

THE DODO

VOLUME 32 NUMBER 4

WELCOME BACK!



TRANSITION 90?
IS THAT A NEW
CORE COURSE?

WHY IS THIS MAN



SMILING?

Dear Readers -

Welcome to what we hope is another fine issue. Now that you're back from Xmas break, received a little 'feedback' on your academic performance for 1st semester (for some it was very little), and survived through the first SAMI, you're all probably ready for Spring Break about now. Well, that's been cancelled.

Well, now it's official. The Dodo now has subscribers in "the real Air Force." All the issues we sent to grads had some effect, and at last count we had over 100 subscribers. Congratulations to Gordon Bredvick (63) who was the very first Dodo subscriber in all of human history. What a lucky guy. We've also received much mail from the grads as well (See Dodo mail in this issue) some liked it (the smart, witty ones) and some didn't (the ex-Wing staffers, I suppose). Oh well. Keep them coming.

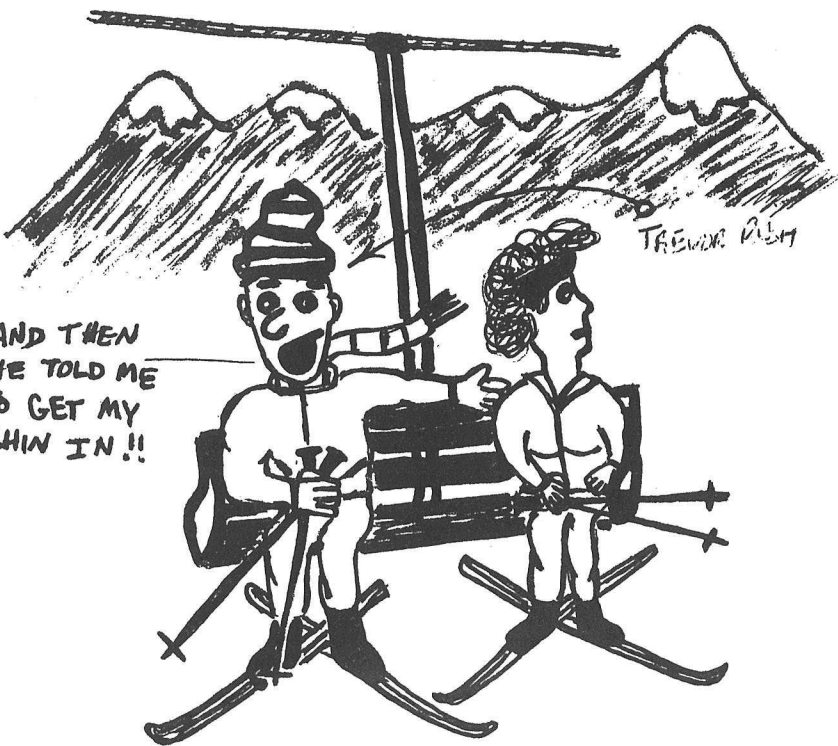
Enjoy -

BEACH
CURTIS
Ed.

D O D O
S T A F F
E D I T O R
B E A C H
C U R T I S
L A C K E Y S
J A M E S
S A N C H E Z
C A R S O N
T A V E N N E R
T R E V O R
R U S H
A N D
S T A R R I N G
T E R R Y
B R O W N
H A V E
F U N !

FROM
THE CIRCULAR FILE

SUDDENLY STEVE'S BRAIN RAN OUT
OF ROOM AND HE HAD TO
PERFORM A BRAIN DUMP.



Some people
can't leave it on
"the hill."

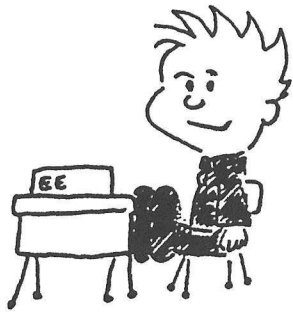
③



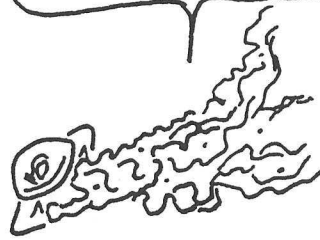
Hey dudes! Did
you know that now
GRADS are also
reading the Dodo?
Yup. And boy, do they
have a lot to say!
Check out pg. 5!
Later, dude!!



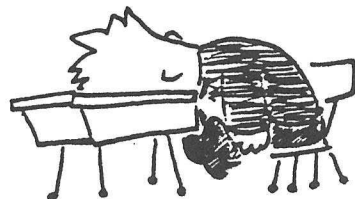
5th PERIOD EE



SPACEMAN SPIFF IS HIT! HE'S GOING DOWN!



Z!



ORIGINALLY FOUND IN: The LOG, November, 1989

DODOMAIL

WELCOME READERS! This is Tav speaking. What I'm writing here is an entirely new column for the modern Dodo, mostly due to the new subscription activity we installed last semester. I have no idea what kind of thing it will grow to be, but right now let's call it an open forum for any kind of mail, compliments, discussion, or nasty rumor-spreading about your closest friends (and enemies) which arises amongst both the wing and the operational force (can't forget those grads, now!). Also, the title is fairly generic, so if any of you have better or more creative ideas than DODOMAIL, drop me a line, please.

Remember, this column won't ever get off the ground without receiving a healthy dose of MAIL, so stop reading this rag and start writing! That means you, loser! Please send ANY kind of material, even if you don't think it will get printed; I need some more stuff for the bulletin board in my room! Correspondence can be addressed to either:

Cadet Wing Media
PO Box 6066
USAFA, CO 80841

-or-
Beach Curtis (Dodo editor)
PO Box 1164
USAFA, CO 80841

-or-
Carson Tavenner (Beach's lackey)
PO Box 3747
USAFA, CO 80841

Most everything gets printed 'cause boy, do we ever need space fillers! And now for the MAIL:

Dear Dodo,

Thought you might be interested in the "official response" to the supposed recent changes at the zoo - although, even according to yourselves, nothing really ever changes. This [an enclosed article about Red-Line] came in the Fall '89 issue of Checkpoints - the AOG magazine.

If it's of any comfort, life really does go on - even without two-degree cars. Everyone has an empire to build; everyone sees a better way; everyone has to re-invent the wheel in some way. And

you'll (soon) see that when you strap on a pair of afterburners it all gets left behind for a 1.2 (or 9.5) and the empire no longer matters.

I look forward anxiously to the next Dodo and your response to this article - it should be fun!! And thanks for the opportunity to subscribe. It's great to see the sarcasm and satire hasn't quit flowing!

Hang on - it's worth it (really!)

Eileen Isola '85
2501 Kenosha
Lubbock, TX 79410

Dear Eileen,

Thanks for the article on our own, dear, Gen. Red-Line. We here at the Dodo decided against printing the whole thing again, since getting permission from the AOG offices would have taken away too much of our precious sleeptime. For all interested, however, you can find the genuine article (no pun intended) in the Fall '89 Checkpoints on page 13. Kinda appropriate, eh?

Hopefully the Cadet Wing will receive as much inspiration from your words as we; that kind of thing tends to be sorely lacking in the Land of Darkness.

Dear Dodo,

Nice idea, guys! By the way, what the hell are you guys (wads) gonna do with this dough?

By way of introduction, I was ass't editor for two years on this rag in '70 and '71. Of course, since it was much tougher when I was there, our publication was a little more hard core.

If you lads and lassies need some real sick officer input I'd suggest contacting Lt.Col. Vern Francis, my classmate. 'Nuff Said!

Warren

P.S. We used to give out a "Quad-D" or the "Dodo Dirty Deal of the Day" award to only the most deserving of USAFA institutions.

Dear Warren,

⑤ (cont.)

Too bad we have no idea what this "Quad D" was all about, or we might adopt it! As for the rest of your letter, thanks for giving us your input; I'm sure Lt.Col. Francis doesn't share those sentiments, however! Sure hope you guys are buds!

I wish I could say the money was going into my pocket, but I'm afraid that ain't so. To tell you the truth, I'm not even sure I DO know what the money's going towards. As for your having been assistant editor, that's very interesting; I hope you've achieved more than just THAT by now. By the way, our organization is so bad we don't even HAVE an assistant editor! 'Nuff Said!

Dodo Staff -

The attached is an authentic letter from my father. It was accompanied by a chicken foot with an extended middle digit (some care package, eh?).

Apparently my father, a retired USAF Lt.Col., was concerned about the chicken incident at the football game. I feel that his words of wisdom might be beneficial to the wing. If you are interested in the letter, please feel free to edit it as you please. At any rate, thanks for a great Dodo this last semester.

Name withheld for fear
of CWX retribution

(Here's the letter - Tav)

Dear Son,

Enclosed with this letter is a chicken foot, mounted on a plaque for appropriate display. I found this chicken foot recently near our chicken coop; it is all that remains of one of our chickens after an unknown assailant did it in. When I found the chicken foot, I thought immediately of you, not because you look like a chicken, but because of your former association with Chicken Hawk squadron and because of the recent notorious incident of the hapless chicken at the football game (as you will see later in the letter, perhaps the chicken was not so hapless).

I did not write your name on this letter because I know that sometimes letters like this get read by the military censors or because malicious roommates purloin them and circulate them. I took the further precaution of typing this on a borrowed typewriter so it could not be traced to me; and I mailed the letter from our neighbor's mailbox instead of ours.

I think the chicken foot and the unique character of the middle digit has a significance that extends perhaps to your hallowed halls of academie and the gridiron. A possible scenario is that the chicken spotted its assailant dropping from the sky like an F-16; too late to seek shelter but not too late to make one last defiant gesture. . . can you picture the chicken standing on one leg and, with the other leg raised skyward, telling its assailant (bird-to-bird, so to speak) what it thought of its dastardly attack. I have studied chicken behavior closely these last couple of years, and I believe they are far different from the docile egg-layers most folks believe they are. They are agitators of the first order. I believe the real scenario here on the farm and at your institution as well is that the chicken spotted its assailant, and rather than take evasive action, deliberately provoked the attack by an obscene gesture, immortalized in this trophy. Have the powers-that-be at your institutions fully examined the possibility that such action provoked the neck-wringing?

As ever, Dad.

Dear Secret-Dude with the Ultra-Paranoid-Type-Dad,

We want to see the foot!

Though this next mail item did not arrive at Wing Media with a letter, we wish to thank our friend from St. Louis for his generous contribution. Unfortunately, the material was unfit for publication. However, after having a six-pack of both, the unanimous conclusion was that women are better. Thanks again for contributing to the moral down-fall of the cadet wing.

And now for the Dodo's first piece of hate-mail! I'm so excited!

(Whoops! Deleted from the file by Col. Pinkerton!)

Beach.

Sierra Hotel, dude! (I would write out the actual words this phonetic euphemism represents, but some f****ing REMF shoe clerk of an OIC will probably just censor it anyway.) Your idea to offer grads the opportunity to subscribe to the Dodo is outstanding! I was delighted with the complimentary issue (vol. 32, no. 2) you sent and have enclosed a check (that probably won't bounce) to make sure I don't miss the next one.

I have to admit there were a few obscure references and acronyms that left me feeling somewhat clueless and distinctly crusty. But what the hell, if it didn't do that to a guy fifteen years on the best side of graduation, the Dodo definitely wouldn't be riding the crest of avant-garde cadet humor.

I was really glad to see things haven't changed that much. I remember issues of the Dodo being a lot like the one you sent...about 90% beautifully biting satire...and the obligatory 10% idle whining. Reference page 12 - James, chill out, hermano! If you don't learn to take stupid s**t a little less seriously and convert your bitterness to parody and lampoon, you'll give yourself an ulcer by the time you're a Firstie. By the way, unadulterated bile is distinctly unfunny.

Two things really impressed me about your editorial policy: 1) Shane Riza's "Commentary" and 2) the stuff from the "counterfeit" Dodo issue put out by '69 during their reunion. You demonstrate a remarkable dedication to freedom of expression when you include such ostensibly "square" stuff as Shane's truly fine essay on patriotism...not to mention the antediluvian maunderings of a couple of decrepit old f*rts probably suffering from Alzheimer's disease. (Even as crusty as I am, those guys in '69 seem really old!)

Anyway, the fact that you would print those items shows you are far more tolerant and secure in the values which bring most people to the zoo (and ultimately keep them there despite the mountains of banal B.S. the place seems to spontaneously generate) than myself and most of the "dissidents" in my generation of cadets. This is one "old grad" who is proud as hell of you people. Keep it up!

Check six and press!
J.P. Owens, '75

Dear J.P.,

I think I can say, with absolute assurance, that we cadets are just as proud of you who have gone before us, sir. I only wish we could have graduated in '75 as well! As for our dedication to freedom of expression, we appreciate your comments. But if last year was any example, the Dodo has definitely learned the lessons of overstepping that boundary. We do our best to overcome the odds, but some things (like printing hate mail) do not match the goals of the administration.

Dear Editor,

I just wanted to let you know my husband enjoyed the issue of the Dodo you sent. He hasn't laughed so hard reading printed material in a long time. You brought back a lot of memories. . .

We will be looking forward to the next issue of the Dodo. Keep up the good work.

Sincerely,
Bernadette Ayer

Dear Bernadette,

Well, you can certainly bet that we'll be trying our very hardest to continue to provide the same quality of material! If the Dodo is really making grads laugh that much and helping them remember what a tenure here was/is like, then I guess our intentions can't be all THAT bad! (did you hear that, Col. Pinkerton?) Many thanks for your wonderful words of encouragement to our humble little staff.

Dear Beach,

When I got the Dodo in the mail this week, I was pretty excited. "This is a 'Dodo'," I told my roommate, "a kind of underground humor magazine we used to read at the zoo."

Beach, what a disappointment! Instead of creative, witty, sarcastic celebrations of all the insanity that USAFA breeds, I read page after page of the same tedious, tired, self-absorbed whining that can make cadets such a drag to be around. It was actually kind of depressing to hear it all again. I'm not saying we didn't b**** while we were there because we DID - about essentially the same things I read in your Dodo. A good humor mag can be a great way to lampoon the ridiculous lifestyle you're forced to maintain at the zoo, but I read between your pages some real hostility towards the institution. The stuff you're printing is only going to feed the bitterness, mistrust and apathy that seems to be eating the wing. You're the teeth of a venomous snake that is biting itself in desperate anger and frustration.

Why not try to be the kind of humor mag that relieves this kind of destructive pressure? Be irreverent (the place needs it), but laugh at authority without baiting it. Take a look at the bigger world outside the north and south gates - politics, economics, art, science, sports - and think about how you fit in. Believe me, there's ****loads of stupid, hilarious things going on outside the zoo. Get the [Wing Media] folks to buy some subscriptions to humor papers at other major universities (if they've got \$ for thousands of issues of 'Talon' that everybody just throws away, they can afford to buy you this contact to the rest of your generation out in the real world). When you read these, you'll realize that you don't have to be "on the inside" attending these schools to understand the humor - and it's as funny as hell! They pick universally recognized topics to lampoon.

And for [goodness] sake - lighten up! There's this black cloud of oppression hanging over anything that approaches funny in this Dodo. Don't take it all so seriously! In the grand scheme of things, your haircuts, uniforms, formations and room arrangements aren't - sit down if you think you need to - aren't very important (I'll admit, not having two-degree cars does suck). So make some good friends, try to learn some things in class, tolerate the rules, and if you insist on waiting until graduation to start having a good time, so be it (but you don't have to wait - it's your own choice).

Rich Burt '85

Dear Rich,

Thank you for your input; we appreciate all of it. However:

- 1) I, for one, have read many university humor mags and I can say that the attitude in them displays a greater deal of cynicism about the world (politics, war, hunger, environment, family life) than cadets ever do.
- 2) This place is not like other universities in terms of openness and traditional college liberalism, and cannot afford to tolerate freedom of speech in the same way the civilian world can (i.e.; flag-burning).
- 3) Not a single college, regional, or national publication, besides the Dodo incorporates the "black cloud of oppression" of cadet life and activity - not even Checkpoints.
- 4) If we (or you) wanted to read humor about the outside world, then we would pick up an issue of "Newsquake".
- 5) So until either this place's administration removes its restrictive, superior airs (and it won't) or cadets attain a wider perspective from being in the operational Air Force (but no cadet ever has), then the staff of the Dodo must and will continue to be the only "teeth of a venomous snake that is biting itself in desperate anger and frustration."

Corollary: The Dodo is a publication for and by cadets, and we have every intention of retaining that mission.

P.S. I didn't need to sit down; I already know those things don't matter.

Dear Beach,

As a '78 Grad, I want to say thanks for giving me the opportunity to read the Dodo again.

One of the benefits that you, as a staff, will get in return for offering us grads the Dodo (besides the cold cash out of our wallets!) is some feedback from a diverse population, including some from those of us who have had the perspective of life experience in the Air Force and out.

It is with this thought in mind that I am writing in reference to your 'Bonus Finals Issue', specifically the writing by Anonymous entitled "The Mission." I was a bit taken back that an "alternative thought" publication like the Dodo would put such "hardline" stuff out.

In the spirit of free speech and fun, I have written or should say re-written "The Mission" from another perspective. It might be interesting to republish the two side by side so cadets can make their own choice as to what type of system they choose to buy into now, as Air Force officers, and as family members of our society. (If anything it would make a good discussion topic for Ethics or Philosophy 440!)

If you like the idea, go with it! In the true Dodo tradition, do what you have to do to get it published. If people in the Comm Shop want to censor certain lines please call me collect and talk to me about it. Maybe we can reword some things, but I'd rather have it printed as is. If the Comm Shop squelches the idea, you are free to copy this off and pass it around the wing anyway (it doesn't have to be in the Dodo).

Thanks for your time. I know you guys are busy. Let me know what you think.

Yea Beat Em!
Paul Morell '78

Dear Paul,

The amount of thought and time which you have put into this letter and the 2nd "Mission" is obvious. Therefore, we have considered your wishes to use it as a promoter of discussion. The two articles can be found together further on in the Dodo. However, some clarifications are in order (which will be reiterated alongside the two "Missions").

Please understand that "The Mission" was not written as a serious contemplation of how one should live life; it was written as a motivational script to recount the principles of "to fly, fight and win". The anonymous writer is not a cadet or officer trying to escape identification; the years since Vietnam (when it was written) have simply erased any recollection about whoever wrote it.

We published it because it is an historic reading which admonishes many beliefs thought to be necessary at a military school. A school which has, recently, been notably lacking in promoting the fighting spirit amongst students of soldiering (this is an important cadet issue which should soon be addressed by itself).

Many officers and cadets praise "The Mission"; not for its psychology or morals, but because of its appeal to a return to the fundamentals of how to win a war. Fundamentals which many would claim were obscenely ignored during the conflict in Southeast Asia. Please bear this in mind while reading it; "The Mission" is not about life, it is about war.

(The Dodo staff would like to hear any kind of comments on this discussion which anyone has to offer - Tav)

And now a light-hearted note from last year's editor.

Hey guys,

I got the Dodo in the mail and I loved it - I didn't know that we could get subscriptions to an underground journal!! I forgot all of the things that go on at USAFA - I guess I've been away too long. Not that the same B.S. doesn't occur at other places. . .

UPT is really stressful and lots of work with little free time, but it's worth it. I'm 2/3 done with T-37s. I'm average - not any better nor worse than others. I'm not looking at fighters!

Keep up the good work! Take care, guys.

The-Dodo-who-flew-
out-of-the-Dodo-nest,
T. Tung

⑦

On the next two pages we have reprinted "The Mission" from last issue, plus an alternative "Mission" written by a '78 grad, Paul Morell (see DODOMAIL, pg. 7). Paul's intent was to promote some kind of discussion through the wing concerning what we all are really doing here (I guess). The Dodo is not taking any stand on either of these works, but before coming to your own conclusions, there are a few words to be said. First, the SAC version was written by someone whose name has been lost, not someone who was trying to say something without being held accountable (as Paul seems to have thought). Also, although the new "Mission" seems to center around how to live life, the first "Mission" was simply to reiterate to the flying forces what war is all about; an idea which the writer thought had been lost during the Vietnam conflict, when this piece was written. It is a piece of historical Air Force lore, and not much else.

If any discussion ensues, please make comments care of the Dodo (see DODOMAIL). Not to worry, the Dodo is not becoming an academic journal; we just want to experiment to see if this rag can competently carry some intellectual discussion about cadet- and officer-life issues. - Tav

THE MISSION OF SAC IS TO PUT BOMBS ON TARGET. EVERYTHING ELSE, SUCH AS CBPO, THE BX, FUEL TRUCKS, AND FIGHTERS IS SIMPLY SUPPORT FOR THIS MISSION.

YOU WIN THE WAR BY KILLING THE ENEMY, BY THE THOUSANDS, ON THE GROUND, NOT ONE AT A TIME AT 20,000 FEET.

IN WARTIME, OUR POWS ARE NOT RELEASED BECAUSE THE ENEMY SENDS REPRESENTATIVES TO SIT SMUGLY AT "PEACE TALKS". THEY ARE NOT RELEASED BECAUSE SOME FAMOUS MOVIE ACTRESS BETRAYED HER COUNTRYMEN AT ARMS, AND THEY ARE NOT RELEASED BECAUSE THE ENEMY LOST FIVE AIRCRAFT TO CERTAIN INDIVIDUALS WHO BECAME ACES. THEY ARE RELEASED BECAUSE BRAVE MEN TOOK THEIR BOMBERS DOWNTOWN AND SPOKE WITH THE ENEMY PERSONALLY, IN THE ONLY LANGUAGE THE ENEMY UNDERSTANDS: IRON BOMBS FALLING ON THEIR HEADS.

YOU CAN SHOOT DOWN ALL THE MIGS YOU WANT, BUT IF YOU RETURN FROM THE MISSION AND FIND THE RUSSIAN TANK COMMANDER HAVING LUNCH IN YOUR SNACK BAR, YOU'VE LOST THE WAR, JACK.

THESE LESSONS HAVE BEEN FORGED IN BLOOD AND STEEL BY ALL THOSE CREWS WHO HAVE GONE BEFORE YOU - CREWS WHO FLEW BACK WHEN MEN WERE MEN, AND THE REST OF THE WORLD KNEW NOT TO FOOL WITH THE USA OR WE WOULD NUKE 'EM OFF THE MAP; BACK WHEN SAC PATCHES WERE TWICE THE SIZE OF EVERY OTHER COMMANDS'; BACK WHEN BOMBER JETS WERE BUILT TO BE WATER DRINKIN', SMOKE POURIN' AND BIG, AND ONLY QUICHE-EATIN' AIRLINE PUKES FLEW FANS. TIMES CHANGE, THE TECHNOLOGY CHANGES, BUT THE CREW IN THE COCKPIT MUST REMAIN THE SAME BRAVE WARRIORS EVERY AGE HAS COUNTED ON IN TIMES OF PERIL.

FINALLY, REAL MEN FLY BOMBERS BECAUSE THEY UNDERSTAND THE FUNDAMENTALS OF WARTIME NEGOTIATIONS. YOU NEGOTIATE WITH THE ENEMY WITH YOUR KNEE IN HIS CHEST AND YOUR KINFE AT HIS THROAT.

⑧

- ANONYMOUS

THE MISSION

(From Another Perspective)

THE MISSION OF LIFE IS TO "ENJOY AND SHARE THE GIFT." (BE LIGHTEARTED, HAVE FUN, LAUGH, RELAX.) ALL ELSE: GRADES, PARADES, SAMI'S, THE RAT RACE THAT COMES AFTER THE ACADEMY, CARS, FLYING, ADVANCING IN YOUR CAREER, MAKING MONEY, NATIONALISM, CAREERISM -- THESE ARE ALL IRRELEVANT. ALL THOSE OTHER THINGS OUT THERE AROUND US ARE NOT GODS IN THEMSELVES, RATHER THEY ARE THERE TO SUPPORT THE ABOVE STATED "MISSION."

YOU WIN THE WAR BY CARING FOR OTHER PEOPLE BY THE THOUSANDS. PUTTING YOURSELF IN ANOTHER'S SHOES, SEEING IT FROM THEIR POINT OF VIEW, AND FEELING WHAT THEY FEEL, IS CALLED COMPASSION. AS YOU HAVE COMPASSION FOR ONE ANOTHER YOU LEARN TO ACCEPT AND ACKNOWLEDGE EACH OTHER'S DIFFERENCES AS GOOD AND UNIQUE. YOUR MIND OPENS, AND YOU SEE THEIR GIFTS AND THEY HELP YOU TO SEE YOURS. THIS ATTITUDE OFTEN STARTS IN A VERY SMALL WAY, THOUGH, WITH YOURSELF AND ONE OTHER -- AND THE SPIRIT GROWS FROM THERE.

IN OUR LIFETIME WE DO NOT BECOME "FREE" BY "ATTACKING" PEOPLE WE DON'T LIKE, OR BY TRYING TO "BUY THEM OUT" SO WE CAN ECONOMICALLY CONTROL THEM. YOU SEE, PARADOXICALLY, THEY END UP CONTROLLING US! WE ARE PREVENTED FROM TRUE INDIVIDUAL FREEDOM WHEN WE ARE SUBTLY CONTROLLED BY ALL OF OUR ATTACHMENTS IN LIFE. OUR HATRED, FEAR, GREED. TRUE FREEDOM COMES FROM MENTAL/EMOTIONAL DETACHMENT FROM ALL THESE THINGS THAT WEIGH US DOWN IN LIFE. FREEDOM IS THE ABILITY TO STEP BACK AND PUT THINGS IN PERSPECTIVE AND SAY, "IN THE BIG PICTURE OF LIFE -- DOES THIS REALLY MATTER?" FREEDOM IS THE ABILITY TO BE ABLE TO PROCLAIM TO THE COMMANDANT, "LIFE IS TOO SHORT TO TAKE TOO SERIOUSLY!"

YOU CAN "SHOOT DOWN" ALL THE PEOPLE YOU WANT. "SHOOT THEM DOWN" BEHIND THEIR BACK VERBALLY, OR BEAT THEM DOWN EMOTIONALLY, OR EVEN PHYSICALLY IF YOU LET YOUR FEAR CONTROL YOU THAT MUCH. IT'S ALL A POWER TRIP. SOONER OR LATER YOU'LL RETURN FROM YOUR LATEST "MISSION IN LIFE" AND REALIZE THAT YES, ONCE AGAIN, YOU "LOST THE WAR JACK" BECAUSE YOU NEVER LEARNED THE BIG LESSON OF LIFE: WHAT GOES AROUND COMES AROUND.

THESE LESSONS HAVE BEEN FORGED IN BLOOD, SWEAT, AND TEARS BY THOSE WHO HAVE GONE BEFORE YOU. BACK WHEN MEN AND WOMEN WERE REAL AND NOT SLAVES TO OUR TECHNOLOGICAL, ALL CONSUMING SOCIETY. YOU KNOW WHO THEY WERE AND ARE. NORMAL INDIVIDUALS WHO STAND UP TO THE INJUSTICES OF THE OPPRESSIVE MACHINE AND AREN'T AFRAID TO SPEAK THEIR MIND OR LET PEOPLE KNOW WHAT WAS IN THEIR HEART NO MATTER WHAT THE CONSEQUENCES. TIMES HAVE CHANGED, BUT ALL THINGS REMAIN THE SAME. FEAR BUILDS WALLS AND SEPARATES. REACHING OUT A HAND TO OTHERS TAKES RISKS, BUT CREATES PEACE OF MIND AND SPIRIT AMONG THOSE INVOLVED.

FINALLY, WHAT WE AS CADETS, AND LATER AS OFFICERS AND PILOTS ARE BROUGHT UP TO THINK IS "THE RIGHT STUFF" CAN SOMETIMES BE "THE WRONG STUFF." THE MACHO MAN ATTITUDE ONLY LEADS INTO ISOLATING OURSELVES FROM OTHERS AND PREVENTS FEEDBACK AND OPEN COMMUNICATION WHICH IS ESSENTIAL IN ANY RELATIONSHIP WE HAVE IN OUR LIVES WHETHER IT BE OUR FAMILY AT HOME, OR IN THE AIR FORCE PERFORMING THE MISSION. REAL PEOPLE ARE PEOPLE THAT CAN BE VULNERABLE AND SHARE EMOTIONS AND FEELINGS WITH ONE ANOTHER. THESE HUMANS ARE THE ENLIGHTENED ONES WHO KNOW HOW TO NEGOTIATE: YOU NEGOTIATE WITH YOUR FELLOW HUMANS WITH OPENNESS IN YOUR MIND AND YOUR HAND ON THEIR SHOULDER.

--Not willing to be ANONYMOUS:

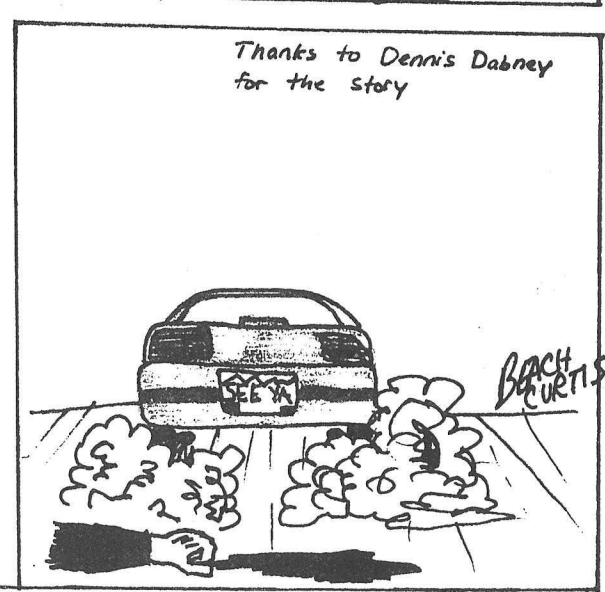
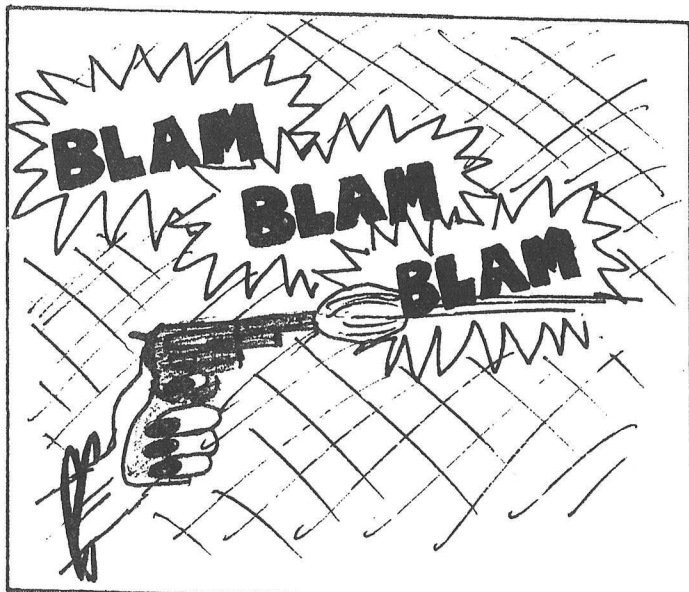
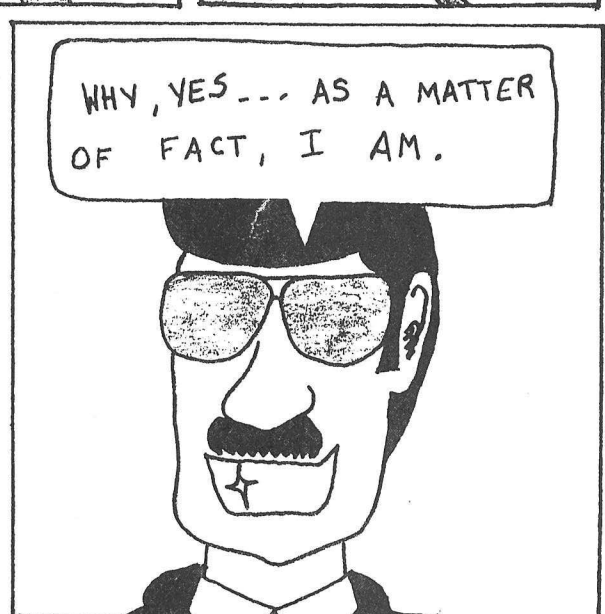
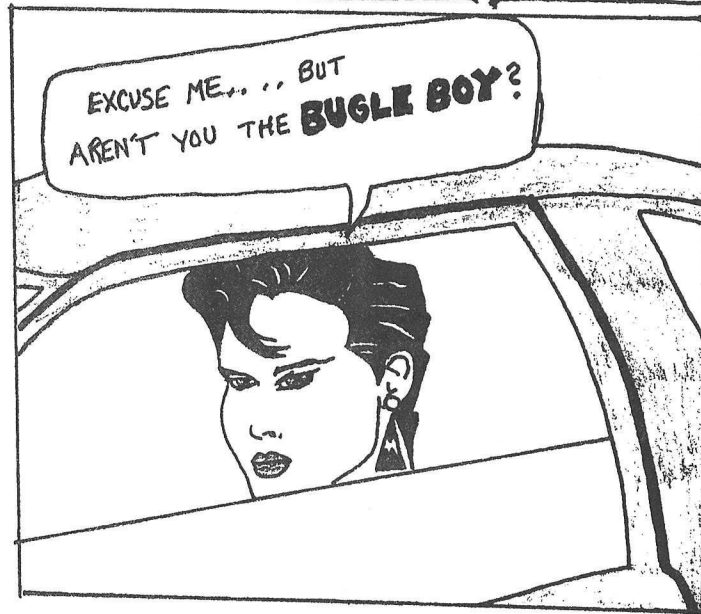
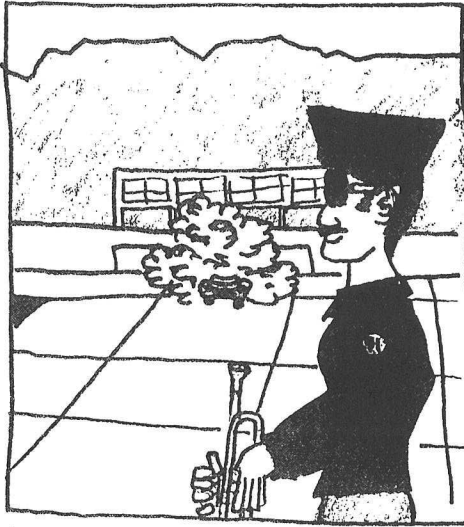
Paul Morell

USAFA Class of '78

DC10 Driver, Northwest Airlines

(Pursuing a Masters in Counseling Psychology
Cambridge, Mass.)

EARLY ONE MORNING AT REVILLE...





A FIRSTIE TRIES TO TAKE
AN EARLY TOP-OFF PASS

Thanks to CBCs Stephens & Anthony, CS-01

SAVE THE DOLPHINS

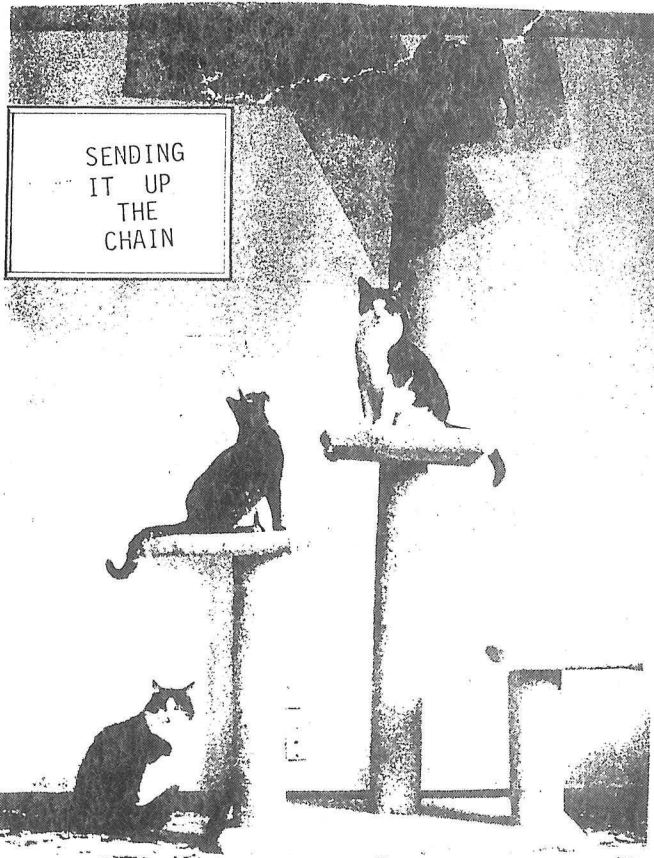


GREENPEACE

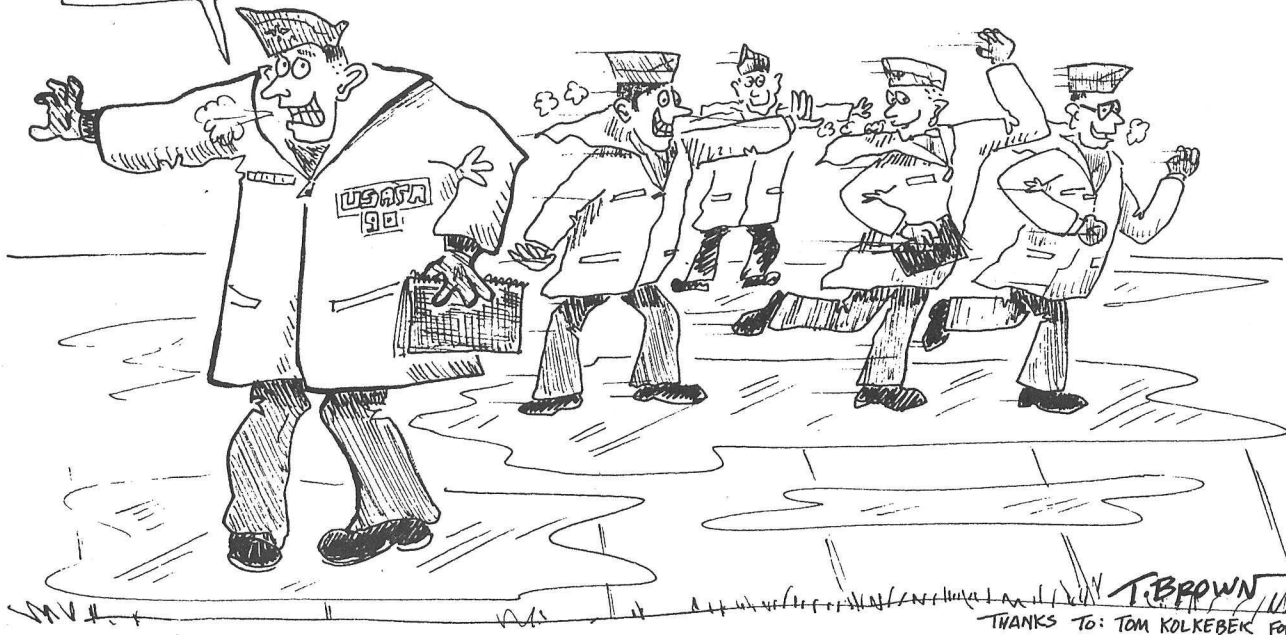
P.O. Box 3720, Washington, D.C. 20007



"Go ask that new trainee if he'd like to take a stab at this."



UH-OH! ICE ON THE TERRAZZO.
 WE CAN'T MARCH TODAY. SOMEBODY
 MIGHT SLIP, FALL, AND HURT THEMSELVES.



FROM THE NOVEMBER '89
 ISSUE OF "THE LOG":
 (Annapolis' version of the "Dodo")

To CADET 2/C YAMAHA of the Chair Force "Academy?" who proved all our stereotypes about Air Force wimps to be true. YAMAHA, who resides in SEVENTH HEAVEN, has done nothing but bad mouth our fine institution all semester. This from the "man" who wants to graduate and do "research for NASA." That's a WARFARE specialty I've never heard of before. Anyway, during Air Force week he had a minor emotional breakdown (he balled like a three year old) after the first night of activity, when HEAVEN's plebes peanut buttered his shoes (the first time) and lifted his bus driver uniforms. Later in the week the youngsters "tarred and feathered" him, before being distracted by a bolder zoomie. YAMAHA did not bother to attempt to return the favor, though. The week was climaxed by the firsties teaching him how to water ski. Throughout, YAMAHA whined, cried, and threatened honor and conduct charges against anyone who bothered to listen. The plebes in HEAVEN now rate knowing how many days until YAMAHA is outta here, too bad he couldn't have gone back after the game.

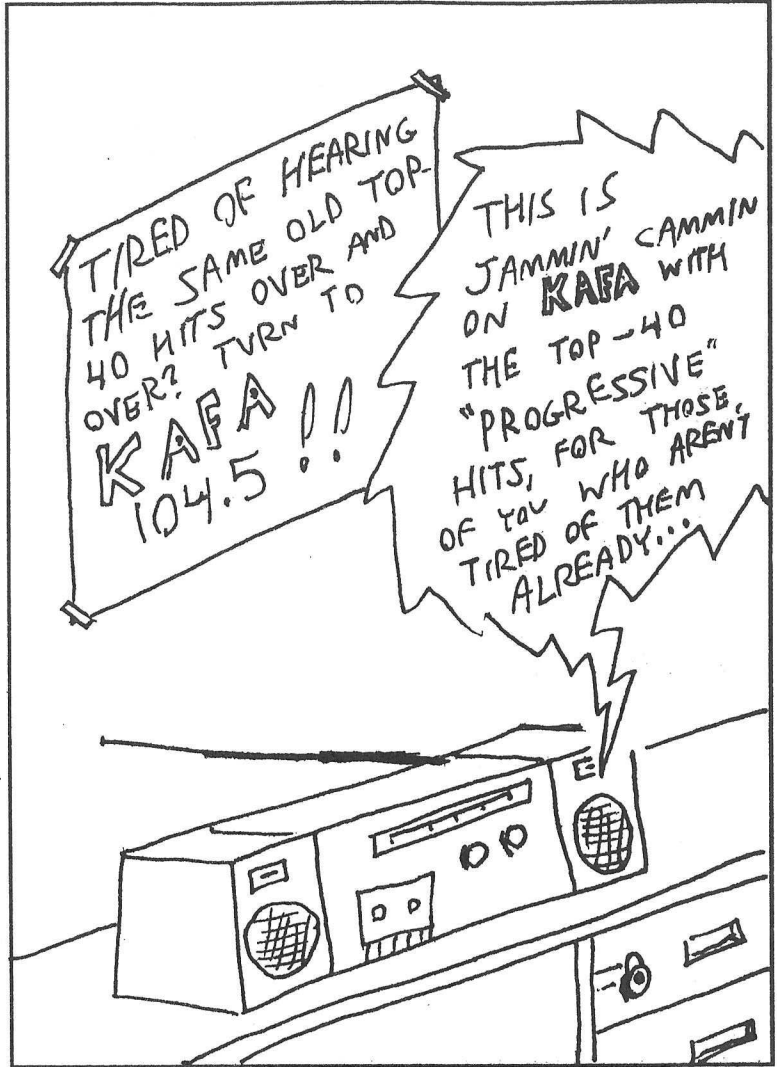
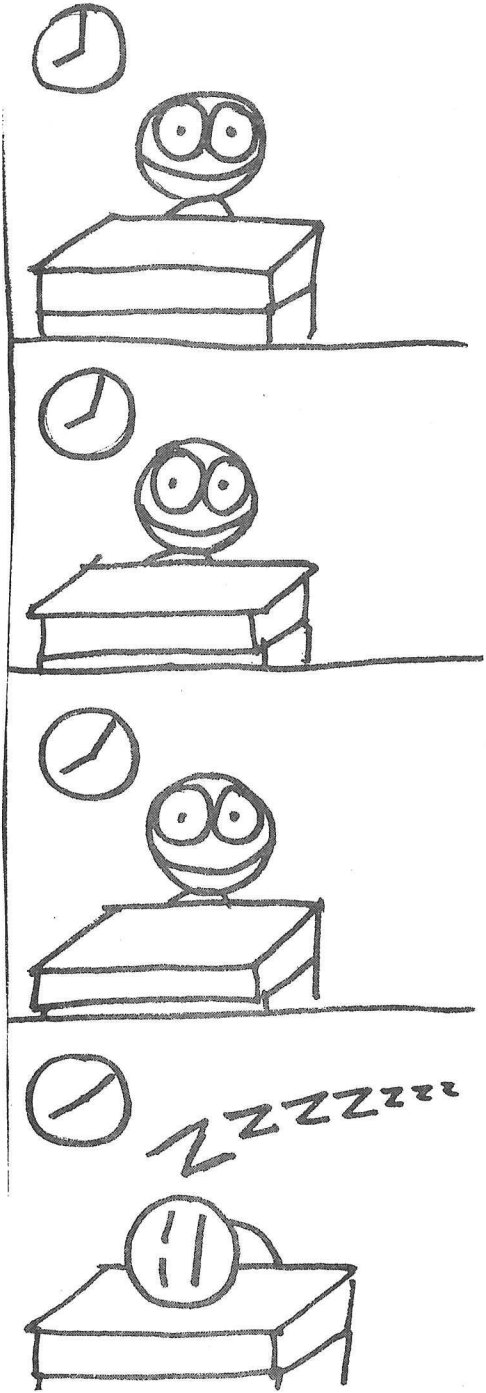
OUR CONDOLENCES TO
 23 BARNSTORMERS ...

(12)

REMEMBER !
 By reading the Dodo,
 you are a socially-conscious
 citizen of Planet Earth.
 Because a cover-sheet is
 a terrible thing to waste !!

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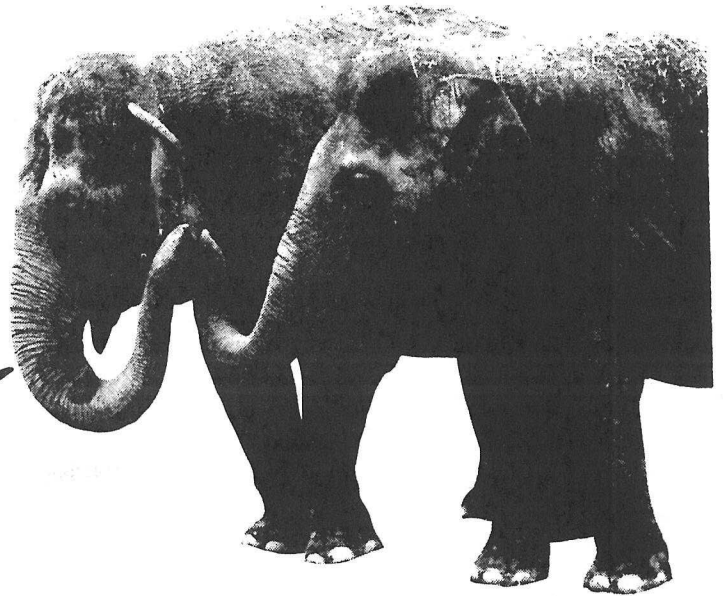
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D. Daggett

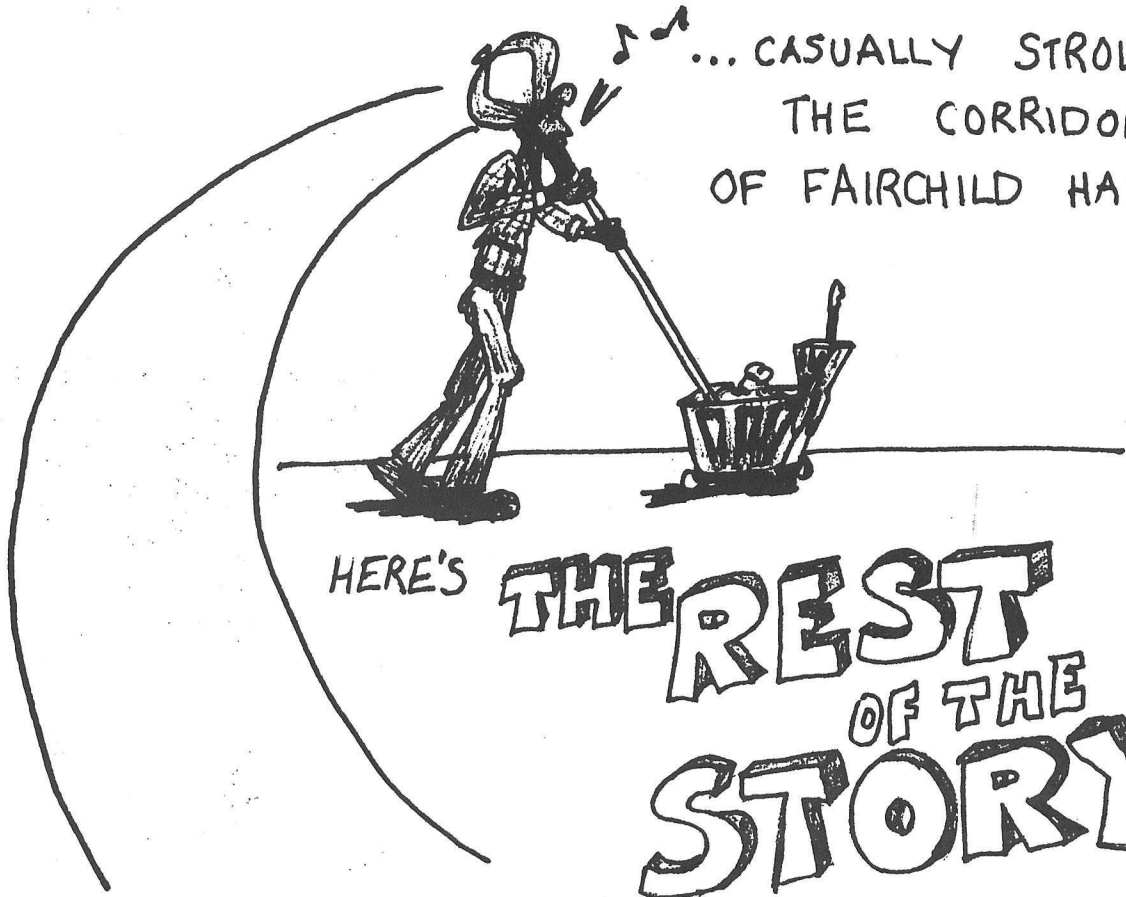
J. Sanchez

... so he said, "why are you here?", and I replied, "I don't know, Sir - I forget."

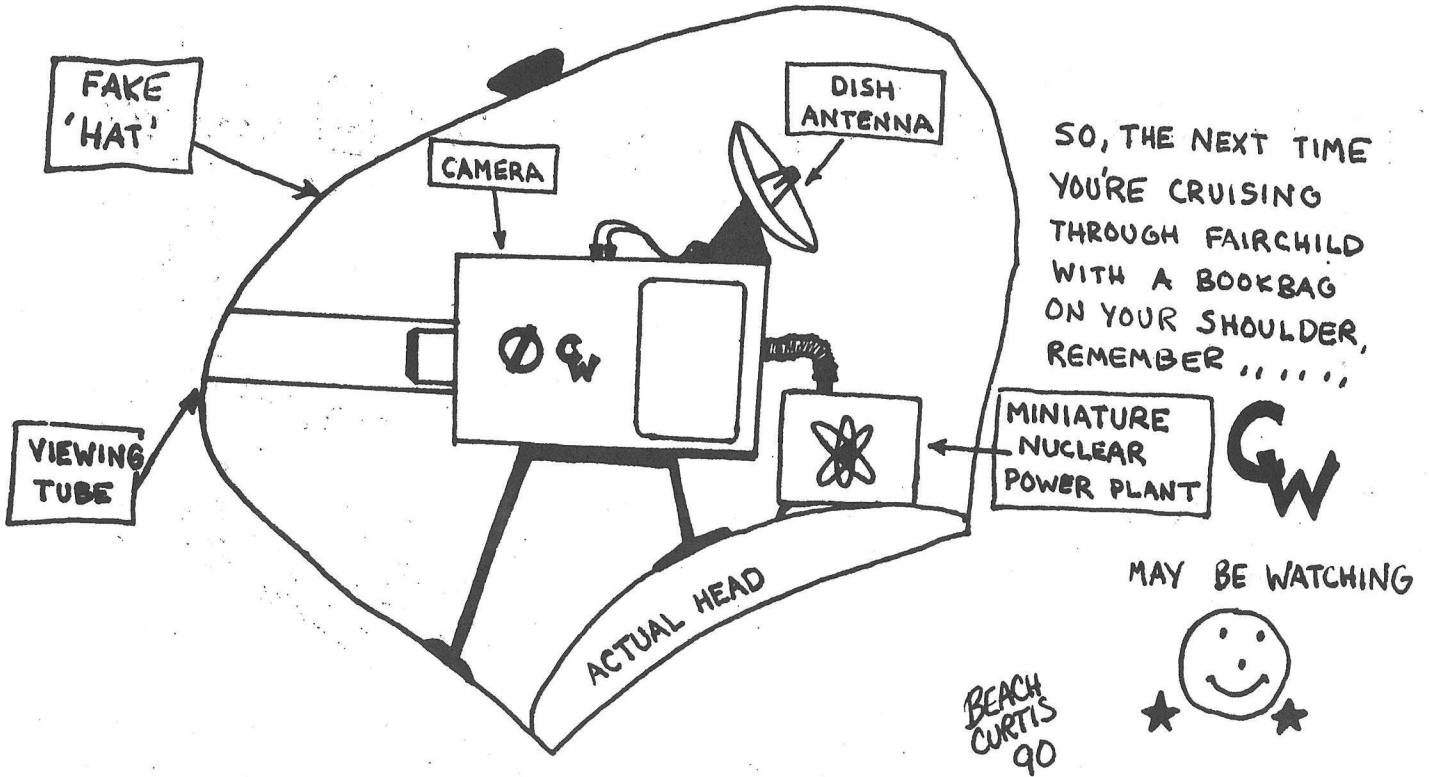


FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO HAVE SEEN HIM...

...CASUALLY STROLLING
THE CORRIDORS
OF FAIRCHILD HALL...



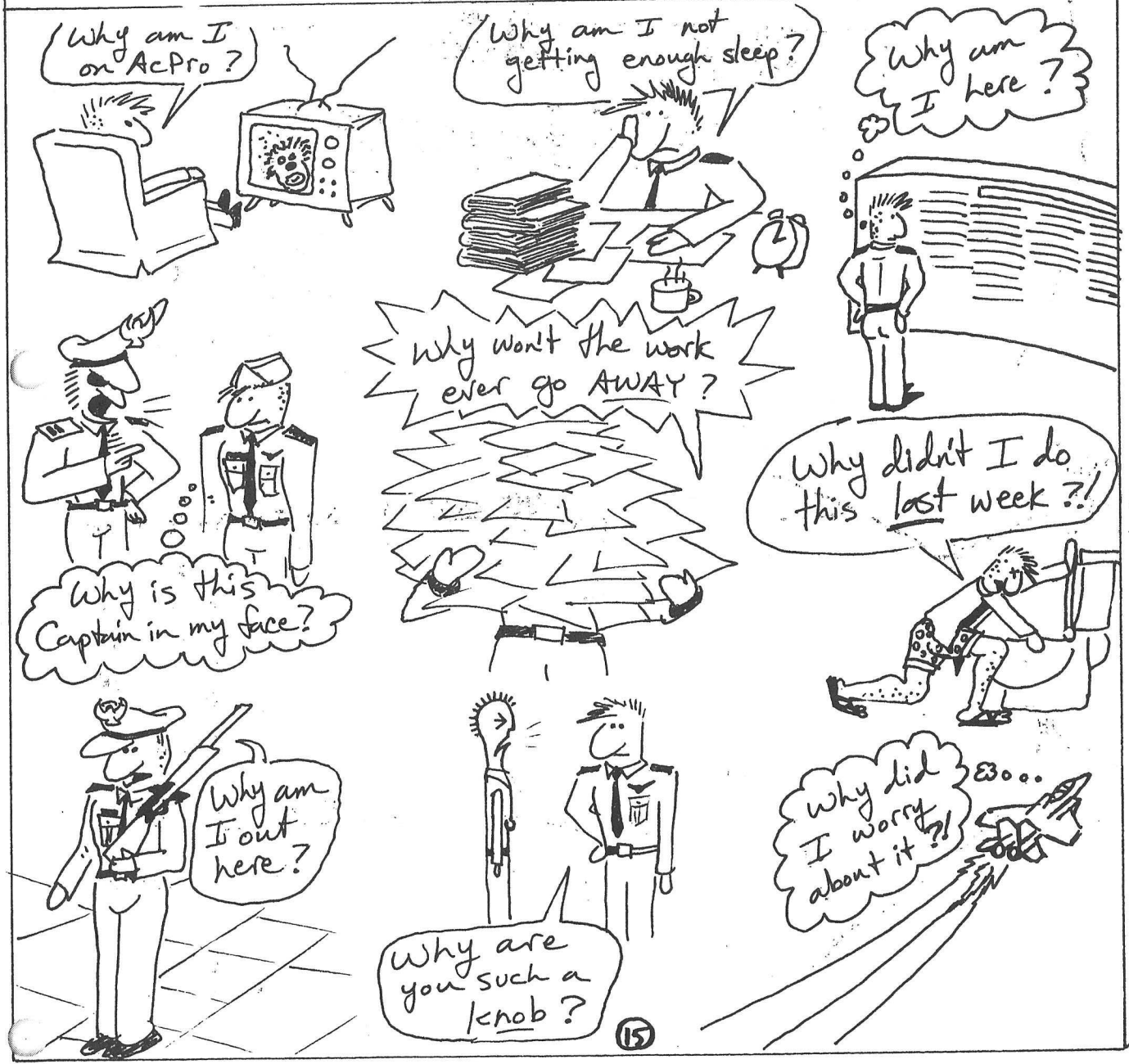
HERE'S **THE REST**
OF THE
STORY



TODAY'S LESSON: How To ASK

WHY?

There are many ways in which cadets ask this age-old question:



THE SIMPSONS' FAN CLUB

THE DODO HAS ANTICIPATED THAT A LARGE PORTION OF THE CADET WING WILL HAVE, BY THE TIME THIS ISSUE GETS OUT INTO THE WORLD, FORMED A SUNDAY NIGHT CULT COMPLETELY DEDICATED TO VIEWING "THE SIMPSONS." TO ASSIST IN THE SIMPSON CRAZE, WE HAVE WRITTEN UP BIOGRAPHICAL INFORMATION ON EACH OF THE FAMILY MEMBERS. THIS IS REAL MATERIAL, CREATED AND DISTRIBUTED BY THE FOX NETWORK, SO DON'T WORRY ABOUT US MAKING UP ANYTHING - ALL OF THE MADNESS IS MATT GROENING'S.

HOMER SIMPSON wasn't always bald and grumpy, but don't try convincing his kids of that. Homer is a devoted husband and dad who tries his best to make his family happy, but often fails amusingly. He eats Pork Rinds Lite, is an avid bowler, and tunes his radio to a 24-hour mambo station.

Homer works as a safety inspector at the local nuclear power plant. He would love to make more money as long as it doesn't cut into his frequent donut breaks. Despite all of his attempts to ingratiate himself, Homer has received exactly one compliment from his boss in ten years, and that one was about his wife's gelatin desserts.

With his laziness and loutish manner frequently landing him in the doghouse at home and at work, Homer is much more like his son than either one of them would care to admit. But even though he fumbles his way through life, the Simpson family loves Homer, and Homer loves them back.

Homer quotes: "What the...?"

"Why you little -- !"

"Do I smell cupcakes? Do I ever!"

"Hey! Come back here, you little...!"



MARGE SIMPSON is loving and good-natured (because she often doesn't know what's going on around the house), yet frustrated (because sometimes she does). She is the Simpson with the most sense, but that's not saying much.

Marge's most distinctive feature is her enormous bouffant hairstyle, taller than any other hairdo in Springfield. The huge pile of hair, held together by one bobbypin, barely fits through doorways, and scrapes the high ceiling of her beloved station-wagon.

Marge is the most affectionate member of the Simpson family and does her best to maintain peace in the house, taking solace in her moments with her infant daughter Maggie -- until Homer, Bart, and Lisa create another crisis. She loves her wild family as only an utterly devoted mother can.

Marge quotes: "Wait! You forgot your lunches!"

"There, there, Homer."

"Bart!"



BART SIMPSON - With his spike haircut, skateboard, and broad repertoire of exasperating pranks, Bart Simpson is as cool as a kid can be while still wearing short pants. The irrepressible fourth-grader relishes his role as center of attention in the Simpson household, spending most of his time either in trouble or hatching a scheme that will get him there real soon.

better off left unmentioned. Enthusiastic but disobedient, friendly but mischievous, Bart is torn between the desire to entertain and the desire to make a pest of himself, always managing to do a little of both.

Whether he's hiding out in the closet to avoid chores, cracking up his friends with gross-out noises at the movies or making ugly faces to ruin the family portrait, Bart Simpson is an irreverent wise guy with a gift for undermining authority: the original rebel without a clue.

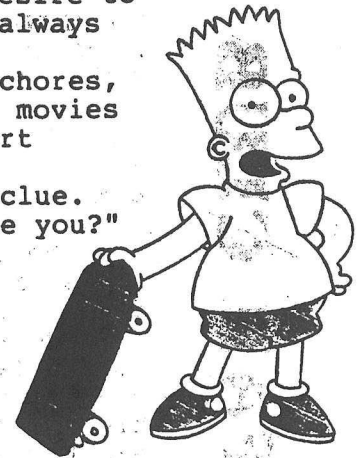
Bart quotes: "I'm Bart Simpson! Who the hell are you?"

"No way, man!"

"Smooth move, man!"

"Don't have a cow, Homer!"

"Way to go, Dad!"



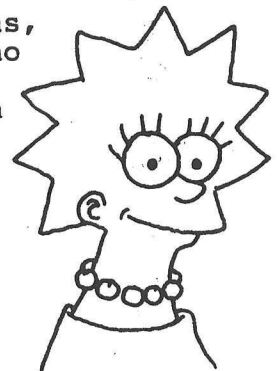
LISA SIMPSON - A misunderstood and underrated second-grader, Lisa is the soft-spoken family genius -- although no one seems to notice. Lisa is a virtuoso on the baritone saxophone but is at her best playing both sides against the middle. She sides with Bart when it seems like the coolest thing to do, and turns against him when he's about to get caught. Lisa likes Bart; it's just that she likes getting Bart's goat, too.

Lisa asks for (but doesn't get) a pony every Christmas, but somehow remains eternally optimistic. Unlike Bart, who prefers such violent TV fare as "Itchy and Scratchy" cartoons, Lisa loves to watch "The Happy Little Elves," an unbearably cute cartoon show. Lisa loves her family even though they often don't understand her.

Lisa quotes: "Oh, brother!"

"Stop it, Bart!"

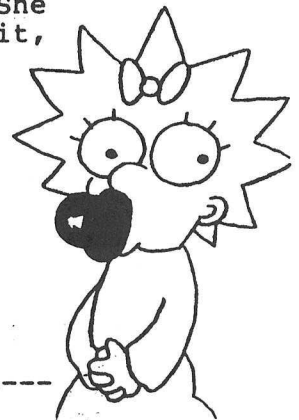
"Bart, you're just like Chilly, the elf who cannot love."



MAGGIE SIMPSON communicates solely through sign language and sucking on her ever-present pacifier -- fast means nervous, slow means content. Maggie has only recently learned to walk and show wears a long sleep-suit that was bought for her to grow into. As a result, Maggie trips and falls on her face every few steps.

Maggie's wits are developing faster than her legs. She observes everything that goes on around her, understands it, and will occasionally comment on it in her own way.

Maggie quotes: None -- just pacifier-sucking noises.

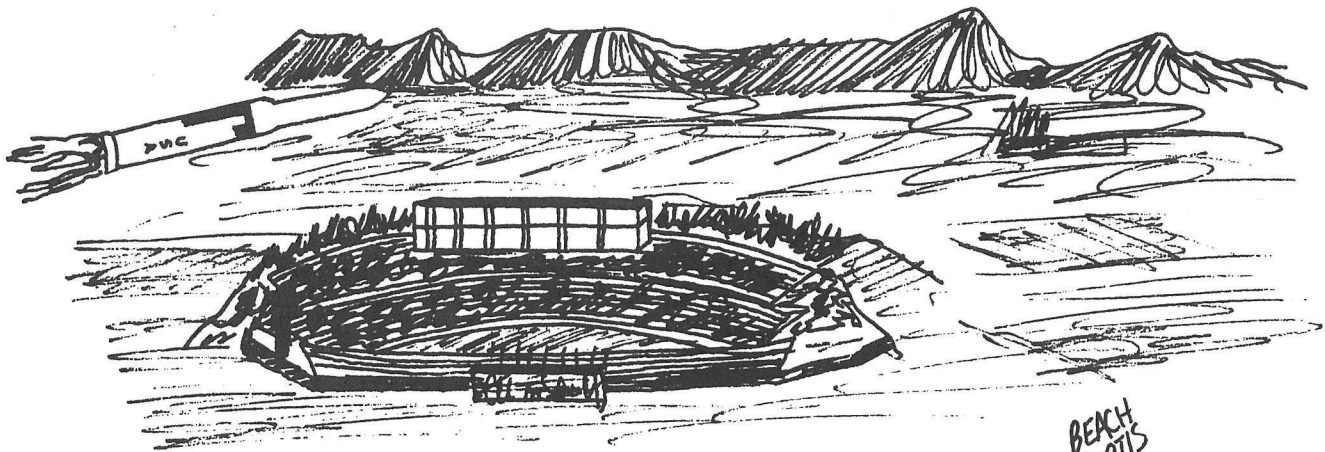


Well, there you have it! Everything you ever needed to become a true Simpson authority - except, of course, for an open half-hour on Sunday night. . . see ya then! - Tav.

SOMEWHERE IN THE AFGHANISTAN HIGHLANDS...



GRADUATION CLASS OF '90



BEACH
CURTIS
90

... AND NOW, IN HONOR OF THE CLASS OF 1990'S
AFSC SELECTIONS, THE 351ST STRATEGIC MISSILE
WING WILL PERFORM A MINUTEMAN FLYBY!!!

THE REAL REASON NORIEGA GAVE HIMSELF UP.



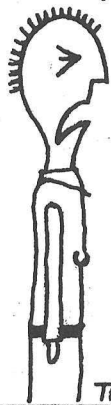
BEACH
CURTIS
90

C-STORE
MUSIC
DEPARTMENT

WHADDAYA MEAN YOU DON'T HAVE
"101 ARMY MILITARY MARCHES"?!
NOT EVEN "FAVORITE CADENCES
OF THE U.S. MARINE CORPS"?!
YOU CALL THIS THE ARMED
FORCES EXCHANGE?!?!

shut up,
Joe.

RECORDS



THE TAV

naive
high-school
C-store
clerk

No, SIR, WE
CALL IT
"AAFES"

ONE COLD JANUARY MORN...

THE ROOF! THE ROOF!
THE ROOF IS ON FIRE!
WE DON'T WANT NO WATER,
LET THE MOTHER-

BURN!



HEY, YOU! (YEAH, YOU...)

ARE YOU

PARANOID?

WELL DON'T BE;

COL. STEELE REALLY

IS OUT TO GET YOU!!



A SNAPSHOT OF ACADEMY HISTORY FOR YOU

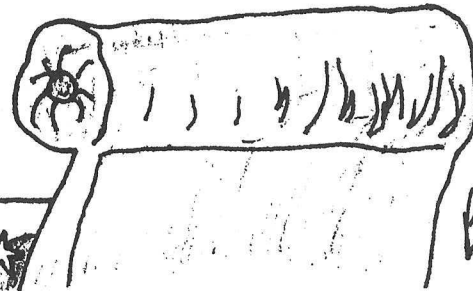
OCT 13
1963

- THE INVENTION
OF THE SAMI

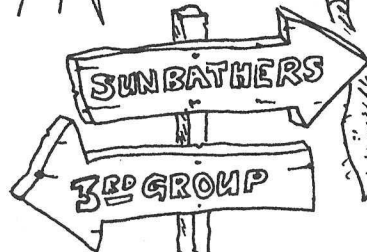
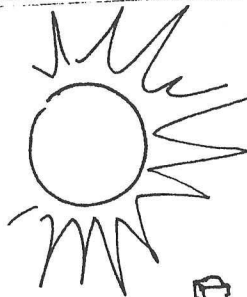
SO AS YOU CAN SEE, GENERAL, THE ONLY WAY TO GET THESE LAZY CADETS TO CHANGE THE SHEETS ON THEIR BEDS IS TO REQUIRE THEM TO MAKE THEIR BEDS AS SUCH AND INSPECT THEM ON SATURDAYS, ALONG WITH THE REST OF THEIR ROOMS!



GREAT IDEA, SAMI!
NOW, IF WE COULD JUST
THINK OF A NAME FOR
THIS NEW 'WEEKEND INSPECTION'!



BEACH
CURTIS
90



GREAT IDEA!

Read →

So what's wrong with this??

Planes & condoms have more in common than most people realize. Maybe they should have the same names also. Who knows, it may not be too long before you see something like this in Aviation Week -

Introducing

THE ROCKWELL INTERNATIONAL

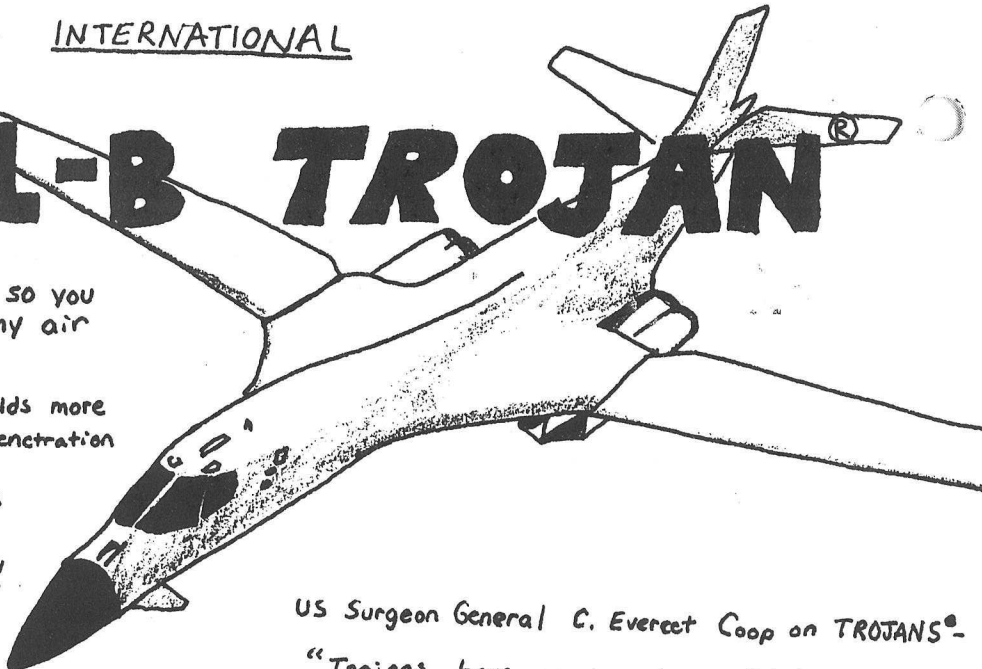
B1-B TROJAN[®]

- Lubricated with SK-70[®] so you can slide right by enemy air defenses
- Extra large reservoir tip holds more ECM gear, allows deeper penetration
- Available in several models

ULTRA SENSITIVE STEALTH
almost like using nothing at all!

ROUGH RIDER
who says penetration bombing can't excite the enemy too?

DAY-GLO
Fluorescent color lets the enemy see you coming



US Surgeon General C. Everett Coop on TROJANS[®] -

"Trojans have proven very useful in preventing the spread of communicable diseases - like communism!"

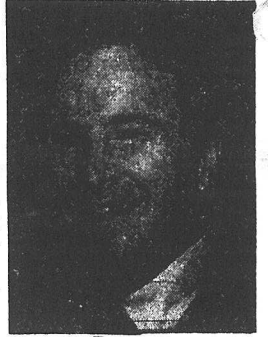
THANKS Everett !!!

THE NEXT TIME YOU AND ANOTHER COUNTRY GO FOR A ROLL IN THE HAY, SHOW 'EM YOU CARE -

USE A TROJAN[®]

Excalibur Knifed in B1 Name Game

A 12-year campaign by Rep. Robert Dornan, R-Calif., to name the as yet unnamed B-1B strategic bomber isn't any closer to resolution since the Air Force nixed a recent proposal because of trademark restrictions. The Dornan-proposed "Excalibur" turns out to be the registered trademark name of an automobile, a car wax and a condom.



Dornan

Other names proposed by Dornan include Defender, Peacemaker, Guardian of Liberty and Griffen and Avenger, a name the Navy has already snatched for its A-12 attack aircraft.

"It's very frustrating and, frankly, pathetic. The Air Force really amazes me with its miserable lack of public relations sense," Dornan told *Defense News* last Friday.

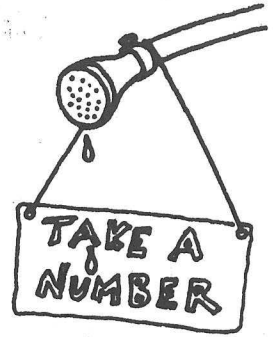
"Tradition demands that all U.S. aircraft have their own unique names," Dornan said in an Oct. 12 letter to Air Force Secretary Donald Rice. "Not only does a nickname improve morale of the men who fly the plane, but it gives the plane personality."

From Defense News - 23 OCT 89

BEACH
COURT
90

THE DODO TOP TEN THIS MONTH:

Things a cadet guy can do while
waiting for a First Group shower.



#10 TAKE A NAP AGAINST THE WALL

#9 TRY TO RATIONALLY JUSTIFY IN YOUR MIND THE FUTURE RATIO
OF MEN'S BATHROOMS TO WOMEN'S BATHROOMS IN FIRST GROUP
WHEN COMPARED TO THE MALE/FEMALE RATIO

#8 BANG YOUR HEAD AGAINST THE WALL

#7 DEBATE WITH FELLOW CADETS THE DANGERS OF ANGERING A
SOCIAL ACTIONS BOARD

#6 COUNT THE NUMBER OF GUYS STANDING IN LINE AHEAD OF YOU

#5 BLAME IT ALL ON THE DEAN
(if recently written up, blame it all on the Comm)

#4 EAT YOUR SOAP

#3 DEBATE RUNNING HALF-NUDE ACROSS AN ICY TERAZZO TO SHOWER
IN SIJAN WHERE THE PROBLEM DOES NOT EXIST

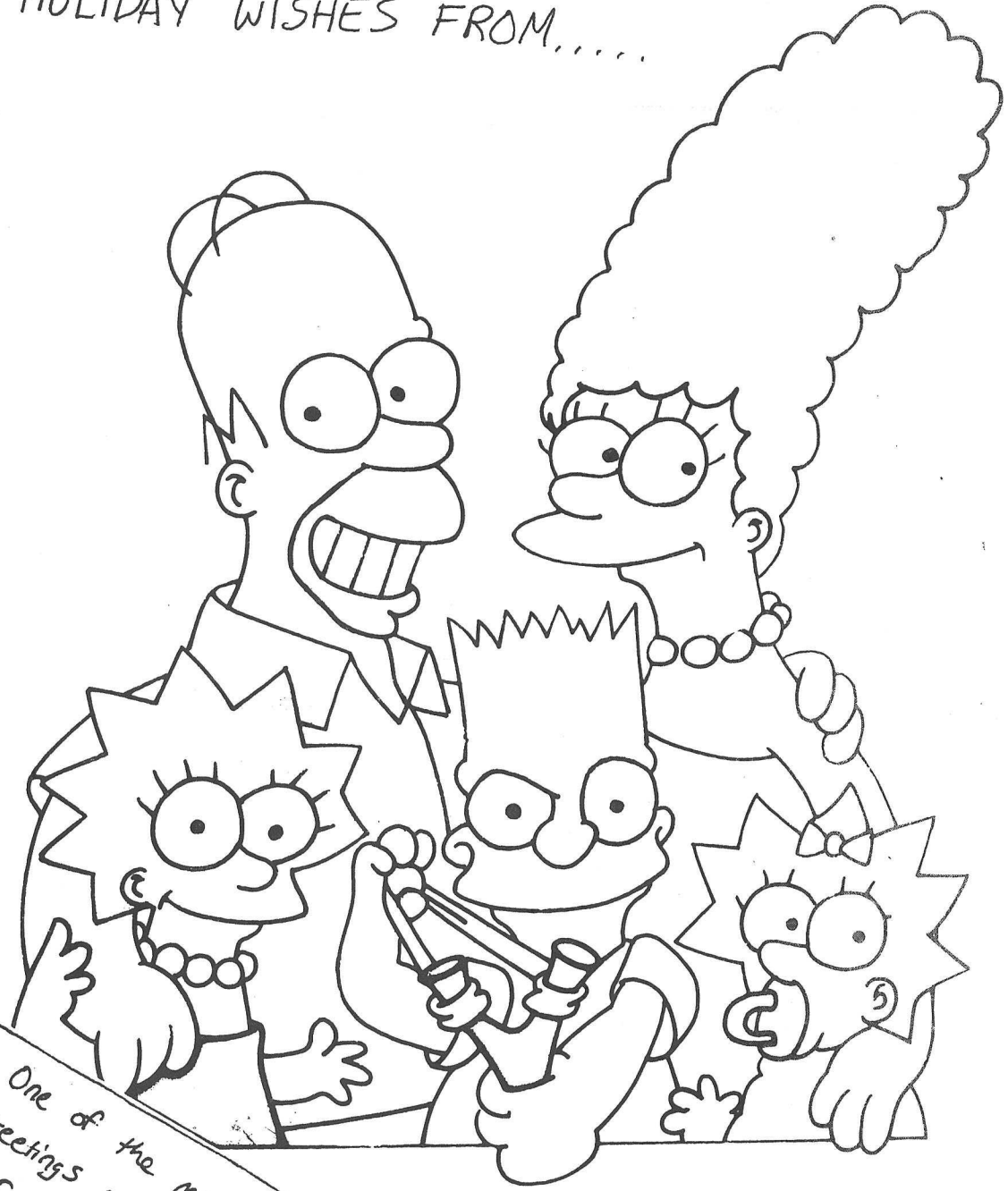
#2 TAKE YOUR SHOWER IN THE SINK

#1 REALIZE YOU SHOULD HAVE TAKEN YOUR TOWEL AND/OR
WASHCLOTH TO THE LINEN GUY OVER A WEEK AGO



THE TAV

HOLIDAY WISHES FROM.....



One of the many
greetings we received
over the holidays.
Ed.

THE REDDENS