





KEVIN LANG

PETE WILLIAMS

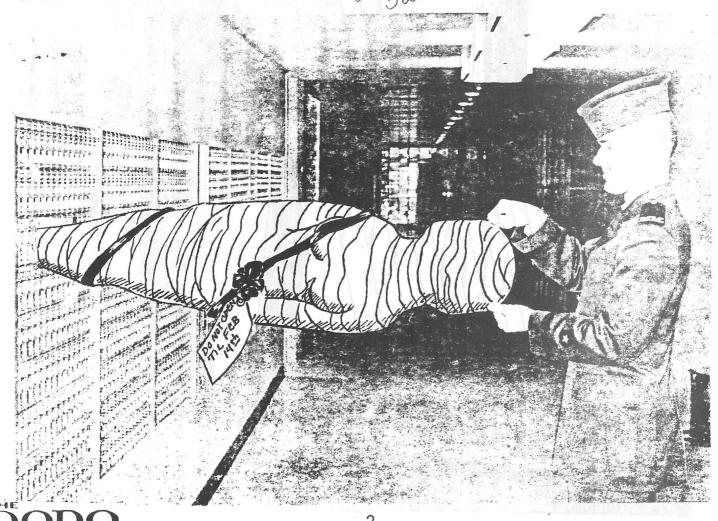
PETE BARTOS:

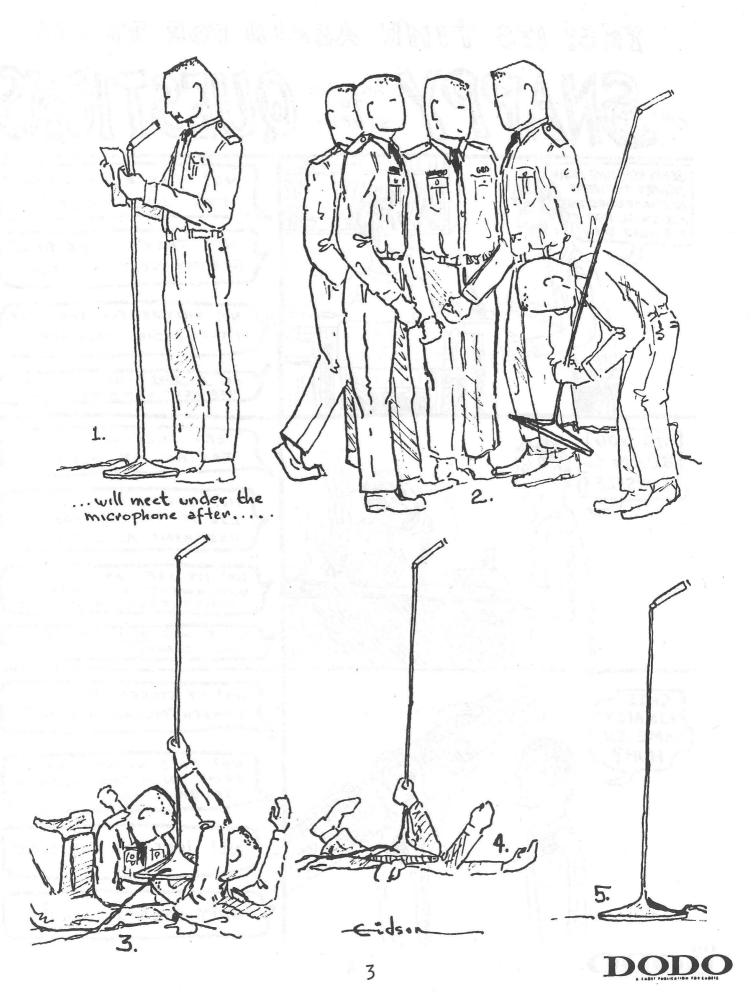
STU POPE (Editor)

FELIX VILLARREAL

Hey, time again for our annual tribute to some of the best pages from the Dodos of yesteryear! This is pretty classic stuff here, man; I'm sure you'll really dig on it. (Lots of cartoons for those of you who complain about the Dodo having too much 'written material' in it lately.) So 'mellow out' and enjoy the humor of the 'brown shoedays' and we'll be back next month with our usual insanity! Gtw

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YES! ITS TIME AGAIN FOR THOSE

GNASH SNAPPY

ANSWERS TO STUPID

QUESTIONS



NO! THESE ARE FOR THE LAST ONE!

NO! THEY'RE THE D.L.O.S FOR MY NEXT M.T. SPEECH!

NO! THEY'RE FOR THE NEXT

NO! ANYBODY WHO COMES IN HERE NEXT CAN HAVE THEM.

DID YOU BURN YOURSELF?



CERTAINLY NOT, I'M TAKING MY PULSE.

NO! THE INSTRUCTOR DID IT TO ME FOR BREAKING A TEST TUBE!

NO! MY LEFT ARM JUST UNDERWENT SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION, PRESS-FACE!

NO! I WAS BORN WITH A HALF-CHARRED ARM.

SKIS FINALLY CAME IN, HUH?



NO! MY STEREO DID, ITS A ZENITH PILLAR OF SOUND.

NO! GOLF CLUBS. SKIS COME IN A BOX MARKED SCUBA GEAR!

NO! JUST THE BOX, ZERO!

ONLY WHEN I LAUGH!



NO! I'M SMUGGLING BACK SOME ORANGES FROM THE DINING HALL!

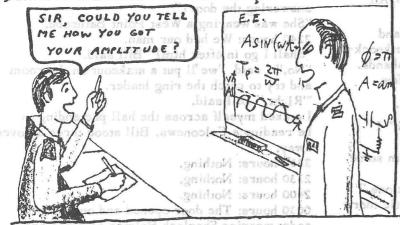
NO, ZIPPO, I HAD THE FIRST

NO! I WAS STUNG IN THE CHEEK BY THE F-104!!!

NO! THEY PUT IN 27 NEW MOLARS!

"Security Flight, Jones....yes, dest. all right dear, I will dear O.K. goodbye dear." It was his roommate.

The phone rang again, I answered this, irne, We received a report that a ring of



walked down the hall and went into another room.
Bill and I stake ourselves out on each side

of the door, We whipped our form 10's out.

CERTAINLY, SMACK ... BY EATING WONDER BREAD!

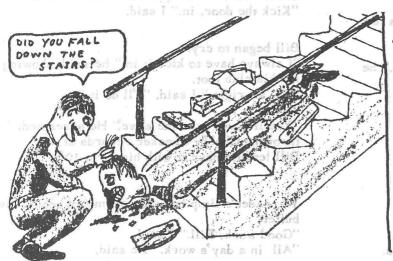
BY SAVING RALEIGH COUPONS .

ONLY WHEN I LAUGH ...

SURE, BY BEING ON AMPLITUDE PROBATION FOR FOUR YEARS.

"That's all right," I said. "We'd just like to ask a few questions,".

"Can I get anything for you gentlemen?" he



NO! I WAS JUST LAYING HEAR RESTING AND A DOOLIE KICKED ME IN THE MOUTH!

NO! I WAS WALKING ON MY HANDS AND TRIPPED OVER THAT FLIGHT CAP, SHERLOCK!

NO, I TOOK A RUNNING START AND FELL UP TWO FLIGHTS!

ARE YOU UGLY !!!

"Well, what do you think?" Bill aske

DRUGNET

This is the Academy. More than 4000 cadets live here. They obey the regs most of the time. But when they don't its our

My partner's Bill Jones, the Boss is Captain Smith, my name's Fink. 1915 hours; We were working the night watch out of Security Flight. The phone rang Bill answered.

"Security Flight, Jones...yes, dear, all right dear, I will dear O.K. goodbye dear." It was his roommate.

The phone rang again. I answered this, time. We received a report that a ring of cadets had not been wearing regulation Air Force pajamas. Our job, find em.

1930 hours: We put on our overcoats and went down to the third group area. We knocked on the door and flashed our armbands. "May we come in, we'd like to ask a few

questions?" "Well my roommate's not in and I..." "We'd just like to ask a few questions." I

"Are you from Security Flight; is he in some kind of trouble?"

"No, we'd just like to ask a few questions." "Well let me slip into something a little more

"That's all right," I said. "We'd just like to ask a few questions."

He showed us in. "Can I get anything for you gentlemen?" he

"No," I said, "we'd just like to ask a few questions.'

"Would you like some coffee, maybe." he

"No, thanks "We said.

"Tea?"

"No."

"Beans?"

"No."

"BLT s?"

"NO."

"Rum and Coke?"

"Yes," we said in unison.

2230 hours: We thanked him and left.

"Well, what do you think?" Bill asked.

"I don't know "I said. "Maybe its nothing."

"What?" said Bill.

"His name tag was on crooked."

2235 hours: We knocked on a door in the first group area. A tall blonde wearing a sheer negligee answered.

"Yes."

"We're from Security Flight, mam, we'd like to ask a few questions."

"I don't know nothin'," She said, and slammed. the door in our face.

"Well," Bill said, "what do you think?"

"Didn't you notice something peculiar about that woman : answering the door?" I asked.

"No," said Bill, -"What's peculiar about a woman answering the door?"

"She was wearing a West Point Bathrobe."

2240 hours: We had our man.

"Shall I go in after him?" Bill said.

"No," I said. "we'll put a stakeout on the room and try to catch the ring leader."

"'Right," Bill said.

I staked myself across the hall pretending to be reading a Falconews. Bill stood three alcoves

2315 hours: Nothing.

2330 hours: Nothing.

2400 hours: Nothing.

0030 hours: The door opened and out crept a cadet wearing Sherlock Holmes pajamas and Bugs Bunny slippers. We watched him as he walked down the hall and went into another room.

Bill and I stake ourselves out on each side of the door. We whipped our form 10's out. "Kick the door, in," I said.

Bill began to cry.

"I always have to kick it in," he said, showing me his club foot.

"Oh, all right," I said. "I'll do it."

We burst in.

"You'll never take me alive". He screamed, throwing Chubby Checker records at us. Bill let him have it with his form 10's.

The cadet's limp body lay crumpled behind his

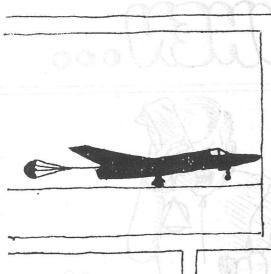
"Good work, Bill." I said.

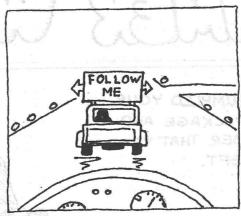
"All in a day's work." He said.

-Glenn Emigh



VIOU MES & GRAD, WEED...

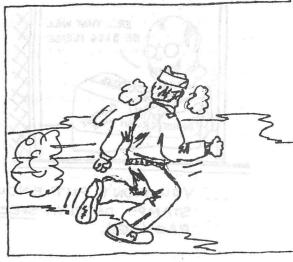


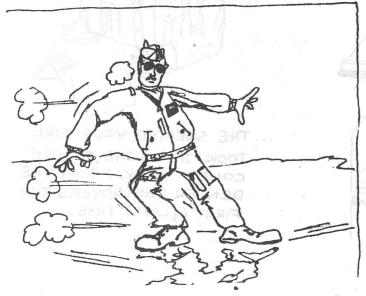














MANA CARO...

...YOU JUST CRUMPLED YOUR CIGARETTE PACKAGE AND YOU REMEMBER THAT YOU HAD ONE LEFT.



STAMPS ON THAT SPECIAL PACKAGE.



... ALL OF THE UPPER CLASSMEN TOOK ALL OF THE DODO'S, AND ALL THAT IS LEFT ARE THE TALOIN'S.





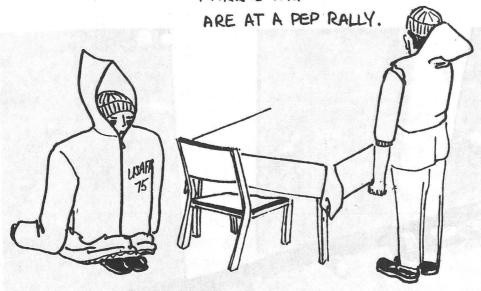




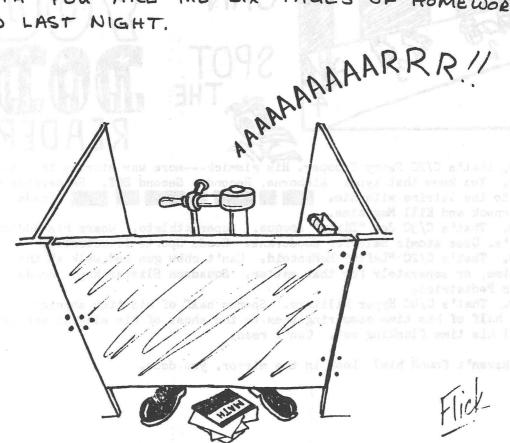
THE SWEATER YOUR GIRL
TOOK 3 MONTHS TO KNIT
COMES BACK FROM THE
DENVER DESTROYERS THE
FIRST ({LAST) TIME.



... THEY SWITCH PARKAS WHILE YOU.

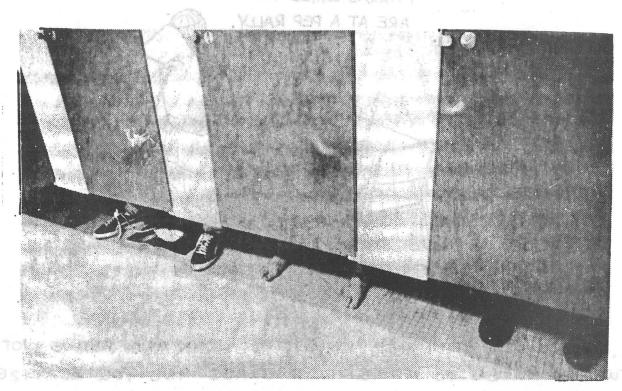


YOU JUST FINISHED USING THE JOHN AND YOU'VE GOT TWO MINUTES TO MAKE IT TO CLASS AND YOU REALIZE THAT THE ROLL IS EMPTY, AND THE ONLY THING YOU'VE GOT WITH YOU ARE THE SIX PAGES OF HOMEWORK YOU DID LAST NIGHT.





MEY SWITCH CARRAS WHILE YOU





1. NO, that's C/2C Perry Trooper. His gimmick---more war stories that Audie Murphy. You know that types Airborne, Recondo, Second BCT. He carries his rifle to the latrine with him. Reads

Leatherneck and Kill Magazine.

2. NO. That's C/3C Joe "Dirty" Jocque. Super athlete. Wears his Addidas to IRI's. Uses Atomic Balm for deodorant. Reads Sports Illustrated.

3. NO. That's C/2C "Lefty" McManzoid. Can't chew gum and walk at the same time, or separately for that matter. Squadron Blister Rep. Reads Popular Pediatrics.

4. NO. That's C/4C Hyper Military. Spends half of his time shining shoes, half of his time comparing them to the shoes of his element sergeant, and all his time flunking out. Can't read.

Still haven't found him? Look in the mirror, you dodo.

