



MEMO FOR CADET RECORD

NAME OF CADET

Editor, Dodo

SQUADRON

20

CLASS

89

INSTRUCTIONS: Each entry must be signed and dated.

DATE

REMARKS/COMMENTS

18 OCT 88

Hey! What's up?! Here's the second issue of "DoDo" -- hopefully we can come out with an issue every month.

The feedback I've heard about the premiere issue was great. We do value any and all praises and criticisms that we receive. That way, we can insure that whatever appears in "DoDo" reflects what the Cadet Wing thinks.

I hope no one out there has major grudges against us. We admit that we sometimes step over the line, but hey, it's all freedom of the press!! If we make fun of something or someone, it's only a joke (sometimes with an undertone of what we really feel). I hope everyone out there has some sense of humor.

Well, I hope you enjoy this edition of "DoDo" !!!



T. TUNG

***** WARNING ***** WARNING ***** WARNING *****

* This publication, though somewhat "sanitized" (i.e. censored), may still *
* contain material that may be construed as offensive to some individuals. *
* If you think you'll be offended, then DON'T READ THIS. On the other hand, *
* the sanitization process may have left this publication somewhat bland *
* and unamusing. Sorry...we had nothing to do with it. *

***** WARNING ***** WARNING ***** WARNING *****

DODO STAFF ALPHA ROSTER

CLASS YEAR	PA CODE	NAME	SQ	SSAN
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90	A	Mills, Gary Howard	29	676232485
90	A	Samuel, Jeffrey Bryan	16	862985576
90	A	Sanchez, James Richard	3	955499765
91	A	Blount, Mark Elliot	23	947291651
91	A	Hamilton, Scott David	29	731738841
91	A	Tavener, Carson Lloyd	22	625962033
91	A	Vaughan, Coley Joseph	34	616641129
F??	D	Gibson, Debbie Kay	41	123456789



Problems with
the military?
Call
1(800)-555-WAAH



Hey, there, good-looking,
now are you SURE that you
won't let my boy use the
CQ phone???





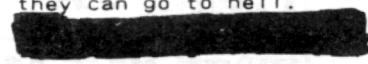
DODO

~~DEAR PLAYBOY~~

ADDRESS ~~DEAR PLAYBOY~~ **DODO**
 PLAYBOY BUILDING **c/o**
 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE. **WINGMEDIA**
 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611



Dear Dodo,
 I don't like cadets, and I never have. If they don't like the way I cut hair, they can go to hell.



Dear Dodo,
 I'd like to know who keeps bringing me back towels with boogers all over em. Towels are for drying off, not for picking your nose. If this keeps up, I won't give out no towels nomore.

Fred Jones,
 Men's Towel and Sweats Exchanger

Dear Dodo,
 Where can we find the Chapel?
 The Lookiloo Family,
 Topeka, Kansas

Dear Dodo,
 My name is Mitzy, and I'd like to meet a cadet. I don't care what class he's in, or what squadron. I don't care if he's on ac-pro, and it doesn't matter if he's an astro major. I really want to get married and have children. Can you help me out? Thanks alot.

Mitzy Priss,
 Colorado Springs, Colorado

Dear Dodo,
 Nyah, nyah, nyah. Im a cowboy fromme thu uvinirsitee uv Wioming and I jest wanted too sey that yur futbol team kant kik no sheet kwiker den we kin eet it!

Billy Bob Jethro Joe Dudds,
 Layeramee, Wioming

Dear Dodo,
 F.

The Dean,
 USAFA

Cher Dodo,
 Votre revue est très bon! Je la lis chaque mois. Oh, bonjour à tout les élèves français!

Pierre Michaux,
 L'Academie de L'Air

Dear Dodo,
 I lost my hair pick in one of the classrooms in Fairchild Hall. If anyone finds it, please send it to me. I'd really appreciate it.

The Janitor with the Huge Afro,
 Fairchild Hall

Dear Dodo,
 This is Norma. I'm really getting tired of all your cadets coming to my store and writing checks without buying anything. You know, even if they just bought a Hershey bar, or a bottle of Coke, I'd be happy. No, all they want is some quick beer money. Well, I'm sick of it, just sick of it. From now on, I'll be charging \$2 to cash a check at my place. Did you hear that? TWO DOLLARS! Oh yeah, the guy who drives the Ford Mustang GT...tell him I'm tired of him stopping by every 15 minutes. What? Oh, my husband just told me that almost everyone up there drives a Mustang GT... Oh... well, nevermind that. Just remember the two dollars. I want my two dollars!

Norma,
 Norma's Stop and Shop

Dear Dodo,
 I'm a [redacted], and I want to become a cadet. I've been told that I should get into 2nd squadron, or 40th squadron. Why is this? Is there something special about these two squadrons? A dear friend of mine said that they had "a good history," and that I will be accepted as one of their own. Is this true?

Fitzwilly Peters,
 San Francisco, California

Dear Dodo,
 Aacchhoood. Gesundheit.
 Aacchhoood. Kurtdeheiser.
 C4C Don T. Trainme,
 CS-23

Dear Dodo,
 Okay, so I was wrong the first time. So there wasn't an eclipse September 11th, and the apocolypse didn't happen on the 19th. I've done some recalculations and I'm sure about it this time. I'll be sending all of your readers a new letter, so tell them to go ahead and ignore the last one. Thanks.

Some Guy You Don't Know,
 Mojave, California

Dear Dodo,
 Sorry about that thing with the chicken salad. I really didn't mean to use that grungy hose to wash off the celery. It was an honest mistake. Okay?

Harold P. Mitchell,
 Head Cook (selectee)

Dear Dodo,
 Did you know that Dodo spelled backwards is o.d. o.d.? I think there's some backmasking going on here. I think your magazine is promoting premature death in cadets through overdosing on controlled substances. I propose a rating system to be placed on all Dodo's letting people know what type of material is inside (i.e. satire, personal attack, comedy etc.). I would also like to see you change your name to "The Ssensuoethgir."

Tipper Gore,
 Washington D.C.

Dear Dodo,
 Would you happen to have any pictures of Jody Foster laying around anywhere in your offices?

John Hinckley,
 St. Elizabeth's Hospital

Dear Dodo,
 Just how long can you keep up your capitalist play? Imperialists such as you expolit the proletariat, and rob the world of its resources. Karl Marx was a great man, and so were his brothers, Harpo and Groucho. Why don't you turn your sacred Academy into a tractor factory or something? You make us sick. (Yet none of us is sicker than the other - we are all equal.)

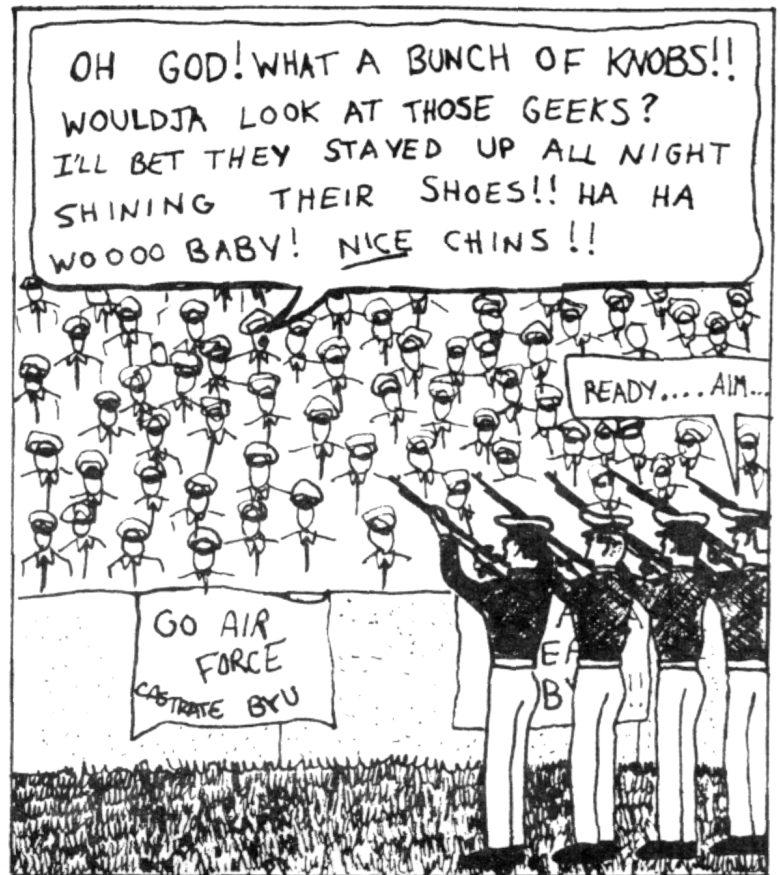
Democratic People's
 Socialist Front,
 A commune, East Germany



Tim MacGregor '90



ONE FINE HALFTIME AT FALCON STADIUM



Thanks to C2C'TOPH' FOR THE IDEA

DJAKOV'S THEORY

$$K = \int_0^{\infty} \left(\frac{\pi \alpha \rho^2}{(2) \lambda dx} + \frac{\psi \omega dx}{\Omega dy} - \frac{\Lambda dx}{\phi \beta \pi} \right)$$

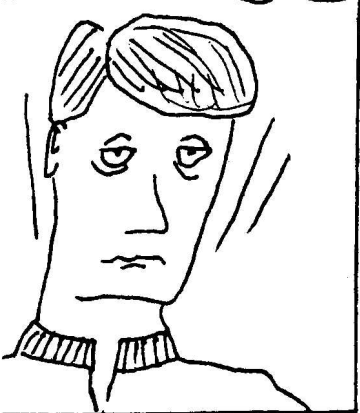
Nightmare in Fairchild!



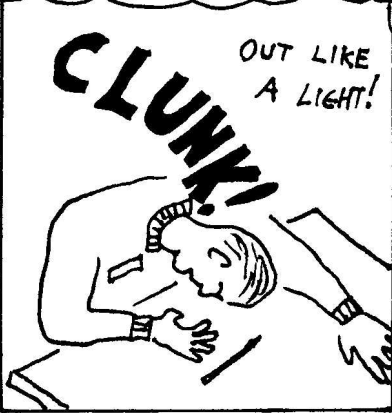
...BLAH BLAH
BLAH TO THE
BLAH POWER.
SEE HOW EASY
IT IS!

ANOTHER LESSON
OF ELECTRICAL AERO
BIOSYSTEMS 320.
IT SEEMS LIKE
THE HARDEST
PART OF THIS
CLASS IS...

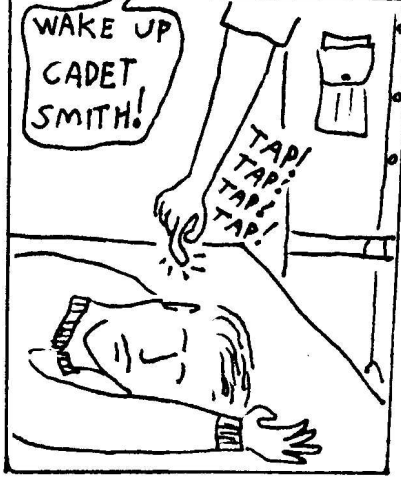
...STAYING...



AWAKE...



OUT LIKE
A LIGHT!



WAKE UP
CADET
SMITH!

TAP!
TAP!
TAP!



(TRANSFORM)

CLICK!
CLICK!
CLICK!
CLICK!

OH NO! IT'S FREDDY ROYER!

WHY DON'T
YOU
STAND
UP, MR.
SMITH!

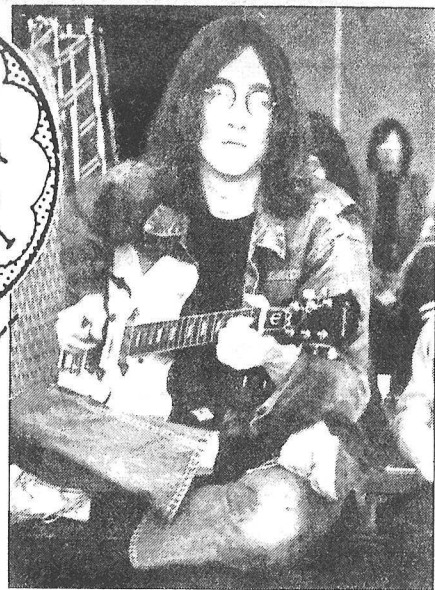
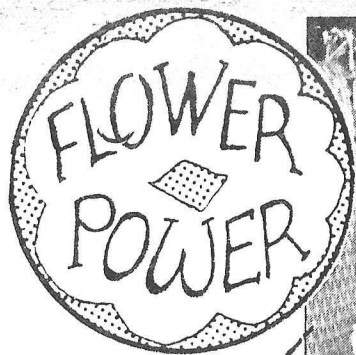


NO ONE
BEATS THE
MEAN!

YOU'LL
NEVER SLEEP
IN CLASS
AGAIN!

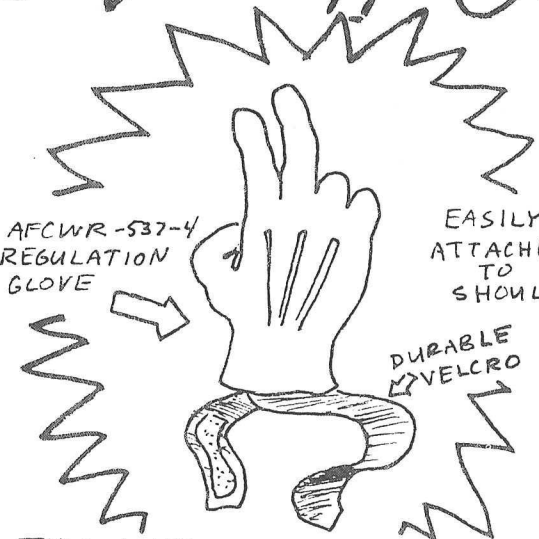


TO BE
CONTINUED...



Like, why do we need nukes, Man?

IT'S REVOLUTIONARY! IT'S POST-NO-MORE!



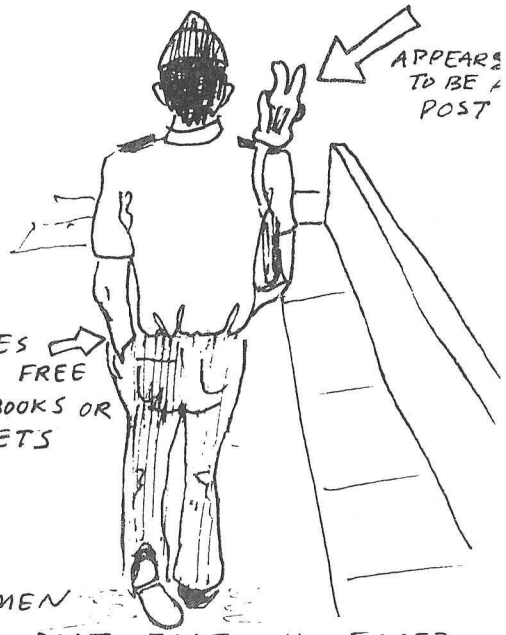
AFCWR-537-4
REGULATION
GLOVE

EASILY
ATTACHES
TO
SHOULDER

DURABLE
VELCRO



LEAVES
HANDS FREE
FOR BOOKS OR
POCKETS



APPEARS
TO BE
POST

THIS LIFE-LIKE POSTING DEVICE IS MADE FOR UPPER-CLASSMEN WHO HAVE GROWN WEARY OF THUNDERSOME, ANNOYING GREETING. UNTIL NOW, UPPERCLASSMEN HAVE HAD TO EXPEND VALUABLE MILLIJOULES OF ENERGY TO POST EAGER 4 DEGREES, NOT TO MENTION THE EFFORT REQUIRED TO SWITCH BOOKS TO THE OTHER HAND. NOW, WITH THE NEW POST-NO-MORE™ DEVICE, A SINGLE ATTACHMENT AT THE START OF THE DAY MEANS UNINTERRUPTED TRAVEL TO AND FROM CLASSES. THE WOULD-BE GREETER NEARING A FROM-THE-REAR-PASS SPOTS THE POST-NO-MORE™ DEVICE AND INSTINCTIVELY TERMINATES THEIR GREETING. MADE OF REGULATION WHITE GLOVE MATERIAL AND DURABLE VELCRO STRAPS, THE POST-NO-MORE™ DEVICE IS GUARANTEED TO GIVE YOU HOURS AND HOURS OF UNENCUMBERED TERAZZO TRAVEL.

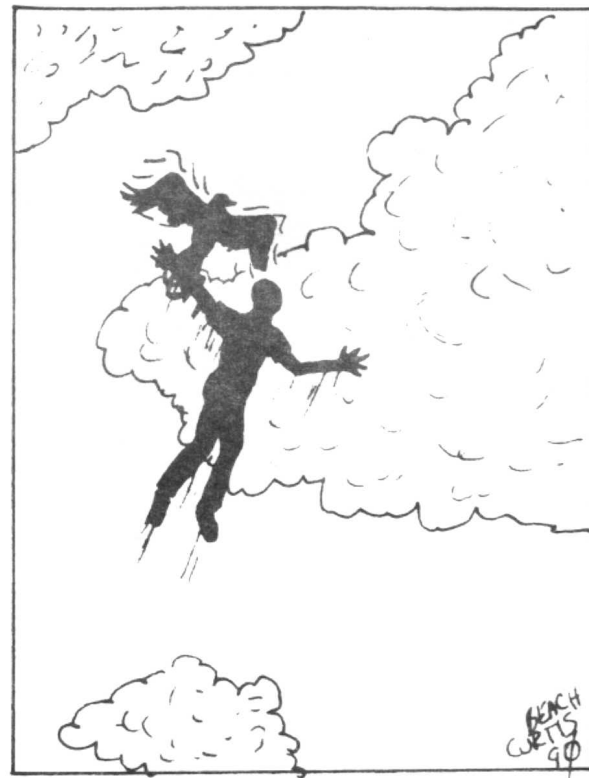
38

CAREER OPPORTUNITIES

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WHEN FALCONS TAKE STEROIDS

BEACH CURTIS '90

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for GR's....
for MPA debriefs....
for lab reports....

for uniform grades....
for SAR sessions....
for YOU.....

BEACH CURTIS '90



WHAT'S A "MELVIN"...?

DEAR FELICIA,

HEY BABE, HOW ARE YOU DOING? I'M DOING GREAT. I'M GOING DOWN TO THE AIRFIELD AGAIN TODAY. REMEMBER HOW I TOLD YOU THAT I'M AN INSTRUCTOR PILOT IN THE S6S-33 (S6S MEANS SUPERIOR GROUND STRIKE). AROUND HERE AT USAFA, WE IP'S ARE THE COOLEST, BADDEST, SMOOTHEST DUDES AROUND. WE WEAR THESE AWESOME FLIGHT SUITS (LIKE IN "TOP GUN") WITH OUR SLEEVES PULLED UP, AND OUR COLLARS TURNED UP (JUST A LITTLE, SO PEOPLE CAN STILL BE IMPRESSED BY OUR WHITE SCARVES). WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE TEACHING SOPHOMORES TO FLY, BUT NO ONE REALLY CARES ABOUT THAT - WE'RE ALL IN COMPETITION TO SEE WHO CAN GET MORE SOLO FLIGHTS. BESIDES, AS LONG AS WE ALL GET TO EURO-NATO (THE ONLY PLACE WHERE REAL FIGHTER PILOTS ARE TRAINED) THEN WHO CARES ABOUT WHAT HAPPENS TO THE SOARING STUDENTS.

HEY, I WAS WONDERING, DID I LEAVE MY RAY-BANS IN YOUR CAR? I'M SORRY I COULDN'T DRIVE, BUT I ONLY HAVE ROOM FOR ONE ON MY HIGH-SPEED NINJA MOTORCYCLE - BESIDES, I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO OWN ONE ANYWAY (PLEASE DON'T TELL ANY OF THE SOARING OFFICERS, BECAUSE THEY'RE LOOKING FOR ANY REASON TO BUST CADETS). OH YEAH, WOULD YOU LIKE A T-SHIRT WITH MY NAME AND A PICTURE OF AN AIRPLANE ON IT? I CAN GET YOU ONE - REALLY.

OH WELL, I'D BETTER BE GOING, THE BUS IS COMING TO THE B.L.P. AT THE B.O.R., AND I'VE GOT TO GO GET MY TENNIS SHOES.

TAKE CARE FELICIA, WRITE SOON!

LOVE,

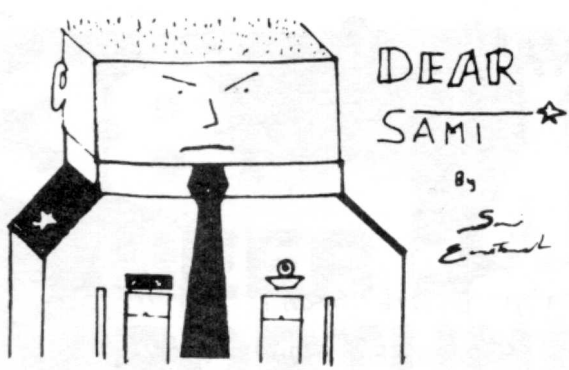
SCHWICEMAN

P.S. EVEN THOUGH I ONLY MET YOU LAST NIGHT, IT SEEMS LIKE I'VE KNOWN YOU FOREVER.

P.P.S. YOU'RE GOING TO LOVE ME, I DO!

⑨

Tim MacGregor '90



SAMI EASTBRICK is a syndicated DODO columnist, as well as 1963 graduate and current commandant of a major midwestern military academy. Sami gives answers to questions involving information and advice and can be contacted by sending your requests to SAMI, C/O The Dodo, Cadet Wing Media.



"HEY SARGE, INSTEAD OF MAKIN' THIS GUY SAY 'UNCLE' WHY DON'T YOU MAKE HIM SAY 'SAMI'!"



"HEY, DO ANY OF YOU GUYS KNOW HOW MANY TIMES WE'RE SUPPOSED TO HIT THESE DRUMS EVERY MINUTE?"

"I DON'T KNOW, I THOUGHT YOU KNEW!"

"HEY LET'S ASK SAMI - HE KNOWS EVERYTHING."

10

Dear Sami,
I'm in the drum and bugle corps at a major midwestern military academy, and I've got a question. Where can I get some good, high quality film? Our corps just won a big competition against an east coast squid academy, and we'd all like to have our pictures taken with the trophy. We figure that if we take one picture every 10 seconds for an hour, we'll need somewhere along the lines of 10 rolls of 36 exposure film. You see, first all the firsties have to have a picture with the cup, then the two, three, and four degrees. Then all the drum people, the the bugle people, then the cymbal people, then the flag corps people, then individual shots, then two degree girls with three degree drum people, then firstie guys with two degree flag corps people, and so on, and so on. This is one of our few shining moments during the year (aside from when the firstie guy and four degree girl were caught doing the nasty in a hotel room on one of our trips last year--and everybody knew about it!) so your advice on film would be truly appreciated. Thank you, C3C 40, 40, AND YES IF YOU QUIT

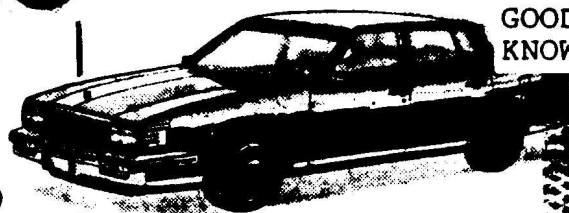
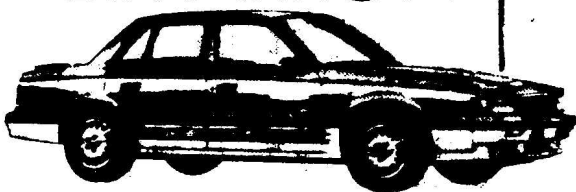
DEAR PLAY THE SAME THING AT EVERY HOME FOOTBALL GAME, LET ME START BY SAYING THAT BACK IN '63, THINGS WERE A LOT TOUGHER. WE DIDN'T EVEN HAVE CAMERAS BACK THEN. IF WE WANTED TO REMEMBER A PARTICULAR MOMENT IN TIME, WE HAD TO DRAW IT, AND IF YOU COULDN'T DRAW, YOU WERE OUT OF LUCK. OF COURSE, OUR DRUM AND BUGLE CORPS, THE GREATEST D & B CORPS EVER TO EXIST, WAS UNRIVALED BY ANY INSTITUTION FOR ITS ABILITY TO KEEP THE BEAT, PLAY THE NOTES, AND TWIRL THE FLAGS. BUT ANYWAY, BACK TO YOUR QUESTION, ABOUT YOUR CORPSE, WHAT I WOULD SUGGEST IS THAT PERHAPS YOU BUY SOME KODACOLOR 1000, THAT WAY YOU COULD NOT ONLY TAKE PICTURES OF YOUR BELOVED TROPHY, BUT ALSO OF YOUR FRATTING AND TRAVELLING.

Dear Sami,
 I'm on the Stan/Eval team at a certain air oriented military academy just east of the Rockies, and boy, am I in a dilemma. Everybody here is afraid of me. Maybe it's not just fear, maybe there's a little bit of hate involved, but that's not really the point. The point is that everywhere I go, nobody wants to see me, nobody wants to be seen with me, and nobody wants me to see them. I've got taps on the bottoms of my shoes, so what more can they expect?

DEAR STANLEY,
 LET ME START BY SAYING THAT BACK IN '63, THINGS WERE A LOT TOUGHER. BACK THEN, OUR STAN/EVAL TEAMS WERE EXPECTED TO SET THE EXAMPLE FOR THE REST OF THE WING. THE FEELING WAS THAT IF A STAN/EVAL PERSON WAS GOING TO GRADE YOU AND YOUR SQUADRON, HE SHOULD HAVE A BETTER UNIFORM THAN EVERYONE, HE SHOULD KNOW THE STANDARDS HE WAS GRADING YOU ON LIKE THE BACK OF HIS HAND, AND HE SHOULD HAVE ABSOLUTELY NO INTEREST WHAT-SO-EVER AS TO WHAT SQUADRON GETS SQUADRON OF THE MONTH. BUT ANYWAY, BACK TO YOUR QUESTION. PERHAPS YOU SHOULD NOT JUST HAVE TAPS ON YOUR SHOES AND THINK THAT AFCWR 537-4 AND 537-9 ARE SATISFIED. PERHAPS YOU SHOULD EDGE DRESS YOUR SHOES ONCE IN AWHILE, AND MAYBE IRON YOUR SHIRT AND DUST YOUR ROOM MORE THAN ONCE A MONTH TOO. IF YOU'RE SO UPTIGHT ABOUT BEING ON STAN/EVAL, WHY DON'T YOU JUST TAKE A PAMPRIIN AND RELAX AWHILE OKAY?

Dear Sami,
 What the heck's the deal? Where can I park my car? Everyday the parking lots seem to change--with about 47.6 seconds notice! Just yesterday I heard the following over the public address system: "Attention in the area, attention in the area: Since tomorrow is a T-day, and Jupiter and Venus will be aligned, all cars parked in the farthest south rows of the upper firstie and lower two degree Vandenberg Hall lots, and are colored green, beige, or white, must be moved to the northeastern road nearest the southernmost soccer goal on the 3rd athletic field from the west within 5 minutes, or be towed, and given a ticket and a form 10. If you park your car within 18.5 inches of the grass, or if you park so that three cars of the same color are in a line, or if your tires are not at 45 degree angles to the car body, you will also be towed. I say again..." Sami, this is ridiculous! Why does CW try to make it so hard and so complicated to own a car? Why does CW try to make it seem like it's such a divine privilege for them to let us own cars? It's bad enough that only two classes are allowed to own cars, so why does CW always have to screw with us? Are they trying to be like West Point was 120 years ago when the car hadn't been invented? Is the Academy below its parking ticket quota? Do some people just not like cadets, and want to do everything possible to Richard us over? Oh wait, my bad, at West Point, only firsties are allowed to own cars, so I guess we ARE getting a divine privilege here! Sami, what's up? JUST PLAIN CONFUSED

CIMARRON | DE VILLE



ALL DRESSED
 UP, WITH
 NO PLACE
 TO PARK!

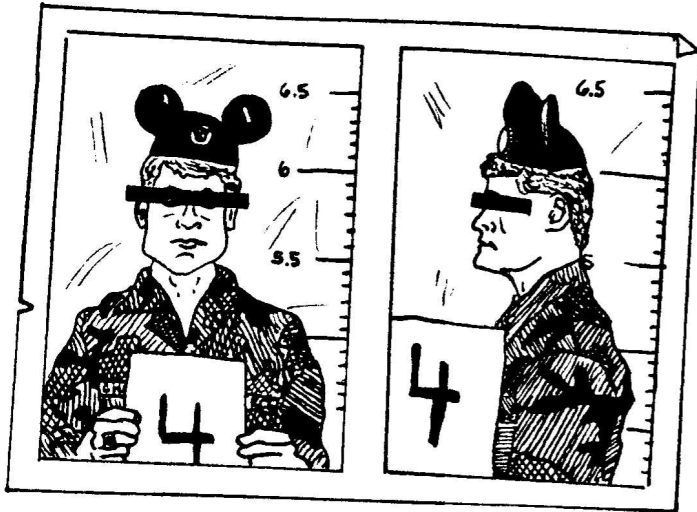
"The Contemporary Spirit
 of Cadillac"

DEAR EDESEL,
 LET ME START BY SAYING THAT BACK IN '63...WAIT...YOU'VE BROUGHT UP SOME GOOD POINTS. HMMM.... I DON'T KNOW.



ATTENTION ALL CADETS!!

It has recently come to the attention of the Commandant that large numbers of cadets have been keeping hamsters, guinea pigs, and other rodents in their rooms as pets. To counter this threat, the Comm. has organized, trained, and equipped a small force of combat ready cadets to solve this problem. Their codename **MOUSKETEERS**



By selecting cadets well known for their hate of anything warm and fuzzy (well...), the Mousketeers have been organized into an efficient fighting force. Shown here is one member of the 'teers, posing in a CW file mugshot.

After locating a rodent, the Mousketeer will immobilize the animal with a variety of bondage techniques. Note the demonic leer on this one's face. He gets a good MPA for this.



You can guess what comes next. After dispatching our fuzzy little friend, the Mousketeer will search onward for another victim.

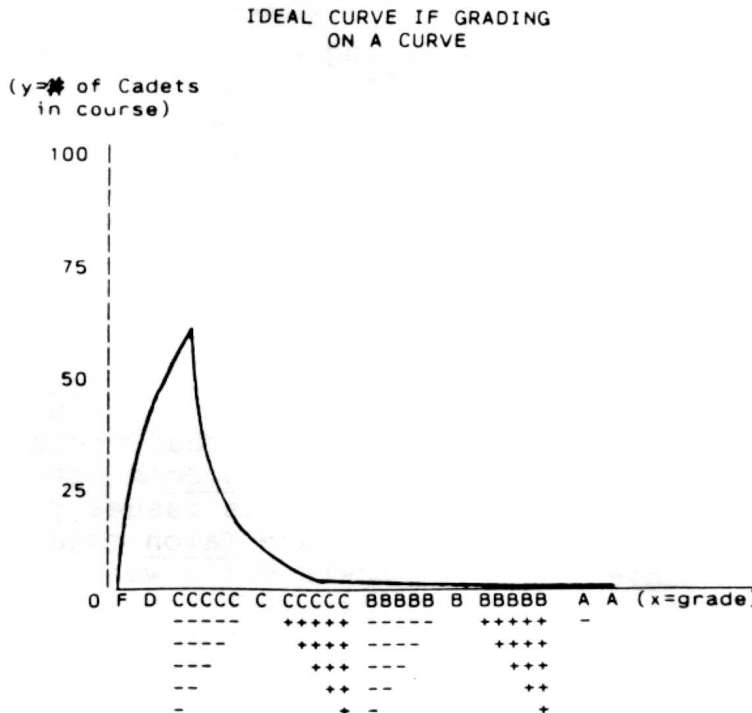
WARNING - THE MOUSEKETEERS ARE KNOWN TO BE HEAVILY ARMED WITH A WIDE VARIETY OF WEAPONS, INCLUDING M-60 MACHINE GUNS, M-203 GRENADE LAUNCHERS, AND 18" RULERS. IF YOU SEE ONE, AVOID ANY ACCUSATORY GLANCES AND NO ONE WILL GET HURT. REMEMBER, THEY'RE JUST DOING THEIR JOB. . . .

TO THE CADET WING:

We on the Dodo staff would like to take a moment to be serious. Yes, serious. Recent turns of events are indicating that the control of the Dodo, in fact, the very content of the Dodo, is slipping away from the hands of you, and us, the Cadet Wing. We on the Dodo staff consider ourselves to be your voice--the voice of the Cadet Wing. What we put in the Dodo, and what you send to us to put into the Dodo, is not merely words and pictures, it is real life at USAFA. We hope that through comedy, satire, and biting criticisms, we can help vocalize and instigate discussion on issues that we all consider to be important to us--to the Cadet Wing. We hope that if we print a story or a cartoon, not only will cadets be able to see implied or directly stated issues and problems facing the Cadet Wing, but OTHERS will see these issues and problems too, others that are not normally directly confronted by cadets about these issues and problems, and others that may be somewhat removed from day to day cadet life. The Dodo is OUR magazine. The sign at the front gate says the Academy is ours, but "ours" in that case implies every tax payer in the U.S. When we say the DODO is ours, we mean that literally--cadets pay for the Dodo, write and draw the Dodo, and are the Dodo's primary and nearly exclusive audience. Sadly, this is slipping away. There are some, outside of CADETS in the Wing, that would like to see the Dodo sanitized; that would like to see the Dodo's often brittle edge taken away; that would like to see the Dodo address issues you might expect to find in the Falcon Flyer, or in the late Talon magazine. Perhaps one of the reasons the Talon died is that cadets don't want life to be lined with silk, cadets know that oftentimes reality is harsh, and frequently not particularly pleasant. We on the staff try to reflect that by the content of THIS magazine. Some of the things we print in the Dodo may make some people angry. Let's be honest: that's too bad. We've all heard the phrase that you can't please all of the people all of the time. Well, the Dodo doesn't please all of the people all of the time, and NEVER WILL please all of the people all of the time. If someone doesn't like some of the things that are printed in the Dodo, then they don't have to read it. We are not trying to sound self-righteous, but realize that the fundamental tone and content of the Dodo is under attack from other than the 4,417 people it is intended for. There are some that feel they know more about what cadets find funny, important, tasteful, or valuable, than we cadets do. There are very few places we as cadets can openly express our feelings, and actually be heard, than in the Dodo. There are those that feel that we cadets are not responsible or mature enough to self-regulate what goes into the Dodo, and this is where the spirit of the Dodo is in trouble. We on the staff don't want to be bland. We don't want to publish a magazine full of beautiful poems about spring and autumn, a magazine packed with trivial cliches and trite phrases, a magazine that doesn't accurately or truthfully reflect OUR reality, OUR way of life, and OUR feelings. This is the spirit of the Dodo. This is the spirit of the Cadet Wing. If you see the Dodo begin to lose its bite, please don't blame the staff, WE ARE FIGHTING for publication of realistic, meaningful, critical, and honest portrayals of Cadet Wing questions, issues, and life. The Dodo is not subversive, neither is it radical, it is simply the voice of the Cadet Wing, and a mirror of the Cadet Wing. We need your help. We need your active support. The next Dodo will have a questionnaire about your attitudes and feelings concerning the Dodo, please take the time to fill it out (with positive and/or negative comments), and send it to Cadet Wing Media (CWM) through distribution. Please, let's not let the Dodo fade away into meaninglessness and triviality. Talk with your friends, talk with others here at USAFA, cadets and non-cadets, and let everyone know that the Dodo is YOURS, the Dodo is OURS, and the Dodo SHOULD BE LEFT THAT WAY!

or those enquiring minds out there that WANT TO KNOW, your Cadet Magazine, the Dodo, has managed to covertly get ahold of the top secret grading guidelines and cut-offs used by all of your instructors, and officially sanctioned by none other than the Dean himself. Now that prog is out, we thought you might like to clear up some of the confusion you've been faced with in trying to decipher what exactly all the numbers and letters mean on your grade list. If you don't fully understand the criteria and cut-offs below, don't bother asking your instructor, since he/she probably doesn't know either. But what's it all matter anyway? BOHICA! -- That's what.

LETTER GRADE	POINT VALUE	PERCENTAGE CUTS IF USING CONTRACT GRADING SYSTEM
A	4.00	100
A-	3.60	99.99
B+++++	3.50	84.00 - 99.98
B++++	3.40	83.00 - 83.99
B+++	3.30	82.00 - 82.99
B++	3.20	81.00 - 81.99
B+	3.10	80.01 - 80.99
B	3.00	80.00
B-	2.90	79.00 - 79.99
B--	2.80	78.00 - 78.99
B---	2.70	77.00 - 77.99
B----	2.60	76.00 - 76.99
B-----	2.51	75.00 - 75.99
C+++++	2.49	73.00 - 74.99
C++++	2.40	72.00 - 72.99
C+++	2.30	71.00 - 71.99
C++	2.20	70.01 - 70.99
C+	2.10	70.00
C	2.00	69.00 - 69.99
C-	1.70	68.00 - 68.99
C--	1.50	67.00 - 67.99
C---	1.30	66.00 - 66.99
C----	1.10	65.00 - 65.99
C-----	1.05	64.00 - 64.99
D	1.00	60.00 - 63.99
F	0.00	LESS THAN 60.00



Included in this top secret document are guidelines for assigning instructor prerogative pluses and minuses to letter grades. Since these guidelines were too numerous to list completely, we've included some sample entries, listed below:

HUMOR

- Cadet smiles at instructor jokes: +
- Cadet laughs at jokes: ++
- Laughs so hard, cadet cries: +++
- Laughs so hard, cadet urinates in pants: ++++
- Laughs, cries, urinates, then passes out: ++++

FATIGUE

- Cadet closes eyes for more than 2 seconds: -
- Eyes remain closed more than 5 minutes: --
- Head begins to bob, and pencil drops to floor: ---
- Face flat on desk, pool of slobber forms: ----
- Falls out of chair, remains on floor snoring: -----

DUTY CONCEPT

- Cadet sits in front row: +
- Brings books to class every day: ++
- Does all homework, and comes to EI: +++
- Volunteers to be section marcher: ++++
- Cadet rates you as EXCELLENT on critique: ++++

DISSENT

- Cadet looks apathetic every day: -
- Answers directed questions with contempt: --
- Does not choose your department for his/her major: ---
- Criticizes worth/value of course to his/her life: ----
- Announces at noon meal that you voted for Dukakis: -----

TASTE IN MUSIC

- Cadet likes U2, The Dead, The Boss, Sting: +
- Captain and Tenille, Leif Garrett, Bee Gees: ++
- Cadet thinks Elvis lives: +++
- Slim Whitman, Boxcar Willy, Bobby Osmond: ++++
- Samfir, Master of the Pan Flute: ++++

PHYSICAL EDUCATION UNIFORMS

- Cadet has hole in sock: -
- Dirty shoes: --
- Shirt not tucked in, or wrinkles in shirt: ---
- Wears jogging suit to PE instead of sweat suit: ----
- Blue borders on USAFA-T's slightly faded: -----

CONGENIALITY

- Cadet asks how your kids are doing: +
- Asks "war story" about your missile days: ++
- Asks "war story" about your flying days: +++
- Asks your spouse is beautiful/handsome: ++++
- Who are cadet's sponsor: ++++

MISCELLANEOUS

- Cadet asks for studying "hints" for GR: -
- Doesn't turn in Form 78 before next class: --
- Says GR/Quiz/Reading/Homework was too long: ---
- Finds a mistake you made and corrects you in class: ----
- Cadet has a nicer car than you have: -----

14

Tim MacGregor '90

MY PLANE!!
MY PLANE!!

ONE FINE
DAY AT DINK
FIELD...

THIS TOW PILOT WAS
BETTER OFF FLYING COMBAT
MISSIONS IN WWII, KOREA,
AND VIETNAM.

IT'S OK,
I KNOW WHAT
I'M DOING...

SCRAPE!

I DON'T THINK YOU'RE
READY TO SOLO, SHERI...

→ ("SNAKE" FLYSTUD, I.P.)

NOT READY TO SOLO?! I'M READY
TO UPGRADE! I CAN OUT-FLY
ANY GUY OUT HERE! YOU'RE
THE ONE WHO SAID I HAVE
"██████████"... YOU'RE SUCH
A MALE CHAUVINIST!

EDITOR'S NOTE: THIS KIND OF
THING COULD NEVER HAPPEN HERE
AT CAMP USAFA. THE GIRLS HERE
HAVE AS MUCH (IF NOT MORE)
TALENT AS THE GUYS, AND BESIDE
THAT, THEY AREN'T ALLOWED TO WEAR
FLIGHT SUITS LIKE THIS.

ONE FINE DAY AT MITCH'S



FALCON ENZ

condoms

is proud to introduce the new
of high quality ^{CADET LINE} condoms and accessories

That's right. In response to recent CW directives that all cadets use condoms to prevent the spread of disease, we at *FALCON ENZ* have designed a new line. These special condoms are safer than any others; in addition to rigorous electronic testing, these condoms are also wind tunnel tested for your safety. Don't settle for anything less.

Terazzo Riders--with chapel-like ridges for her pleasure.

Wing Rings-- half the diameter for you Group Staff, Wing Staff, and other leadership types.

2.0 and Go-- lubricated to slide right on by just like your grades.

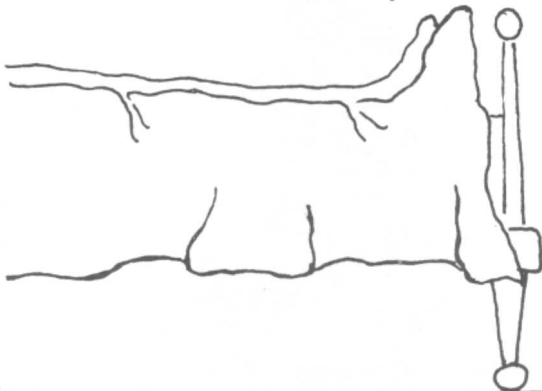


PARENT'S WEEKEND 1988

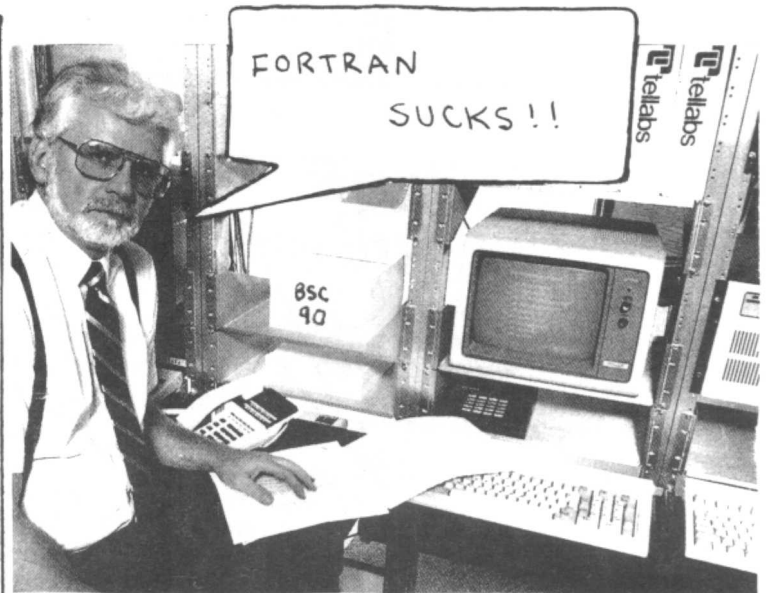
JOE STRACK FINALLY GETS JANE TRAYNE INTO BED WITH HIM

NOT TONIGHT, JOE.
I'VE GOT A HEADACHE.

WHERE'S YOUR
FORM-18?!



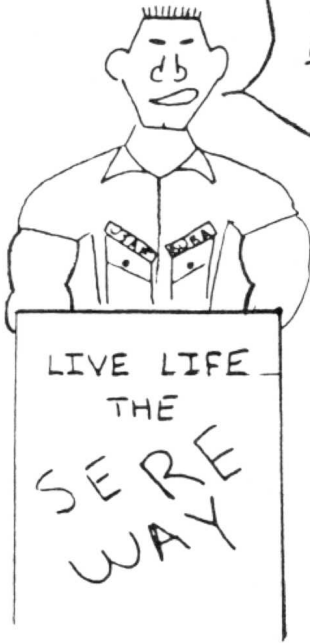
THE TAY



NO SUPT'S PIN, NO SEX.
I MEAN IT!



Now following the
"Tundra Line"...
my personal favorite
from the water
Survival collection



SERE
FASHION
SHOW



INSTRUCTIONS ON BEING A SECURITY POLICEMAN
AT THE USAF ACADEMY
AFSC: 811X0

PART I (DEALING WITH CADETS):

1. Be a Directly Involved Concerned Kid
2. Write tickets.
3. Wave all civilians through the North and South gates at any time of day or night. If a civilian is wearing a turban with the word "MARTYR" written on it, and is yelling "Praise Allah!" while driving a 2 ton truck with the word "EXPLOSIVES" written on the side, wave him through with both hands, and salute him as he goes by.
4. If any cadet approaches the gate with a DOD and USAFA sticker on his bumper, stop him, they may be fake stickers. Order him out of the car, thoroughly strip search the car, take his I.D. card and take his finger prints, and verify his identification with the FBI (If it's really cold outside, make sure he rolls his windows down so that the temperature inside the car equalizes with the temperature outside). If he approaches within 20 minutes of taps, detain him for at least 21 minutes, then if his identification is verified, release him, and tell him to have a nice night.
5. Offer maps to tourists parked in the middle of Stadium Boulevard taking pictures of deer. If you see a cadet stopped anywhere other than in authorized places, pull up behind him, turn on your lights and siren, and write him a ticket.
6. Thoroughly search all parking lots on the academy with the specific goal of finding illegally parked cadet cars. If a car has cadet stickers on it, write up a ticket whether it's illegally parked or not--let him write a Form 30 protesting the ticket (and ensuing Form 10) if he's innocent.
7. If you happen to spot a fourthclass cadet on a spirit mission late at night (i.e. Hanging banners from the Chapel wall, or moving cars onto spirit hill) ACT FAST, HE MAY BE DANGEROUS, AND A REAL SECURITY THREAT TO THE AIR FORCE! Order him to halt, throw him to the ground, draw your revolver (or M-16 if you have one handy) and point it at his head. Frisk him roughly, handcuff him, and throw him into the back of your golf cart.
8. Be prepared for combat--especially at home football games. If at ANY time you see a fourthclassman even HEADING in the general direction of the opposing team's mascot or cheerleaders, TAKE HIM OUT! Drawing your weapon in broad daylight, in front of the public, may induce cries of brutality, so it's advisable to leave your piece in its place. Instead, you and at least 6 other SP's need to charge full speed at the intruding hooligan, and throw your body at him, knocking him forcefully to the ground (the other SP's should attempt to tackle, clip, spear, and/or punch him if possible). If he says "Sir, I do not understand" (implying he doesn't know why you put the thump on him) stuff your beret into his mouth, hit him over the head with your walkie-talkie, and cuff him. If the crowd boos you, push him around a little more (especially if you're directly in front of the opposing fan's section). At all times, stand around and look like you think you're bad, and that you have a real job to do besides write tickets.

MUCH CONTROVERSY HAS RISEN LATELY CONCERNING WHETHER OR NOT ELVIS PRESLEY IS ALIVE OR DEAD. A CURRENT BESTSELLER PURPORTS TO HAVE AN AUTHENTIC TAPE RECORDING OF THE KING, AND CLAIMS HE LIVES IN MINNESOTA. CHECKOUT COUNTER TABLOIDS PLACE HIM EVERYWHERE FROM LAS VEGAS TO ALIEN SPACESHIPS. WELL, FOLKS, THE DODO HAS MADE A STARTLING DISCOVERY....

DODO EXCLUSIVE!!

ELVIS IS ALIVE

AND A SMACK IN CS-15!

IT SEEMS THE KING, TIRED OF HIDING OUT IN HAWAII, DECIDED TO HOLE UP WITH THE CLASS OF 92. WHILE IT MAY BE HARD TO BELIEVE A 50 YEAR OLD MAN COULD BLEND IN WITH A BUNCH OF YOUNGSTERS, CONSIDER THIS: ELVIS WAS OVERWEIGHT AND IN VERY POOR PHYSICAL CONDITION, THUS, FITTING IN WITH 92 (ALSO THEIR PFT AVERAGE) WAS NO PROBLEM.

THE DODO SENT ONE OF ITS ACE PHOTOGRAPHERS OVER TO CS-15 TO CAPTURE THE KING IN ACTION.

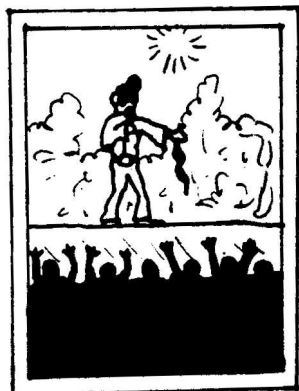


ELVIS, THIRD FROM LEFT, IS SEEN HERE CALLING MINUTES WITH HIS CLASSMATES. 3RD CLASSMEN IN THE SQUADRON CLAIM, "HE'S NOT TOO GOOD WITH AIRCRAFT, BUT HE KICKS ASS ON GUITAR SILHOUETTES!"



ELVIS IS ON THE INTRAMURAL CROSS COUNTRY TEAM FOR THE WAR EAGLES. ASKED TO COMMENT ON THIS BEFORE A COMPETITION, HE REPLIED, "I'M GONNA WIN THIS RACE."

IN THIS SNAPSHOT, ELVIS IS SEEN POSTING IN MITCH'S, C&C CLEM, AN UPPERCLASSMAN IS CS-15, SWOONED "ISN'T HE A DREAMBOAT?" IT WAS ALSO REPORTED THAT CMC PRESLEY WON THE CS-15 TALENT SHOW WITH A STARTLING RENDITION OF 'JAILHOUSE ROCK'.



ANNOUNCING THE SECOND TIME EVER, ONE-OF-A-KIND, USAFA **TOP-TEN** FEATURING

Cadets' TOP TEN Punishments

- #10 20/20/1
- #9 Having to watch a Spuds McKenzie commercial
- #8 Being in the class of '92
- #7 Working out to Jane Fonda
- #6 Having to make out with Jane Fonda
- #5 Astro 310
- #4 Wet noodle bondage
- #3 Listening to an hour's worth of Blue Tube humor
(kind of an oxymoron, isn't it?)
- #2 Having to listen to Mrs. ██████ lecture on how
difficult it is for her to fetch a pan of jello for a
cadet's table. (Contributed by our leader for life,
George Mendes)

and, last but definitely least,

#1 Having the linen guy's job.



KINGDOM'S KORNER

Once upon a time, a long time ago, all the animals of a forest decided to get together and start a school, to further the noble purpose of higher learning. All the animals in the forest were welcome to attend, and were highly encouraged to do so. The wise owls, being the wisest and most learned of all the animals, were to be in charge of the school.

Now that the animals had a school, what was to be taught? Well, the rabbit was marvelous at running, so he thought that running should be taught. The bird, who was the best flier in the woods, insisted that flying be taught. The fish absolutely demanded that swimming be taught. According to the squirrel, vertical tree climbing was a must. Every animal in the woods had their own ideas as to what the curriculum should be. Since every animal wanted something different to be taught, the wise owls decided that each animal had to take all the subjects. That way, none of the students could complain about being misrepresented in the school, and the animals would be graduate as "well rounded" and total students.

School began. The first subject for the rabbit was flying. He was placed at the top of a tall cliff and told by the wise owls, "Fly." Not wishing to be a disobedient student, the rabbit did as he was told. He did his best, but unfortunately, his best was not quite good enough. He landed quite hard (with a velocity of about 9.81 m/s^2), and received a concussion. The wise owls were unhappy with his performance, but were content to give him a "D", because he did try. His injuries also hampered his running abilities, so instead of receiving an easy "A", the rabbit had to settle for a "C", which the wise owls were happy to give him.

The bird was to start with vertical tree climbing. With the wise owls near to oversee his efforts, the bird began climbing. By fanning profusely with his wings, and digging in with sharp claws, the bird made it halfway up the tree. But his legs were not strong enough, and he fell to the ground, breaking a wing and fracturing his beak. The wise owls appreciated his tenacity in not flying to the top of the tree when he began to fall, and gave him a "C" for effort. His injuries, however, prevented him from flying to full capacity, and he received a "D" in that subject. He also received a "D" in digging for worms (an elective) because of his fractured beak.

The squirrel was scheduled for swimming. The wise owls watched reverently as the squirrel jumped into the water, tried to swim, and promptly begin to drown. By the time he was fished out of the water, the squirrel was in a coma, and permanent brain damage was suspected. The wise owls were

upset by this, but they did give him a "D" because he tried. The squirrel received an "Incomplete" in vertical tree climbing, since he was unable to continue with his classes. On a happier note, the wise owls unanimously decided to send an honorary diploma to the squirrel's family.

What is happening in this school? Why are the students forced to take subjects that mean nothing to them, that will never be used again? Why should a squirrel learn how to fly, a bird to climb trees? The purpose of education is to develop the talents of the student so that he will be able to get a job and make a living. The bird will be able to make a living as a bird without knowing how to climb trees. He's a bird, he can fly to the top of that tree. Now, if he chooses to take vertical tree climbing, that is his decision. But why force him to take it? Will it make him a better bird? Well rounded, yes, but a better bird? Let's say the bird's job is to harvest leaves from the uppermost limbs of a tree. Will his education enable him to do his job more efficiently? No, flying is much quicker and much more effective. Will it cause him to be respected and admired by his peers? No, in fact the other birds will laugh at him for wasting so much time and effort. Will he be paid more because of what he has learned? No, his output is much less than that of the other birds, who use the old fashioned method. So, what has the bird's education availed him? Nothing. Time that could have been spent learning "leaf gathering" or "advanced flying" was instead spent upon an aspect of learning that, if used, would drastically hinder performance, rather than aiding it.

But at least we have a well rounded bird.

The Lords of Ravagedom

Editor's Note:

This man has obviously tried to say something. Let's give him a "D".



Why I Want to be a Pilot

by Calvin*

When I grow up I want to be a pilot because it's a fun job and easy to do. That's why there are so many pilots flying around these days.

Pilots don't need much school. They just have to learn to read numbers so they can read their instruments.

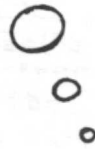
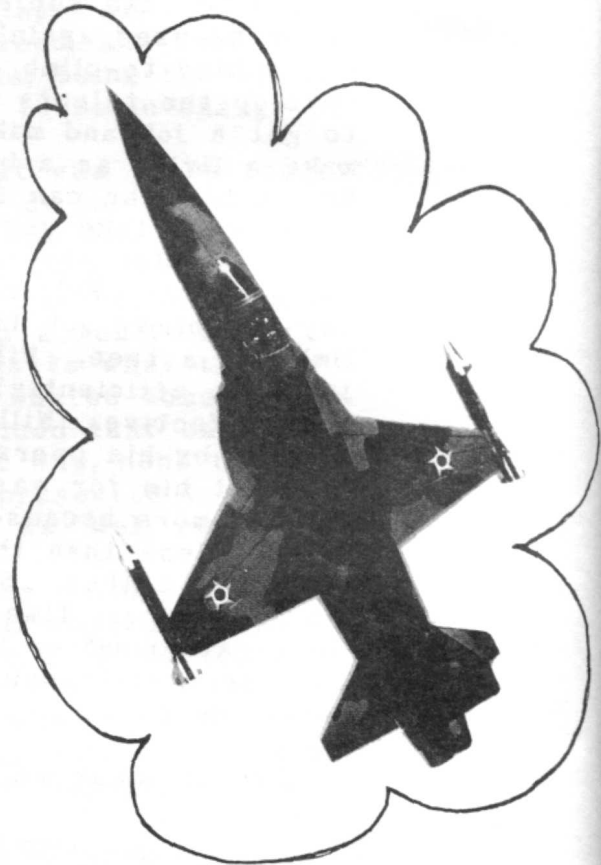
I guess they should be able to read a road map, too...

Pilots should be brave so they won't get scared if it's foggy and they can't see, or if a wing or motor falls off...

Pilots have to have good eyes to see through the clouds, and they can't be afraid of thunder or lightning because they are much closer to them than we are.

The salary pilots make is another thing I like. They make more money than they know what to do with. This is because most people think that flying a plane is dangerous, except pilots don't because they know how easy it is.

I hope I don't get air-sick because I get car-sick and if I get air-sick I couldn't be a pilot and then I would have to go to work.



* THIS WAS ACTUALLY WRITTEN BY
A FIFTH GRADER IN N. CAROLINA

THE ALL NEW ADVENTURES OF BIP CARBINE, HONOR GUARD,
AND JIMMY GILLETTE, SABRE DRILL:
BIP AND JIMMY TAKE THE MALL

It was 8:50 on a cold November Saturday morning. Bip and Jimmy waited impatiently outside the door of the Chapel Hills Mall Sears store, their warm breath condensing in the ice bitten air. "Looks like it'll be another great weekend at the Mall," Jimmy said, trying to straighten out his white sabre strap underneath his overcoat epaulet. "Yes indeedy Jimmy boy, yes indeedy." It didn't take a lot to entertain Bip--a weekend at the Mall, and his meager existence was complete.

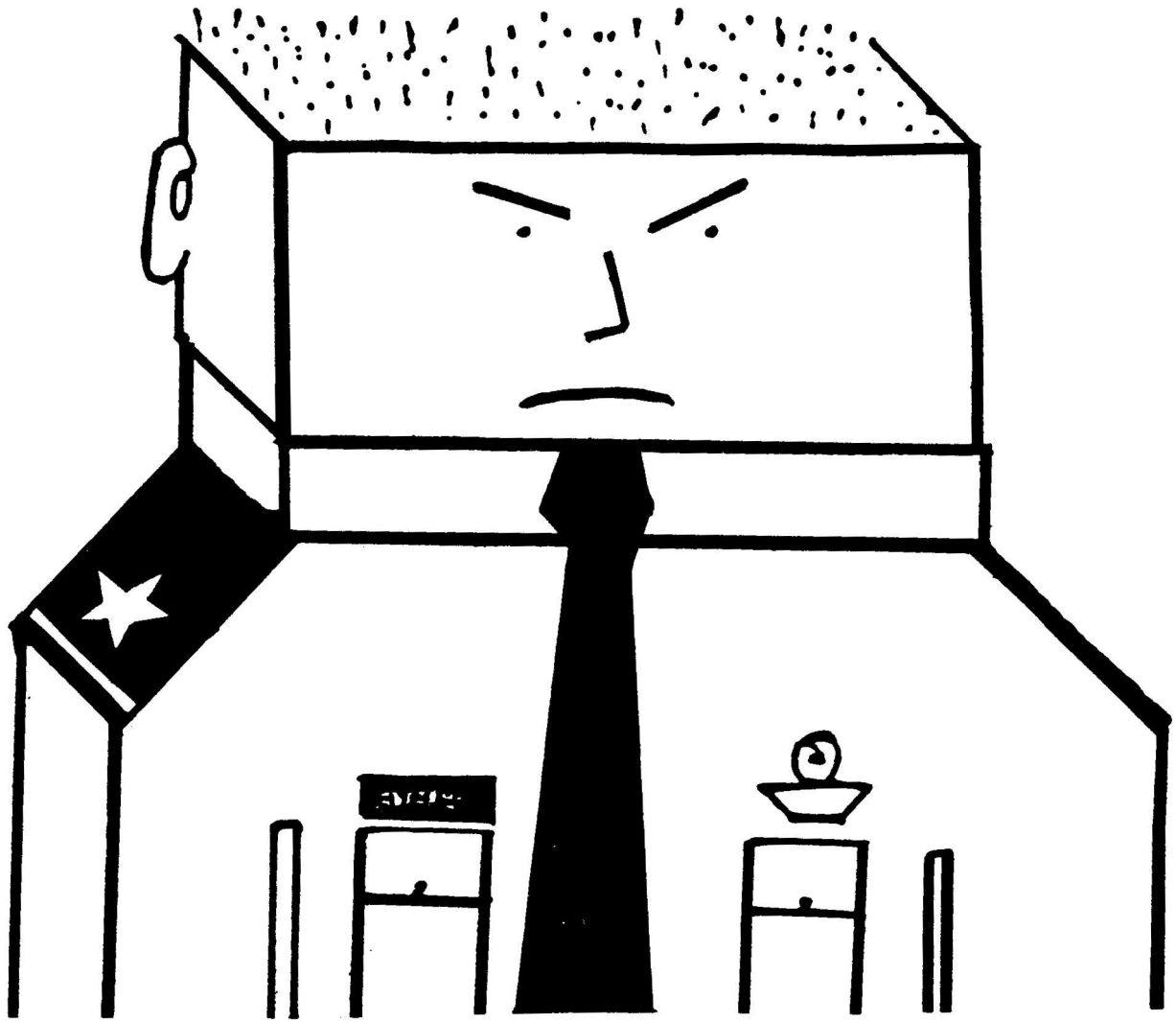
"I wonder how the guys at the REAL Chapel Hills are doing," pondered Bip. "You mean at the Citadel? All of these mall names confuse me," whispered Jimmy, his sabre dangling at his side, a fine covering of ice crystals covering his shining swath of steel. "Yeah, at the Citadel, you know, that private military academy." Bip had always wanted to go to the Citadel, but he thought that their honor guard wore funny hats, so he didn't apply. "I heard they get to hit you there... really hit you. Wouldn't that be great Jimmy? Not only could they yell at you when you were a freshman, but they could hit you too. If those honor guard guys didn't wear such stupid hats, I would've gone there Jimmy, I would've gone to the Citadel." With a look of perplexity still on his face, Jimmy Gillette was still spinning his brain, trying to keep the Citadel Mall, and the Citadel Military Academy straight. "I don't know," said Jimmy, "I heard they don't have a sabre drill team there. I mean, no sabre arches at weddings, no honor corridor at the Dean's Ball, no metal taps on their shoes, no 'Tom Sawyer!' I don't know Bip, I don't think I'd like it." "Maybe you're right Jimmy," Bip mused, "maybe you're right. Heck, we've always got the Mall!" A resounding "yeah" followed the sharp claps of their hands as they executed a nearly flawless "Top Gun" high-low five. Jimmy's sabre rattled with the exchange, and Bip almost lost his tuck.

"How much longer 'til Sears opens Jimmy?" Bip asked. "Five minutes left Buddyroo, only five big ones until the Bipster and Jimmy 'G' run the mall and lasso the babes!" "Right-on," screamed Bip, "you know how the babes are, they love the way you spin your 'knife of death' and the way I twirl my 'weapon of a thousand thrills.'" Bip reassuredly slapped his tape covered M-1, his batting gloved hand squeaking as it slid down the stock of his lead filled fallace.

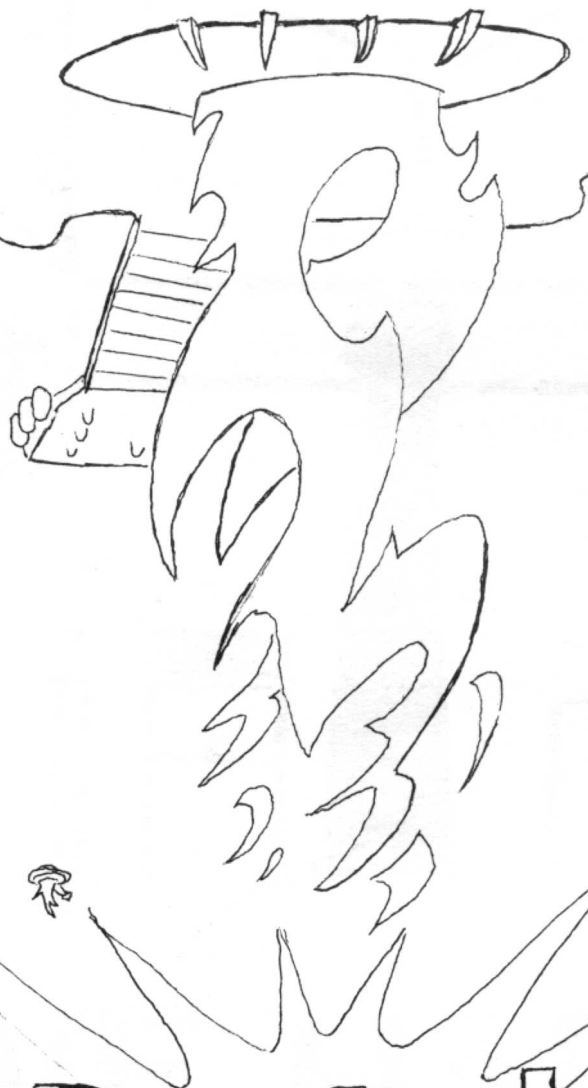
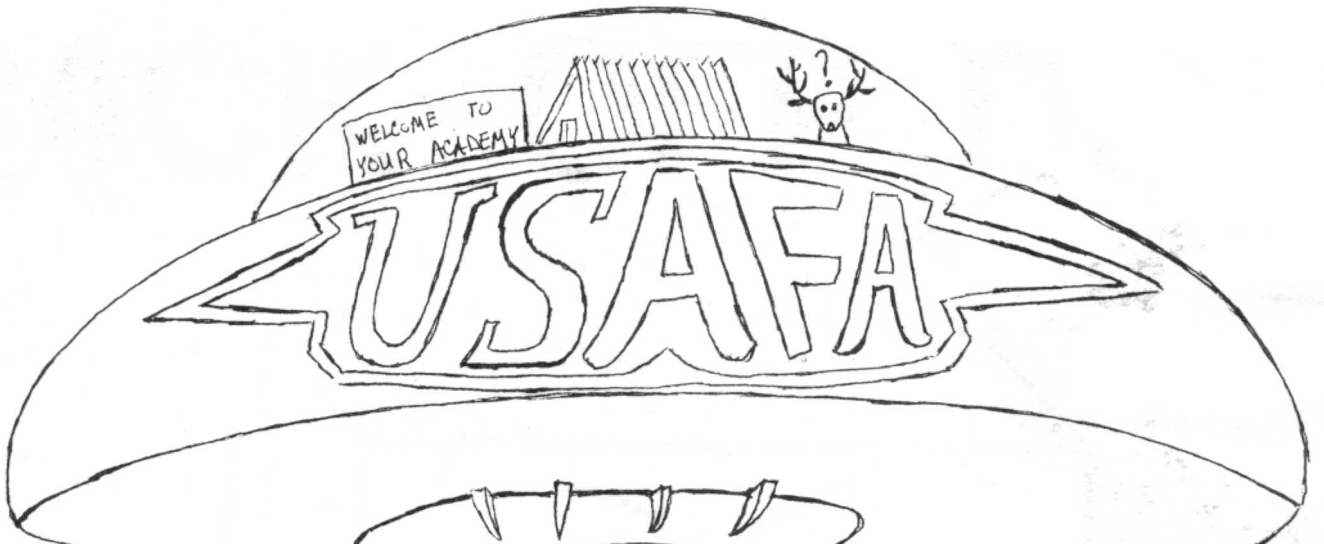
After looking around the almost empty Chapel Hills Mall parking lot, Bip paused, let out a vaporized sigh, and asked Jimmy, "Jimboroo, do you think people think we're strange for always wearing our uniforms off base, and for always going to the Mall?" "Us--strange?" Jimmy screeched, "I personally know of a lot of firsties that still wear their uniforms out on weekends. There's lots of us Bipper-boy, lot's of us. And about that Mall question; hey, do we get the babes here, or do we get the babes here?" "You're right Jimmy, you're absolutely right. I don't even know what I was thinking. Wake me up buddy, I must've been dreaming. This is the life--the ultimate. You and me, your sabre and my weapon. Jimmy, it just don't get no better than this."

Bip's watch chimed right on cue. Nine o'clock had arrived, and a man named George, wearing a grey Haggard sports suit, came and opened the door. "Morning gentlemen," said George, in his deep pitched sales voice, "Welcome to Chapel Hills Sears." Another resounding "yeah" echoed off the Pizza Hut and the cash machine, followed by as yet another high-low five between Bip and Jimmy. "It just don't get no better than this Buddyroo, it just don't get no better."

BACK-OFF DORK



I'VE HAD A TOUGH DAY!



D o d o

