

REAL-LIFE 'ROBOCADET'

At Home With **JOE RICHARDSON**

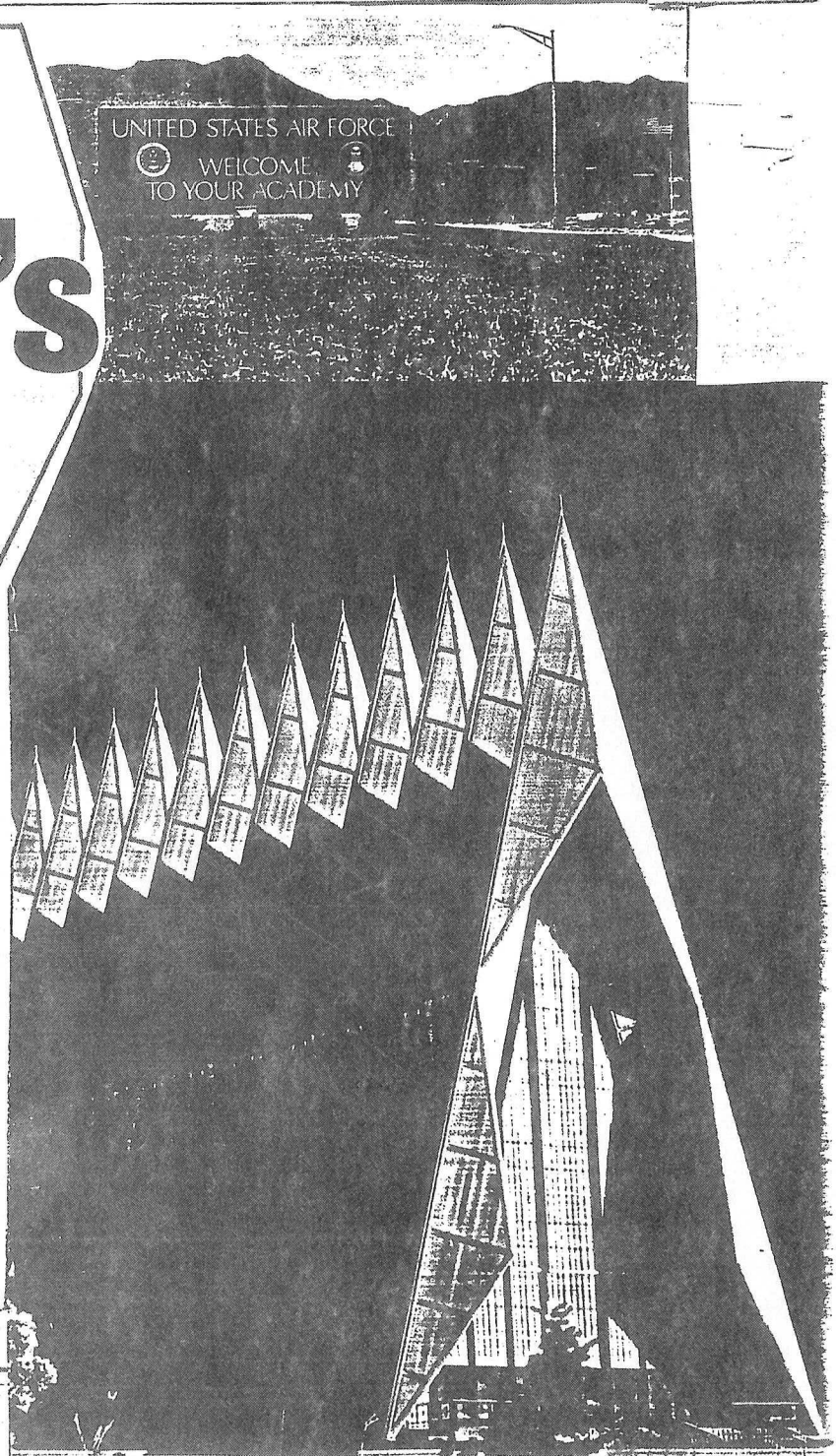
DODO WEEK

OCTOBER 1989 vol 32, #1

The Party's Over



Thanks for everything, Joe



Greetings —

Welcome to this year's first Dodo. Sorry it took so long to get out, but the staff's been pretty busy trying to keep our rooms in SAMI order and washing our uniforms. Rough life. Anyway, the topics in this issue probably won't come as a surprise to too many of you. I hope the Comm has a sense of humor. We already know the Dean doesn't Pass/Fail in all 400 level courses? YUK, YUK! Since everyone's favorite columnist, SAMI Eastbrick, was promoted to another astral plane, 'Dear SAMI' will not appear in the Dodo. We do, however, have a new feature by our beloved wing Comm. Joe 'Babaloo' Richardson. I told him he could have a corner of a page and he took a ^{whole} page. Wing staffers are usually power hungry like this.

Oh yeah, here's a rumor I thought I'd pass on. Notice how we had a homecoming queen and the athletic teams are starting to wear their team jackets with their uniforms? Seems that the big rumor is that '91's ring dance is being changed to the 'Ring Prom'. Welcome back to high school!!! (Give me a break)

Enjoy one of the biggest issues ever. As usual, any remarks or suggestions can be given to any staff member or sent to Wing Media.

BEACH CURTIS
90

Ed.

DODO Training

NEW FRESMAN QUOTE #1

"They made him bend over in front of all those men."
TAMMY FAYE B...
Jim was strip... after her visits

LEARN IT, LIVE IT, LOVE IT

①

WHO'S WHO

on

DODO Staff

CURTIS, Beachel Sean. Born 30 Feb, 1912. Cls of '90.
US Air Force Academy, CS-07, DODO editor.
Less prestigious accomplishments:
Walking on moon, Flying VF-117 Stealth Fighter,
Earning Rhodes Scholarship by default. Last book
read: Certainly not one he picked out for himself.
Favorite saying: huh? Least favorite saying: Mr.
Curtis, I believe we have something to talk about.
Sole desire in life: Be one of Jon Bon's groupies.

SANCHEZ, James Richard. Born 1 Jan, 1549. Cls of '90.
US Air Force Academy, CS-03, Instigator of many
curious investigations. Bio: Having been born in
an established drunken stupor on New Year's Day,
James was condemned to a life of crime. Found
guilty of exhibitionism in a nudist colony. Knowing
that USAFA would be getting Redden in 3 yrs, the
judge sentenced him to a cadet career.

TAVENNER, Carson Lloyd. Born 70 AD. Cls of '91.
US Air Force Academy, CS-22, A liver of life.
Originally a street urchin who was slain by a Roman
during the Siege of Jerusalem, Carson was reincarnated
in 1969 to spend a life of academic monk-dom. Failing
this, he decided to live his life as a militant psycho.
The US Air Force Academy was the only institution stupid
enough to admit him. Favorite saying: "yeah, man..
...whatever." Least favorite vacation spot: Jerusalem.

RUSH, Trevor Allen. Born 2 Oct, 1492. Cls of '92.
US Air Force Academy, CS-06, Lover of many women.
Just a city boy, born and raised in south Detroit.
On his 12th birthday he took the midnight train going
anywhere. Became a bad animal and for many years was
just a rider on the storm. Couldn't hide his lyin' eyes,
so he just took the country roads home to the place where
he belonged.

CONTRIBUTORS:

- '90 JOE RICHARDSON (yes, that is his page.)
- '91 John Cinnamon
- '92 Roger Fowler
- '92 Kris Meyle

—And as for the rest of the wing, we are always always in need of material !! So if you have a good idea, don't just tell someone; Do IT. Send it to any staff member and you will see it.



Up and Down
By Esther



DEPARTMENT OF THE AIR FORCE

HEADQUARTERS UNITED STATES AIR FORCE ACADEMY

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO 80840

REPLY TO
ATTN OF:

WING CC (1990) (AKA "THE LORD OF DISCIPLINE")

SUBJECT:

NEW POLICIES TO DO YOUR DO

TO:

THE POSSE

1. Hey, hey, hey. This is the Rich! I know you all are finally starting to get used to these new policies so I thought I'd start rocking the boat again. No rationale, no justification, I just got bored so I thought I'd generate some unruly waves. Questions anyone...I didn't think so. Effective immediately, the following changes are now in effect. Truly I have been commandful!!! Questions, contact me at 594-0400 (I like sausage and pepperoni).

- Cadets will no longer drink in the state of Colorado.
- In regards to Top Off...good luck '91.
- All cadets will sleep in issued pajamas...AIR FORCE!
- The Wing will march to the CSU game...IN PARADES!!!
- Book bag turn-in goes immediately in 1C4.
- Four degrees will pull a minimum of 1,990 chins.
- There will be no inclement weather formations...EVER!
- Third classmen will fall-in when addressed by a firstie as well as double time in the cadet area.
- 2nd with cars...hope your sponsor has a double garage.
- Ladies...does high and tight mean anything to you...see my barber (or Jim Jacobson's) for details.

2. I trust that these changes will enhance illness (oops)...I mean camaraderie and esprit de corps in the Wing. Any major gripes, please see my body guard (and boy what a body to guard) Vince Becklund. And if you still insist on supporting the WAA WAA factor, then remember...This ain't Burger King...so you can't have it your way!!! HA HA, HA HA HE HE HO HO HA HA etc, etc, etc.

Joseph C. Richardson
JOSEPH C. RICHARDSON, C/Col, USAFA
Cadet Wing Commander, Fall Semester
Air Force Cadet Wing



3

Equations, phrases, numbers and words; They all spin through my head.
I'm in this G.P. (I've had 6 so far). And I've just broke my pencil's lead.

Was it 1879? or 60's sine?

Or maybe the sum of the derivative at nine?

The words start to blur, and I slump on the desk.
Confusion's high, but I make a guess.

I can't remember what test I'm in.

I hope they notify my next of kin.

Is this English or Biology?

Maybe it'd help if I took a knee.

Why, oh why, did they all go this week!?

It seems that I'm really up the creek.

I tried to study, but give me a break!

This stuff's so boring I can't stay awake.

My notes are scribbles of non-essential crap.

A product produced by my too frequent naps.

I crammed last night. Of sleep I got none.

As the teacher looks at me, I wish for a gun.

To blow him away before he has the fun

of handing my graded test back to me.

He looks at me with sinful glee.

Another "F"! I'd hoped for a "B".

Below the mean.

Screwed by the dean.

There's nothing left,

But to except the "F".

A BEATEN FOE,

I'M DESTINED...

FOR AC PRO.



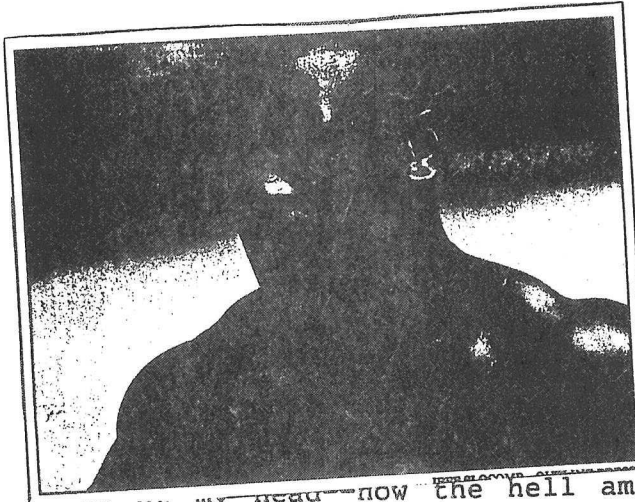
Poem by: Trevor-Rush

Drawings by:

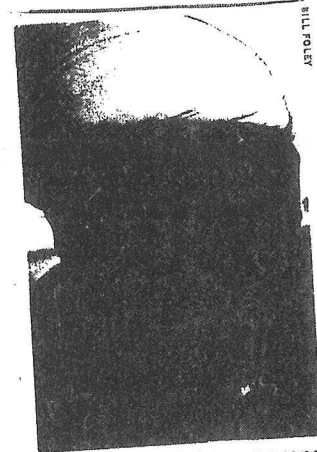
Walt Kuntz

4

WHAT THE STARS THINK ABOUT THE NEW REGULATIONS AND POLICIES



"...on my head now the hell am I supposed to grow side burns?!"
-Mike Tyson



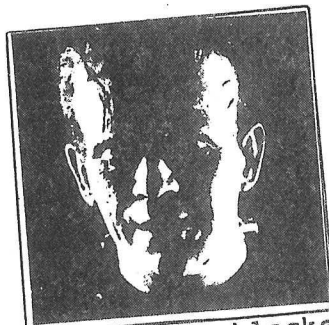
"I am not a terrorist. Anyone who says I am should be car-bombed."
-Mehmet Rasfanjani Farsi Farsi



"I've got more medals than you do, you pudgy little commie toad, so wipe that smile off your face and get your CHIN IN!!"
-Adm. Crowe



"Every Soviet citizen wears uniform all the time. Is why we have most progressive economy!"
-Gorby



"Is this a blocked haircut?"
-The Monster



"Tune in next week, when we'll have MORE 'Stupid General Tricks.'"
-David Letterman

(5)

TOP TEN CADET



~~BITC~~ GRIPEES

- #10 - MARCHING IN THE COLD
- #9 - THERMO !!!
- #8 - NEVER-ENDING, REPEATED
CONSTRUCTION
- #7 - MITCHELL HALL MEALS
- #6 - NOT HAVING ENOUGH DODOS.
(besides CW of course)



- #5 - WINTER LEAVE
PERIOD NOT STARTING UNTIL
21 DECEMBER.
- #4 - THE *@!#?& NET !!
- #3 - OUR FRIEND THE DEAN
- #2 - GENERAL RED-LINE
- #1 - THE LINEN GUY IS
NEVER IN !!

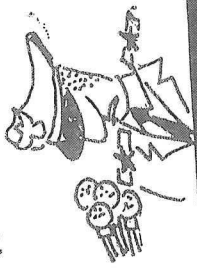
THE
TAV

©

FOR THE GNORANT AMONGST YOU:

YOU HAVE NOT HEARD THIS ON **KAFKA!**

I CAN NEITHER CONFIRM NOR DENY THAT THE AIR FORCE HAS A DRINKING PROBLEM.....

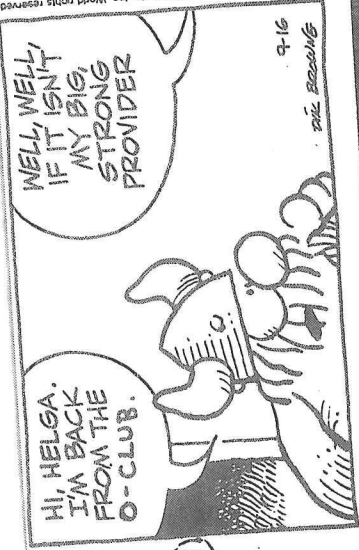


DON'T GO FOR SECOND BEST, BABY.....
... GO FOR THE MEAN!



PROVIDING I LIKE BOOZE, THAT IS

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WELL, WELLY, IF IT ISN'T MY BIG, STRONG PROVIDER

HI, HELGA. I'M BACK FROM THE O-CLUB.

9-16 THE BRADSHAW

EXCUSE ME, GENERAL HAMM.
COULD I TAKE A MINUTE
OF YOUR TIME?



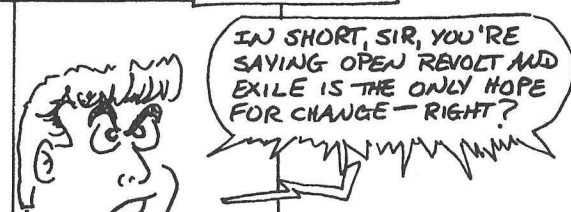
CERTAINLY.

YOUR POLLS ARE
SLIPPING, SIR.
PERHAPS YOU SHOULD...

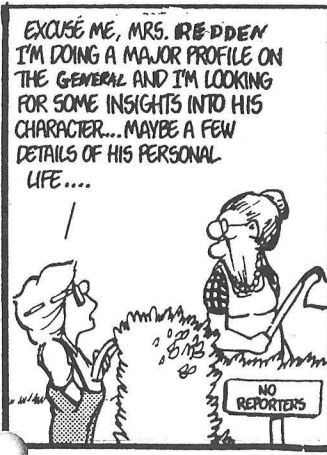
MY BOY, BEING YOUR
SUPERINTENDENT IS
NOT AN ELECTED
POSITION. THEREFORE
I DO NOT HAVE TO
RESPOND TO POLLS.

NOT ELECTED!? SIR, DO YOU MEAN
YOU CAN GOVERN WITH DICTORAL
IMPUNITY?

EXACTLY.



I DON'T LIKE THE
DIRECTION THIS
CONVERSATION IS
TAKING...



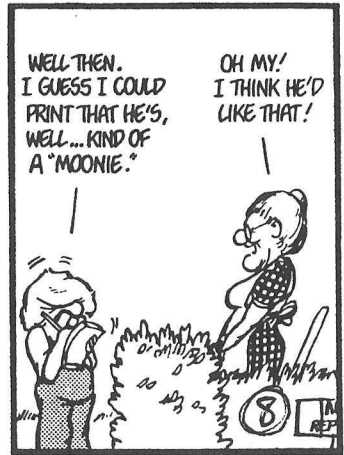
EXCUSE ME, MRS. REDDEN
I'M DOING A MAJOR PROFILE ON
THE GENERAL AND I'M LOOKING
FOR SOME INSIGHTS INTO HIS
CHARACTER... MAYBE A FEW
DETAILS OF HIS PERSONAL
LIFE....



PERSONAL DETAILS...
OH MY. WELL... HE ENJOYS
TAKING ME OUT FOR A QUIET
WALK AT NIGHT... UNDER THE
STARS... ENJOYING THE
MOONLIGHT....



MOONLIGHT?
YES.
THAT'S RIGHT.



WELL THEN.
I GUESS I COULD
PRINT THAT HE'S,
WELL... KIND OF
A "MOONIE."
OH MY!
I THINK HE'D
LIKE THAT!

CLOTHES YOU HAVE TO WEAR VS. CLOTHES YOU LOVE TO WEAR.

THE EVOLUTION OF PRIVILEGE



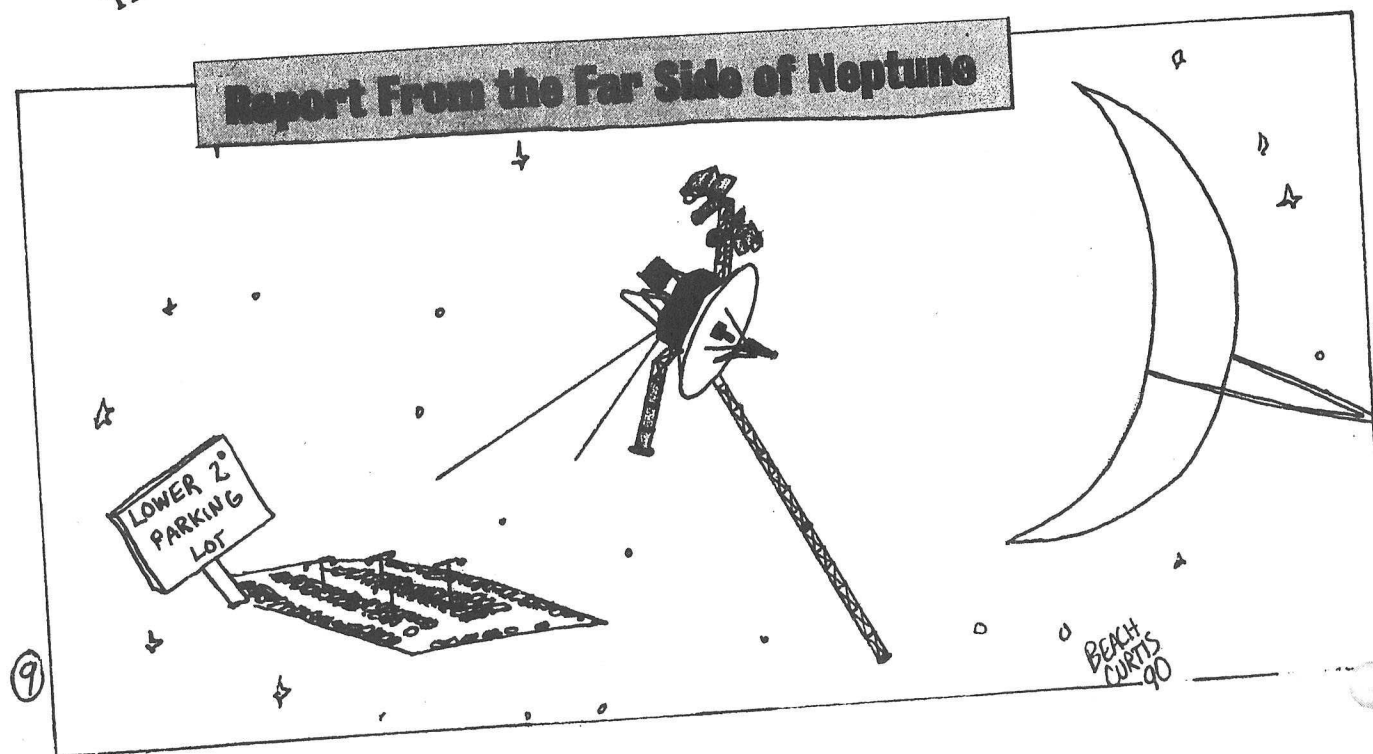
'How can I escape this?'

JOE STRACK UNDERGOES A SURPRIZINGLY LARGE ATTACK OF CYNICISM



THE TAV

Report From the Far Side of Neptune



NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL A

HOW ARE YOU



Master-Debt has arrived



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TANIGUCHI

"I'VE LEARNED ONE THING... WHEN SOMEONE BEGINS BY SAYING THERE'S NO NEED TO PANIC, THERE USUALLY IS."



1°



2°



3°



4°

but there isn't any difference...



CLASS DISTINCTION

THE
TAV

— WITH THANKS TO DAN !

CRUSTY MEAN OTTINO

(to the tune of 'Funky Cold Medina', by Tone Lōc)

Cold coolin' in formation,
Ain't doing nothin' wrong.
My shirt is a little wrinkled,
And my hair's a tad bit long.

The officers are around,
Some to the right, some to the left
I need a tuck, my shoes kinda suck,
Yo, what's up with FGF?

The AOC's are jockin'
Over by the marble strips,
Telling war stories 'bout their love lives,
Man, these guys are first class drips!

Well, the band has started playing,
How I got by, I'll never know.
I'm thinkin', 'Man, I'm def!', and then I felt his breath-
Crusty mean Ottino.



(11)

This fella said, 'Get your chin in
And get some clippers on your hair,
And if you give me some weak-d excuse,
Into your ass I'll tear!'

'You're the sorriest cadet I've ever seen,
And that includes your four degrees,
And that position you call 'attention'
Looks to me more like 'at ease!'

With that he turned and left me
And I began to smirk,
Thinkin' in my head without a trace of dread,
'This guy is such a jerk!'

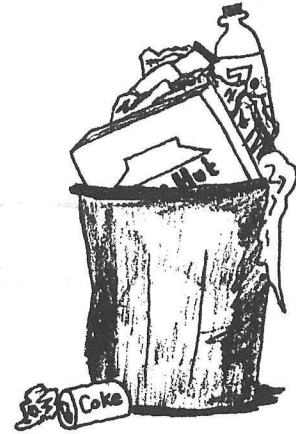
I marched onward to Mitch's
To my table I did go-
Then I started to swear, guess who else was there?
Crusty mean Ottino.

When I got up this mornin'
And put my trash outside the door,
The can was filled up to the rim
And trash poured onto the floor.

I didn't have time to fix it,
I had to go to take my shower-
Then the doolies called a minute,
It was seven past the hour!

I ran back in my room
And threw on my uniform
Tried to put the room in A.M.I.
It looked like there'd been a storm.

When I came back from class that day
There was a Form 10 on the do'
The man of doom had went through my room
Crusty mean Ottino



It's the week before Thanksgiving
And it's time for the noon meal
The wing needs a little pick-me-up
So we march towards Spirit Hill.

It was all done in the name of fun
To increase our motivation
But Colonel O. couldn't believe we'd go
And mess up noon formation.

He looked like a streak of lightning
Pretty fast for a man his age
This first group dude had come unglued
And chased us in a rage!

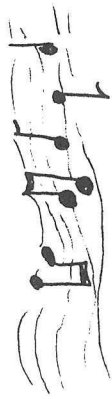
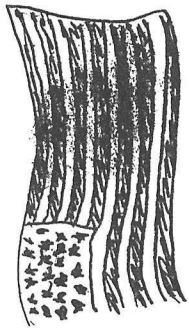
He restricted the squad comm's weekend
And wasn't gonna let him go
That's how we found, you don't fool around
With Crusty mean Ottino.

BEACH
CURTIS
90

NEWS FLASH!

13

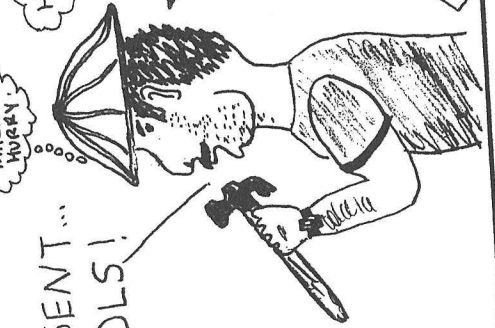
CONSERIOUS! THE GETS



CONSTRUCTION WORKERS MUST
ATTEND REVELLE!

MANGE WILL
THIS WILL
MAKE US
HURRY

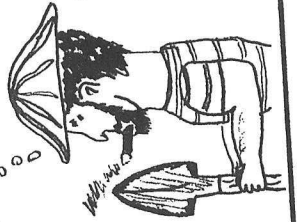
PRESENT ...
TOOLS!



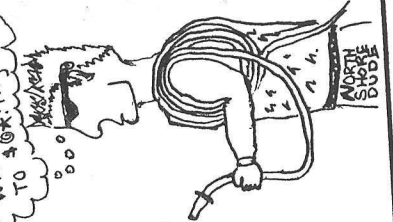
HUH?



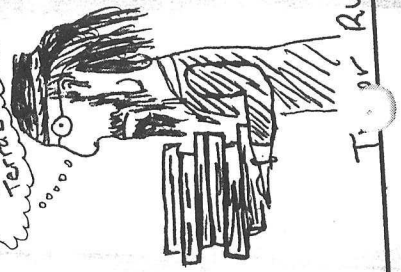
DO I SIZE
FORWARD?



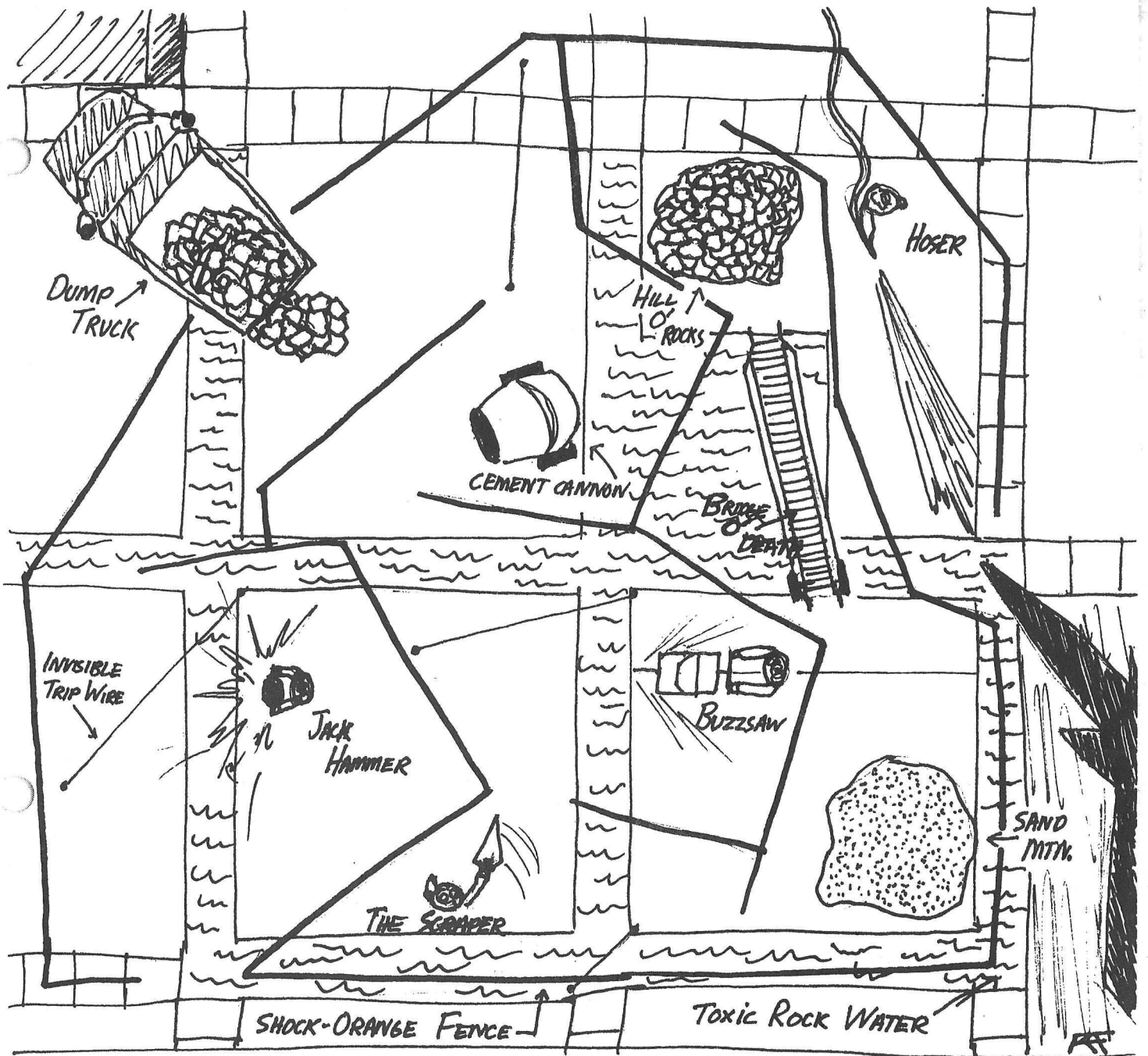
FALL - IN MY *?!!
WHAT EVER HAPPENED
TO *OKING Q TO S



I'M ABOUT TO *ING
DROP THESE *IGING
TERRAZO BLOCKS



T or Rush



**HE IS FREE; HE
HAS ESCAPED ROYER.**

Now HE MUST SURVIVE THE "TERAZZ-O" COURSE
BACK TO VANDENBURG HALL !!!

THE NET BEFORE
'THE VIRUS'

THE NET AFTER
'THE VIRUS'

AAARRRGG!
THE DAMN NET
JUST ATE MY
PAPER!!

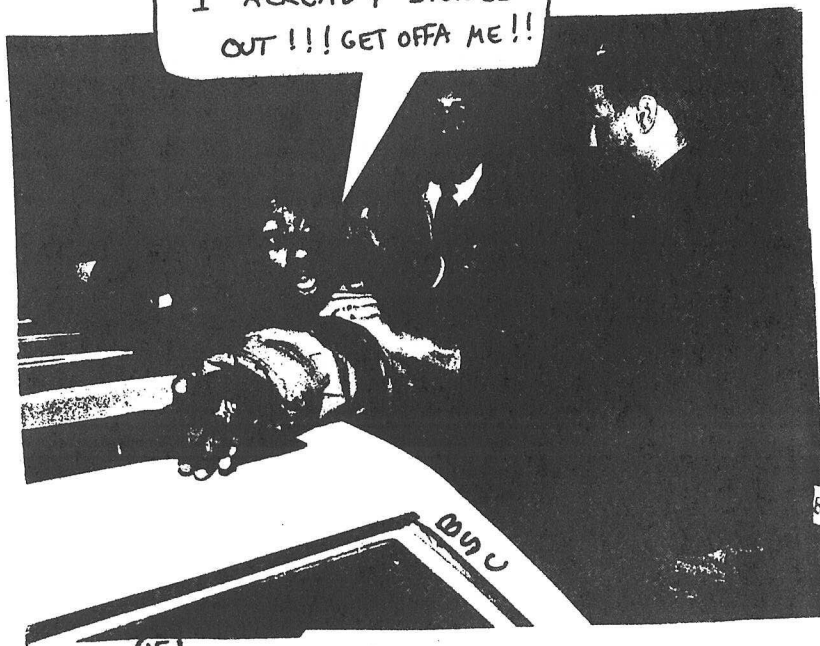


AAARRRGG!
THE DAMN NET
JUST ATE MY
PAPER!!



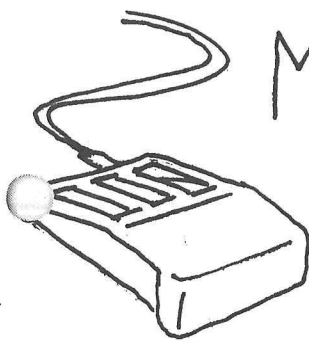
BENH
CURTIS
90

I TOLD YOU ONCE...
I ALREADY SIGNED
OUT!!! GET OFFA ME!!

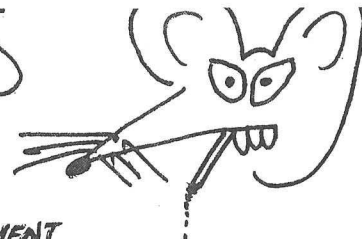


(15)

DO
NOT
READ
THIS



MOUSE BALLS



THE DODO WISHES TO STATE THAT
THIS IS AN ACTUAL RETAIN ANNOUNCEMENT
FOR A COMPUTER ACCESORY. IT IS REAL.
WE DID NOT MAKE THIS UP !!

MOUSE BALLS NOW AVAILABLE AS FRU (Field Replacable Unit)

TEXT:

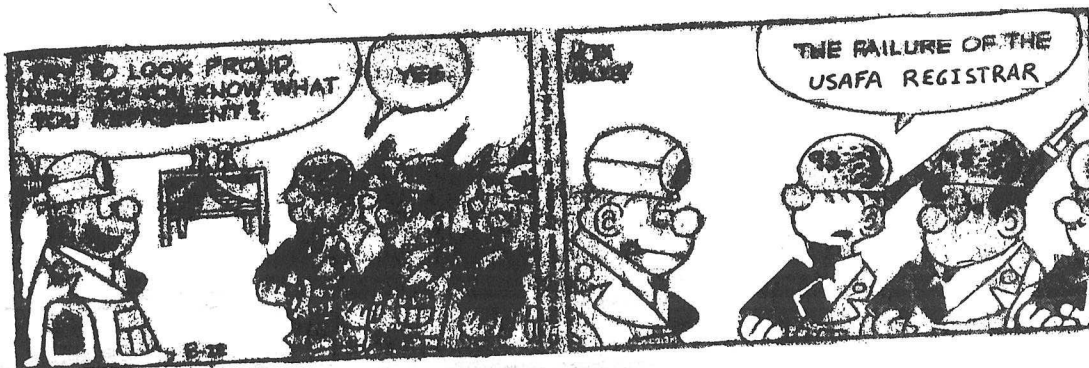
MOUSE BALLS ARE NOW AVAILABLE AS A FRU.
IF A MOUSE FAILS TO OPERATE, OR SHOULD PERFORM ERRATICALLY, IT MAY
BE IN NEED OF BALL REPLACEMENT. BECAUSE OF THE DELICATE NATURE OF
THIS PROCEDURE, REPLACEMENT OF MOUSE BALLS SHOULD BE ATTEMPTED BY
TRAINED PERSONNEL ONLY.

BEFORE ORDERING, DETERMINE TYPE OF MOUSE BALLS REQUIRED BY EXAMINING
THE UNDERSIDE OF EACH MOUSE. DOMESTIC BALLS WILL BE LARGER AND HARDER
THAN FOREIGN BALLS. BALL REMOVAL PROCEDURES DIFFER, DEPENDING UPON
MANUFACTURER OF THE MOUSE. FOREIGN BALLS CAN BE REPLACED USING THE
POP-OFF METHOD, AND DOMESTIC BALLS REPLACED USING THE TWIST-OFF METHOD.
MOUSE BALLS ARE NOT USUALLY STATIC SENSITIVE, HOWEVER, EXCESSIVE
HANDLING CAN RESULT IN SUDDEN DISCHARGE.
UPON COMPLETION OF BALL REPLACEMENT, THE MOUSE MAY BE USED IMMEDIATELY.

IT IS RECOMMENDED THAT EACH SERVICER HAVE A PAIR OF BALLS FOR
MAINTAINING OPTIMUM CUSTOMER SATISFACTION, AND THAT ANY CUSTOMER
MISSING HIS BALLS SHOULD SUSPECT LOCAL PERSONNEL OF REMOVING
THESE NECESSARY FUNCTIONAL ITEMS.

- P/N33F8462 -- DOMESTIC MOUSE BALLS
- P/N33F8461 -- FOREIGN MOUSE BALLS

THE TAV



INTRODUCING:

LIFE

WITH

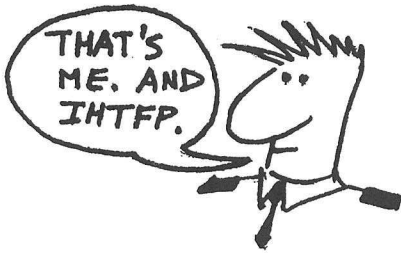
(AND LOCKE)

art.



GROVER

by TAV



PRE-BCT



NOW REMEMBER, SON, ONLY DO THOSE THINGS IN LIFE WHICH MAKE YOU HAPPY.

boy, sounds easy. well, it's not.



#1 8-7-89

POST-BCT



LISTEN UP, CADET. YOU WILL DO IN LIFE WHAT MAKES US HAPPY.

yeah, man. whatever.

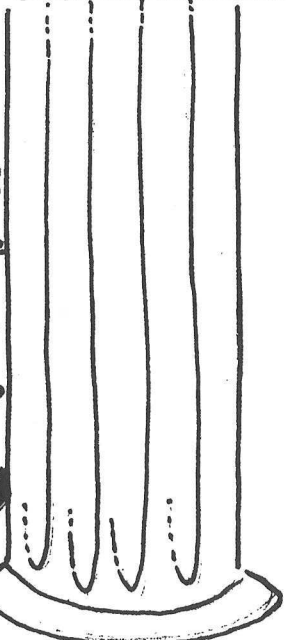
That's a FORM-10, boy.

yes, sir.

#3 9-9-89

Yo, dude! Could you please come down and say that ~~shit~~ to my face?

17



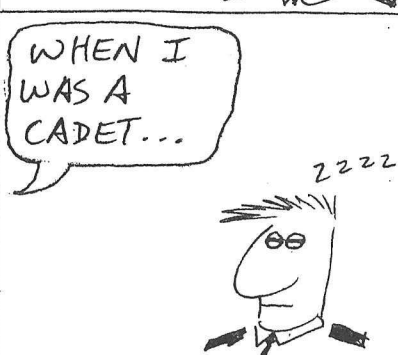
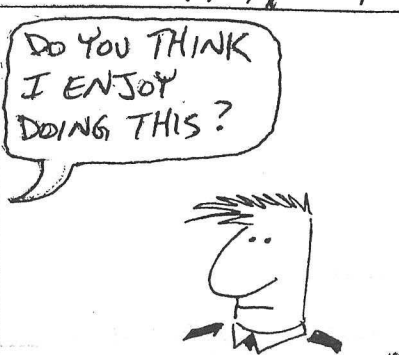
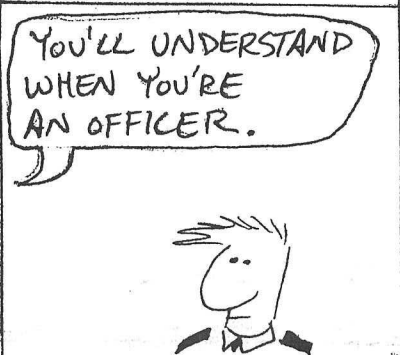
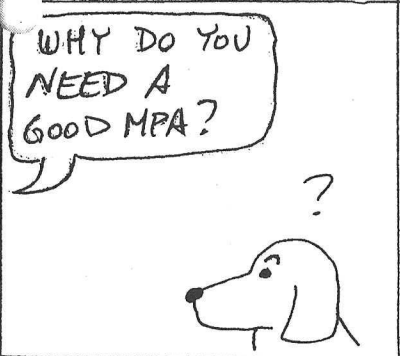
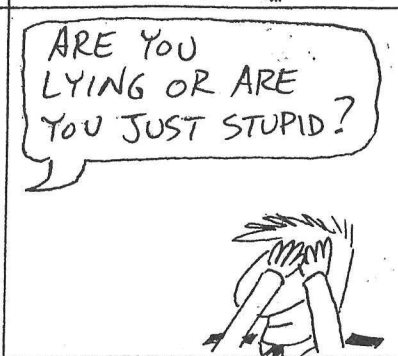
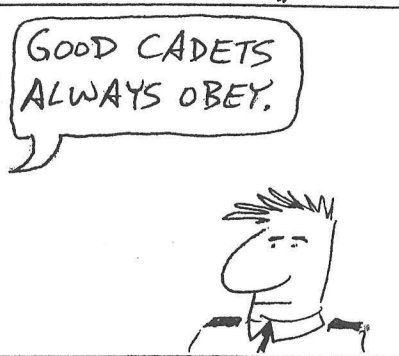
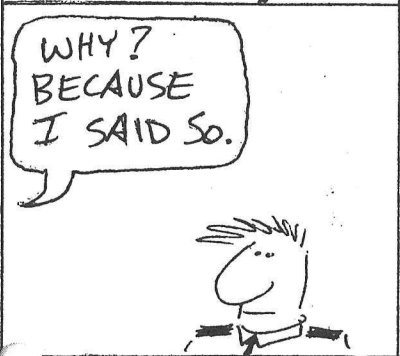
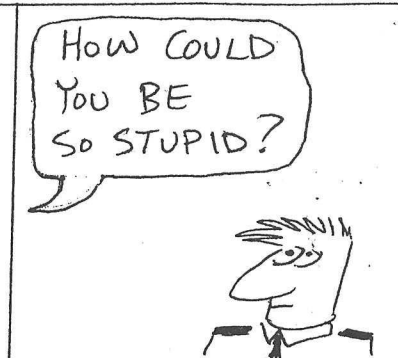
PLEASE DON'T HATE ME FOR BEING SO MUCH BETTER OOPS I MEAN HIGHER THAN YOU CUZ I REALLY DON'T WANT TO BE HERE ON STAFF AND BESIDES WHAT SHOULD YOU CARE ABOUT YOUR RELATIONS TO OTHERS AND BESIDES I DON'T INTENTIONALLY PUT MYSELF UP ON THIS PEDESTAL OR, ER, UH, WHAT I MEAN IS ITS MY PEERS' FAULT. YEAH, YEAH THAT'S IT. MY PEERS PUT ME ON THIS PEDESTAL BECAUSE I'M SO RESPECTABLE OOPS I MEAN BECAUSE THEY RESPECT ME SO MUCH. YEAH, ITS MY PEERS FAULT. THEY'RE TO BLAME FOR MY EXCELLENCE I MEAN THIS PEDESTAL.

I HATE YOUR ~~pedestal~~ PEDESTAL.

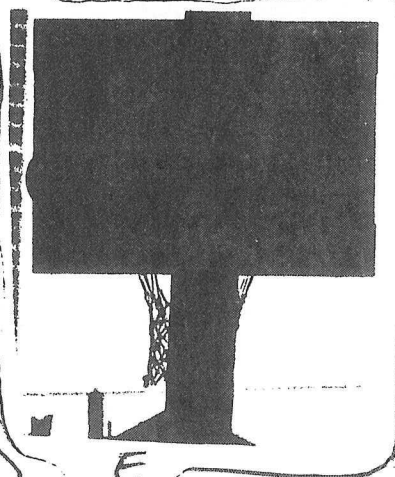
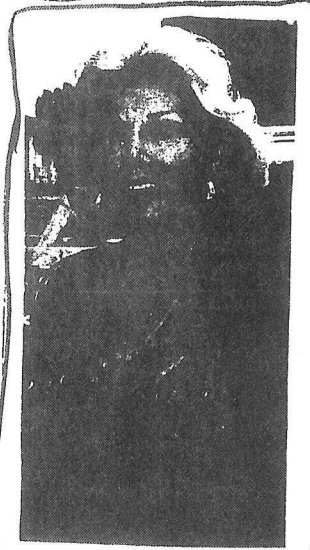
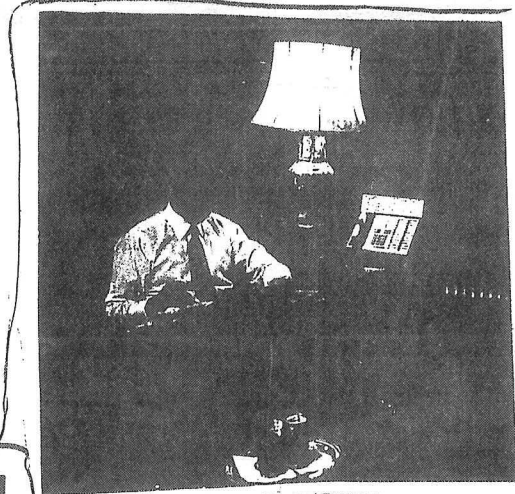
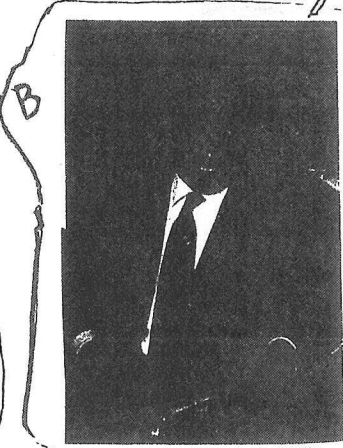


(AND LOCKE) by THE TAV

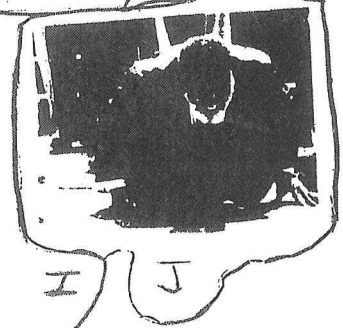
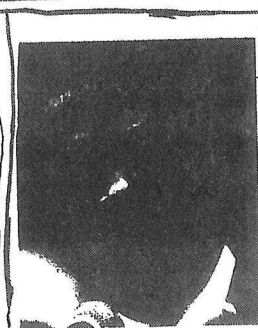
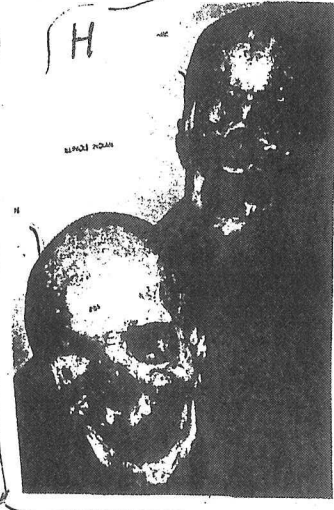
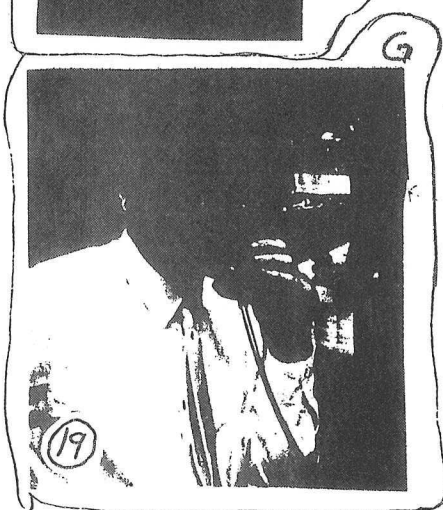
AOC BRAINTWISTERS



PILOTS! TEST YOUR P.Q. BY IDENTIFYING THE PEOPLE/THINGS BELOW:



IN CASE YOU HADN'T GUESSED, OUR PRINTING SUCKS! THE TAV



- ANSWERS:
- A - JOHN BOUDSH
 - B - EGYPTIAN PRES. MUBARAK
 - C - JAMES BAKER
 - D - ZSA ZSA GABOR
 - E - HOOP!
 - F - ORAL ROBERTS
 - G - AL PACINO
 - H - SKULLS
 - I - HARLOW BARRY
 - J - SAM NUJOMA

The Creation

In the beginning was the plan
And then came the assumptions
And the assumptions were without form
And the plan was completely without substance
And darkness was upon the face of the cadets

..And they spaketh amongst themselves, saying
"It is a crock of s and it stinketh."
And they cadets went unto their flight commanders and sayeth,
"It is a pail of dung, and none may abide the odor thereof."

And the flight commanders went unto their squadron commanders
And sayeth unto them, "It is a container of excrement,
And it is very strong such that none here may abide by it."

And the squadron commanders went unto their group commanders and sayeth,
"It is a vessel of fertilizer, and none may abide by its strength."

And the group commanders spoke amongst themselves,
Saying to one another,
"It contains that which aids plant growth,
and it is very strong."

And the group commanders went unto their wing commander
And sayeth unto him,
"It promotes growth and is very powerful."

And the wing commander went unto the Commandant
And sayeth unto him,
"This new plan will actively promote the growth
And efficiency of the wing, and these areas in particular."
And the Commandant looked upon the plan
And saw that it was good
And the plan became policy



Women At Large: Breakout. Sharlyne Powell and Sharon McConnell take you through a medically approved, effective exercise program made just for big women. You don't have to be thin to be fit! 60 min. (1988)
VHS 4965 \$29.95

The picture on the left is an actual ad from a catalog. I just thought I'd share it with you because I've never seen anything like it. It must be a big seller.

But don't get me wrong--being trim isn't everything. The picture on the right is "Hanoi" Jane Fonda, loved by military personel everywhere.

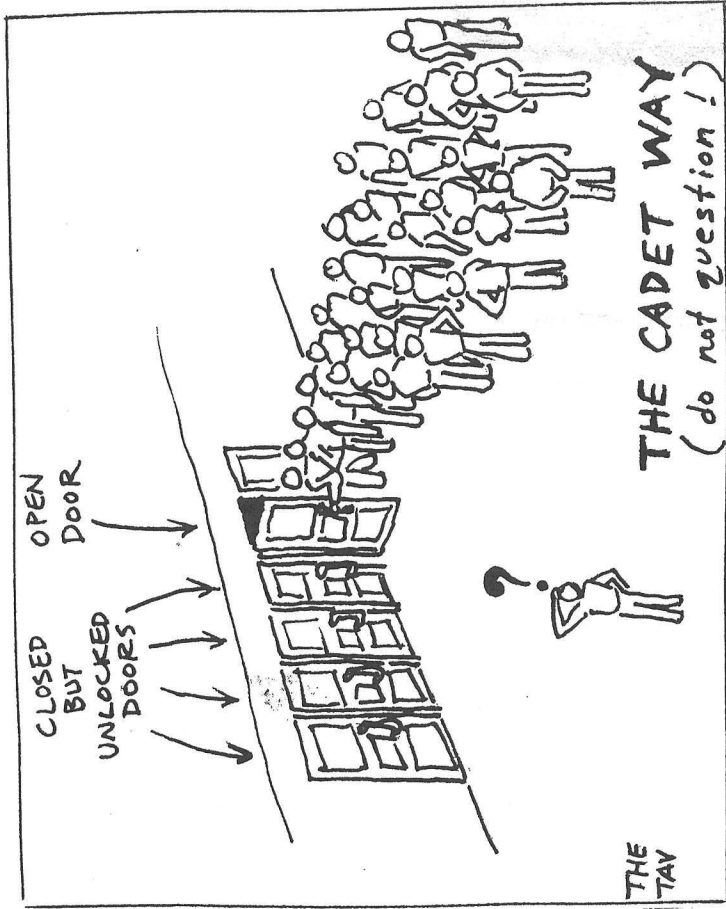
I don't know which picture is worse...



21

THE DEER HUNT

- 1:00 a.m. — Alarm clock rings.
- 2:00 a.m. — Hunting partners arrive, drag you out of bed.
- 2:30 a.m. — Throw everything except the kitchen sink in the pickup.
- 3:00 a.m. — Leave for the deep woods.
- 3:15 a.m. — Drive back home and pick up gun.
- 3:30 a.m. — Drive like crazy to get to the woods before daylight.
- 4:00 a.m. — Set up camp-forgot the darn tent.
- 4:30 a.m. — Head into the woods.
- 6:05 a.m. — See eight deer.
- 6:06 a.m. — Take aim and squeeze trigger.
- 6:07 a.m. — "Click."
- 6:08 a.m. — Load gun while watching deer go over hill.
- 8:00 a.m. — Head back to camp.
- 9:00 a.m. — Still looking for camp.
- 10:00 a.m. — Realize you don't know where camp is.
- Noon — Fire gun for help-eat wild berries.
- 12:15 p.m. — Ran out of bullets-eight deer come back.
- 12:20 p.m. — Strange feeling in stomach.
- 12:30 p.m. — Realize you ate poison berries.
- 12:45 p.m. — Rescued!
- 12:55 p.m. — Rushed to hospital to have stomach pumped.
- 3:00 p.m. — Arrive back in camp.
- 3:30 p.m. — Leave camp to kill deer.
- 4:00 p.m. — Return to camp for bullets.
- 4:01 p.m. — Load gun-leave camp again.
- 5:00 p.m. — Empty gun on squirrel that's bugging you.
- 6:00 p.m. — Arrive at camp, see deer grazing at camp.
- 6:01 p.m. — Load gun.
- 6:02 p.m. — Fire gun-hit pickup.
- 6:05 p.m. — Hunting partner returns to camp dragging deer.
- 6:06 p.m. — Repress strong desire to shoot hunting partner.
- 6:07 p.m. — Fall in fire.
- 6:10 p.m. — Change clothes, throw burned ones into fire.
- 6:15 p.m. — Take pickup, leave partner and his deer in woods.
- 6:25 p.m. — Pickup bolts over-hole shot in block.
- 6:26 p.m. — Start walking.
- 6:30 p.m. — Stumble and fall, drop gun in the mud.
- 6:35 p.m. — Meet deer.
- 6:36 p.m. — Take aim.
- 6:37 p.m. — Fire gun, blow up barrel plugged with mud.
- 6:38 p.m. — Climb tree.
- 9:00 p.m. — Deer departs, wrap gun around tree.
- Midnight — Home at last.
- Sunday — Watch football on TV, slowly tearing hunting license into little pieces, place in envelope, and mail to hunting partner with very precise instructions as to what he can do with it.

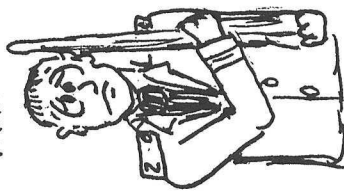


THE TAY

THE CADET WAY
(do not question!)

Why Whining
HEY, BOYS AND GIRLS! IT'S TIME TO PLAY
"THERE SHOULD BE MORE CLASS DISTINCTION!"

Q: WHY IS THIS FRESHMAN!
MARCHING TOURS?

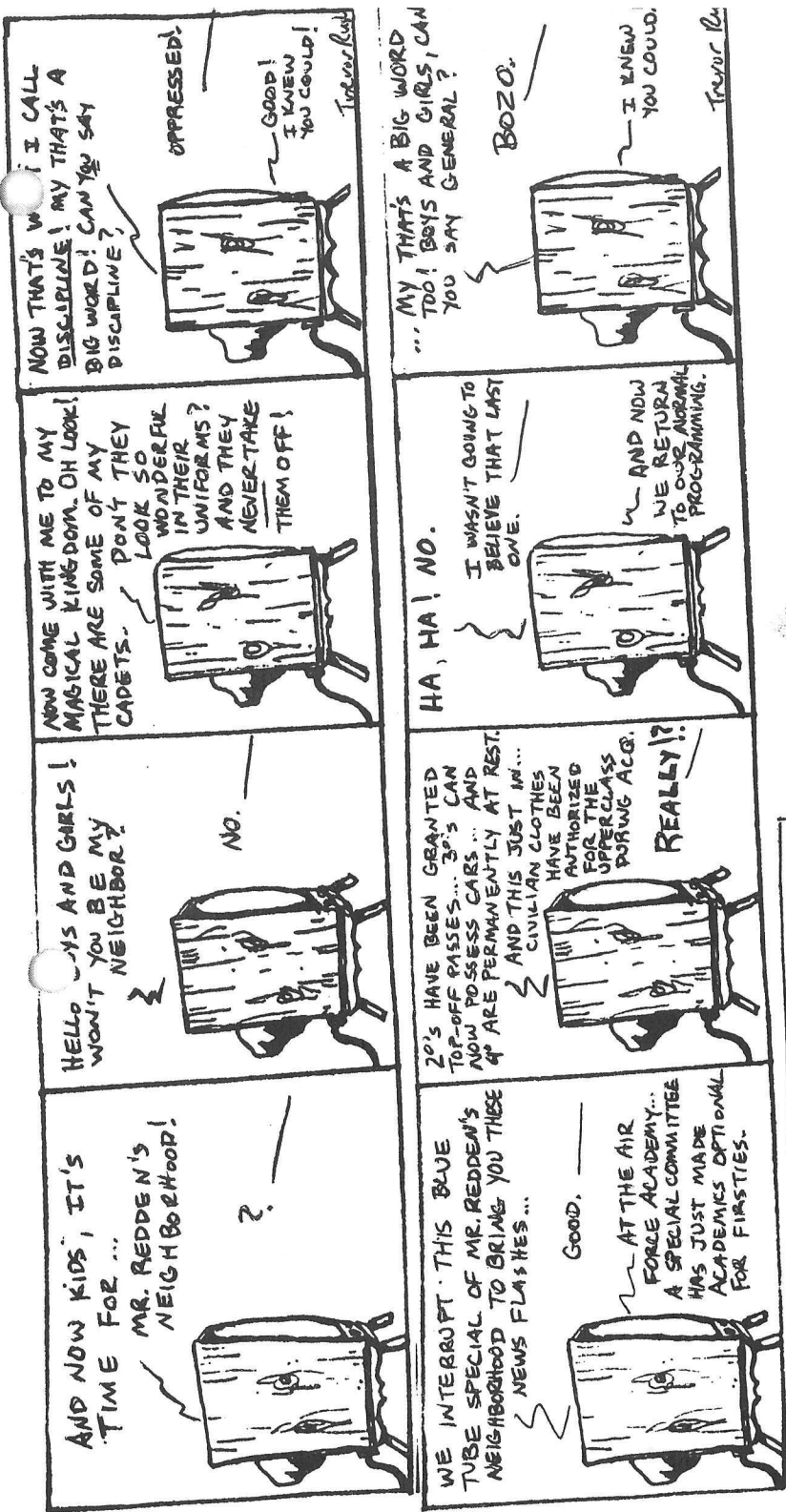


A: HE GOT A 5-2-Y
HIT FOR GETTING CAUGHT
WEARING CIVIES.

Q: WHY IS THIS UPPERCLASSMAN
MARCHING TOURS?



A: SHE GOT A 10-10-Y
HIT FOR GETTING CAUGHT
WEARING CIVIES.



UNITED STATES AIR FORCE ACADEMY

- Suck it up.

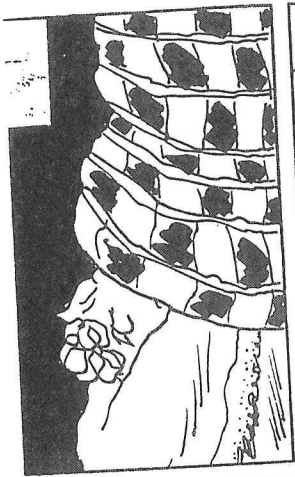
(23) CADET BEHAVIOR ACCEPTABILITY REPORT

DATE		29 JUN 89	
ITEMS REFER TO (Check one only)	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> 90	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> 91	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> 92
CLASS DISTINCTION (Check one)	DISCIPLINE (Check one)		ROOMS (Check one)
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> LACKING <input type="checkbox"/> AVERAGE <input type="checkbox"/> OBVIOUS	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> HA! <input type="checkbox"/> AVERAGE <input type="checkbox"/> STEADFAST		<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> POOR <input type="checkbox"/> AVERAGE <input type="checkbox"/> NEAT
CADET WING ATTITUDE	HAIRS (Check one)		UNIFORMS CONSIDERED
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> DEFIANT <input type="checkbox"/> AVERAGE <input type="checkbox"/> SUBSERVANT	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> UNSAT <input type="checkbox"/> AVERAGE <input type="checkbox"/> GOOD		<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> SLOPPY <input type="checkbox"/> AVERAGE <input type="checkbox"/> STRACT
REMARKS (Continue on reverse side) There is little class distinction here at USFA ^{USFA} the United States Air Force Academy. Cadets do not know how to wear block haircuts. Cadets do not realize they are on duty 24 hrs ^{hrs} off hours a day.			
SUGGESTIONS (Continue on reverse side) Please take away all civilian clothes to make everyone more different. Please bring back tapered haircuts so cadets will learn the proper way to wear a block. Please make cadets wear uniforms all the time; live ^{live} living here is not enough to make them remember.			
This check list is for use by the Food Service ^{off} Officer, and in no way will tend to reflect credit or injury to the cadets ^{officer} completing the form.		SIGNATURE OF CADET OFFICER <i>B. General Joseph J. Redline</i>	
		ORGANIZATION CW <i>65390</i>	

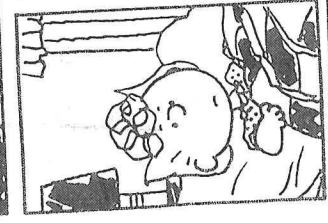
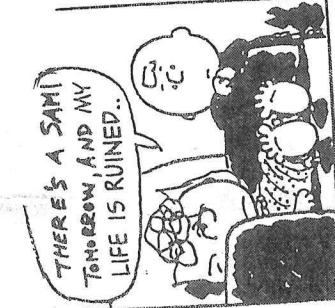
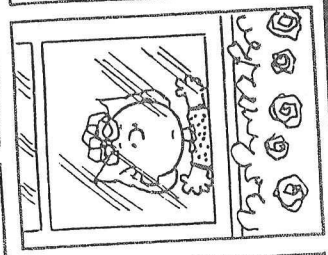
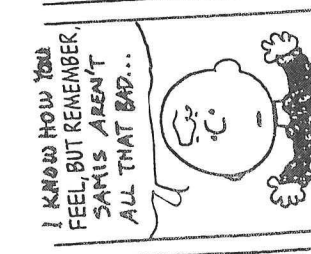
"How much freedom of choice do you really have?"



PLUS THE ZAY



8-7 © 1988 United Feature Syndicate, Inc. *Scalitz*



MINUTES

24

SIDEBURNS WE'D LIKE TO SEE:



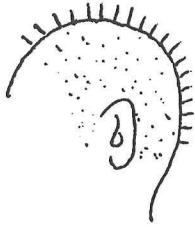
MR. REGULAR



MR. MIN



MR. MAX



MR. HONOR GUARD



MR. SPOCK



MR. SPIRIT



MR. JOHN FOGARTY



MRS. E.O.T.

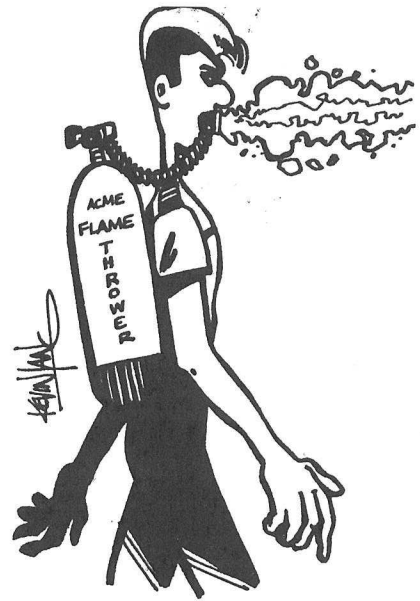


MR. LENNON

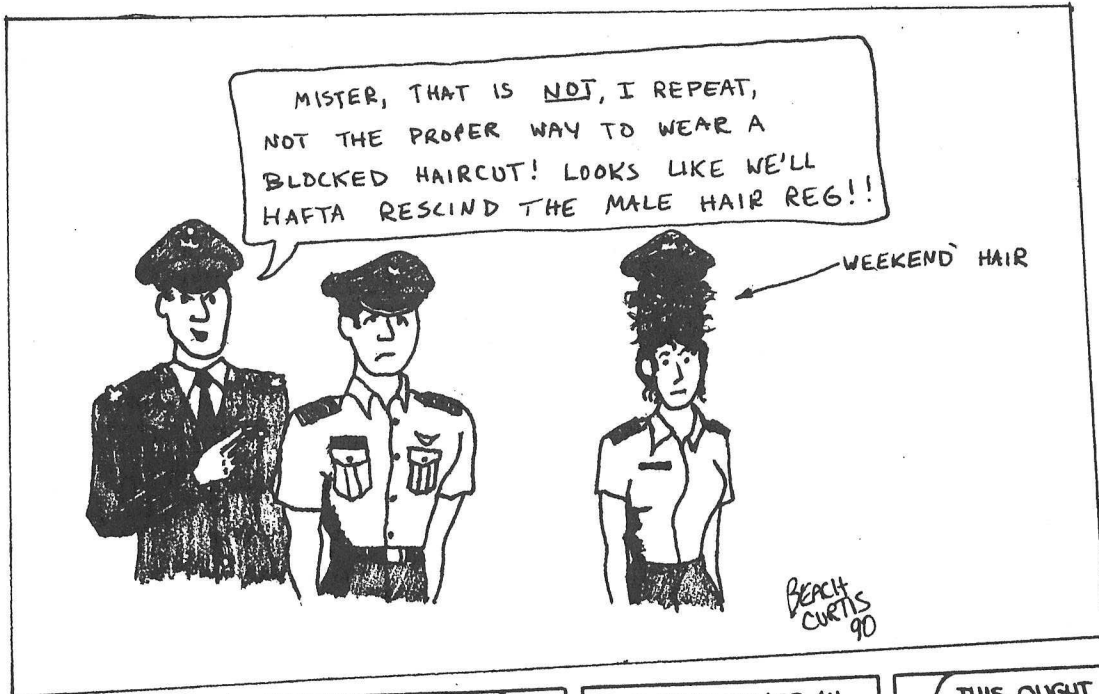


MR. I'M-A-FIRSTIE-
WHO-JUST-CAN'T-
BREAK-A-HABIT

The march to breakfast



Upperclass Issue



CONGRATULATIONS on making it through your fourth-class year. Now THIS year, we'll be marching to all our meals, holding SAMs every weekend, and you won't be allowed to drink, have sex, or wear civilian clothes. We're doing away with cars, refrigerators, & T.V. But this year we'll let you wear your parkas to Mitchell Hall. Oh, yes, one more thing... get your chin in.

sideburns to the "v" in the ear
 mcdonald's

Completely lacking in pride!

moral-boasting policy changes

comforting hand on shoulder, will move swiftly to throat

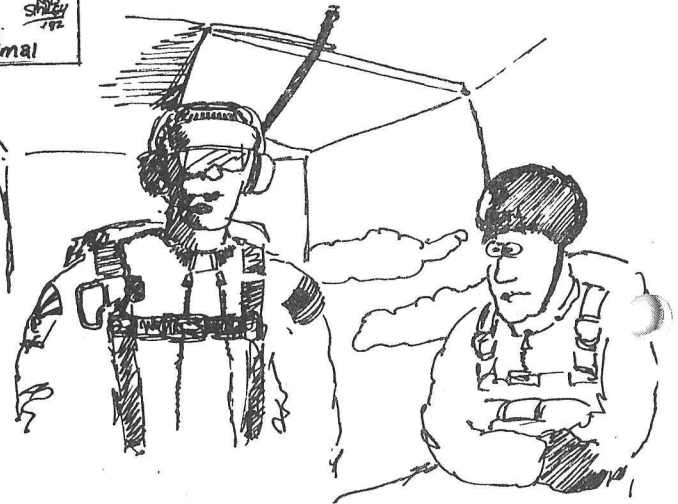
I don't think you'll look dorky enough... lets get rid of the block haircuts and bring back some sideburns!

critic small furry animal



WHERE IS YOUR CAR PARKED?

GOOD QUESTION, DUDE.



NEW!!

POCKET-SIZE FORM 10's!

"Thank you for flying Otter Airlines ... we never let you down!"

Now in a convenient, easy-to-carry-around-the-terazzo size! You can write up reg violators left and right with the greatest of ease!

Fits in your pocket without creasing! Looks very neat.

REPORT OF CONDUCT DATE: _____

VIOLATOR: _____

COOL PERSON WHO SAW IT: _____

CADET OPTIONS: NO EXCUSE WEAK EXCUSE

WHAT HAPPENED: _____

RECOMMENDED HIT (CHECK ONE)

5-2-Y 40-60-Y

10-10-Y 60-120-12

20-40-2 180-1,000-37

I UNDERSTAND THAT I MESSED UP REAL BAD AND DESERVE THIS.

CRIMINAL'S SIGNATURE _____ SIGNATURE OF OFFICIAL _____

Bookbag on shoulder? A-jacket unzipped? Lacking sideburns? Don't just stand back and watch, show those vile perpetrators we mean BUSINESS.

27

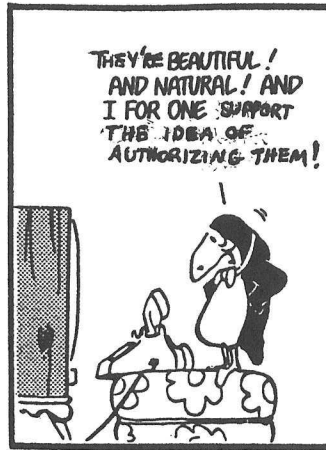
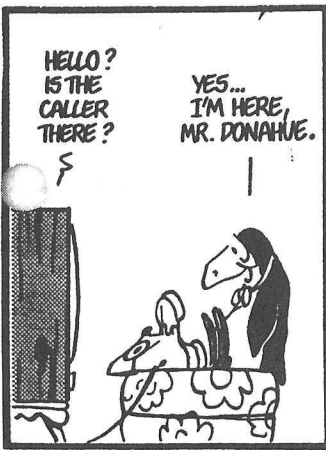
Write up your subordinates! Write up your classmates! Write up the wing commander!!

Hours of fun, GUARANTEED!

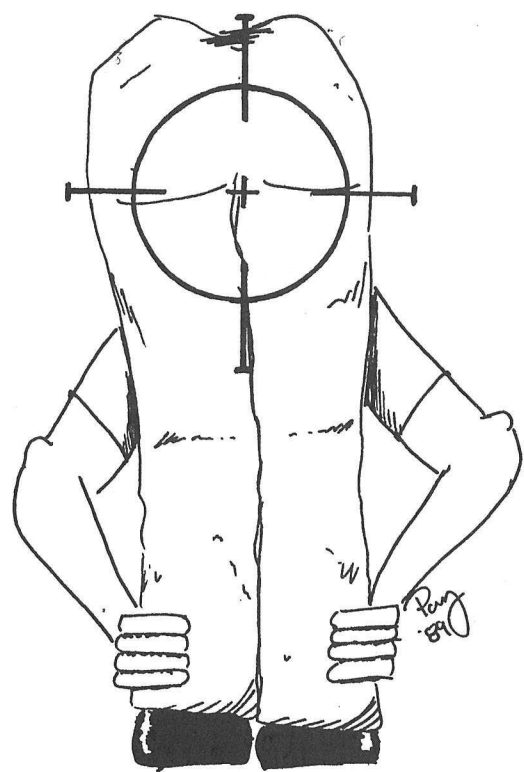
CLASS OF 93

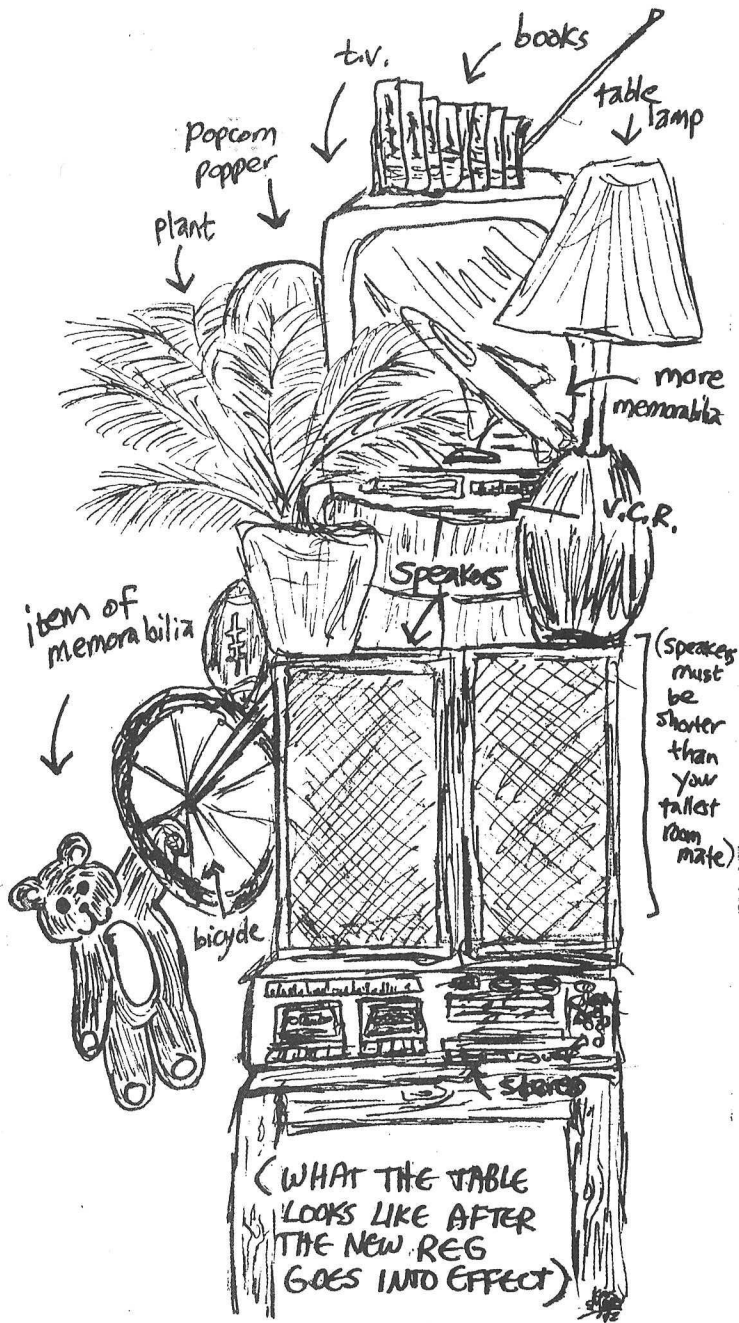
Beating a path to the clinic door

ONE OF LIFE'S LITTLE NON-ESSENTIALS.



With prog. coming up -
This is how I'd
view cadets
- Ray

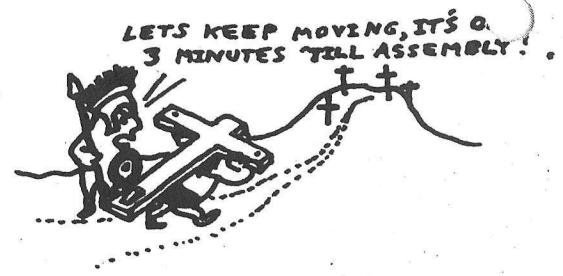




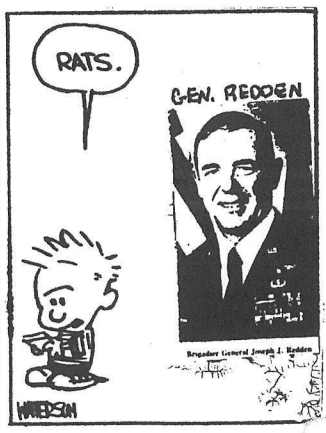
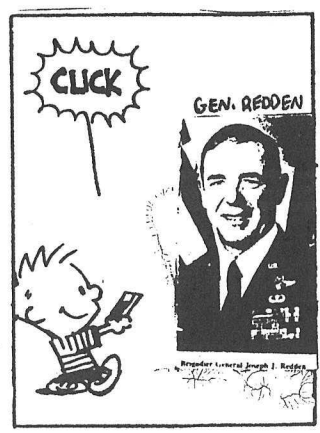
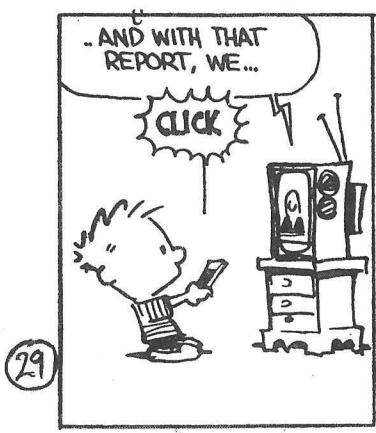
(MUNCH MUNCH) Boy, this is the life... All the food you can eat... Good thing our class didn't have to take that CFT!! I got a "6" on the PFT, but oh, well. I wonder when football ramps start?



CLASS OF 193



THE TAV



AND FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO NEVER SAW IT:

Tough, aggressive Air Force cadets are preferable to butterflies

In a letter for publication to a Colorado newspaper, Sister Peg Maloney, who identified herself as the associate director of the Justice and Peace Office of the Catholic Archdiocese of Denver, expressed her outrage at a scene captured in a photograph taken, recently, during Basic Cadet Training (BCT) at the Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs. Pictured was a bare-chested cadet in a black hood holding an executioner's ax over his head. He was standing alongside a column of marching recruits in combat fatigues.

The good sister likened this image to the training of Middle-Eastern terrorists. She decried the use of billions of dollars for defense each year at the expense of social programs, especially when those defense dollars are used to fund this kind of symbolism. She went on to pray for the day when the Air Force would have to hold a bake sale to buy missiles. Unless military cuisine has improved markedly since I was in the service, the Air Force might think twice before adopting the sister's approach to ICBM procurement.

I checked with the Air Force Academy for an explanation of the executioner scene. Sister Maloney, it turns out, hadn't bothered. The "Executioner" is a BCT squadron mascot. There are 10 of them in all. Each squadron has a nickname, starting with a letter of the alphabet from A-J.

I remember when I was in Army basic training. They told me I would be molded into a trained killer. When we weren't learning how to make beds, fold underwear and buff linoleum floors. This seemed to make some sense since the tools of my newly found trade included things like rifles, bayonets and hand grenades. The idea of bake sales never came up.

Consequently, we were taught to be aggressive and to learn how to defend ourselves, a skill which might come in handy if someone in a different uniform were trying to kill you. I imagine it's in keeping with this general philosophy that the current crop of BCT squadrons at the Academy bear the following ferocious names. There are, from A-J:

The Aggressors, Barbarians, Cobras, Demons, Executioners, Flying Tigers, Guts, Hell Cats, Interceptors, and Jaguars. There should be something in this lineup to offend almost anyone who wants to be, from animal-rights activists to anti-Satanists.

Perhaps the sister is right. Names and mascots suggesting this kind of

pugnaciousness could only hurt cookie sales in the future. In the interest of a kinder and gentler Air Force, maybe they should rename the BCT squadrons. We could have, for example:

The Altruists, Butterflies, Cupcakes, Dandelions, Existentialists, Flower Children, Gay Cabelleros, Holistics, and the Jellyfish.

You may have noticed, I left one out, in the unlikely event that we may ever need someone who could fight. (Suppose, heaven forbid, some rowdies tried to disrupt the bake sale.) With apologies to Sister Maloney, we might call those rough and tumble guys in the I-squadron, the Ill-Mannered.

I called the Denver Archdiocese to ask whether Sister Maloney was speaking for it. I was told she wasn't, that she was speaking for herself and, perhaps, for the Justice and Peace Office, which, apparently, speaks for itself, not the church. From the Catholics I know, the office certainly doesn't speak for them. Since I have no reason to believe Sister Maloney knows God any better than I do, I doubt that she speaks for Him, either.

Justice and peace are lovely values, although frequently difficult to define. But I notice the conspicuous absence in that duo of another value: Freedom. It's people like Sister Maloney who either devalue that one or take it for granted. I don't, and that's why I appreciate the need for a strong and — perish the thought — potentially tenacious defense.

Of course, it would be nice if we didn't need a military, and could spend all that money on the social programs the sister favors (or even better, give it back to the taxpayers). It would also be nice if we didn't need a police force, courts and jails. It would be nice if we didn't need referees in football games, or to take a number at the deli-counter. But that's not the world we live in, and, the prayers of our well-intentioned Sister Maloney notwithstanding, never will be.

I hope the Air Force hangs tough on this one. I have this recurring nightmare that I'd hate to see come true. I'm at a Falcons game this fall when the cadet squadrons march in. And there's Sister Maloney, sitting next to me, leading the crowd in a cheer of "Give 'em hell, Jellyfish!"

Rosen's radio talk show can be heard on 85-KOA radio in Denver, weekdays from 9 a.m. to noon.



REMEMBER:
IF IT
WASN'T
FOR THE
COMM,
THERE
WOULDN'T
BE
THE
DODO

(So c'mon, give the guy some credit!)

ANOTHER DO PIN-UP !!