

THE DODO

See "DODO DROPPINGS" for explanation
Vol. 34 No. 6



WHO IS

THIS GUY, ANYWAY?!

- * "MR. MEAL", THE SYMBOL FOR A NEW MITCHELL HALL NUTRITION CAMPAIGN?
- * THIS SUMMER'S SERE GROUP COMMANDER?
- * LEADER OF THE NEW USAFA "PAINTBALL" MANIACS?
- * A GOSPEL MESSENGER SENT BY OCF IN THEIR ONGOING CAMPAIGN TO CHRISTIANIZE THE WING?
- * MASCOT FOR GEN. REDDEN'S NEW "TERRAZO COMMANDOS" WHO WILL SOON BEGIN TO TERRORIZE THE WING?
- * A DEFENDER OF JUSTICE?
- * PURGER OF COMMUNISM?

(Gosh, I just can't wait to find out !!)

-TAY

Dear Readers -

Once again, we bring you another fine issue. We realize that as the end of the year draws near, you find less time to read us. At this point freshmen aren't reading anything (we stopped in March), two degrees are busy making ring payments and plotting their reign for next year, three degrees are making plans for cars they probably won't get, and four degrees are counting the days until Recognition and when they can start saying, 'Back when we were doolies....' Squeeze us in somewhere, maybe during your next GR or MS.

There's a wide variety of stuff in here this time. Those of you in the wing who are contributing, keep it up, it makes life easier. (Back when we were doolies...) If you think something's funny, or you have a Group AOC on your one and only nerve, don't just sit back and take it. Remember, it's good to have a sense of humor (Air Force Attitude = cheerful ← military thought for the day) Send it in.

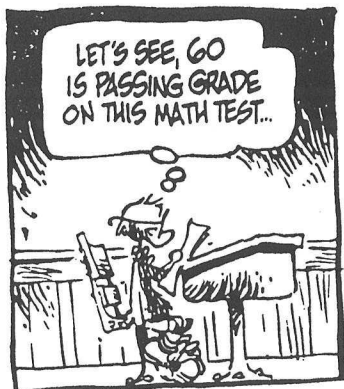
Without a further waste of your carefully managed time -

Volume 34
Number 6

Beach Curtis
90
Ed

THIS IS
PAGE
NUMBER
②

P.S. - To all of those who gave me excellent Dodo Ideas, they will appear in the Graduation issue. -- TAV



DODO STAFF

BEACH CURTIS

— Do this or I'll knock your head off with a golf club!

CARSON TAVENNER

— Yeah, man whatever.

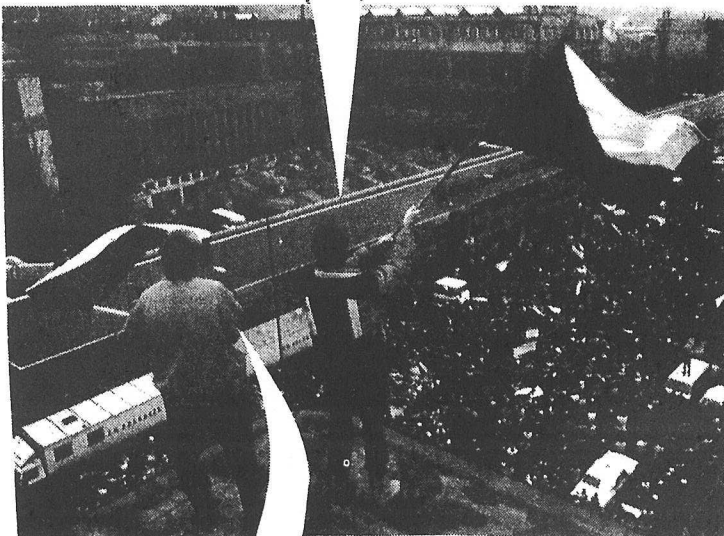
JAMES SANCHEZ

— Hey, did you hear about the fraternizing, fourthclass knob on D+B?

TERRY BROWN


— Yo, Beach. I got some more cartoons for yuh....

THREE CHEERS FOR
LIFE, LIBERTY,
HUMAN RIGHTS....



... AND THE DODO ?

DODO DROPPINGS

 DROP US A
LINE!
CAPET WING MEDIA
BOX 6066
LAND OF DARKNESS
80841

Hello again! Last time I got a lot of complaints from the Wing about how much READING there was in the DODO. Well, we listened closely to you, thought it over carefully, and then ignored you by putting a lot of words in this issue, too. But to keep the lynch mobs away for another week, I will shut up quickly and get on with putting together the rest of this infernal rag. Anyway, here's the mail:

Dear Sirs (or reasonable facsimile thereof):

You cannot imagine the emotion when I opened the envelope to learn that the Dodo flies (or doesn't fly) again. Having been one of the fledgling Dodo staffers back in the old days (the "old days" being when girls were something you snuck into the dorm) I was deeply moved to receive your issue. I was so moved, it took me three days to get out of the bathroom. Therefore, please sign me up. Enclosed please find my money. Proving once again, there is one born every minute. Keep it clean...this is a family show. I am glad you do not have any staples in the publication, as they will not allow sharp objects here in the asylum. Good luck!

Chuck Hoyle, '74

To the DODO Staff,

What a great idea! Put me down for a year of your crazy publication. Apparently cadets are still schemers - you've promised us 7, or maybe 8, issues. I suppose it'll depend on your GR schedule. I have a comment to add to your editorial on page 27 of vol.32, no.2 (Dodoman issue). My guess is that you not only get issued straws to SUCK IT UP, but you pay dearly for it out of our Magic Money account. And then you'll have to display it neatly next to your cummerbund! Boy, am I glad I graduated already! Good luck.

Marilyn Garcia, '85

Dear Beach and Tav,

I'm impressed! I don't know how you did it, but you published my letter and none of it got censored! There's not much to say except thanks and I'd be excited to hear from you on any feedback that you get from your decision to print it. Needless to say, I look forward to reading the DODO well into my future years. Go/figh/win - yea beat em,

Paul Morell

Dear Paul,

Check out the contribution by your NWA colleague at the back of this issue! As for the wing, I have had a couple cadets tell me that they want to write responses to your letter, but with our schedules, it takes divine intervention to create any time for "extras" in the writing world. Sorry - maybe eventually.

Tav

TURN THE PAGE WHEN TINKERBELL
RINGS HER LITTLE BELL, LIKE THIS....

Hey Beach,

Remember me? I know you don't care, but that's beside the point. I just remember that you submitted some (actually quite a bit of) material for me back in '87 when I was editor. Its good to see the DODO is still in demented hands. Too bad though, but you succumbed to the temptation of becoming a respectable publication -- in appearance, anyway. That's OK, it was bound to happen eventually. First computers, then refrigerators, and now a respectable looking DODO. Ah, what next? (no, really -- it looks nice)

The rumor was true, "they" did send all us grads the #2 DODO begging us to subscribe (I guess they needed a replacement for the Talon!). I couldn't resist. Highway robbery, though, at \$20 bucks. And don't worry too much if "we" don't understand all of it. We all know the general nature of the beast. However, I'm not sending you the Joe Stracks I did in UPT because you definitely would not understand them! Oh well, tell Carson he's doing a fine job on Joe Strack. Well, best of luck, have fun, and enjoy what's left of your firstie year. Soon you'll be on the bottom of the pile again!

Dave Butler

- By the way, a historical note. The current volume should be 34, not 32. I printed my last edition in May '87 as vol.31, no.5. I knew this to be true because I went to the Archives section in the library and counted them all. Actually, this was because I had done a "Best Of" issue using the cover of the original DODO as my cover (vol.31, no.4) It is labelled vol.1, no.1 and dated 16 May 1957.

However, the next year, Paul Daly started printing volume numbers regularly on the covers, but went back to volume 30, I suspect because his was the 30th graduating class. However, remember that people were in the Academy for 3.5 years before anyone met up with their actual graduation year, and the first issue is clearly dated May '57. So, anyway....you take math, you figure it out.

You may not care to start re-numbering them seeing as its been done that way for 3+ years now, but I thought as the editor you should know the truth. Just don't lose any sleep at night knowing that you are now BIG BROTHER himself, supplying misinformation to the masses in order to re-write history and change reality for those trusting and unsuspecting readers. Oooh. It's Orwellian. And I dare you to print this!

Grinch

Dear Grinch,

You should never have dared me. Now it is I who must contribute some more of THE TRUTH about DODO volume #s. Recall that the DODO was cancelled and denied publication for a period of time back in the early '70s due, I believe, to a Congressional investigation about what exactly cadets were doing at USAFA. No, not the cheating scandal. The details are unclear to me, but the DODO item which began the whole thing will be printed (for history's sake, of course) in the GRADUATION issue! GASP! Watch for it.

As a result of cancellation, the actual volume number would skip a year or two (there is no information on how long this lasted) and therefore we end up a couple of numbers short. However, since all the data is not in (the DODO Archives are a chaotic mess) and more importantly for the sake of TRADITION (gasp! I can't believe I said that!) We will move our numbers forward to honor and commemorate those years in which the DODO was frozen. From here on out, I declare all DODOs to be numbered off their parental year, 1957. There, all done.

And by the way, thanks for the compliments on our appearance as well as Joe Strack!

Tav

Dear DODO,

Attached is \$20 for a year's subscription to the DODO. Don't worry about refunding the balance after they shut you down. And don't forget that if you don't get shut down you'll not have done your job. It's a DODO tradition. I'd also like someone to explain the latest policy on sideburns. Are they good or bad, encouraged or discouraged? This is an old and favorite Air Force concern and I honestly can't tell which way the pendulum is swinging from the General's interview in the graduate magazine. Once you have made this determination, here's a quiz question:

- Sideburns are:
- Good, and their length is directly proportional to your patriotism.
 - Bad, and worn only by red necks, hippies and Central American drug lords.
 - Neither, and are reserved only for the grandchildren of Elvis fans.

Hang in there,
Tom Durham, '63

And the answer is.....A. Although the extent of our patriotism has been regulated.

Dodo,

Things must have changed since I worked in CW Media (see the '79 yearbook). I'm amazed at the jabs you've taken at the powers-that-be. They usually don't have a sense of humor. By the way, it's been said (written actually) that grads agree with the BS you're going through now. For the record, nobody asked any of the grads I know. With grad subscriptions now, you could run a feature or two on the RAF. You'll find that much of the bureaucratic balony you see turns into the reason my class already has 100 pilots flying for Delta. Give 'em hell.

EH

-- we're trying, believe me. Tav.

HERMAN

By Jim Ungar



"I hope you're not one of those people who have trouble swallowing pills."

Simplified Form 1040



Latest Revision for:

1040

Federal Income
Tax Form

1989

Department of the Internal Revenue Service

RETURN

Your Social Security Number

Part 1: Income

1. How much money did you make last year?

2. Send it in

3. If you have any questions or comments, please write them in the box provided

Presented in fun by
FINLEY TOOL CO.

5

ACADEMY COMMENTARY

What I just heard in an M-5 session worries me. The speaker, a '52 graduate of West Point, wanted feedback on a comment he made. The comment was to the effect that he didn't think he had learned anything from being "incidiously" yelled at as a plebe except that the person yelling at him had bad breath. He felt that the superior had lost his dignity. In fairness, I must say that he also felt the fourth class year should be more physically rigorous, and more stressful in other ways, but at the expense of the current fourth class training environment as we know it. The thing that bothered me most though was that he used the word inhumane to describe treatment of the doolies in that system. Interestingly, only one person responded saying that people would have a better attitude about USAFA without the "inhumanity" of the fourth class year. I dismissed this as of no concern.

You may recall in the last issue, I quoted Adm. Stockdale on his belief that his fourth class year got him through his seven year captivity in North Vietnam. I do not think he would tell us that his captors were the least bit concerned with his or their own dignity. And the last thing in the world they were was humane. I do not believe that I have ever witnessed an inhumane act from an upper to a lower classman. I do believe that the stress of our fourth class year is minute compared to the stress of a POW or combat situation. Those who cannot handle this Academy would be dangerous to themselves and others in those arenas.

There is a growing concern of mine as I and my classmates prepare to graduate. That is that this nation is training and educating a military on a higher level than our basic mission calls for. We should not be training men for a career in corporate America and bureaucracy, we should train them for a day when they may lead in combat. Let me put it bluntly. Our most basic mission is to be very, very good at killing people. There is no way to civilize that basic barbaric act and still get the job done. And, only by being certain we can perform this mission can we avoid ever doing so.

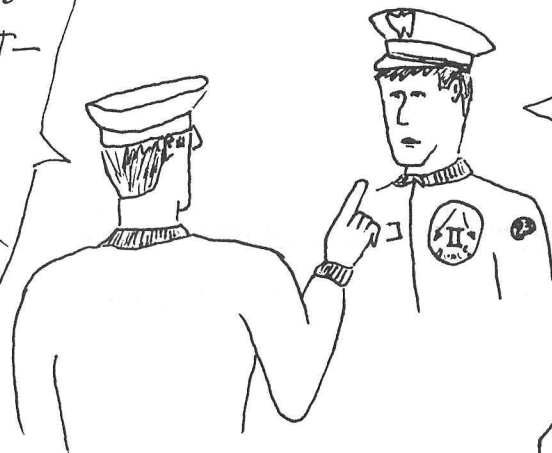
The military is the ugly bulldog that the owner hides away in a closet during the day. Then, at night, when the world seems a bit more hostile, he turns him loose to do his dirty work. Right now it's daytime, and "peace in our time" is a familiar phrase. The public wants us in the closet. The military likes to show that we are civilized. Fourth class training is inhumane. Physical fitness is de-emphasized because war is technological now, it's clean and non-exhausting. Bottom line: It never has been, never will be, and just ask a fighter pilot if his job is not physically demanding.

Let's be honest with ourselves, with CWITT in charge, how could training ever be inhumane? If you want them to stop yelling at you so you can have a better attitude, maybe you should go somewhere like Berkeley. The Academy and the U.S. military need people who will motivate themselves in times of adversity. If I can one day say that my experience as a doolie was instrumental in my return home, then it will have been worth every moment. If not, it's money in the bank. We are warriors and a part of the greatest war machine ever conceived on this planet. Tying a bow in that bulldog's hair will never make him any prettier.

That's commentary for the month.

Shane Riza, '90

HEY MISTER!
 LOOK AT YOUR HAT-
 DO YOU WANNA BE
 A BUS DRIVER
 OR WHAT?!?



YES, SIR.
 I SURE DO!

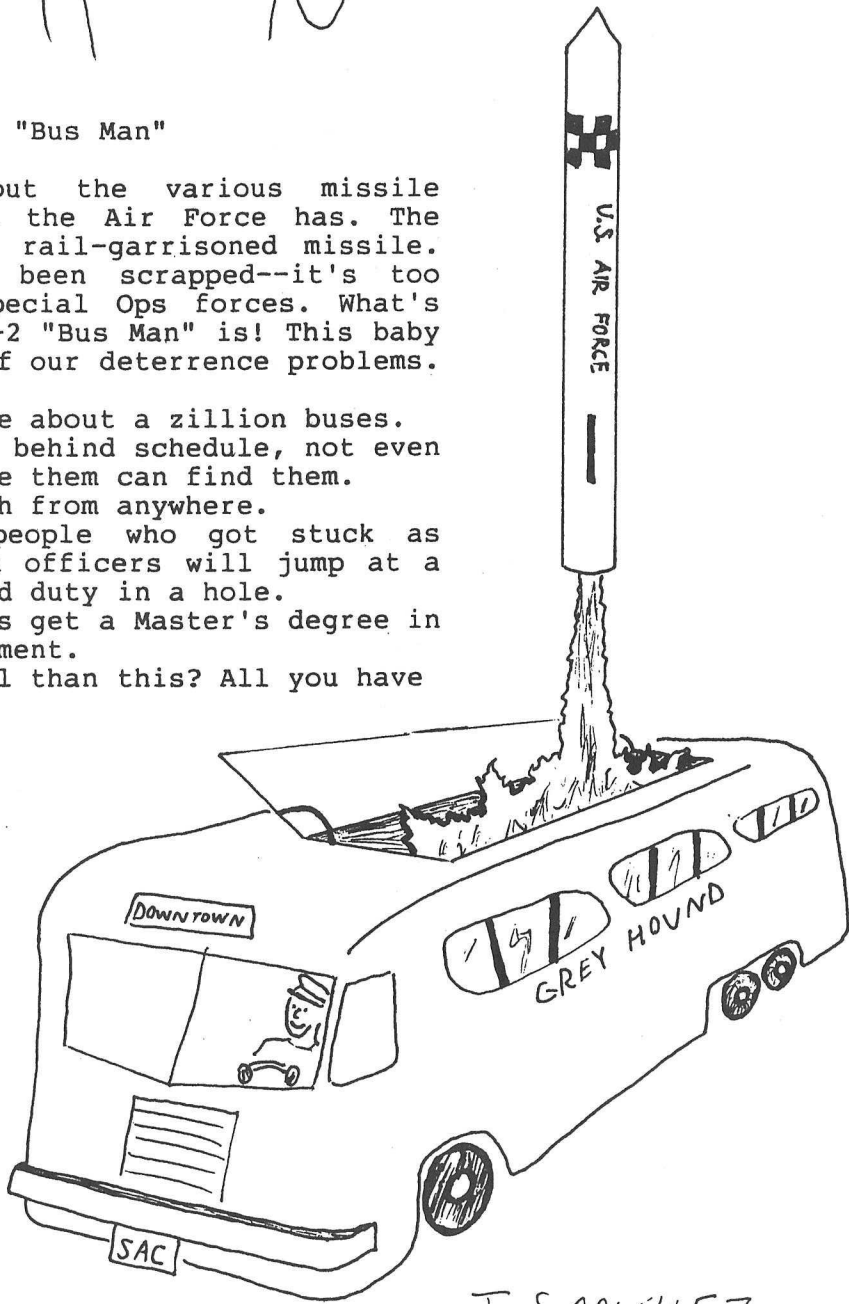
The MX-2 "Bus Man"

You probably know about the various missile deployment systems that the Air Force has. The most recent one is the rail-garrisoned missile. Well, that system has been scrapped--it's too vulnerable to Soviet Special Ops forces. What's the answer? The new MX-2 "Bus Man" is! This baby is the solution to all of our deterrence problems. Just think about it:

1. We already have about a zillion buses.
2. They're so far behind schedule, not even people who ride them can find them.
3. They can launch from anywhere.
4. Hundreds of people who got stuck as missile launch officers will jump at a chance to avoid duty in a hole.
4. Launch officers get a Master's degree in Traffic Management.

What job is a better deal than this? All you have to do is drive around a bus full of mannequins. Each bus has lodging for two, satellite TV, and a full wet bar. And don't forget: SAC allows co-ed launch crews!

Don't pass up this chance, be a bus driver! As far as you know, this system may already be operational. Why do you think Eastern Europe is changing governments AROUND SO fast...



J. SANCHEZ

TOP ~~10~~⁷ WAYS TO CUT COSTS AT USAFA

7. Sell back the new Mitchell Hall waiter's uniforms
6. Stop trying to fix the net, it'll never work any way
5. eliminate unneeded positions
(i.e. the comm, the dean, group AOC)
4. replace terazzo construction workers with 4° (they're cheaper, and they spend thousands of dollars to couldn't do any worse a job)
- ~~3. renovate Arnold hall so cadets will go there on the weekend and spend money~~
sorry, dumb idea, it'll never happen
2. switch to pocket form 10's to save paper costs
1. Cut the linen guy's pay

THE TALON



Hello, and welcome to the first edition of the DODO's dirt column. To give credit where credit is due, this is patterned after the "Salty Sam" column in USNA's the LOG, and is a vehicle to impart to readers just a few of the many inane, stupid, backstabbing, and outrageous examples of leadership and cadet activities that occur at this lunatic bin. If you would like to contribute to this column, simply drop off the material at the mailroom window addressed to the Talon. In fact, please contribute to this column.

So, let's get started. The format of this column, as I said, is to relate a lot of stupid things that go on around here. To protect the inane, stupid, backstabbing, and outrageous people in the column, the names have been changed, and only hints to the squadrons, etc., are given.

Our first dirt comes from our friends who keep the wing running smoothly and morning formation running slowly, the CWCP. The flag detail is a big part of the command post job, and let me tell you, we have people who take this thing seriously. One fine morning last semester, C1C DEDICATED, a prominent wing staffer, was at command post when he looked out the front glass and, to his great consternation, saw a French standard waving from our flagpole. Not amused by the show of spirit by our amphibious friends, DEDICATED went out to take down the flag. The frogs had thought of that, though; they cut the flag halyards, tied the ends together, and sent them up with the flag. Not to be beaten easily, DEDICATED thought he would shimmy up the pole to get the flag down. First, however, he consulted Capt. LEVEL-HEADED, the OIC, who thought the idea a bit absurd, but suggested that he call somebody to find out if it was OK. DEDICATED selected the SPs, but never got a straight answer from them as he hung up the phone before the cops stopped laughing over the wires. After a few other failures, DEDICATED finally managed to locate an off-duty cherry picker from the power company, which was dispatched to remedy the situation and put Ol' Glory back in her rightful place. DEDICATED is to be commended for his devotion to duty, and certainly impressed the hell out of LEVEL-HEADED.

Next, we have a classic tale of class unity from the hallowed halls of Fairchild. Seems a paper was due on a particular day to a Maj. GRUNT from DFPS. GRUNT had a reputation for being a stickler on the technical aspects of the work, i.e., sources, cover sheets, etc. C3C HARRIED arrived in class with the paper but without a cover sheet, and was obviously disturbed by this (having spent a night fighting with the net -- even though we all know it works if we would just plan ahead!), but was resigned to his fate. Well, seems that there was a movie that day and the instructor left the classroom while the class slept through it. HARRIED took this opportunity to leave the classroom and zip down to the 2nd floor computer center to print out his

cover sheet, which he accomplished, returned to class, and turned in the paper. No sweat, right? Wrong. Seems C3C PIMP-AND-RUN was less than pleased with HARRIED's disrespect for the integrity of the classroom, and turned him in to GRUNT. To his credit, GRUNT didn't fly off the handle and tell HARRIED what a jerk he was, but did write him up, anyway. Thanks, PIMP-AND-RUN (whose identity remains a mystery except to his own conscience), for sticking with your classmate in a tight situation. Nice show of courage, too, by confronting the person before frying him.

The next thorn in the Wing's collective side comes from an officer-dink team-up, again from CWCP. The OIC, Maj. VINDICTIVE, was understandably upset when he found a cadet vehicle in the sacred OIC reserved spot. Instead of dishing out punishment IAW with the crime, VINDICTIVE had C3C HAPLESS go out and record all the illegally parked cars at Vandenberg. Seventeen of the parking Forms-10 were written not because the violators had exceeded their 15-minute time limit, but because they failed to turn on their hazard lights while in the loading zone. Well-done, VINDICTIVE, for battling the illegal parking scourge so bravely and getting a little revenge at the same time, and thanks tons for helping out a naughty cadet or twenty-three hone his rifle drill on the tour pad. In a related incident, the OIC from two nights previous, Capt. COURAGEOUS, was out patrolling Sijan for those illegally parked commie POVs. Although not able to match VINDICTIVE for sheer numbers (he only got to fry 16 delinquent cadets), a special bravery commendation goes out from The Talon. Seems during the risky maneuvers beneath Sijan, COURAGEOUS found a civilian infiltrator lurking around the cars. In his own words, COURAGEOUS "apprehended and verbally reprimanded" a civilian girl leaving Sijan hall at 0245, obviously returning her cadet friend's laundry. To his credit, COURAGEOUS gave no evidence of pursuing the matter further, but thanks anyway for keeping the world safe for democracy and the Academy free of those bad influences.

Three cheers to the iron triangle of AAFES, the Dean, and the Com, who, together, have succeeded in making no one happy with the official textbook purchase policy. Faculty and cadets alike (along with anyone who can bear to listen to the stupidity long enough to get the full story) are amazed at the ridiculousness of the policy. For our readers not briefed (endlessly) in class about the hits for not buying all books, here's the scoop: All cadets must purchase all their books for every class from no one else but the cadet bookstore. It seems our constitutional guarantees against this type of thing were signed away on inprocessing day. From what was gathered in a Law 320 discussion on the subject, everyone signed a limited power of attorney so that the academy people could do this to us. Glad somebody told me what I was signing -- we all know how much is retained from inprocessing day. The Talon himself bought a copy of A

Farewell to Arms last summer for personal reading purposes, and was pleased when he saw it on his book list this semester, thinking that he would not have to purchase it again from the bookstore. Ha! That would be logical, which is illegal in military decisions. The Talon was informed by his instructor that he would have to purchase the book, same story, same publisher, same *&#!@ edition from AAFES. Nothin' like havin' one copy for the dorm room and one for the classroom; saves at least 4 ounces in my book bag. Trust the Talon, there are 4000 similar stories in the Wing.

Moving back to cadet vs. cadet, we have a vintage story from Spring '89, C2C GOOD EXAMPLE from Mighty '90 was inspecting a 4 degree room during a SAMI, and discovered that C4C SLUG and his roommate had stashed the day's paper in the extra bed unit. EXAMPLE decided, wisely, to restrict the 4 degrees for the entire weekend and have them sign in on the hour. He also informed the smacks that he would be back to talk (read: train) to them. He indeed returned at 1900, in civilian clothes and smelling of alcohol (from across the hall) to "talk" to them for 20 minutes. Way to go, EXAMPLE, for showing us how a good leader should act towards his subordinates: drunk and using power to relieve your own frustrations.

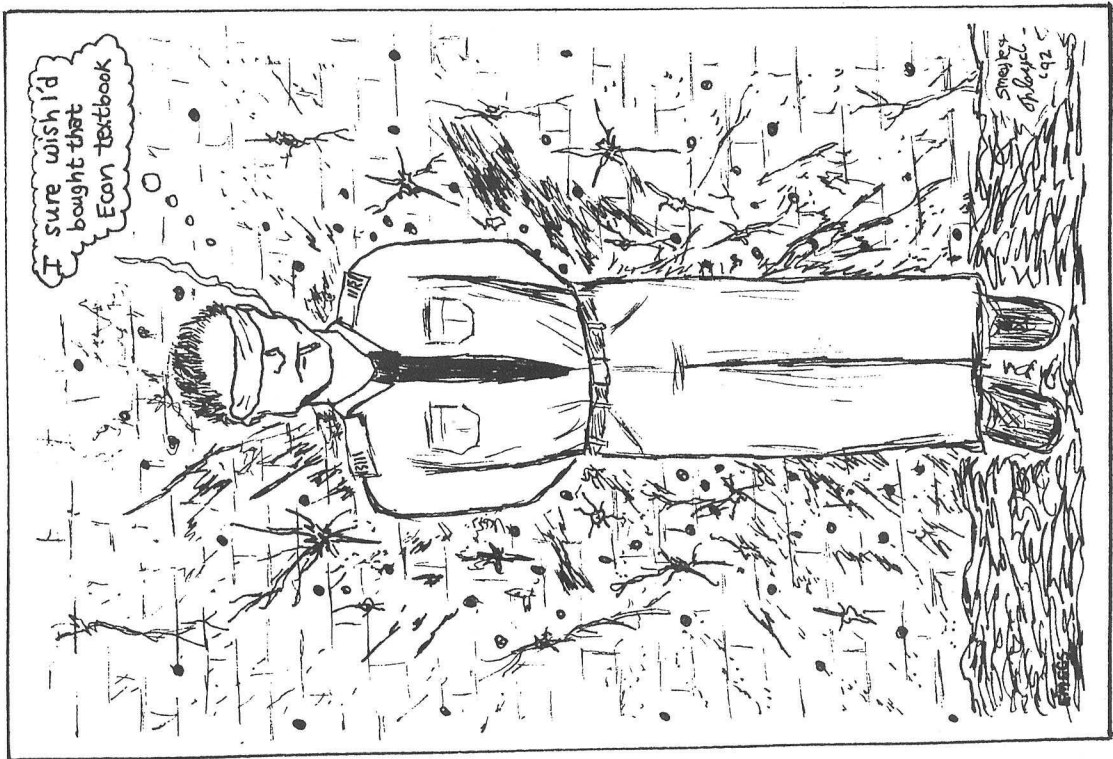
But the dirt doesn't stop there. CWCP seems to have recruited all the tools in the Wing this year. During one Friday afternoon tour formation, it seems that CWCP was under scrutiny from one 0-6 or another to make sure tours were performed properly. Fine. But another of our fearless leaders, C1C SPINEHEAD, the tour monitor, decided to take "by the book" a few steps further than necessary. This included yelling (like a training session) at anyone caught talking in formation, dismissing at least 6 (maybe up to 15) people to return the next day to do their tours, and even calling more than one hapless 3 degree "mister" (again in that training tone of voice). On the tour pad, he felt the need to call out a 2 degree and call him to the carpet for "blowing off that last corner." A congratulatory aside goes out to C2C HUSTLEBUNS, who, after hearing SPINEHEAD exhort everyone to "march faster or I will torture you," took it upon himself to lap his classmates on the pad twice. C1C CENTURION, when questioned later about the whole ordeal, said, "I've done 180 of these things, and this is the worst I've ever seen." Thanks, SPINEHEAD. Doing things by the book is one thing, going out of your way to be a key leg in the male's strategic triad is quite another.

One last parting shot at the officers. Seems Maj. IRK'EM from the Green Machine squadron took it upon himself to show up in the squadron one morning at 0530, sit at the CQ desk, and write up cadets who were out of their rooms before Release from Quarters. With dedication like this, IRK'EM seems destined to be a regular in this column.

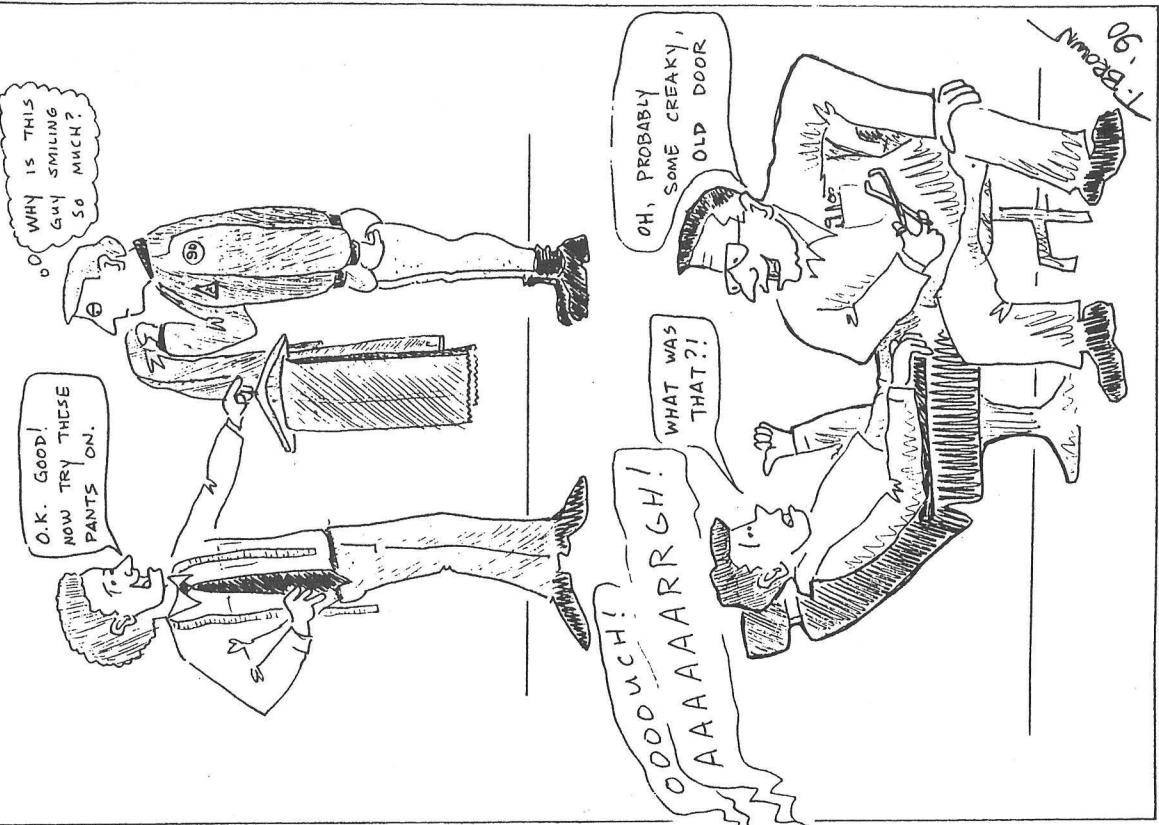
That's it for this issue!
① Be sure to help this feature out, guys!



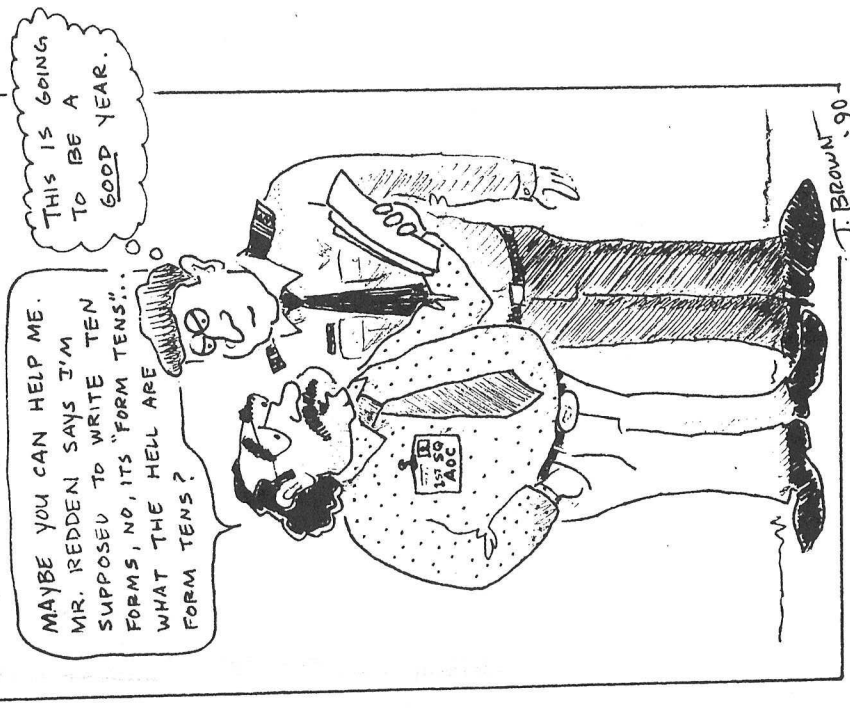
"We were always very grateful to THE DODO for its work. Thanks to THE DODO, the world paid greater attention to Soviet violations of human rights."



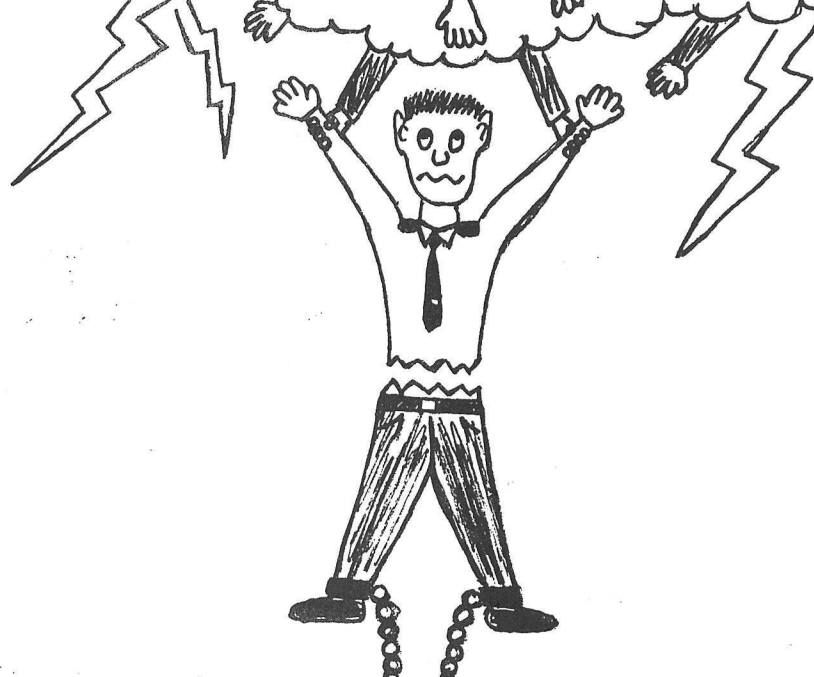
TWO OF THE MOST DREADED APPOINTMENTS



WHEN BUDGET CUTS AND TROOP REDUCTIONS LEAD TO THE HIRING OF CIVILIAN AOC'S



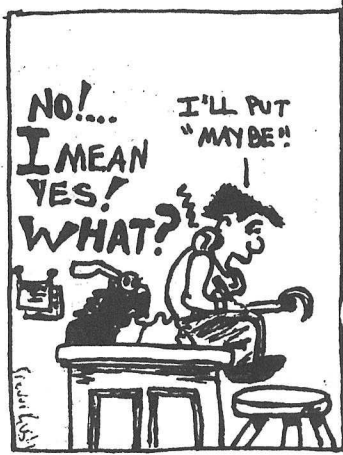
STOP-OUT



THE ZOO

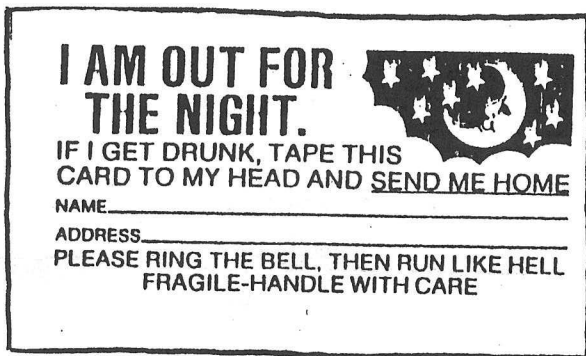
TREVOR RUSH


14



EVER NOTICE THAT.....

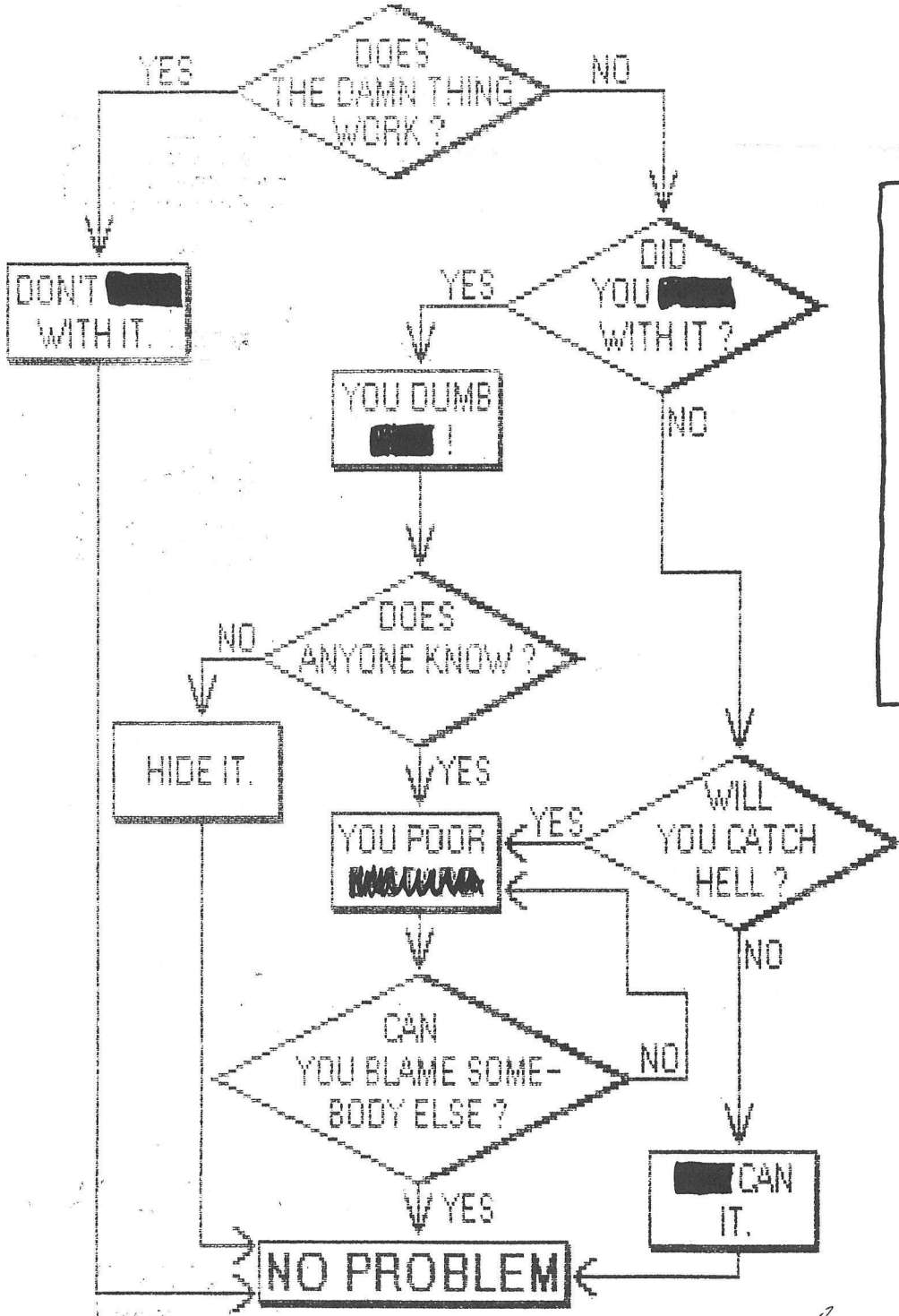
- 5.) The NET never works on days when you have a GR. (so you can't check your grades!)
- 4.) The Fire alarm goes off during the only FREE period you can take a nap.
- 3.) The success of printing over the NET is inversely proportional to the number of papers due that day.
- 2.) P.C.E.s are more ambiguous than Microeconomics GRs.
- 1.) THE LINEN GUY IS NEVER IN!!



TO BE USED DURING THE 
POST-RECOGNITION PERIOD



PROBLEM SOLVING FLOWCHART



I AM OUT FOR THE NIGHT.
 IF I GET DRUNK, TAPE THIS CARD TO MY HEAD AND SEND ME HOME
 NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 PLEASE RING THE BELL, THEN RUN LIKE HELL
 FRAGILE-HANDLE WITH CARE

TO BE USED IN THE AFTER-FINALS PERIOD

Glanced the Moral

SIX PHASES OF A PROJECT

I. ENTHUSIASM.

II. DISILLUSIONMENT.

III. PANIC & HYSTERIA.

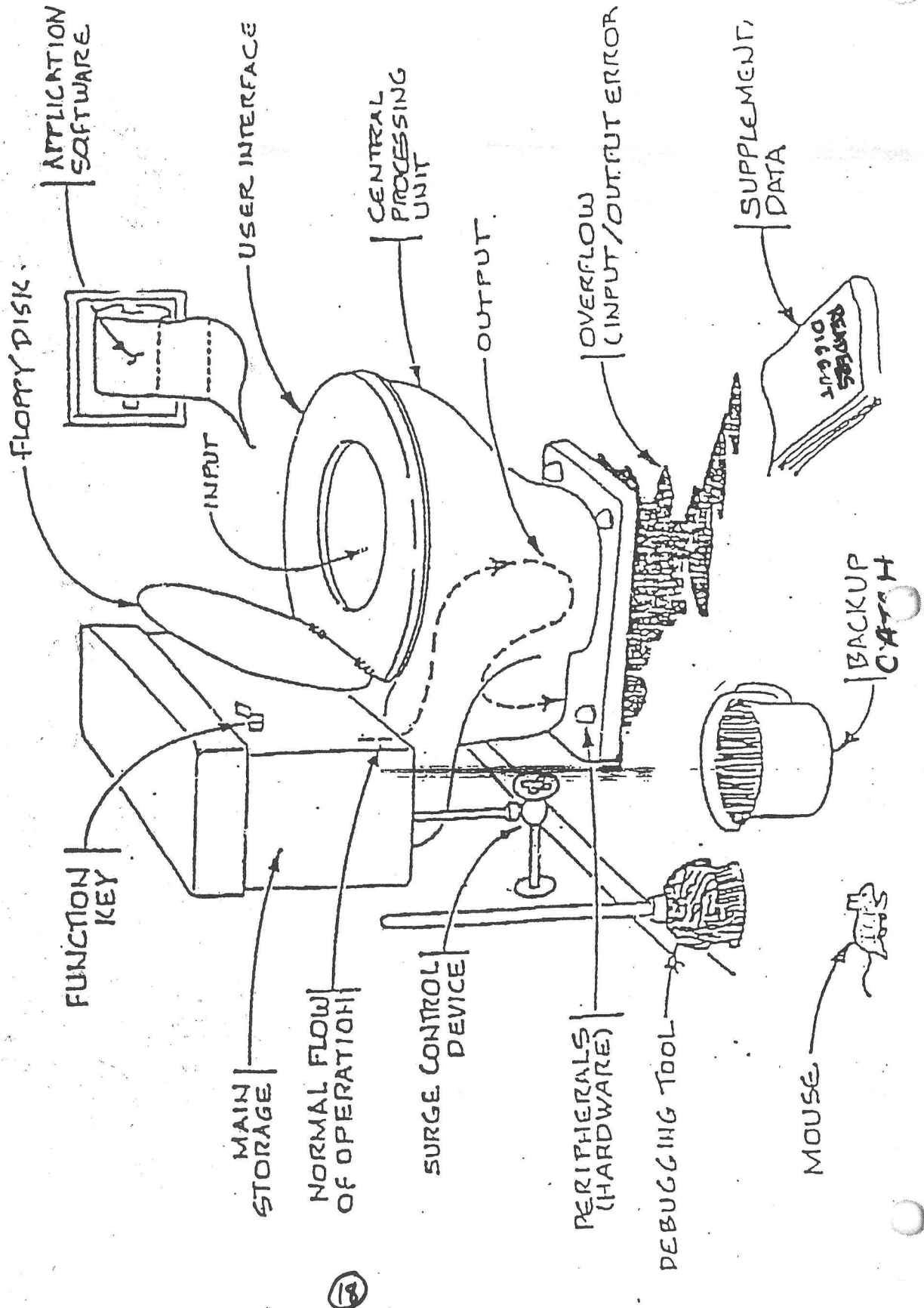
IV. SEARCH FOR THE GUILTY.

V. PUNISHMENT OF THE INNOCENT.

VI. PRAISE & HONORS FOR THE NON-PARTICIPANTS.



Understanding The Technology

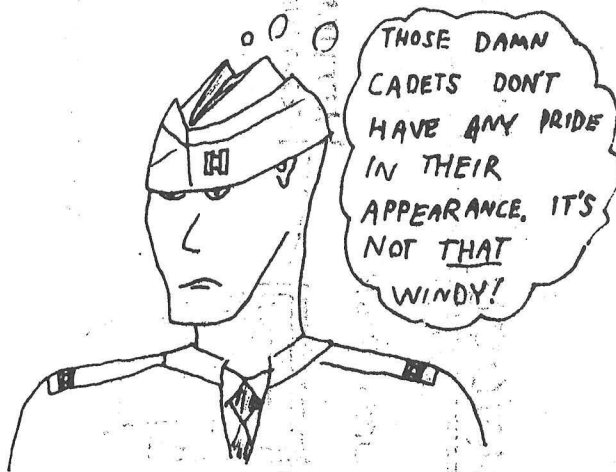


THEM vs. US

HOW THEY SEE US...



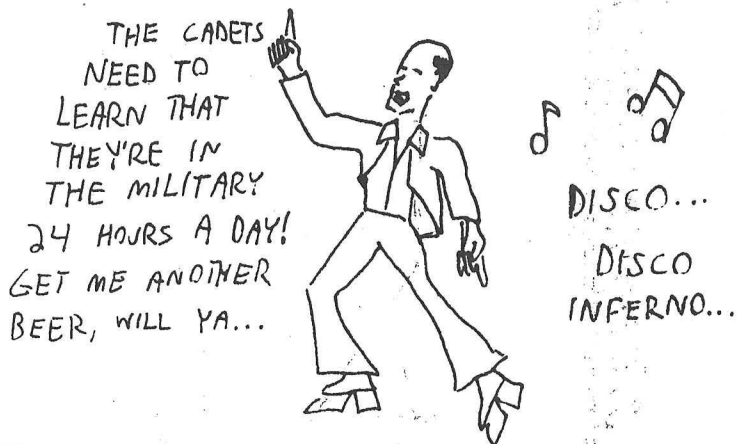
HOW WE SEE THEM...



HOW THEY SEE US...



HOW WE SEE THEM...



HOW THEY SEE US...



HOW WE SEE THEM...



* THIS ONE ISN'T TOO FAR FROM THE TRUTH

THE ONLY THING REALLY WORTH READING IN THIS ISSUE :

Gentlemen/Ladies: The Mission-still one more look...

I read your latest Dodo - including the two views of "The Mission" with interest and amusement - and I could not help but recall some long suffering JO's in the Tonkin Gulf, wondering about the "mission" and railing against injustices.

58 days on the line, OD'd on Annette Funicello and old John Wayne movies, frustrated the MIGs wouldn't play, we potted around the North raining "iron bombs" on innocuous footbridges, pedicyclists, and several "enemy" elephants. Terrorized by night flying in lousy weather with beat up airplanes, off an ancient ship, [so "they" could say we were bombing "round the clock"], we too, pondered "what were we doing there" - when the smart guys were home getting the girls - and the good jobs.

And in our fashion, we cultivated some truly bizarre individual behavior, a taste for JP flavored Kool-Aid, and a particular brand of guerilla warfare: Maps. Since youth - and "truth" would be served -- mysterious charts appeared on the Wardroom walls - depicting noteworthy places such as the "People's Republic of China Pacification Area", the "Orphanage" [a most popular place to jettison bombs], The F-111B "controlled ejection area", the "Ann Margaret Memorial Toilet", and of course, the dreaded and mysterious Carrier Task Force 77 "Staff Playground".

Naturally, this staff was monumentally unimpressed with our artwork.

Truly, there are pervasive and universal qualities to Le Mickey Mouse, BS, and sheer weirdness. These often surround and confound - not just cadets at the AFA, but later life in the military - and yes, I warn you, even some of civilian life.

And we all need ways to celebrate the strange, the surrealistic, and the seeming senseless things we often endure while trying learn and do "our jobs". So I salute and support your Dodo - even if the brain damage I suffered raising a cadet requires this cadet to occasionally explain some of the "inside humor". I'm convinced much of what you all endure is a "carefully crafted plan" of the Wing Staff to familiarize you with the "strange" and the "bizarre" - to teach you to laugh at it. And as you pore through the Dodo and say "Yep - that's the way it is" you miraculously become better equipped to deal with these strange annoyances you will face in the future.

And face them you will.

The press and the politicians, impregnably amoured by their good intentions and their ignorance, are literally exalted by the incipient "end to the Cold War". If these folks are to be believed, we can all assume the lotus position, scratch at our navels, and contemplate the triumph of "universal brotherhood".

Realistically, the "Pax Megatona" forged between us and the Russians over the past four decades has grown less a critical issue. But you can bet your little pink abused bodies that as that Russian tank driver described by "Anonymous" trades in his T-72 for a job at MacDonalds, he will, of course, be replaced by some teen age terrorist with the mentality of a coffee cup, a peabrained patriarch who gets results with a chain saw, or some other "ill-wisher" fondling his AK behind an outhouse.

Rather than a safer world - there is a high probability some day some of you are going to be sitting in some exceedingly dreary place, poring over maps and flak overlays with your stomach in a knot, your testicles in your chest, and those little short hairs on the back of your neck standing straight up.

Trust me - in this brief shining moment - the staff BS, the Mickey Mouse and even the sacred - and ill-defined - "mission" - yield to the depressing reality of an indignant enemy shooting back. Getting the job done, sticking "somewhere near" your leader, getting in and out, and yes, staying alive, become rather important and salient issues..

And while you are thus engaged - you too, like many other soldiers in history, will probably be saddled with petty politicians, an actress with an IQ to match her bra size, a press with the collective mind set of a shovel, "careerists stopping by the war to "get their tickets punched" and [too often] a staff that seems in league with the Ayatollah.

And get real - staffs are here to stay. Many of you will spend time on one. They also serve who wait". Just understand that staffs, by their very nature have trouble differentiating between necessary detail and irritating trivia. The age old problem lies in the "squares that have to be filled", and the overwhelming "urge to fiddle".

But - not to worry. I promise you - when the shit hits the fan, the bulk of the fighting [and dying] will still be done by passed-over majors, odd ball captains and loud mouthed 1st johns - all telling it "like it is".

It is the way of the world.

The really "fun" jobs have always been done by a few - who did the right thing - without a lot of help - often when the world either didn't know or didn't care. And these few rarely have exhibited an excessive amount of reverence.

Most of you are enduring what you are enduring because you want to be something special - trucking in a T41, reclining in an F-16, emulating a frisbee in an F-117, or supporting those who are. It is a tough road - this "road less traveled by". If you wanted the "big easy" you should have gone to Berkeley or Stanford, become a Yuppie Dink, Dwarf, or whatever. You might be a stock broker [they'll be shooting them in a few years], a lawyer [you sure won't be lonely and there's a slightly less chance of being shot], or perhaps you could enjoy the career in "compassion" so eloquently described by Mr. Morell. If true, feel free to "Stop Out" and go to Bible School.

So suck it up guys and call it like you see it - You're most likely going to be needed. The fact is it's your future - and maybe mine.

Us doddering old folks do understand what you are going through, and although it will do you no good whatsoever, we even mildly sympathize with your plight. So do try to remember - as you stand sucking it up, shivering in formation, looking up at the contrails - wishing you could be up there - or anywhere.

I'll be up there, looking down from the left window with my cup of coffee, or glass of Perrier [too much cholesterol in Quiche], chatting with my esteemed colleague on the right [probably AFA Class of Seventy-something] ironically, wishing -sort of - that I could be down where you are.

Best regards to you and your publication


Dave Leighton
Old Navy F-8 Driver/ Captain NWA
Father of Cadet

SHOCKER!!!!

The Construction Connection
The DODO Uncovers the Truth about Stop-Out

Have you ever noticed how much the construction workers resemble group work in the SERE compound? We did some checking and here is what we found in Sami's Top Secret file:

PMT999 SERE II: Edkin Construction. This is a Top-Secret, highly selective cadet exchange program. Cadets eligible receive special exemption from the honor code, telling everyone they are going "stop-out" (how could cadets be so dumb to believe we would let anyone ever really go stop-out, that would be contrary to AFCW Policy 1111-1: "Every attempt will be made to screw cadets over, Cadets will under no circumstances have fun."). These cadets will then receive special training in Civilian Disguise, Construction Laziness, and Espionage. Taught to mimic in every way a government contracted laborer: slow, lazy, overpaid. After their initial training they will suit up, and spend the semester undercover practicing fundamental SERE Compound techniques (digging holes slowly, and filling them up again, playing dumb, etc.), for Edkin construction on the Academy. No final. Cadets must demonstrate an ability to waste time, government money, accomplish little, and go unrecognized. Those cadets showing greatest promise may compete for prestigious Kremlin Construction Duty Plant, or the Peking Park Loitering Spy slot.

LATE ONE JULY AFTERNOON IN FAIRCHILD HALL



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Lack of Humor
In High Places

Attention Engineering Personnel:

Review time is near. This year a new system will be implemented to accomplish the performance review. "Armed Services System for Reviewing Engineering Achievements and Merit" or "ASSREAM" will be used for all engineering personnel -- without exception!! For beginning engineers, a "Labor-grade Update for Beginning Engineers" or "LUBE", may be required. However, a "LUBE" will not be required for anyone that has previously experienced an "ASSREAM". Upon completion of the "ASSREAM", "Personal Information and Status Sheets" or "PISS" are required. Each supervisor is required to complete a "PISS" on each employee after the "ASSREAM". The "ASSREAM" should prove to be a more effective and hopefully more enjoyable performance evaluation method than those used in the past.

Thank you,

Your Management

RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAN

HE'S BACK...
HE'S BAD...
AND HE'S OUT TO GET YOU!

WHILE YOU'VE BEEN DISTRACTED BY MY COMRADE, CAPTAIN FIGMO, I'VE BEEN AT WORK, AND NOW I HAVE YOU RIGHT WHERE I WANT YOU... ON AC-PRO AND FALLING FAST! I'LL TAKE BACK THIS STAR NOW... AND YOUR CAR KEYS, TOO!

