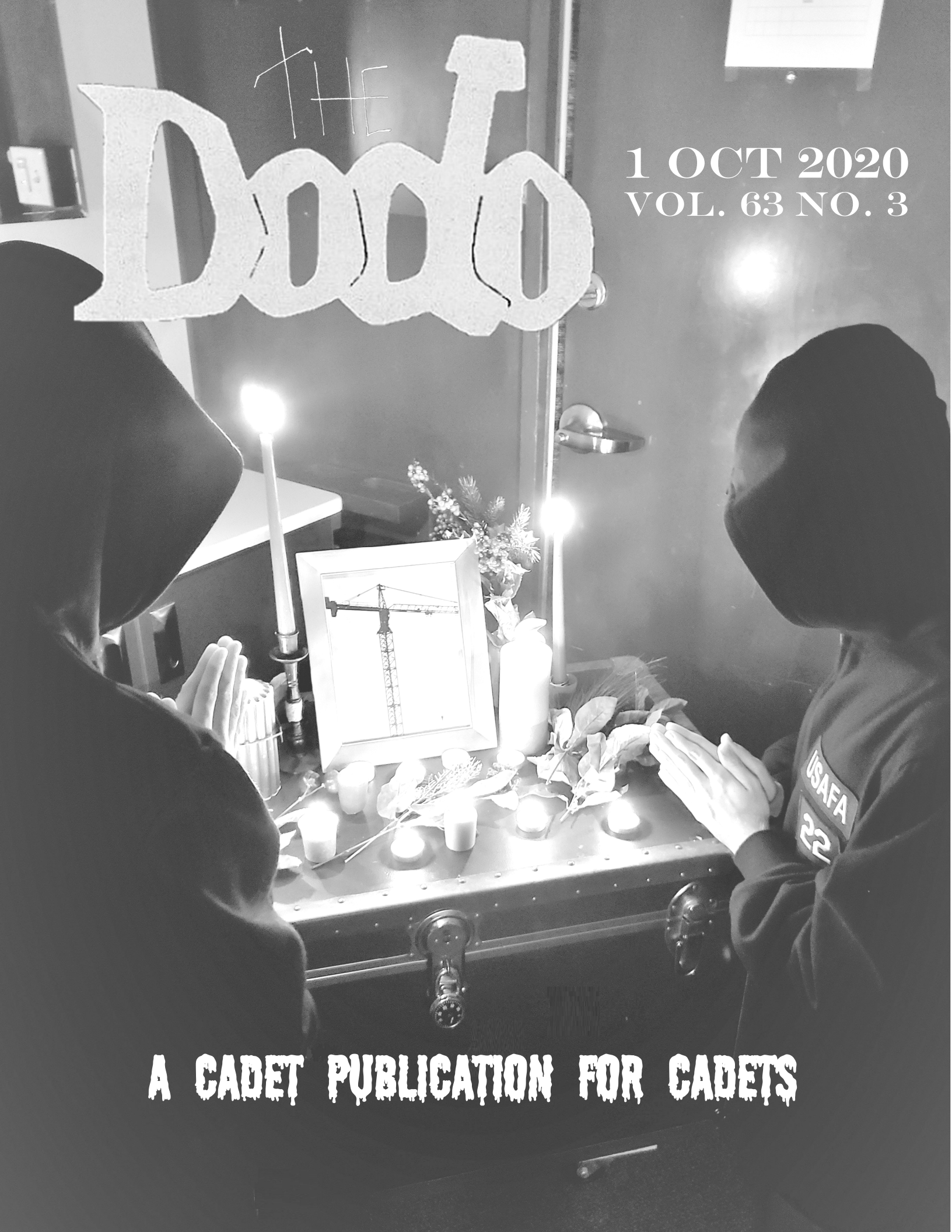


# THE Dodo

1 OCT 2020  
VOL. 63 NO. 3



**A CADET PUBLICATION FOR CADETS**

# The Haunting of Vandy 3E54

You are all alone and all you can feel is your heart beating in your chest. Captain Lance P. Sijan haunts the dorms at the Air Force Academy. This is the story of one day during a doolie year long ago...

I awoke at 0530, just like every smack did in those days. As I memorized the checkpoints for the day, I became aware of a low rumble coming from inside the walls. It sounded just like the distant purring of a Chevrolet engine, trying to lure me in like a Siren's call. Then it grew quiet again.

I put the thought out of my mind—it was just hallucination caused by sleep deprivation from the intense training we went through on a day-to-day basis.

I decided to head to the library before class. Running the strips at full speed, I saw something out of the corner of my eye. It was a blur of red... cherry red, but as soon as I turned my head, it had disappeared. I tried to maintain a steady heartbeat and control my breathing, but instinctively I knew something wasn't right.

It wasn't until after my seventh period I finally saw it...him... something... a *skeleton* man. On top of the F-4, peering down at me with empty sockets—and in a flash he was gone. Heart racing, I triple-timed back to my room. Doing only flanking movements for speed, I reached C4C Lee's room. I threw open the door without knocking. "It's Lance!" I panted, out of breath. Without stopping, I explained to him everything that happened from morning till then.

Lee didn't doubt me for a second; he was from the bayou, and I knew that he was an expert on ghosts. While I was still speaking, he was darting about the room, grabbing an assortment of items. An e-fold, contrails, contraband candles, an MRE, a football, a 2 of diamonds (We didn't have an ace of spades), and a Hot Wheels corvette. C4C Dankworth had just gotten back from practice, so we got him help with the séance as we prepared for nightfall...

As the blood-red sun dipped behind Eagle's Peak, we began setting the stage. An E fold with the four corners secured by candles lit with the MRE matches. The football, hot wheels corvette, contrails, and

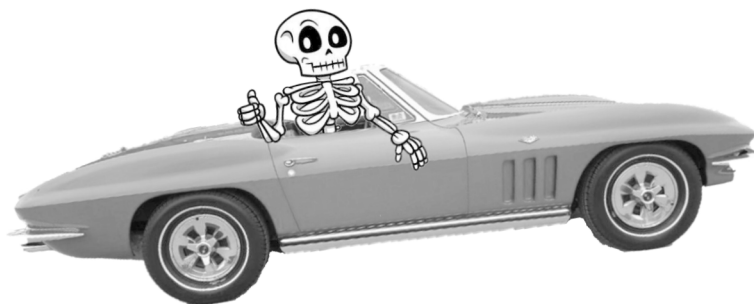
playing card we laid down to make a square in the center of the E fold. Taps finished playing as we joined hands to chant *General John M. Schofield's Graduation Address to the Graduating class of 1879*. As it followed, we began to inspire hatred against ourselves. Suddenly, a gust of wind burst into the room, extinguishing the candles. All was dark. A booming voice filled the room, "OBSERVED LIGHTNING HAS BEEN DETECTED WITHIN 5 NAUTICAL MILES, SEEK SHELTER IMMEDIATELY."

Silence.

"What lightning?" I whispered to Lee.

Picture a skeleton man... "A flash lit up the room, illuminating Him—the skeleton man formerly known as Lance P. Sijan, sitting in a cherry red corvette. I was vaguely aware of a dry rattle as he stepped out of the car with an absolute smoke show of a C-springs honey hanging off his arm. "I'm a good looking guy," he told us, "and I have a sweet corvette." And just as suddenly as he came, he was back in the car and disappeared with a squeal of his tires, leaving us with the smell of burning rubber and the bewilderment of wondering if what we just saw was real.

To this day I think about that night, wondering if it wasn't all my imagination. C4C Lee Form-34ed later that semester, and Dankworth got kicked out for lying about alcohol. I never heard from them after that year, and I probably wouldn't believe the story myself. But if you walk through the second floor of Vandy on a quiet night, you too might here the distant engine and the voice of the ghost of Captain. Lance P. Sijan...







To: CW\_ALL

Subject: Cdt/Midn Pay

Good afternoon cadet wing,

With the Navy game coming up, and since we in the Finance Office don't really have much going on (besides really messing up your pay and taking money out for things that aren't real) we decided it would be of interest to share with you all what your fellow service members at the Canoe U receive for their monthly compensations! Although it is not normally protocol to discuss information like this, we don't really care about following protocol (such as not paying \$0.01 to an entire class three months in a row). So here it is from Annapolis' Office of Finance:

- Midn will receive the following as monthly compensation for their service:

- § \$25 quantity of Rubber Duckies to use during their allotted company bath time.
- o The design may change from month to month

i.e. one month may be little sailor ducks, ducks wearing a cap and gown during graduation month, or regular duck

- § Four (4) pairs of Sparkly Thongs each month for Midn to wear while on liberty (extreme wear and tear requires monthly issuance)

- o Options include the pink sequin ones or the white beaded SpanX
- o Femids usually opt for a cash sum equivalent for the undergarment
- o Regular mids have the same option, but it is unpopular to do so

- § One (1) personal dorm squid

- o New squids issued every month because Midn have no idea how to take care of anything and they end up waffle-stomping the poor bastards down the shower drain two to three days after pay day

- § The remainder of pay is deducted as "NAF/EX Debt". This is used to finance random things around campus or line the pockets of the football coach

We hope you found this information enlightening, we will be back next month with more pay information from your ground-pounder buddies in New York.

Neglectfully,  
USAFA Finance Office

# WAYS TO OCCUPY YOURSELF

## DURING THE NEXT SAMI

By Flintstone

**SIMON SAYS:** One roommate does a series of drill movements the other has to copy without getting caught

**BONUS – In Motion:** perform transitory drill movements

**BEHIND ENEMY LINES:** Between the time the SAMI starts and the inspector enters your room, learn how to report in using a different language and do so maintaining your cover

**BONUS – Cold War Spy:** Report in with Russian, Vietnamese, or Korean

**RESUPPLY:** Retrieve hidden food from around your room and eat it without getting caught

**BONUS – Supply Lines:** Deliver the food to other squadmates

**TELEPHONE:** Starting at the room closest to CQ, pass a vital piece of intelligence clockwise around the entire squadron without interception by stan/eval

**BONUS – Encryption:** Deliver the message in Pig Latin

**MANHUNT:** Escape your room without being caught and stay hidden until the end of the inspection.

**BONUS – Risner:** convince five other cadets to join you on your escape

**PENNIES:** Flick pennies across the hallway into the room across from you.

**BONUS – Burn Baby Burn:** warm up the penny with a lighter before flicking it to catch them off guard)





Once upon a morning early, while I patroll'd mean and surly,  
Proxy sniping, silent griping, just a little bit buttsore  
While I swaggered, nearly staggered, suddenly there came a cry  
As of someone's life in danger, crying, crying, like a wh-re .  
"Tis some Marine," I muttered, "crying is typical of the Corps—  
Only this and nothing more."

Unmistakingly I remember, 'twas a cool and foggy morn,  
'Twas October thirty-first; it was ordained, the day was curs'd--  
Nervously I look'd round, had been two days since my last breakdown  
There again a louder calling, calling different from before  
Peered I to look below, off the bridge to the ground floor—  
Racoons and garbage there, nothing more.

Into Mitches then I headed, anticipating a menu that I dreaded,  
My mind distracted, the call forgotten,  
Silently I choked down my gruel, thinking of how cruel  
It was to feed us soggy eggs from week before  
Soggy eggs, and coffee dregs,  
Only this and nothing more

I exited--appetite un—whetted—over my first period GR I fretted  
The night before I did not study, I'd been drinking with a buddy  
Then again I heard the cry, I turned to look unto the sky  
In my path he then alighted. Behold what tragedy unsighted!  
These birds are blighted, this I cited, from an ancient book of lore  
"I'm not the droid you're looking for."

"Cursed fowl, feathered devil! Tzo guardian of evil"  
I'm sure to passerby it look'd bizarre, but I was late for my GR  
To block my path seemed the aim, of this loathsome cawing game  
Of the square root club I was the czar, and if I failed this GR  
I'd be dis-enrolled by the registrar. I turned away, I swore.  
Quoth the magpie, "You're Done For!"

# The Magpie

*Based on "The Raven"*

*by Edgar Allen Poe*

*Pica hudsonia*

*...the common magpie is widely considered one  
of the most dangerous animals in the world..*

*-Wikipedia probably*

100



MIDN  
STACY

MIDN  
STACY'S  
MOM



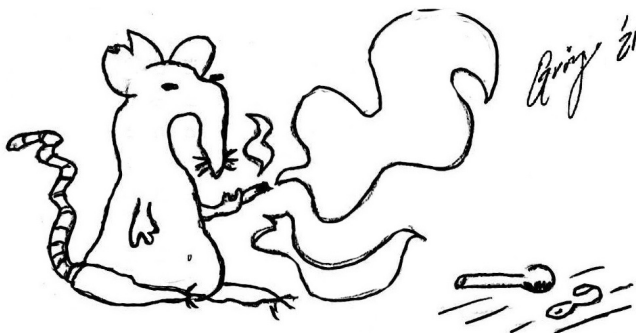
Grig. '21



Vandy Mice



Gijan Mice



"Those two gym bros who are athletics officers together"

**NOMINATION FOR AWARD**

<b>AWARD</b> Dodo of the Month		<b>CATEGORY (If Applicable)</b> MPA Boosters	<b>AWARD PERIOD</b> The Month?
<b>RANK/NAME OF NOMINEE (First, Middle Initial, Last)</b> C1C Spartacus A. Centurian		<b>MAJCOM, FOA, OR DRU</b> USAFA	
<b>DAFSC/DUTY TITLE</b> Doolie for Life	<b>NOMINEE'S TELEPHONE (DSN &amp; Commercial)</b> (888) 447-5594		
<b>UNIT/OFFICE SYMBOL/STREET ADDRESS/BASE/STATE/ZIP CODE</b> Cadet Wing/Falcon/This Aint It Road/USAFA/Kinda Sad/69420			
<b>RANK/NAME OF UNIT COMMANDER (First, Middle Initial, Last)/COMMANDER'S TELEPHONE (DSN &amp; Commercial)</b> C1C Alastair S.M. Redline /(719) 266-2837			

**Cadet Centurian has gone above and beyond the line of duty this month and should be commended for his excellent efforts. There are few more fit to be Dodo of the month, and it is for the following reasons I recommend him for this high honor.**

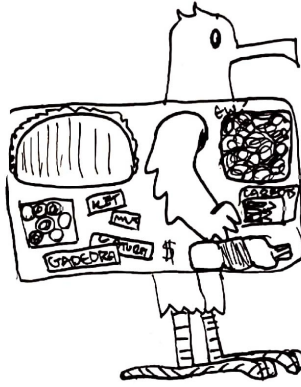
- Vacuumed over 10 square feet of SAR--reduced foreign object area damage by 50%
- Responded to urgent request to reserve academic room for critical upgrades meeting--rescued failing organization
- A true humanitarian; delivered over 2 tons of boxed meals to local shut-ins  
--set new record for delivery time
- Supervised long overdue sanitation and complicated preventive maintenance inspection on critical electromagnetic microwave surfaces  
--Prevented future sustenance preparation delays, ensured continuous support to OEF mission
- Exhibited remarkable military bearing/ldrshp when asked to clean "the fruit loops out your mil drawer"; demonstrated sense of service--instilled purpose & responsibility in peers
- Vol'd as Wing asst urinalysis coordinator--dedication, service before self, ensured a zero tolerance USAFA  
--Unwavering attn to detail; monitored collection of 39+ specimens, zero discrepancies  
--Informed that Wing asst urinalysis coordinator is not a cadet job--exhibited work ethic above and beyond expectations
- Works one squad job and goes to school full-time--monumental dedication/work ethic!  
--Increased knowledge; completed five courses; maintained a 2.7 GPA
- Coordinates and manages support of religious observances; assesses support needs, formulates plans, and prioritizes use of available resources to support crane-based ministry including worship services, liturgies, rites  
--Conducted services during MCQ; touched over 1000 lives  
--Provided mission oversight to delay cadet chapel reparations  
--Consummate team builder & religious magnate; built premier proselytizing core team--new church ties w/13 other bases
- Sank Navy



# THINGS TO DRESS UP AS FOR HALLOWEEN (USAPA THEME)



FLIGHT SUIT  
AMONG US  
GUY



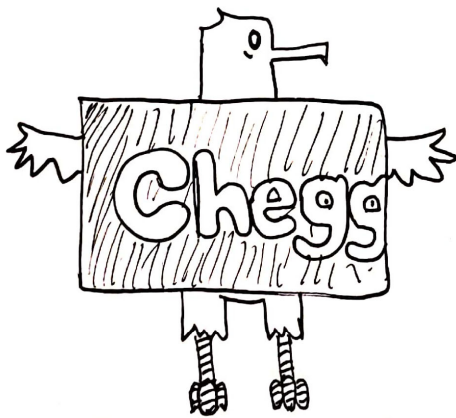
BOXED NASTY  
(TERRIFYING)



THAT WOLF  
FROM THE  
GREAT WOLF  
LODGE THAT  
KEEPS POPPING  
UP IN MY  
NIGHTMARES



DUNKIN ICD  
COFFEE ♥

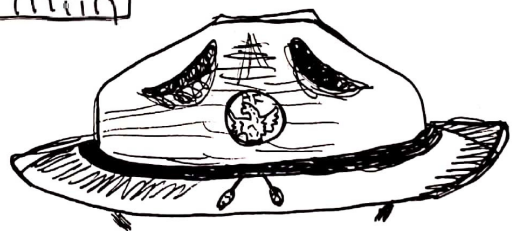


CHEGG - (REALLY SCARY)



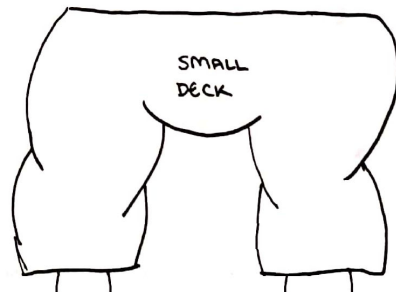
THAT  
SAME  
WOLF'S  
GIRLFRIEND

## ADDITIONAL ACCESSORIES



SMOKEY THE BEAR HAT!  
\*LIMITED EDITION

SLIPPED LEG DAY? WORRY NO MORE  
WITH OUR PATENTED PADDED LEG INSERTS



NAVY UNIFORM



# HAPPY SPOOKY SEASON!

*from your DODO staff*

## JUST HERE FOR THE CLOUT

Gringo

Redline

Renegade

Iceboy

HASN'T CONTRIBUTED A  
DAMN THING SINCE THE  
AUGUST ISSUE

Centurion

## COVER MODELS

Flintstone

Roller

## CHIEF CONTENT CREATORS

Zookeeper

Prior

Legacy



## **THE NEW ORDER OF THE CHILDREN OF THE CRANES**



**Come to SPIRIT HILL  
October 7 at 1800**

to learn about  
**CRANE SPIRE**  
the newest cadet Spire  
group on campus!

*Refreshments Provided*  
**(Doolies bring smokers)**