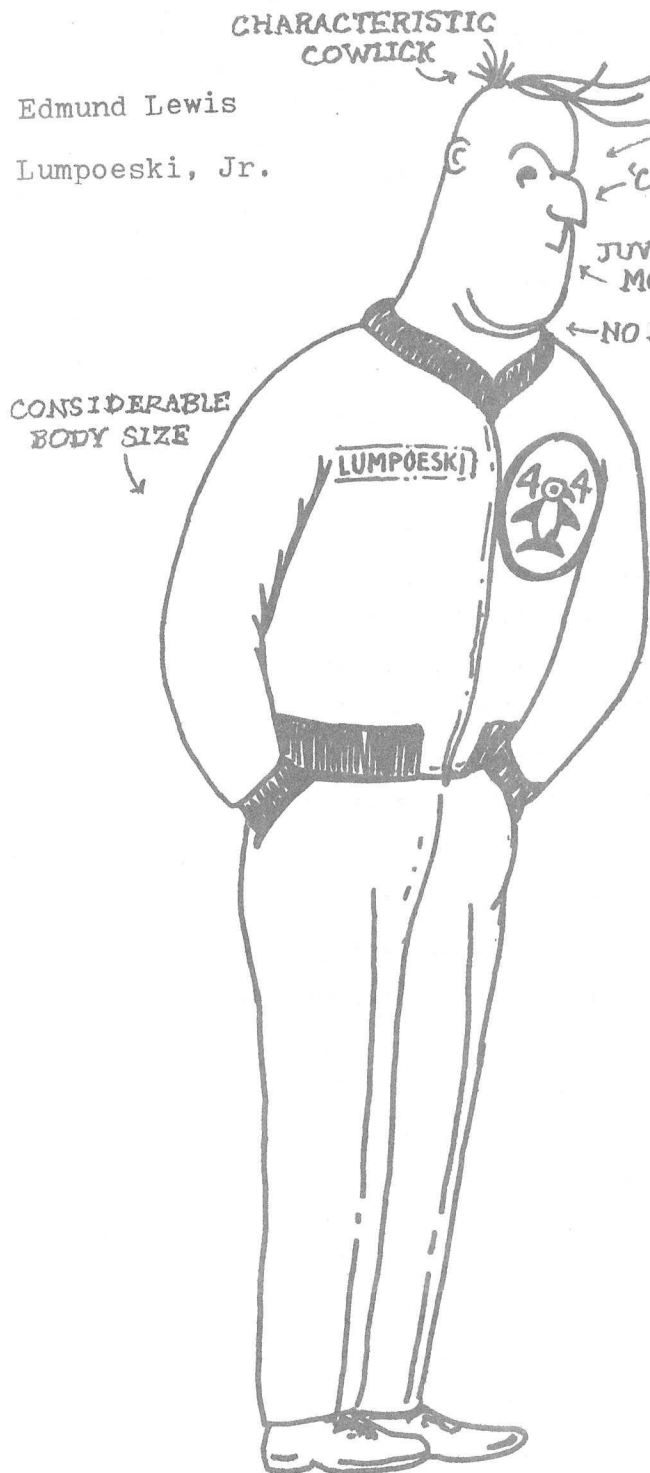
THE FIRST ANNUAL

8977

& LUMPOE

LOOK-ALIKE CONTEST

Edmund Lewis  
Lumpoeski, Jr.



STRAY HAIRS  
CONFUSED EXPRESSION

'RAD HAIRS'

SATANIC EYEBROWS  
SHIFTY EYES

'PENCIL NECK'

'BOB HOPE' NOSE

PROMINENT CHIN

'SLIGHT' FIGURE

Biffington  
Barrett Booter V

DETATCH AND MAIL

HEY! I KNOW SOMEBODY WHO LOOKS JUST LIKE:

BIFF: \_\_\_\_\_

LUMPOE: \_\_\_\_\_

(fill in name, class, squadron)

SEND A PHOTO OF YOUR ENTRY (THRU DISTRO)

TO: Stu Pope  
CS-40

# DODO SOCIAL COMMENTARY

## Blue Magnetism: Innocent Pastime or Deadly Thrill?

I don't know exactly how or why it happened, all I know is that it came on relentlessly and without warning. Just another victim of the unspeakable and powerful evil that lurks in the dark recesses of every cadet room; the insidious power of the Blue Magnet. The physical and psychological consequences of this force may easily leave me emotionally scarred for life.

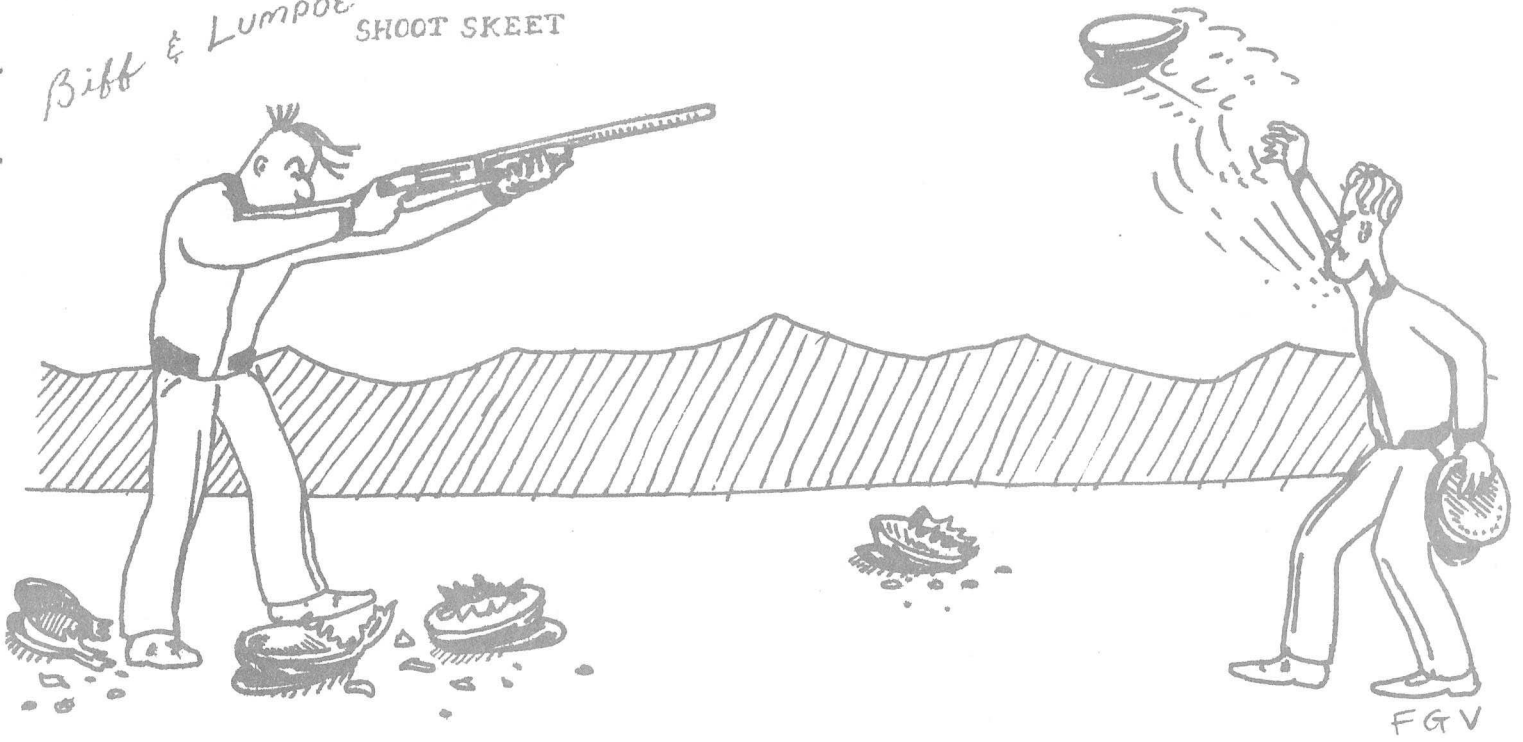
Actually, I bear no ill will towards the Academy or its policy-makers. But it does seem unfair that the very party who brought on this condition should wish to expel me for its destructive impact on my academic and military performance. On that matter I refuse to compromise. And my lawyer is exploring the possibility of suing for the intentional impairment of my mental and physical ability.

I can still remember when it all began. It was the second semester of my freshman year when I recieved a "Dear John" letter from my girlfriend back home. Since I couldn't get out to douse my self-pity with alcohol, I decided to sleep it off. It turned out to be just the solution I was looking for. So effective, in fact, that I thought there couldn't be any harm in doing it more often. Only later was I to learn the cruel fallacy of my thinking.

Sure, there was the time I scared the hell out of my roommate by pretending to be comatose. And I nearly split a gut when he tried to carry me to the hospital. Little was I to realize at the time how that innocent joke was to become a cynical caricature of my present condition. The more my body dropped into the blue wool blankets of forgetfulness, the more my grades and MPA dropped. This was compounded by the all too typical symptoms of late night TV and an insatiable addiction to science fiction and fantasy novels. This led to a need for more sleep, so I slept during free periods and on off-intramural days. When this wasn't enough I began sleeping in class and on one occasion I fell asleep while standing in the back of the classroom, causing severe lacerations to my head and awakening several other cadets. I finally realized the seriousness of my condition when I nodded out during my academic board.

I'm just another victim of the Blue Magnetism. Oh, I've tried caffeine, coffee and the counseling center, but it's useless. Why even now my eyelids are drooping. I think I'll g.....

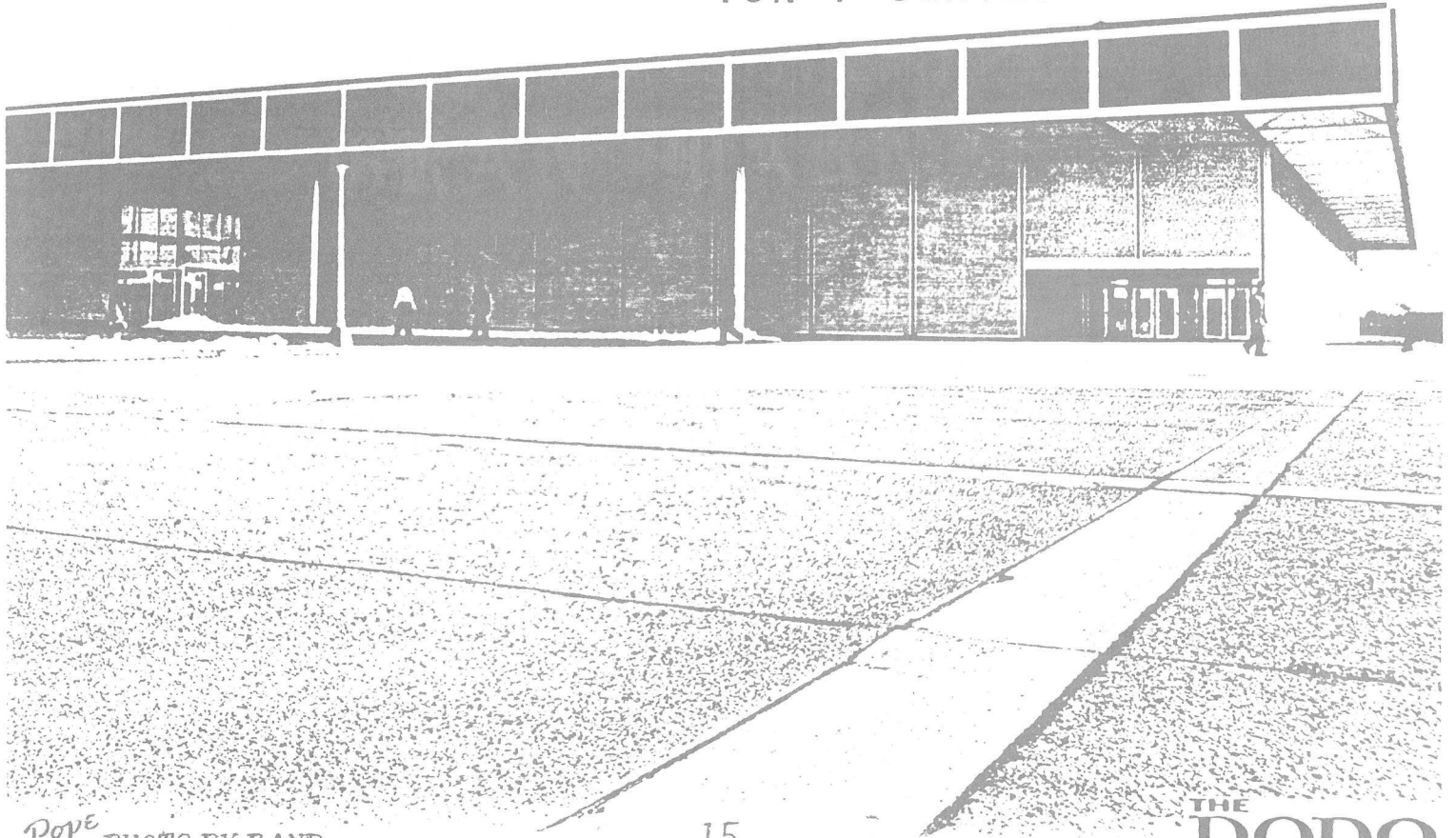
Biff & Lumpoe SHOOT SKEET



THERE MAY STILL BE PLACES ON EARTH WHERE

# GRAN MARNIER Liqueur

ISN'T SERVED AFTER DINNER



# "The greatest battle instrument ever devised." -General George S. Patton



The legendary M1 Garand

## Own a legend...

FOR SOME it's memories of troop ships and beachheads... of coral reefs and steamy jungles... of hedgerows and advances through forests waist deep in snow... memories of a hundred battles when life was young...

FOR OTHERS, younger and older, it's the rare excitement of discovering that old-time excellence still is available...

The M1 Garand Rifle. That legendary rifle. "The greatest battle instrument ever devised." —in the words of George S. Patton.

Springfield Armory still makes the M1 Garand rifle just the way it was, to original G.I. specifications with no short-cuts, no compromises. You can enjoy it in the original "thirty-ought-six" caliber—or chambered for 7.62 mm NATO (.308 Winchester), .270, .25-06 or .243 cartridges. And you have a choice of Standard, National Match or Ultra-Match (heavy) barrels in any caliber

Your M1 classic also can be customized by a wide range of authentic accessories as listed in our catalog, including a choice of scopes, from 3x9 variables to 3x9 variable rangefinders. We even offer two original, ultra-rare—but brand new—M1 Garand sniper rifles, the M1-C and M1-D, in .30-06 caliber.

So, whatever your reasons—old memories, new excitement or any combination of these good urges—it's still not too late to see your local firearms dealer for the legendary M1 Garand. Or order through us for delivery by your favorite nearby retailer.

American excellence in para-military firearms!



"But I guess they're not so 'great' when they've been demilitarized, huh, cadets?" -General George S. Patton again

Unofficial map for avoiding I.D. check stations, so you can avoid the hassle of getting your 'green card' out.

☠=I.D. CHECK

2ND FLOOR



Go through the bathroom

Big climb, but worth it!

Go out window of 5F12  
Come back in window of 5D66

5TH FLOOR

Just go up stairs

Climb between floors

3RD FLOOR

Climb out of window & onto ledge & back in again

Jump onto net in quad

6TH FLOOR

Pole vault into 3D35 16'

Climb onto roof

Have helicopter pick you up or Pop set you down



# DODO QUORUM

## REPORTING IN

Hi! My name is Dick. Well, actually C4C Adamson. Until last weekend, I never really believed that any of the letters in Dodo Quorum could be true. Boy, was I wrong! Last Friday at 1630 I had to report around to C3C Palmer (a girl). Well, you can imagine how nervous I was, I mean being fresh outta high school and all and never having had a date. Anyway, I knocked on her door and she answered, wearing not the UOD, but civilian clothes - jeans and a T-shirt! My mouth literally dropped open when I saw her like that! Before I had a chance to say anything, she reached around me and closed the door. I just couldn't believe this was happening to me! This was just too much for me to handle! And, to top it all off, I could hear people out in the halls talking - what would they think? Well, Cadet Palmer left no time for an answer, because even before I could regain my composure, she began asking me one knowledge question after another. Before long, my brain was reeling back and forth until I could take it no longer. I was exhausted! She seemed to sense my fatigue and stopped, but I detected a mischievous glint in her eyes, and could only guess at what it meant. It didn't take long to figure out when she said that I could go to parade rest. I suppose my legs were asleep for when I did, I collapsed noisily on the bed with a resounding SQUEAK! God, I thought excitedly, are those people still in the hall? What are they thinking now? Cadet Palmer laughed reassuringly and said it was alright and not to worry. Suddenly she got down and pulled out the biggest six-pack of Coke I've ever seen from under the sink, handed it to me with a delicious smile and said, "Good job Mr. Adamson, that's the best I've heard yet!" I was in ecstasy! When I reported out, I gave her a confident smile, realizing just how far a little knowledge could go!

--Cadet number and squadron withheld.

## SWINGIN' AT ARNIE'S

I'm 19 years old and a thirdclassman at USAFA. I am usually very studious and spend

most of my weekends in the room or training smacks. Well, last Saturday was my birthday and I thought I'd go over to "Arnie's", have a pitcher of Coke and maybe even watch some TV to celebrate. Little did I know that I was about to have the wildest night of my life! Being the big night it was, I slipped into my Ban-lon pants, my "terry" shirt and my Pumas and headed off to Arnold Hall. When I got there, the place was really "hopping" and there was just no room to sit except in the disco. No sooner had I sat down when this gorgeous girl came up to me and asked if she could sit at my table. I said she could and then I made a remark like, "What's a nice girl like you doing in a place like this?" We both had a laugh over that one and I just knew she was warming up to me. So then I asked about her and she said that her name was Jenny and that she was a cheerleader at Colorado College. Anyway, I had heard lots of guys in my squadron talking about this 3.2 beer and I knew it must be pretty potent stuff, so I gambled and bought a pitcherful. After my first glass, I was feeling sort of swirly and thought, "Good deals for cadets." Jenny was acting sort of bored, so I turned on the old charm and told her all about BCT and how I got to yell at doolies. Feeling pretty confident now, I asked her to dance. When we started dancing, I tripped and fell on the floor, which really got her laughing. Now I knew the time was right and asked her if she wanted to go for a walk. She said something witty like, "Why, are you going to be sick?" I chortled and said, "No, of course not." So we walked out and I guess the sudden standing got me dizzy and I fell into the bushes. Well, I couldn't remember anything after that, but gosh, do I wish I did! You can bet that I'll be going to Arnie's a lot more in the near future!

--New address unknown.

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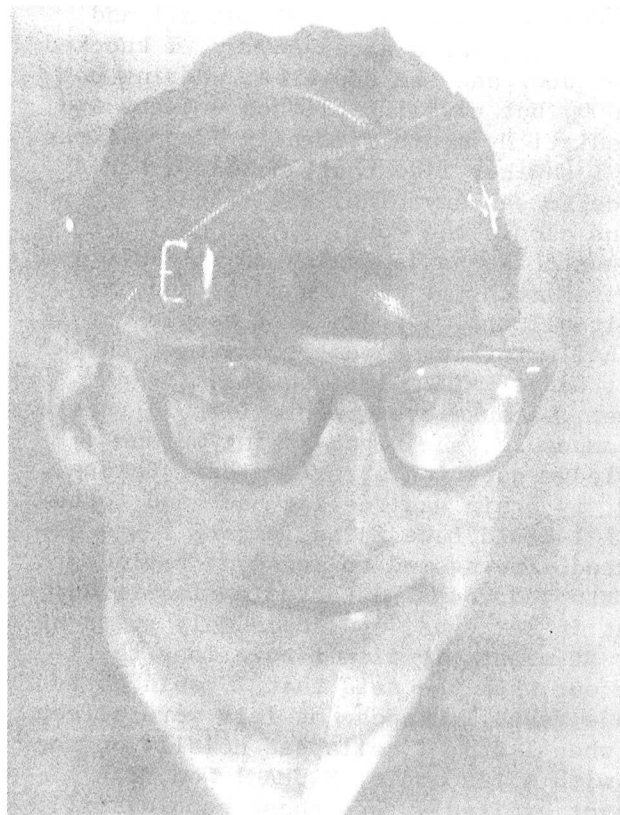
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# "Ask The Radical"

Dear Radical,

I just got written up for "bad hairs," and, like, I'm supposed to serve 40 confinements. You gotta help me, man. What can I do?

Brian

Dear Brian,

Mellow out, man - I've got the solution. Since you got written up for "bad hairs," is was obviously your "hairs" who were "bad" and not you. See how I'm working this, man? So just cut some of your hair off and put it in an envelope and then leave the clippings on your desk during confinement periods. Then take off and do what ever you want while the bad hairs rough out the punishment. Let me know how it works out, man.

The Radical

Dear Radical,

I've got this obsession with shining my shoes. It's like I can't even sleep at night if I can't "count my teeth" when I smile into the mirror-like surfaces of my low quarters. Is this abnormal?

Norbert

Dear Norbert,

You're beyond help, man. Take a vacation or something - go someplace where people don't even wear shoes, o.k.? And stay there.

The Radical

Dear Radical,

I'm the editor [redacted] college humor magazine [redacted] small western university, and [redacted] seems like [redacted] [redacted] pages get censored before [redacted] the [redacted] presses. What do [redacted] [redacted] and [redacted] [redacted] or what?

Dear [redacted],

The only solution is to, like, [redacted] [redacted], man. This may [redacted] [redacted] but if [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] then, [redacted] [redacted], you know?

The Radical

Dear Radical,

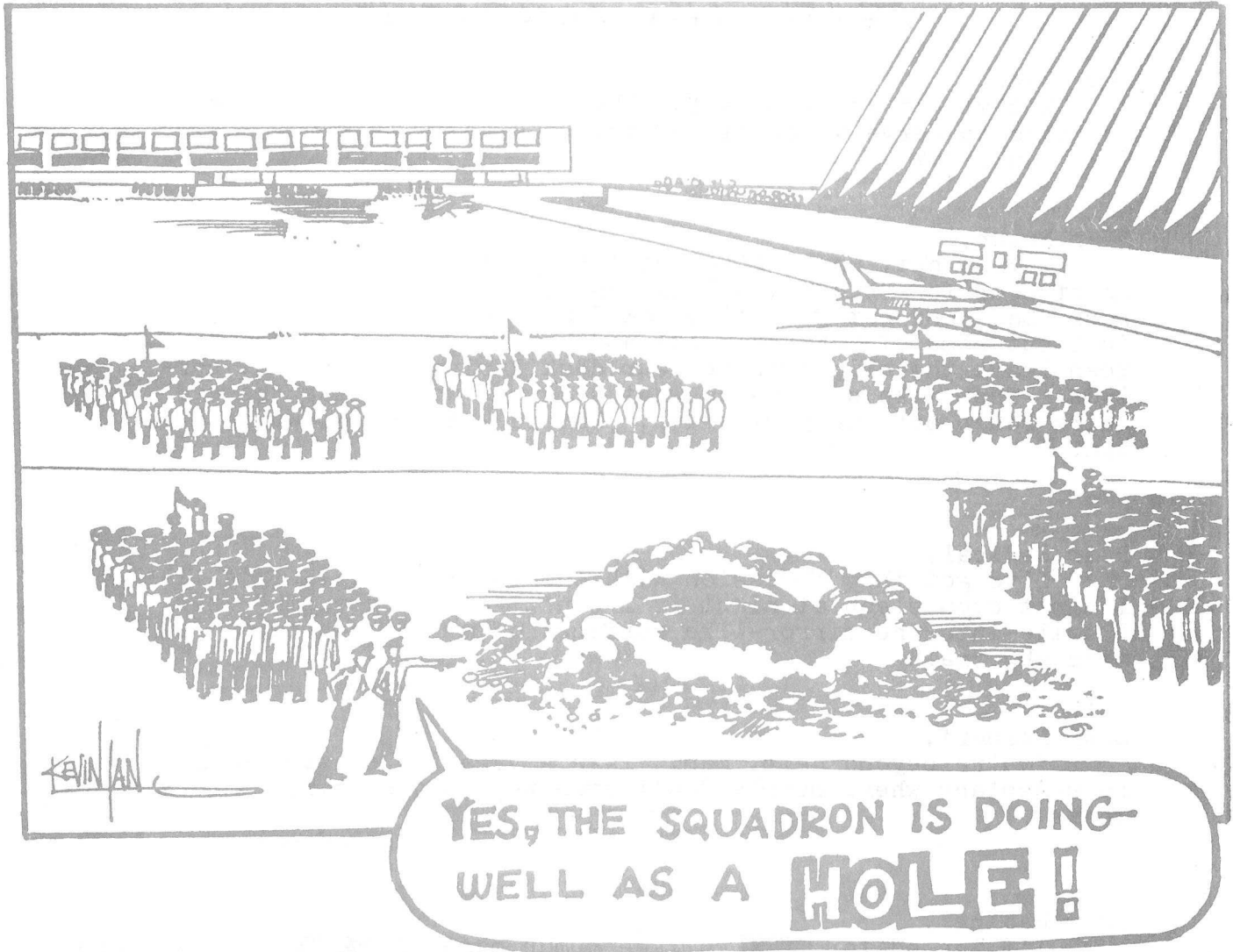
I'm a firstie and live in Sijan Hall, and, like, I can't even get a parking slot anywhere around here. I'm sick of parking in "Lot 81" with the 20's. Any suggestions?

Bob

Dear Bob,

Yeah, man, just make up a title for yourself, like "Cadet Wing Confusion & Mayhem Rep" or something like that. Then stencil the initials (CWCMR, or whatever) on the parking slot of your choice and park there forever. It works great, man.

The Radical



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