

VOLUME 35 NUMBER 4

SPECIAL AIR FORCE W. ARMY GAME ISSUE

Hello, everyone.

This is your lovely and ever-pleasing editor on the ball again, bringing you all another installment of the ever-present DODO. This time I thought there was just no way in hell that I was going to let those grunts take us feebly on again without a proper ribbing before the game. So for those of you who will be going on the West Point contingent, take these DODOs along to give to our imprisoned compatriots over on the eastern portion of the nation. I am sure that their week is not going too well....

Thanks to ALL of you who gave me compliments on last week's issue. I really appreciate the support and the criticisms. Apparently we all did something right with the last issue. And I haven't even been called up to the Comm Shop

for explanations!

There will be one last issue before the semester ends, so if there are any ideas out there specifically dealing with either Christmas, Finals, Ac Pro, Leave, Snow, Skiing, or the ever-present construction that tends never to get worked on in the cold, then put 'em down on paper and send them my way. That way is either at the Wing Media offices next to the barber shop in Vandenberg or on my desk in room 3G4 (a room that will live on in infamy) in squadron 22, right next to the CQ desk for 21. Please remember that just because your stuff doesn't find it's way into the next issue, that doesn't mean I will never use it. Just saving the best for later, right? yeah, right, they're thinking......

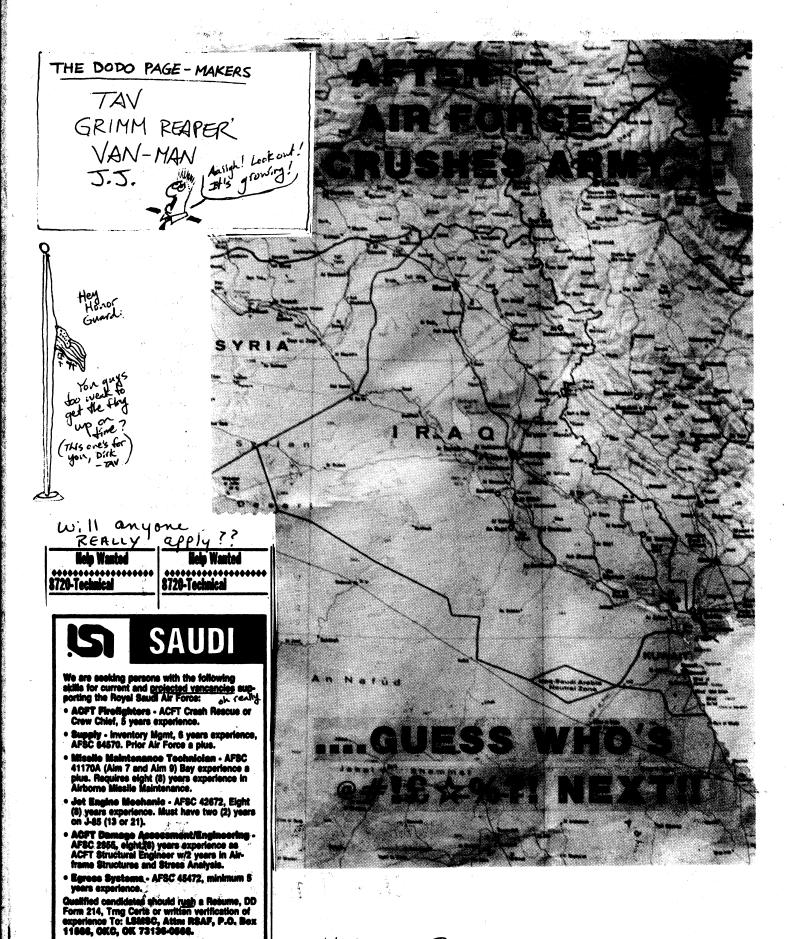
Make sure to check out the letters column. I received a paper from some recent grads who are now at the University of Washington, the Washington Spectator. It is definitely worth perusing, being as it is the only real college rebuttal to all of the worthless and unfounded peacenik b.s. which seems to find its way so easily into today's modern media world. But enough on that; I know a lot of my classmates will get a big kick out of it without explanation.

As a parting note, I want to begin raising the issue of next year's DODOs. Frankly, if no one is able to pick up this job and carry the torch (actually, its just a birthday candle) then I don't want to hear any complaining about how the DODO reads. Now, there are several of you out there who have expressed interest, and I am grateful. We'll get together. But for the rest of you interested cadets, this serves merely as an early alarm to start thinking / talking to me about it. That's all I have to say for now. Stay out of trouble, nuke the grunts, and

BEAT ARMY!!!!!
- TAV



) KILL A GRUNT !!



equal apportunity employer MITNIM they ill take anyone who wants to die.

3

PYK4KM*INS

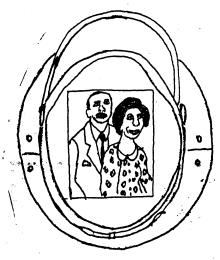
The Service Cap SOCIAL GAGE,

ERRES RELL

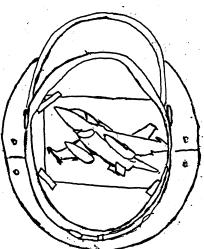
Evaluate your... roomate ... class mate

··· 4°3 ··· yourseff

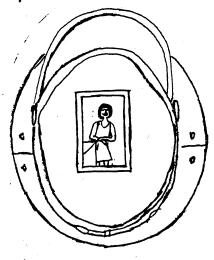
WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?



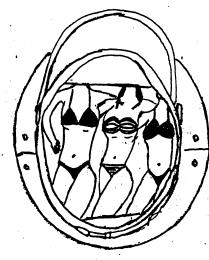
1 Homesick



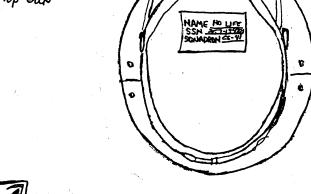
1 Future Top Gan



O BALL & CHAIN

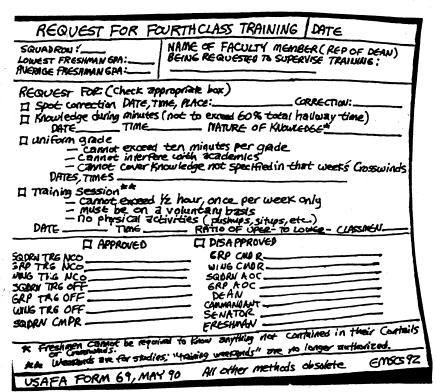


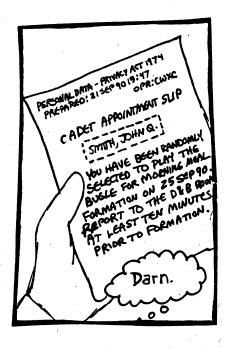
D WISHFUL / ACTIVE



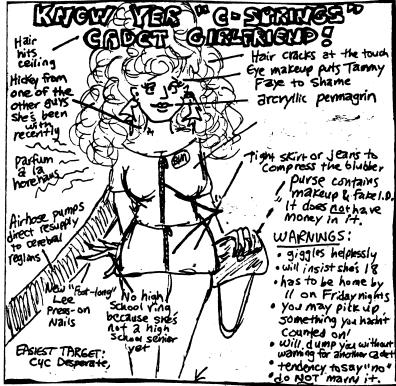
□ Deprived

(4)











This page you brought to you by Sneyle

THE SECOND READING OF THE-GOSPEL ACCORDING TO SAC

Having created electronic warfare, the CINC saith "Ye shall be my EWO's". Ye shall bare the skys of barbs and slander. Yea, tho ye shall have frequently your manhood challenged, loose not your faith in the command, for your soul shall be held in greater honor than that of those who are dressers of hair.

THIS left to consider, from among the airmen, only those called "Sarge" who dwelled in the back of the grotesque machines. "Ye shall be called boomers and gunners", saith the CINC. "My pilots shall see where the machines are flying, but it shall be your primary duty to see where the machines have been. Ye shall boom and gun, ye shall drink and carouse, and grow fat and to an ancient age with grace and honor".

AND he looketh down and he smiled and saith "Now it really s".

BUT the Strategic Air Command and those with wings and those with wings and brass and the grotesque machines all were without purpose, so the CINC spake, commanding, "Let there be alert" and lo, there was alert upon the land. And it came to pass that the airmen of SAC did then leave their homes and did dwell in caves, and there did they study the Word, and there did they await "The War". And he looketh down, and he saw them looking back, and they did shout up to the heavens in a voice, as one, saying "This ""."

THE CINC knew that they were sorrowful and without joy, so he saith,

"Let there be Contingency and Conventional missions. And it came
to pass that there was conflict on the earth and in the air. And
war begat TDY and travel vouchers; and travel vouchers begat
non-availability, and they all begat Baht. And Baht begat brass
candlesticks, teakwood elephants, and evil women; and evil women
begat penicillin and much pain. And lo, there was upon the land
a flood of Pachinko machines and star sapphires. And the CINC

looketh down and he smiled and he saith "Hot Damn." And then created he Bangkok and Tia Chung and a street he calleth BC, and Bongo and miscue. He created cells and waves and rendevous, and Busy Rooster, and Pink top-off, and routes of red and brass, and a gate called Central Seven.

- AND the airmen of SAC, those with wings and those with wings and brass did smite the enemy. They did smite him in the bunker, they did ravage his rice and his buffalo, and soon the Airmen were without interdiction points, for all had been smitten.
- AND soon did the airmen of SAC grow weary of war and of Baht, and of pain and evil women, and the CINC looketh down and he saith, "It was again."
- BUT then it came to pass that there was peace upon the land and the airmen of SAC did then return to their own land and there was again alert and it did seem as never before. But the CINC knew that they had done well, those with wings and brass, those in the front and those in the back, those in the tankers and those in the bombers, those called Sarge and those called Sir, those who were pilots and co-pilots, those who were navigators and radars, those who were EWO's and those who boomed and those who gunned.
- AND he spake saying "Ye have served well and ye shall be rewarded. Ye too shall be amongst the chosen ones—ye shall also be in the staff."

 And the airmen of SAC did lay down their sticks and their plotters and the instruments of war. Then did they taketh up the instruments of the chosen craft; the vessels for coffee, and pencils, and schedules. They toiled not after sunset nor on the Sabbath and they were happy, and the CINC looked down and he smiled and he saith, "Hear me oh men of winged chest. Ask not for whom the SAC ***

 It *** for thee."

THUS endeth the reading for today from the Gospel according to SAC.

FEEBLE LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

Dear DODO Staff:

Enclosed is my check for \$20.00, which by any reckoning is an exorbitant sum for six or seven issues of a less-than-20-page, alleged Humor Magazine printed on recycled copies of the true microcosm of Cadet life -- THE TALON. What kind of scam are you guys running?

Semi-enraged, John Rankin '70

Dear John (I like the sound of that!)

Hey, man! This is a nine or ten, greater-than-20-pages-most-of-the-time scam! Get your facts straight before getting semi-enraged! And...the TALON? get real....

Dear Ed-

Thought you might be interested in the monthly right wing rebuttal paper published here at [the University of Washington] in response to the reams of left wing trash we are fed each day (esp. Freshman Glossary - not quite Contrails Calendar).

Go Huskies! Mike Shepherd '90 John Shaw '90 Rick Adams '89

Dear Guys,

Thanks for the paper! When I first saw it, I thought "how do these guys know I'm from the Seattle area?" But then I realized that it was just another of the extremely coincidental occurences which have dotted my life. Loved looking through it (it'd been a long time since I'd seen the Spectator) and used a lot of the stuff in this and next issue. If anyone out there is interested in subscription info, just write to Washington Spectator, PO Box 95534, Seattle, WA 98145-2534. It costs \$50! Here's some examples:

FROM AN ARTICLE ON WHY WE'RE IN SAUDI:

Some Thoughts on War

"War is nothing but a continuation of political intercourse with an admixture of other means."

- Karl von Clausewitz

"Generally speaking, it would be true to say that no one believes that war pays and nearly every one believes that policies which lead inevitably to war do pay. Every nation sincerely desires peace, and all nations pursue courses which if persisted in, must make peace impossible."

- Sir Norman Angell

"For a war to be justifiree conditions are necessary-public authority, just cause and right motive."

- Thomas Aquinas

Focus on Filth with Fredric Sanai

In the Valley of the Peace Scum

I sought to answer this

question: Where do these

people come from, and

why don't they go back

there immediately?

Two weels ago, my girl and I were out driving around, looking for something to do. As my day had thus far been particularly pleasant, I decided to interject some balance by seeking a little squalor, filth, and hatefulness. Due to financial constraints, I had to reject a trip to Beirut, Calcutta, or Greenwich Village, but soon settled on a practical compromise: The "Peace Vigil" at Wallingford's Gasworks Park.

For weeks a small band of peace activists have held an ongoing demonstration to protest the deployment of US forces to the Persian Gulf. As a longtime student of left-wing political rallies, I was expecting to be disgusted; but nothing prepared me for the depths of pathos and revulsion I felt that day (October 7th, around 4p.m.). My girl and I left my car expecting to find a well-organized group of marchers chanting "Hell no, we won't go" or an earnest band humming "Give Peace a Chance," but what we found was infinitely

A dozen individuals were sprawled on the steps of the pavilion, all whites. A few bulletin boards held tacked posters and literature (a poster reading "BEN LINDER PRESENTE" and a NARAL brochure, for two typical examples), as well as a sandwich board with a plaintive call for volunteers scrawled in black El-Marko ink (we spent nearly two minutes counting all the misspellings): "WE NEED MORE VIGILISTS!!" Included in the request were volunteers to help in "flyering" (sic), contacting "progressive churchs" (sic) and conducting the mysterious "audio intervies/video artwork ect" (sic). Oddly enough, there was no request for a dictionary or a copy of The Elements of Grammar. The ever-present environmental theme

was not omitted, however: "We need alternative energy demos ... solar powered vehicles (small modles)" (sic). Any readers seeking to comply would be welladvised to furnish such "modles" in completed "modles" in completed rather than kit form. The "vigilists" we observed did not seem overly en-

dowed with hand-eye coordination, and I would not want to be in the vicinity if they were to get their hands on a tube of model airplane glue.

Ah, yes, the "vigilists" themselves. Perhaps my eye is increasingly jaundiced regarding tast lessness of dress and flexibility of personal hygiene, but each time I encounter sub-culture groups such as this one they appear progressively more bizarre and odious. The center of attention seemed to be an enormously fat and slovenly middle-aged man wearing a lopsided knitted cap of the sort affected by Rastafarians to contain the bounty of their unwashed dreadlocks. He held a small bongo drum in Pan-African colors (zed, yellow, green) between his monstrous thighs and was expound-ing a keen and insightful analysis of the balance of power in the Middle East and occasionally whacking his drum, perhaps to punctuate his more salient points in the manner of a stand-up comedians' snare-drum ruff; Cause Bush blah blah fascism blah blah El Salvador, (ba-BLIMP) blah blah, Zionist imperialism blah blah, Noam Chomsky (ba-BUMP) blah, nuclear missiles blah blah, racism blah, Saddam blah, homeleasness (ba-BUMP) Jesse Hehns blah blah, multistional corporations blah blah, death squads blah blah, Alexander Cockburn blah (ba-BUMP)..

The most enthusiastic listener to this engrossing performance (worth at least ten grand in NEA grants, I would estimate, perhaps more if Mr. Bongo first removes his clothes) was a thirtyish rail-thin man who appeared to have been up for the last three or four days, during which time he was apparently able to go about his business unhindered by the copious quantity of viscous secretion collected in the corners of his bloodshoot eyes. He sported a very chic blue wool watch cap (of the "Escape from Alcatraz" style) on which someone had painted crusty white peace symbols with what looked like typewriter correction fluid. Add to this portrait a small colored storie embedded in his left nostril (I am not making this up) and you will have a fairly good image of Mr. Eyegunk without my having to inflict needless cruelty by describing the balance of his wardrobe. The rest of the merry band were attired and

The rest of the merry band were attired and groomed along the same general principles as these sorry individuals: I selected them merely because I spent a full minute staring in horror at Mr Eye-gunk's nasal ornamentation before my girlfriend was able to pull me away in search of the purpose of our visit. I sought to answer this question: Where do these people come from, and why don't they go back there immediately? No, sorry, wrong question (I already know the answer: espresso joints). What I wanted to know was: Why are these people squatting in Gasworks Park? A handbill I read stated the "vigilists" position thusly: "Saddam Hussein and George Bush both act from the principle of rule by the sword. This is precisely what we oppose. It is crucial that we speak out against both of them: in the fight that really counts, they are on the same side."

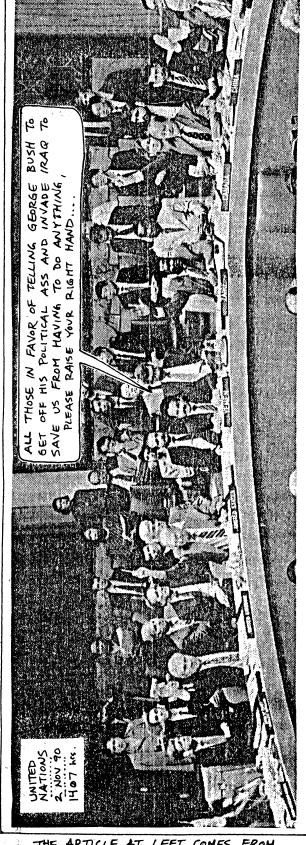
Huh? Bush and Saddam "on the same side?"
The sheer inanity of this confused statement may

be sufficient to make a rational man go blind and insane if re-read too often. To equate US and Iraqi behavior is not only to demonstrate a moral blindness wholly incompatible with any conceptions of human decency, this profoundly offensive idea also insults and demeans the horrendous suffering on the part of

Kuwaitis, Kurds, Iranians and other victims of Saddam's ruthless rule. The notice on the sandwich board requesting books and articles on Iraq should be in flashing neon; either the handbill author is completely ignorant of the pertinent facts or is so mentally diseased that extensive therapy is indicated.

From my limited observations, I was unable to determine which of these conditions might have motivated the "vigilists" present. I suspect simple knee-jerk anti-Americanism (and, of course, a strong inclination to whine, crab, and loiter). There will always be a fringe element who oppose any sort of American military action: If we got into a shooting war with the forces of Satan himself, rest assured little time would pass before some motley band would be parading around chanting: "WE ARE CRANKY AND WE SMELL! U.S. FORCES OUT OF HELL!" or some such nonsense.

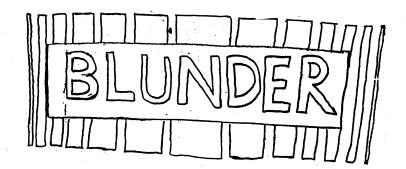
These people should be treated as the normal folks in Gasworks Park were treating the "vigilists" last Sunday: simply ignore them. Deprived of the attention they so desperately crave, eventually they will pack up their squalid belongings and slink back under their rocks (read, espresso joints.) Until that happens, take your picnics to Discovery Park instead. It contains a feature far less offensive than the "Peace Vigil": a sewage treatment plant.0



THE ARTICLE AT LEFT COMES FROM
THE WASHINGTON SPECTATOR, THE GREAT
NORTHWEST'S ONLY INDEPENDENT
CONSERVATIVE COLLEGE TOURNAL, FULL
OF WONDERFUL LEFTIST REBUTTAL AND
COUNTER ATTACK. FOR MORE INFO AND
GOOD STUFF, SEE THE LETTERS CHUMN.
— TAV

FRR the

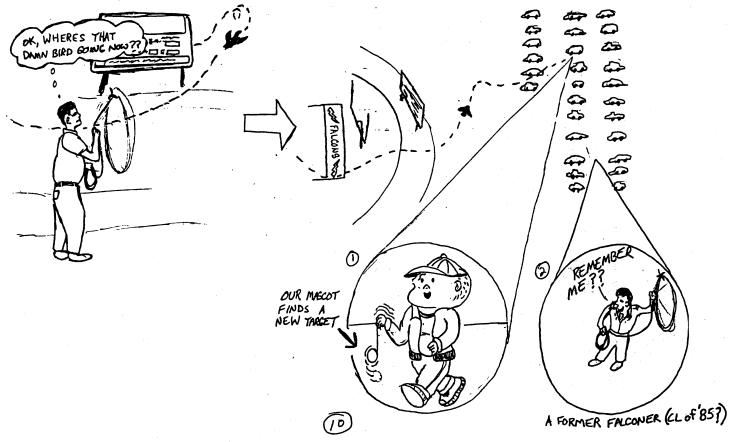
The "FARSIDE" of Air Force Football

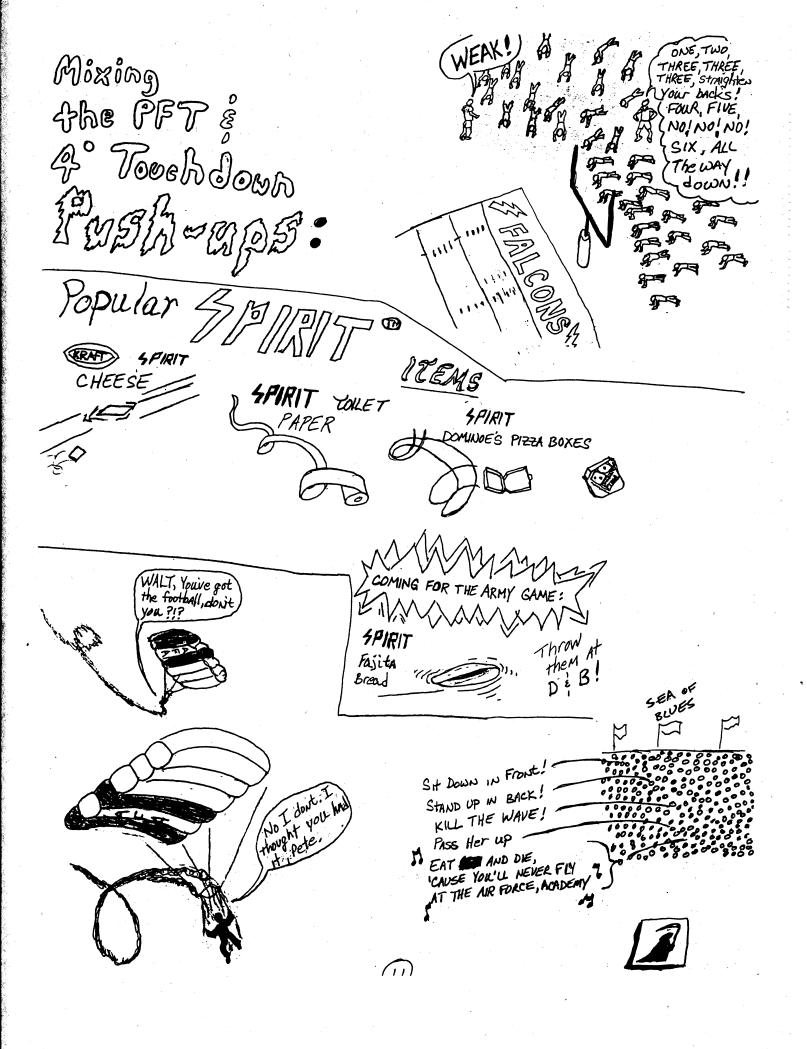


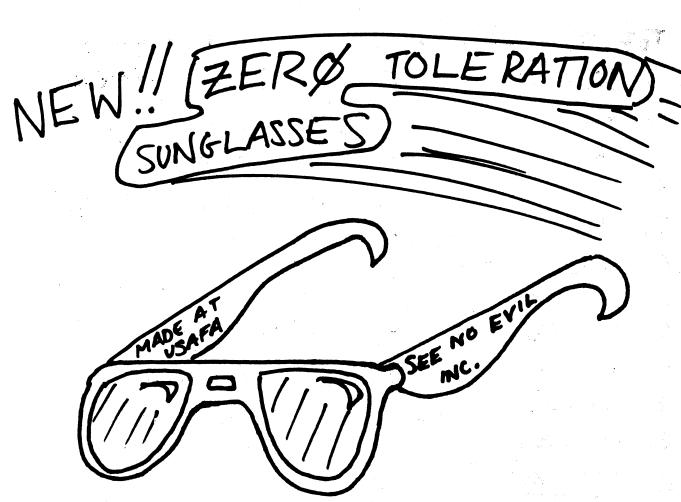




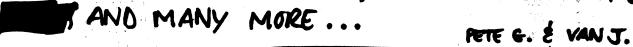
SOME REASONS WHY FALCONS LEAVE THE STADIUM:

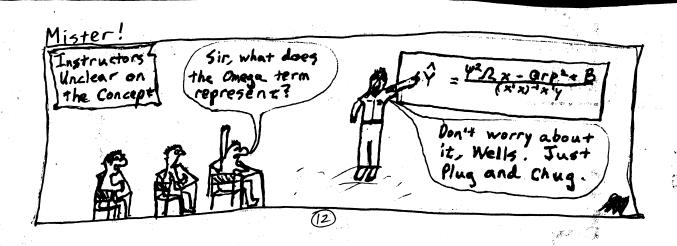






AUTOMATICALLY DARKEN IN TIGHT SITUATIONS TO PREVENT YOU FROM WITNESSING REG. VIOLATIONS IN THE DORMS. I.E. THEFT, IMPROPER UNIFORM,





TOP TEN REASONS WHY ARMY DOESN'T STAND A CHANCE AT WINNING.

10. Mitch's makes our foot ball players big and strong.

9. The grunts can't figure out how to get tanks into the stadium

8. The blinking lights on that big board confuse + scare them.

7. They're too basy riding their own ass.

6. Fisher's convinced their team that TDs for them are only 4 pts and AFs are Still 7 pts.

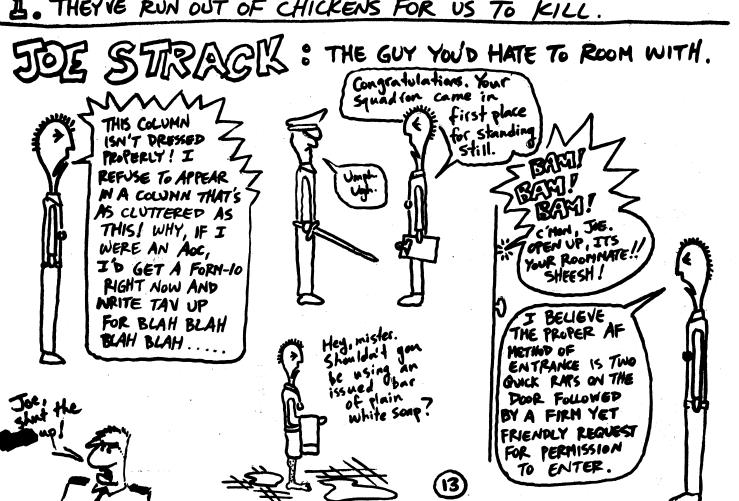
5. Their offensive doesn't have any artiMery support.

4. Their humor magazine, The Pointer, just plain

3. What else do you expect from a ground-eating grant?

2. There are no topographical maps of their football field.

1. THEY'VE RUN OUT OF CHICKENS FOR US TO KILL.



I hope that the United States of America has not yet passed the peak of honor and beauty, and that our people can still sustain certain simple philosophies at which some miserable souls feel it incumbent to sneer. I refer to some of the Psalms, and the Gettysburg Address, and the Scout Oath. I refer to the Lord's Prayer, and to that other oath which a man must take when he stands with hand uplifted, and swears that he will defend his country.

General Curtis E. LeMay



YO! THERE'S DUST UNDER YER DESK, FIRSTIE



ONE MORE REASON WHY THEY DON'T TRUST US WITH ALCOHOL OR CAMERAS

ATTENTION PODO COLONELS. TIRT MISIC MAIR - GROWN

MASIC MAIR - GROWN

JUST LOOK AT THE AND ATTITUDE IMPROVEMENT

PROVEN RESULTS! AND ATTITUDE IMPROVEMENT

PROVEN RESULTS! FORMUL A 14 700

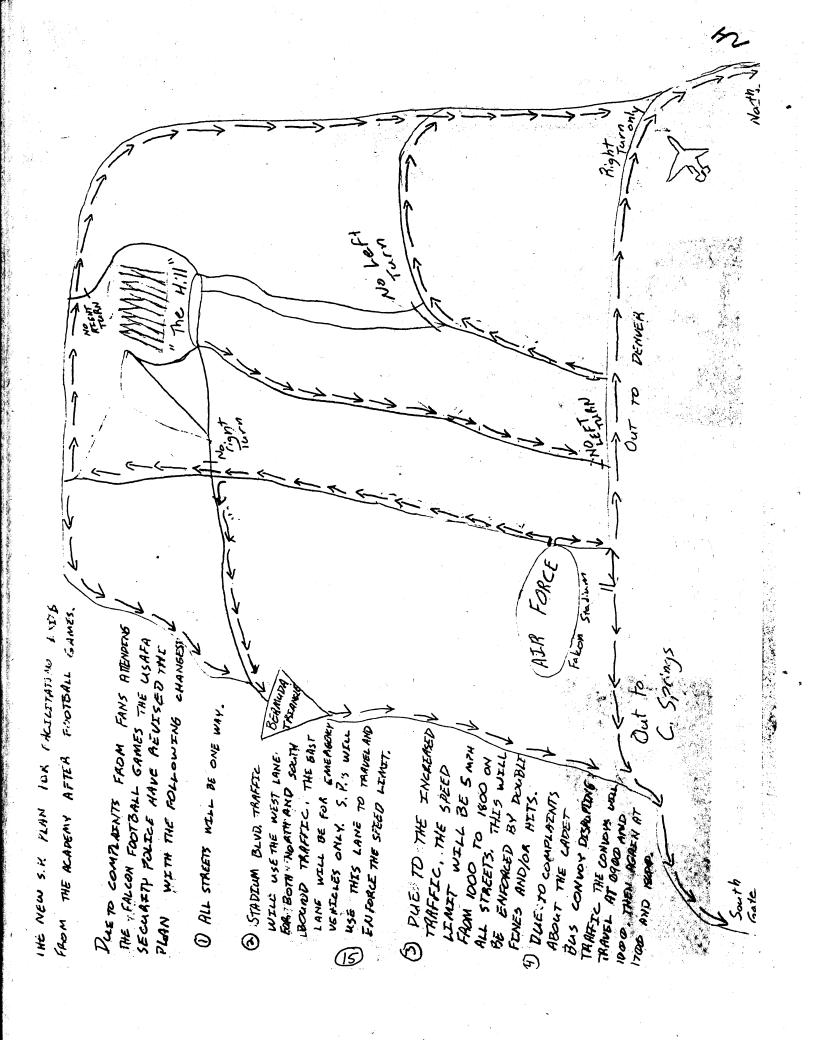
BEFORE

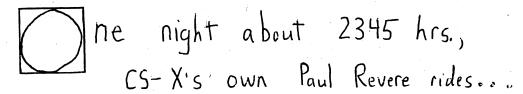


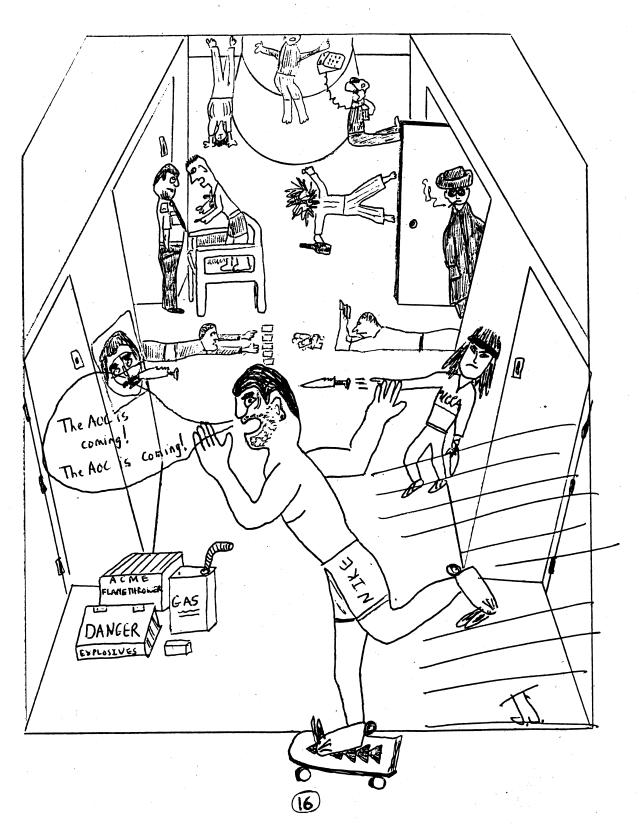
AFTER 2 WEEKS



OPPER !
SOME!
POPASE!
MOPALE!
DUDE!







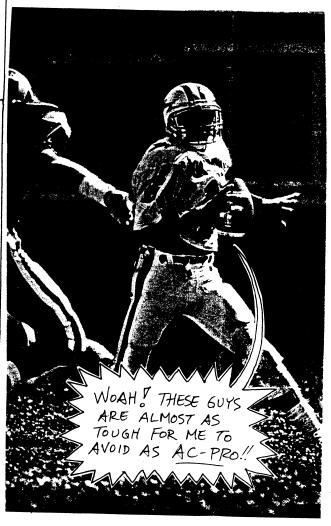
OH WHERE,
OH WHERE
HAS OUR
LITTLE DEE
GONE, OH
WHERE, OH
WHERE COULD
HE BE



AH, THE SWEET MEMORIES

A NOSTALGIC LOOK AT AN AIR FORCE MIRACLE (his graduation, that is)







Freshman Glossary Words for the Wise

Those new to our campus sometimes labor under the misapprehension that normal English is the language spoken here. Not so, words have different meanings here, and as a community service we offer this lexicon translating the arcane jargon you will be hearing. (Note: four out of five UW professors agree that liberal use of these words will significantly increase the overall grade of any written assignment.)

Affirmative Action: Racial discrimination, when advocated by liberals.

Bias: The crime of having convictions: can only be cured by extensive "sensitivity training" or death.

Capitalism: A deplorable state of economic violence inflicted upon the defenseless.

Compassion: A measure of one's willingness to appropriate other people's money for the homeless and other victims of economic violence (cf. "Capitalism")

Conservative: A backward thinking, repressed, bigoted, homophobic, gun-owning, truck-driving, tobacco-chewing, reactionary troglodyte.

Diversity: Pitting different groups against one another in direct opposition to the old "melting pot" goal of society. Equity: Goal of government programs designed to take money from people who earn it and give it to those who don't.

Fairness: The purpose of taxation used for the systematic penalization of the most productive members of society.

Fascism: The act of supporting any candidate to the right of Jesse Jackson, opposing communism, or both.

Greed: The desire to keep the money one earns.

Homophobia: Disapproval of sodomy

Idealism: Anything hippies believe in: drugs, promiscuity, poor hygiene, left-wing politics, etc. . .

Justice: A vague concept which can only be found in communist countries or, briefly, in courtrooms when pro-life protestors get convicted.

Liberal: An Enlightened, fair, open-minded, uninhibited, thoughtful, critical, compassionate, tolerant person

Patriotism: A dangerous neurosis uncommon on campus

Peace: Catch-all concept having something to do with vigorous opposition to anything that furthers U.S. interests. Pride: A tricky subject, as it is sometimes a sin (e.g. "I'm proud to be an American") and sometimes a great virtue (e.g. "I'm proud to be a Lesbian")

Progressive: In the U.S. this means left-wing, liberal, communist or socialist. In the USSR, this means being capitalist

and anti-totalitarian. Go figure it.

Racism: The guilt-ridden state of no being a person of color.

Relevance The state of being opposed to traditional morals, societal structure, etc. . .(e.g. "Shakespeare is no longer relevant, but Marxists feminist are")

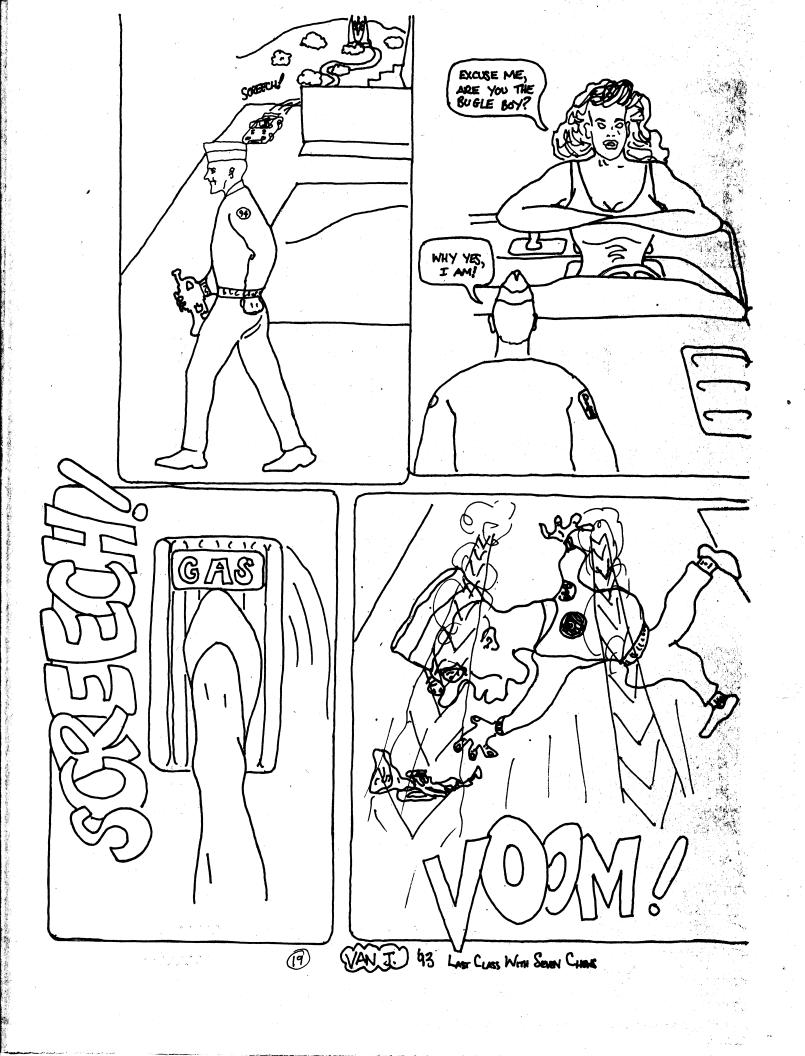
Sensitivity: Willingness to listen to others bitch, whine, etc. . .

Sexism: Being a male

Socially Conscious: Saying "But what about the homeless?" a lot.

Tolerance: Used to mean putting up with anything of which one disapproves: now one may no longer disapprove (18)

Values: What used to be called morals, back when people still had them.





THANKSGIVING, EVERYONE! THANK YOU FOR ALL THE COMPLIMENTS /

20