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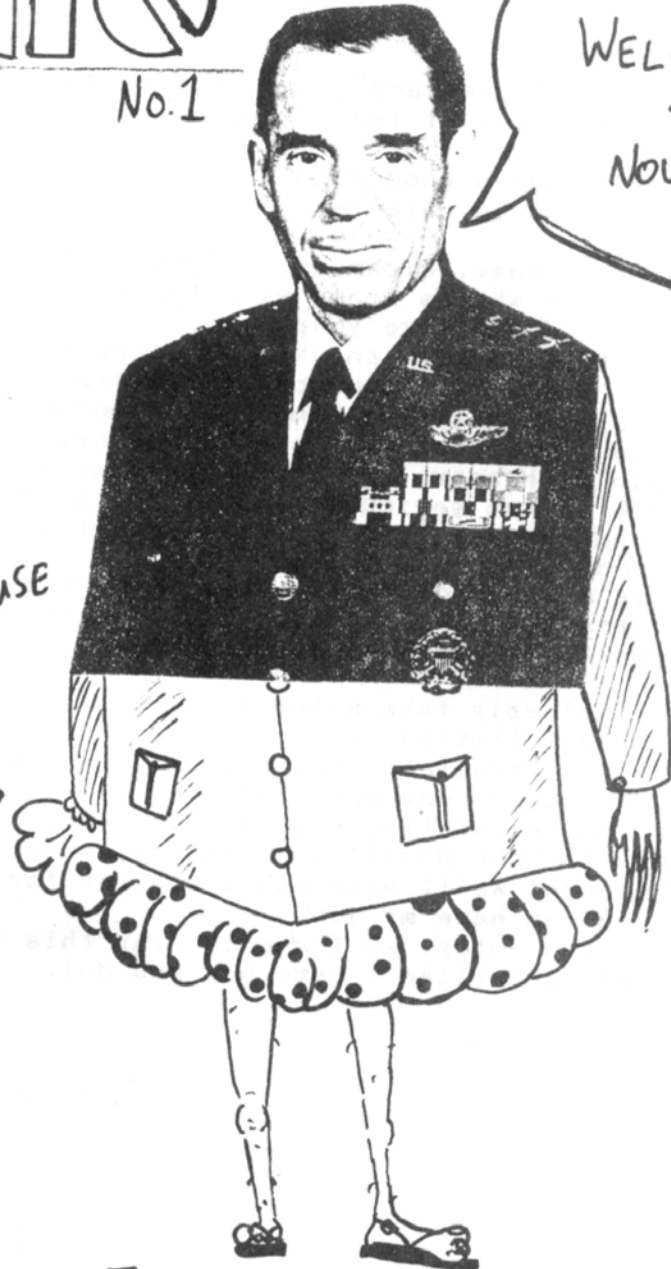


VOLUME 36

No.1

HUMOR FOR NO APPARENT REASON
AUGUST 1991

WELCOME HOME,
BOYS + GIRLS.
NOW GET YOUR
CHINS IN



MICKEY MOUSE
'DF'
HAND

FREDDIE KRUEGER
'CW'
HAND



ROD SERLING
LOOKALIKE



WANTS HIS
OTHER
STAR,
ASAP

MOTS-

EDITOR'S PAYGE

Well....

I would say "welcome back", but we used that joke on the cover, already. Oh well, at least your getting a *Dodo* to start the year off with.

Hey, I didn't say a good *Dodo*.

For those who could care less, I'm Slow, and I'm the new editor of this rag.

No, Slow is my **name**. Nickname, anyway. My grandmother's probably saying, "So what's wrong with the name your parent's gave you, hmm? You don't like your name?"

My name is fine. Having an extra moniker throws off people who carry Forms 10 around on their person.

This year's *Dodo* will try to remain as humorous as possible, minimizing serious material. Any serious material will be presented herein with acerbic wit and scathing sarcasm. If you think an article is too serious, read it again. You probably didn't understand the joke. If you still don't like it, get your own magazine.

My staff is a bunch of the funniest guys you could ever meet. They are ready to work hard, and put plenty of time and effort into this thing. If you meet one, buy him dinner or something.

We will shamelessly take material from all sources. This includes, but is not limited to: old copies of this magazine, old copies of other magazines, the boring tripe you send us, and, when we are pushed, our own stuff.

Seriously though, we like your ideas. People ask me, "Is this good enough for the *Dodo*?" Heh. Have you ever read this thing?!? *Good* enough? We'll make you a staffer for an article. Hell, for two you can have **my** job.

Well, lines are money, so I should wrap this up. Good luck on first semester (like I care how you do).

- SLOW

QUOTE O' THE MONTH:

"IF IT WASN'T FOR CADETS,
THIS PLACE WOULDN'T BE HERE"

- TERRI MEYERS

(2)

USAFAs'S MOST WANTED:

BENJAMIN 'SLOW' MALISOW:

..... MASTERMIND, RINGLEADER

DAVE NICKLAS:

..... DF ASSASSIN

DREW WALTON:

..... HARASSING OFFICERS

JOHN 'GRAMPS' HEIDMANN:

..... IMPERSONATING AN OFFICER

NINO BALDACCI:

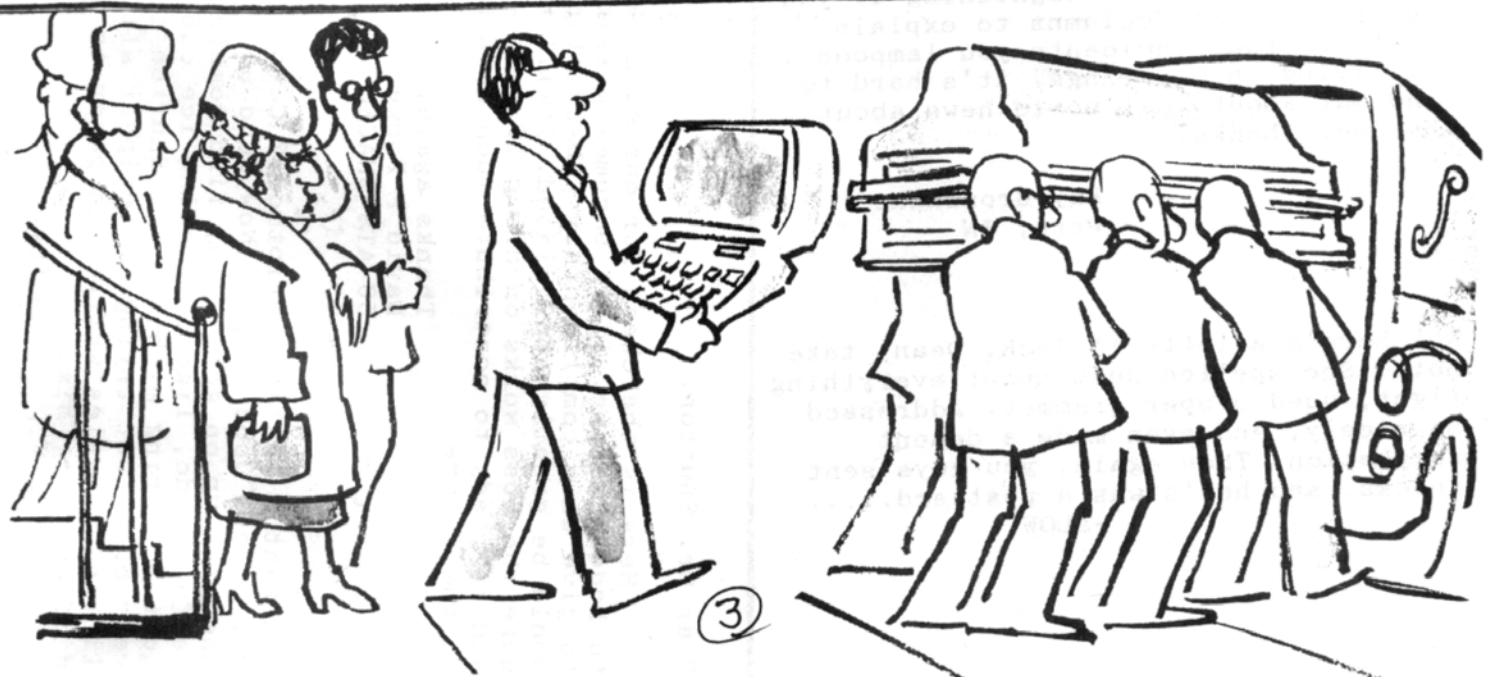
..... ABSOLUTELY EVERYTHING

MATT LACY:

..... FELONIOUS CYNICISM



HEY! THE DICE MAN IS ALWAYS AN HON-OR-ARY MEMBER OF THE STAFF! YA KNOW WHAT I MEAN??



WHAT REALLY HAPPENED TO DEAN ROYER.....

-SLOW

LETTERS

TO THE EDITOR

Dear Dodo rag-masters

Enclosed is my hard-earned cash which you extortion artists always seem to wrench from my grip.

Of course, for this much money I would expect a USAFA contingent to be sent here, at Spangdahlem AB, Germany, to tell me the most avant-gard Dodo humor personally.

Anyway, here is my cash-
Now make me laugh

Jack Stuart, '85
Germany

Uhhh....Make you laugh? You didn't send enough money for *that*. What I *will* do is tell you that avant-gard is spelled wrong. See? A \$25 dictionary. And where else can you see a general in a dress?
-SLOW

Thanks for all your efforts in putting the Dodo together. I enjoy seeing a bit of irreverent life at USAFA! It would be enlightening if you use the editor's columns to explain a little about incidents you lampoon. Not living in C.Springs, it's hard to find out about real world news about the Zoo. Thanks!

Kay Grosinske
Peru, IN

Now here's a letter!! Jack, Dean, take note. She spelled just about everything right, used proper grammar, addressed me nicely, and even made a decent suggestion. Then again, you guys sent checks, and her's was a postcard.....
-SLOW

4

Cadet ██████'n' Wing Media (DODO)

Hey you ██████s,

Here's the ██████ money, you bloodsuckers. Let's get some ██████'n' funny stuff goin', OK?

Otherwise, ██████ you!

Dirty Dean, '74
Livermore, CA

Hmmm..At least you spelled everything correctly, Dean. I'll let the rest go; I can understand how living in a place called Livermore would affect someone.
-SLOW

Dear Mr. Shurton,
Here is the check for our subscription to Dodo Magazine. If it becomes possible to give us a complimentary subscription, it would be greatly appreciated. I will make sure the boss works on his golf game and is ready to contribute much much more in the future.

Thanks again,
David F Forger
50 ATS SNACKO

You want a WHAT subscription?? Complimentary? OK, here: "Good shoes". Now send us more money. And give up on golf, man; find something more useful to do, like collecting ice cubes. And quit bothering my boss, Mr. Shurton is not only very busy, but trying to decipher all those little squiggles written on paper is very difficult for him.
-SLOW

Is that the
DEAN?

can't be.
He's got wings

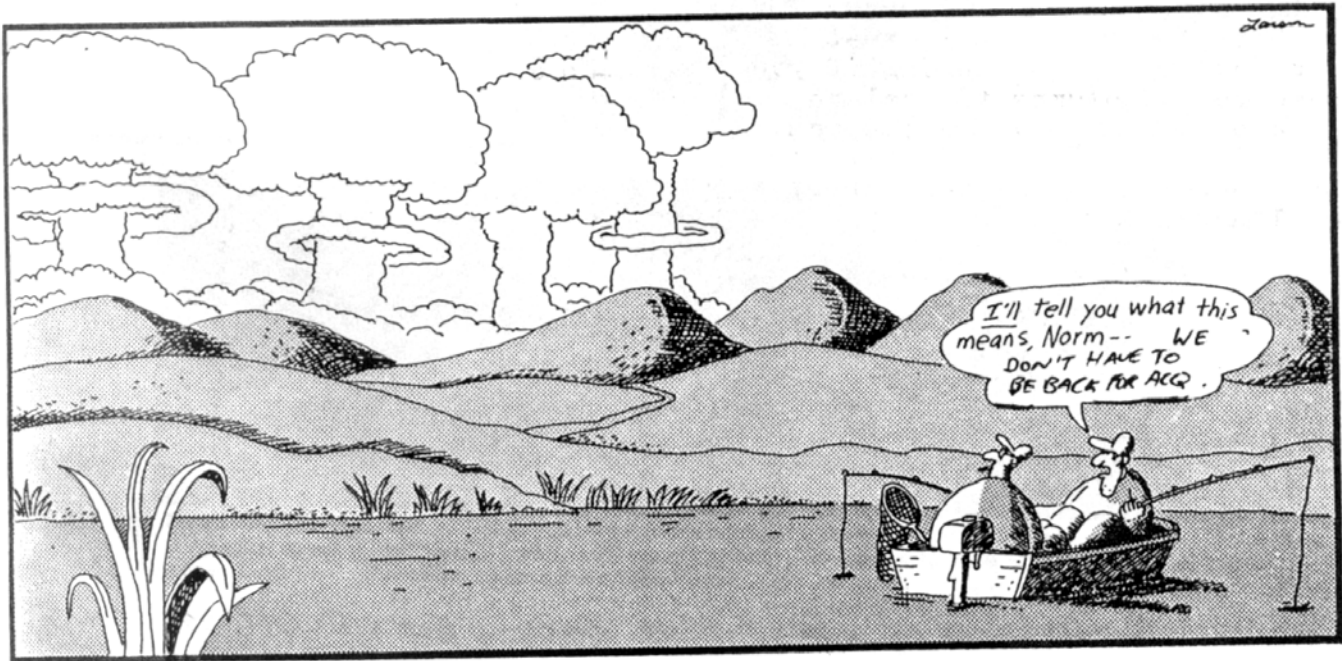
yeah, he's
got more
than 4 ribbons,
too

And a sense
of humor

I heard he
played football

TACKLE?

M



5

DAVE

Alright, Rich, that's low enough. We don't want to scare the fans too much.

This press conference doesn't get started until reporters fill in the front rows!!



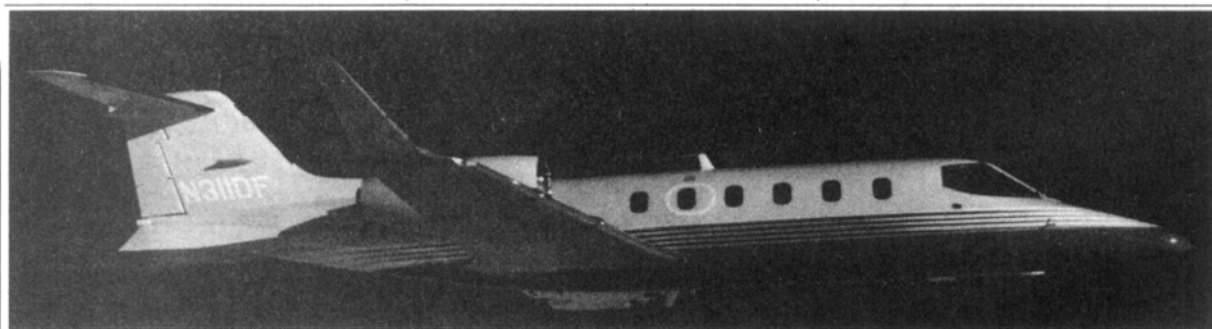
Think yer high enough?

Fly lower, you panzies!



Don't forget yer chins either!!

A token Joe!



Paulson's acquisition of Learjet Corp. should increase the company's stability in the marketplace. A version of the Model 31 business jet (shown above) is competing against the Beechcraft 400T and Cessna T-47B jets for the USAF Tanker Transport Training System contract.

MOTIVATIONAL PHOTO #17 FROM THE BOOK "CONVINCING '92 THAT TWO-TRACKED UPT ISN'T SO BAD".

-SLOW

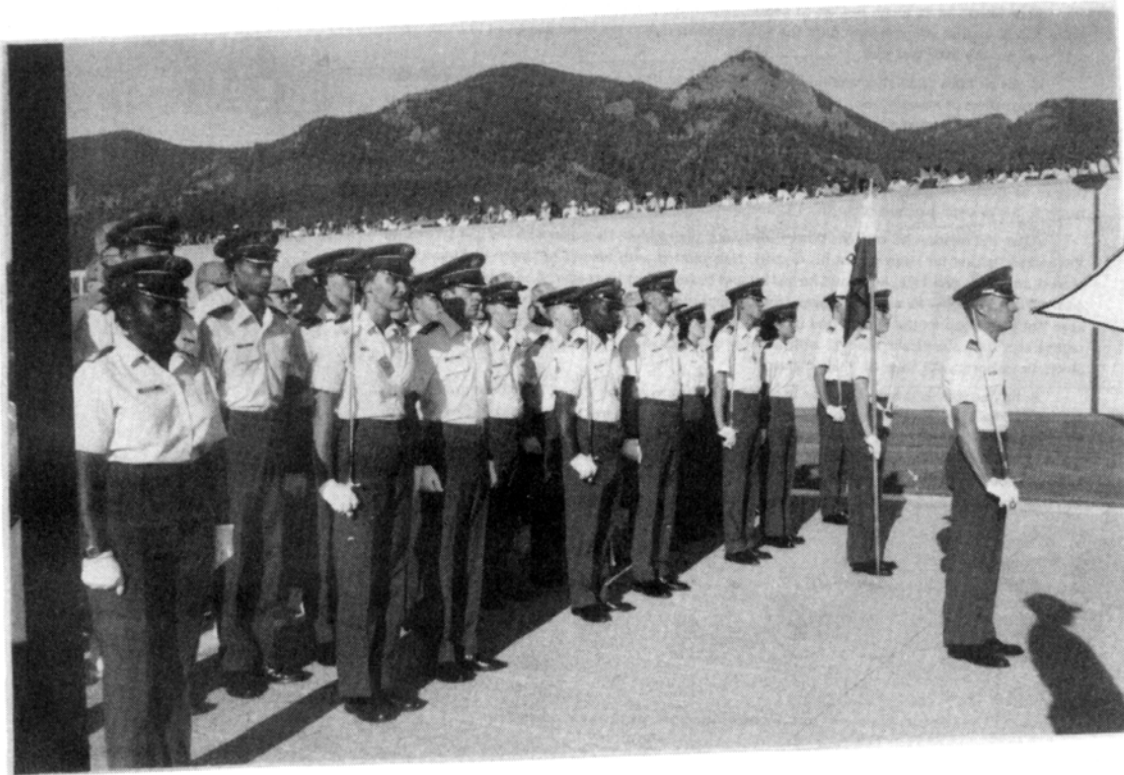
(6)

Good Evening, '93. Seats, at ease. I'm the Group
Commander, and you're not. The reason I called this meeting in
parades is because I'm the Grp. Comm., and I can. But remember, you
can't. Anyway, I just want you to know that I'm here to help and
guide you, the little people. Why, it seems like
just yesterday when I was sitting in those very
seats...



Heich

1st Grp leads the way, Because I said so!



We heard you
sell edge dressing
here. What time do
you open?

M

(7)



What Is A Fighter Pilot ?



A fighter jock is quite a phenomenon. He likes flying (single seats only) and especially gunnery, acrobatics and cross countries. He has a strange fascination for flying boots, gambling, cigars (the bigger the better), and breaking glasses. He can usually be found in sports cars, at parties or happy hour. His natural habitat (while on the ground) is Europe and/or certain parts of the Orient. He has an affinity for women and booze (especially Martinis so dry the bartender just faces Italy and salutes). He likes Steve Canyon, to read Snoopy, eat steaks and tell dirty jokes. His favorite hiding place is in dark cool bars or behind a pair of dark glasses. He is capricious. To amuse himself he may fire practice flares from mobile control, throw empty beer cans down the BOQ corridors, pour drinks down an over-exposing décolleté, or become generally obnoxious. His favorite conversation revolves about a continuous chatter concerning flying, booze or females (the order of priority is apparently irrelevant).



He has an aversion for survival training, bomber pilots (or most other pilots for that matter), mobile control, AO duty, and extended alerts. He tolerates ankle biters and house apes (other than his own) and has an overwhelming hatred for bingo. Whenever possible he avoids weather, icy runways, lost communications, flame outs and ejections. Water makes him sick (unless frozen and surrounded by Scotch), and would rather face a firing squad than be caught pushing a baby buggy or carrying an umbrella. At the mention of matrimony, he becomes a catatonic schizophrenic and has a mysterious distaste toward wearing a wedding band.



A fighter pilot is a composite. He has the nerves of a robot, the audacity of Dennis the Menace, the lungs of a platoon sergeant, the vitality of an atomic bomb, the imagination of a science fiction writer, glib as a diplomat, impervious to suggestion and is a paragon of wisdom with a wealth of unsorted, completely unrelated and irrelevant facts. He wears the biggest watch, has the shortest staying power

When he tries to make an impression, either his brain turns to mud or he becomes a savage, sadistic jungle creature bent on destroying the world and himself with it.



Who else can cram into one flying suit: check lists, maps, zeus openers, check lists, a dime novel, knives guns flares and snares, nylon cording, a handkerchief, assorted inhalers, aspirin, cigarettes, a flashlight, check lists, pencils, pens, gloves, a deck of cards, coded telephone numbers, a wallet, keys, his horoscope, a talisman, a St. Christopher medallion, check lists — and a chunk of unknown substance.

At home with his wife he is docile, sweet, tender, loving, amiable — just a helluva nice guy to have around the house — straight arrow all the way, except when they're fighting — then he becomes a beast who is tyrannical, suspicious, diabolical, and a masochistic sex fiend who just ain't got no couth (these symptoms may also appear after beer call).



As a father he is tough but oh so gentle, kind, just, protective, far sighted, ambitious and really proud of that young fighter pilot (he'll never admit it, and it's never displayed in public, but that goes for the little girl too).

In the air he is calculating and confident. His voice gruff and steely cool (an acquired characteristic regardless of how he feels), pierces the garbled waves, barking terse commands. On the hunt he becomes part monster: scanning with the eyes of a falcon, has the reactions of a cat, the instincts of a barracuda, the cunning of a fox — and the ability to rotate his head 360 degrees on all axes. When approaching the target, mind and metal fuse, spawning a killer-child. Destruction is sure and precise as Euclidian geometry. Steel and fire split the icy atmosphere — swift and merciless he revels in his private moment of truth.



After the mission he is tired, thirsty, dirty and bedraggled. He walks with his legs crossed to the nearest latrine (or empties out his G-suit). Hair matted with helmet rat snarls and mask scars etched on a red, raw face, he knows he has bit and beaten the grim reaper. And then with the oily odor of JP-4 clinging to a salt encrusted zipper-ripper, he'll unleash that shiny-eyed smile which says "let's press on to the O club and inhale a few tall frosty ones" — whereupon he miraculously regenerates into a critical mass and with a flurry of hands, arms, legs and body english stuns his alcoholic cohorts with tales of "hairy" deeds.



A fighter jock is magic, a master imposter, Houdini with the top of his blouse unbuttoned. Sometimes he's old, sometimes young. Immature yet sage, He is instant fear and lasting bravery. The original metamorphosis. Hovers between play and business, and can make your date vanish right before your eyes. He is present, past and future rolled into one. But most of all he's got wings — with a throttle in his left hand and the stick in his right — shackled to a million dollar blow torch and always ready to get the maximum out of every minute of every hour of every day.

—Ford Smartt



Ops... Seeing the "REAL" AIR FORCE

Flying



O-club parties
(after of course)

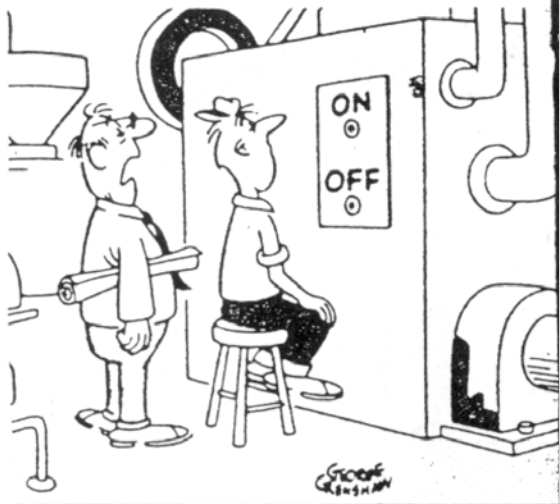


Weekends at the beach



Ops - it's a really
Sickening experience

DAVE



"Think you can handle it?"

AOC TRAINING

- SLOW

Naval Academy Lightens Load on Student.

ANNAPOLIS, Md., May 28 (AP) — The United States Naval Academy has altered its curriculum to ease the strain on midshipmen overburdened by tough academic requirements, professional training and extracurricular activities.

The changes, prompted by complaints from students, especially first-year plebes, will mean doing away with some courses and making some required courses elective.

Faculty members and students have long complained that the Academy's tough academic requirements, combined with professional training and

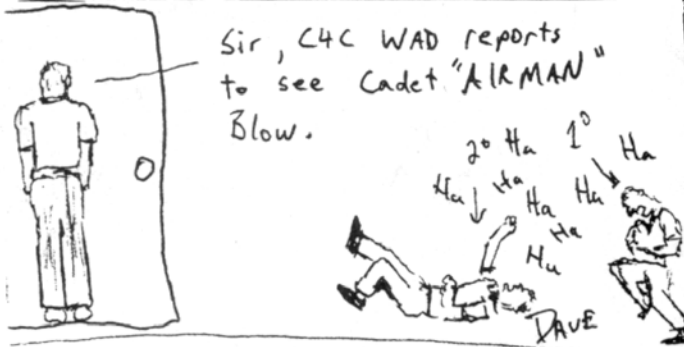
sports, force midshipmen to learn only the basics in their courses.

"Their plate is so full, the kids are taking smaller and smaller bites from their academics," Robert H. Shapiro, academic dean and provost, said last week.

Introductory classes in computers, government and law will be made electives beginning next year. A mandatory computer science class for plebes will be dropped because many know how to operate computers when they enter the Academy, Mr. Shapiro said.

Plebes still must take calculus, chemistry, history, leadership and naval science.

WAH, WAH, WAH, I WANT MY COURSE LOAD LIGHTENED....



Sir, C4C WAD reports to see Cadet "AIRMAN" Blow.

20 Ha 10 Ha
Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha
Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha
DAVE

"ON THE FIELDS OF WILD RICE ARE SOWN THE SEEDS THAT ON OTHER DAYS, ON OTHER FIELDS, WILL BEAR FRUITS AND CELERY" — DOUG MACARTHUR, FROM "OLD MACARTHUR HAD A FARM"

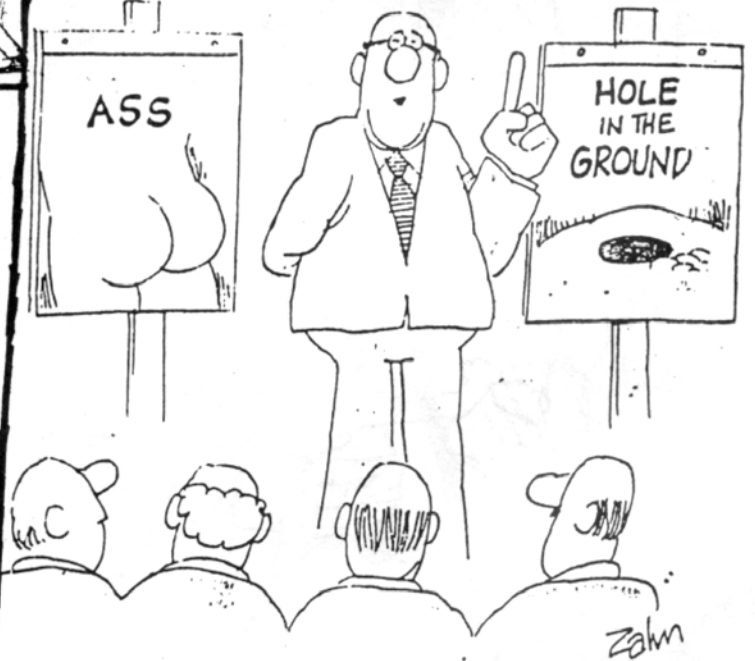


Ya think I could borrow your car?

Borrow my cahe he ha STOP! Youte Killing mehehehe Ha HA HA HA my cahe hah

TOKE '93

LIFE AS A 3°

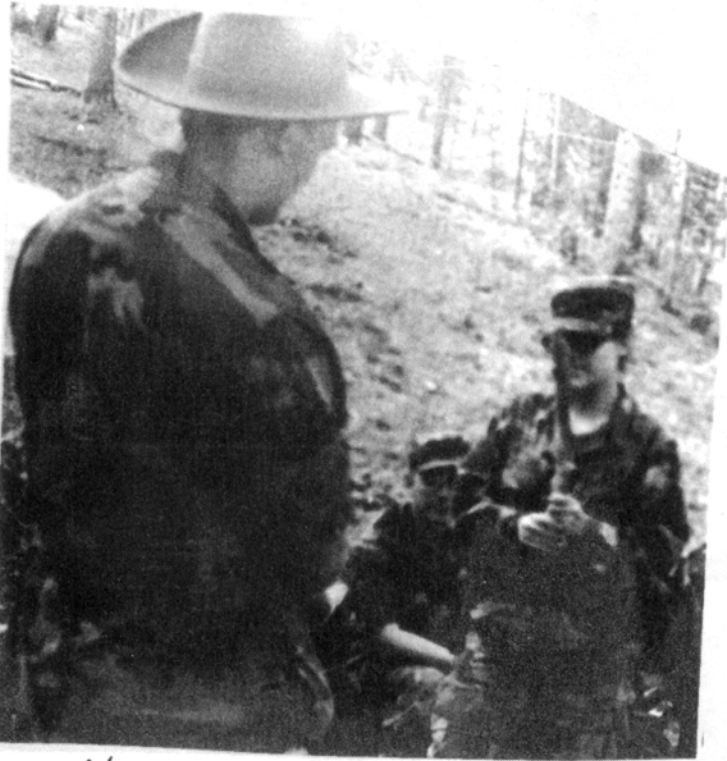


ADVANCED AOC TRAINING

(10)

-SLOW

S.E.R.E. REVISITED

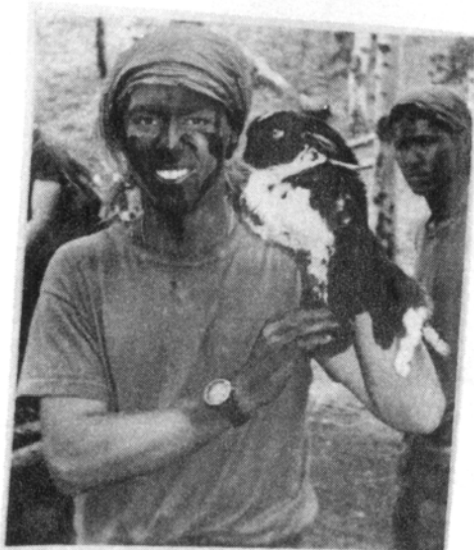


HERE'S THE WINDUP...

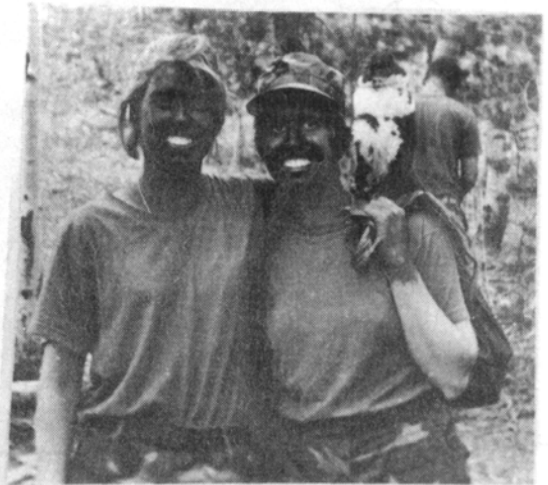


AND THE PITCH!
IT'S GOOD!!

SCORE: 3rd - ONE RABBITS - ZILCH



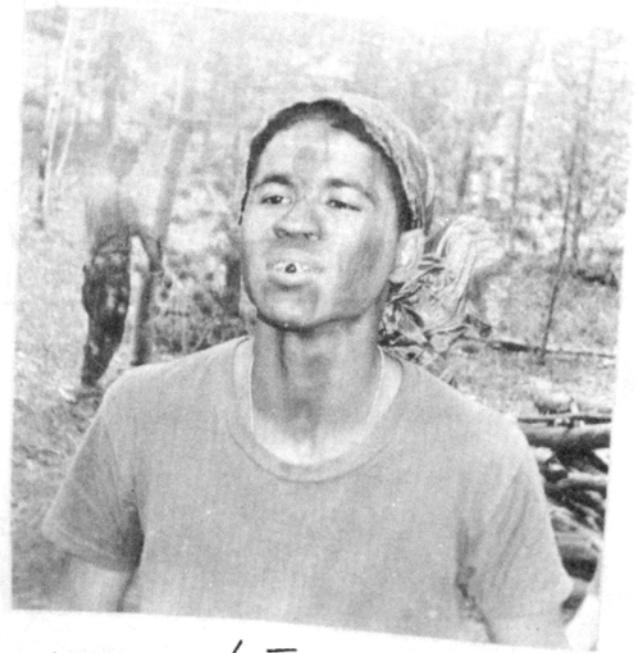
DIDN'T YOUR
PARENTS EVER
TELL YOU NOT
TO PLAY WITH
YOUR FOOD?



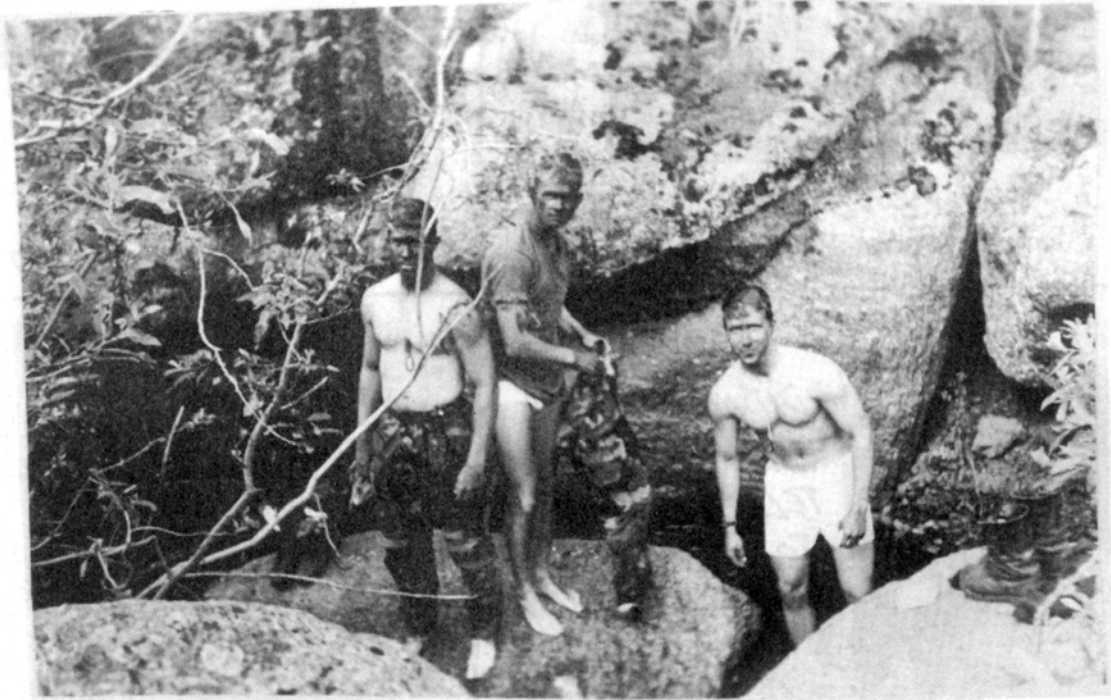
WATCH THE BUNNY +
SAY 'DINNER'!



THIS MAN HAS SPENT
FAR TOO MUCH TIME
IN THE WILDERNESS...



LOOK, MA! THREE EYES!!



3° UNCLEAR ON THE CONCEPT

MANY THANKS TO RYAN NANKIVEL, AND HIS UNWITTING
STUDENTS FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHS!

-SLOW

(12)

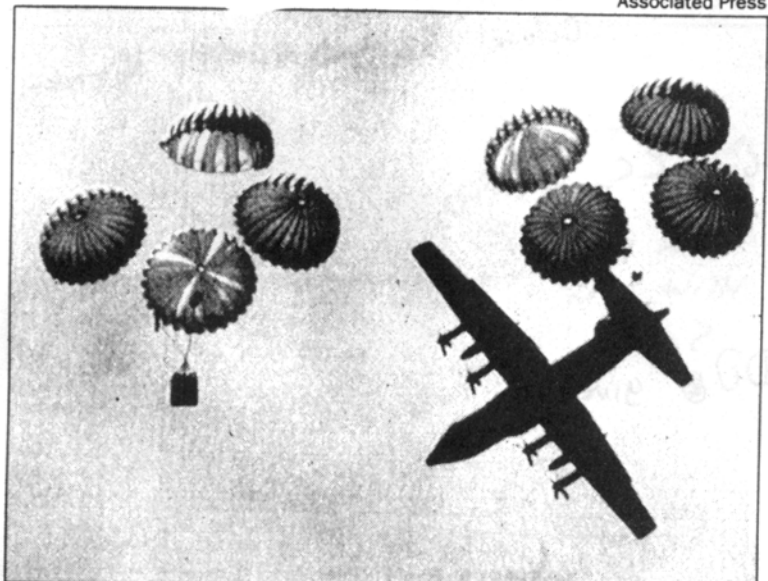
HOLY

- TAOISM [redacted] happens
- CONFUCIANISM Confucius say, [redacted] happens
- BUDDHISM if [redacted] happens, it isn't really [redacted]
- ZEN what is the sound of [redacted] happening?
- HINDUISM this [redacted] happened before
- ISLAM if [redacted] happens, it is the will of Allah
- PROTESTANTISM let [redacted] happen to someone else
- CATHOLICISM if [redacted] happens, you deserve it
- JUDAISM why does this [redacted] always happen to us?
- ATHEISM I don't believe this [redacted]
- AGNOSTICISM what is this [redacted]?
- EVANGELISM [redacted] happens, so make your checks payable to..

You wouldn't believe who I got this from, so let's just say:

-ANONYMOUS

Associated Press



An allied transport aircraft Saturday drops Dodo COPIES to one of the Kurdish refugee camps near the Iraq-Turkey border.

BIZARRO

SO IT IS DECIDED. ALL MALE EMPLOYEES WILL NOW OBLIGATORILY WEAR THIS OUTFIT INSTEAD OF THIS ONE. WOMEN, AS USUAL, WILL STILL BE ABLE TO CHOOSE FROM A WIDE VARIETY OF FASHIONS.



Piraro

© 1991 CHARLES FOSTER

COMING
SOON... To an AAFES theater near you...

WHAT ABOUT BOBBIT

What is this second group ADC to do when her Firsties and 2^{os} go Away on Ops during the Summer? Why, she follows them as the Comp Group ADC.

Laugh as she restricts 1^{os} and 2^{os} three days before they have to leave on Ops.

Watch in suspense as the Cadets wonder if they will really have that AMI.

"She did exactly what I would have done."

Colonel S. - Offutt AFB, Nebraska

Co-starring the 1st period Comp-Group CC as Maj B's loyal Sidekick.

Slow and Dave of DODD® give it two thumbs up.

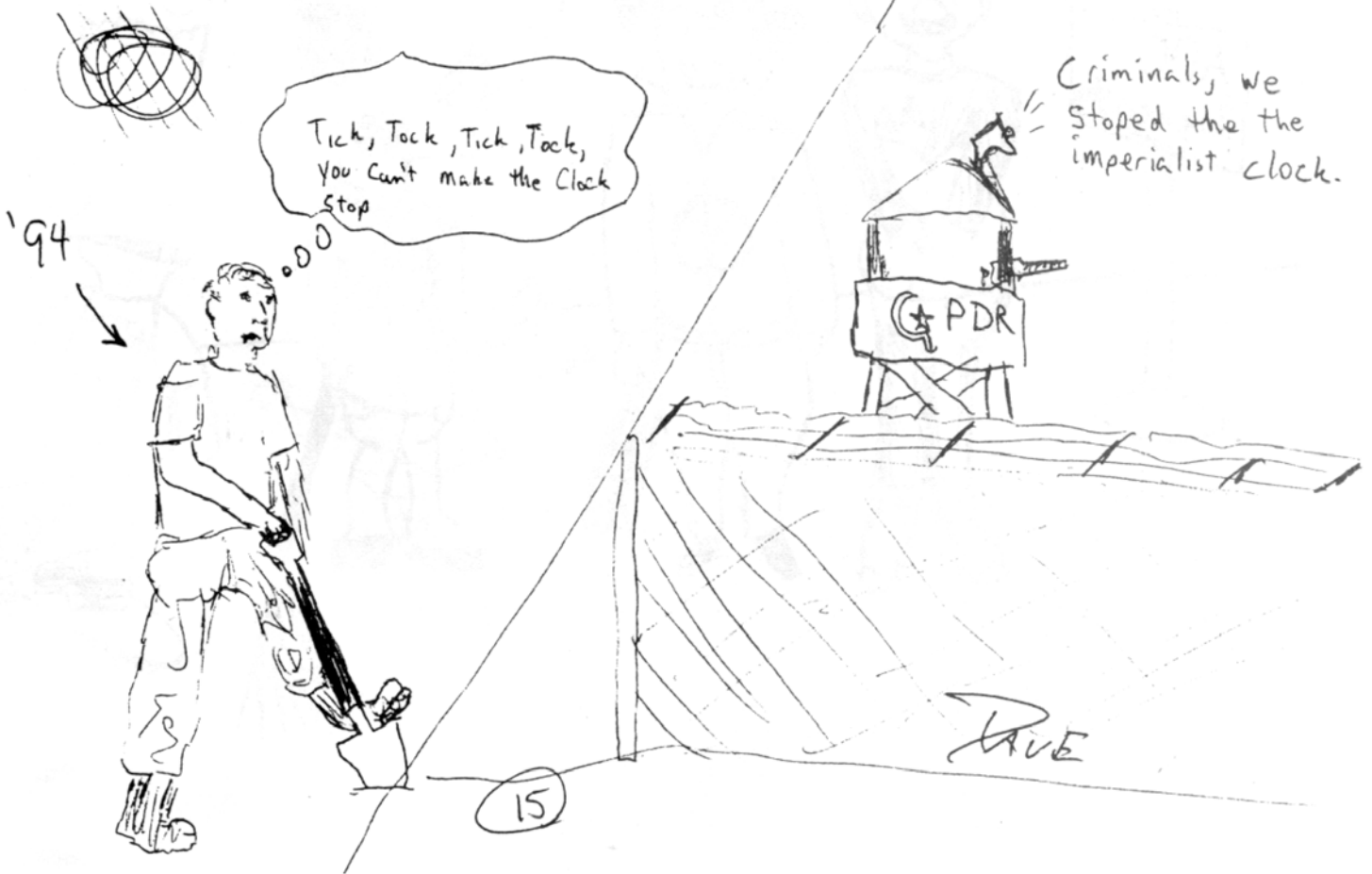
How To TELL
IF CADETS ARE
IN THE THEATER....



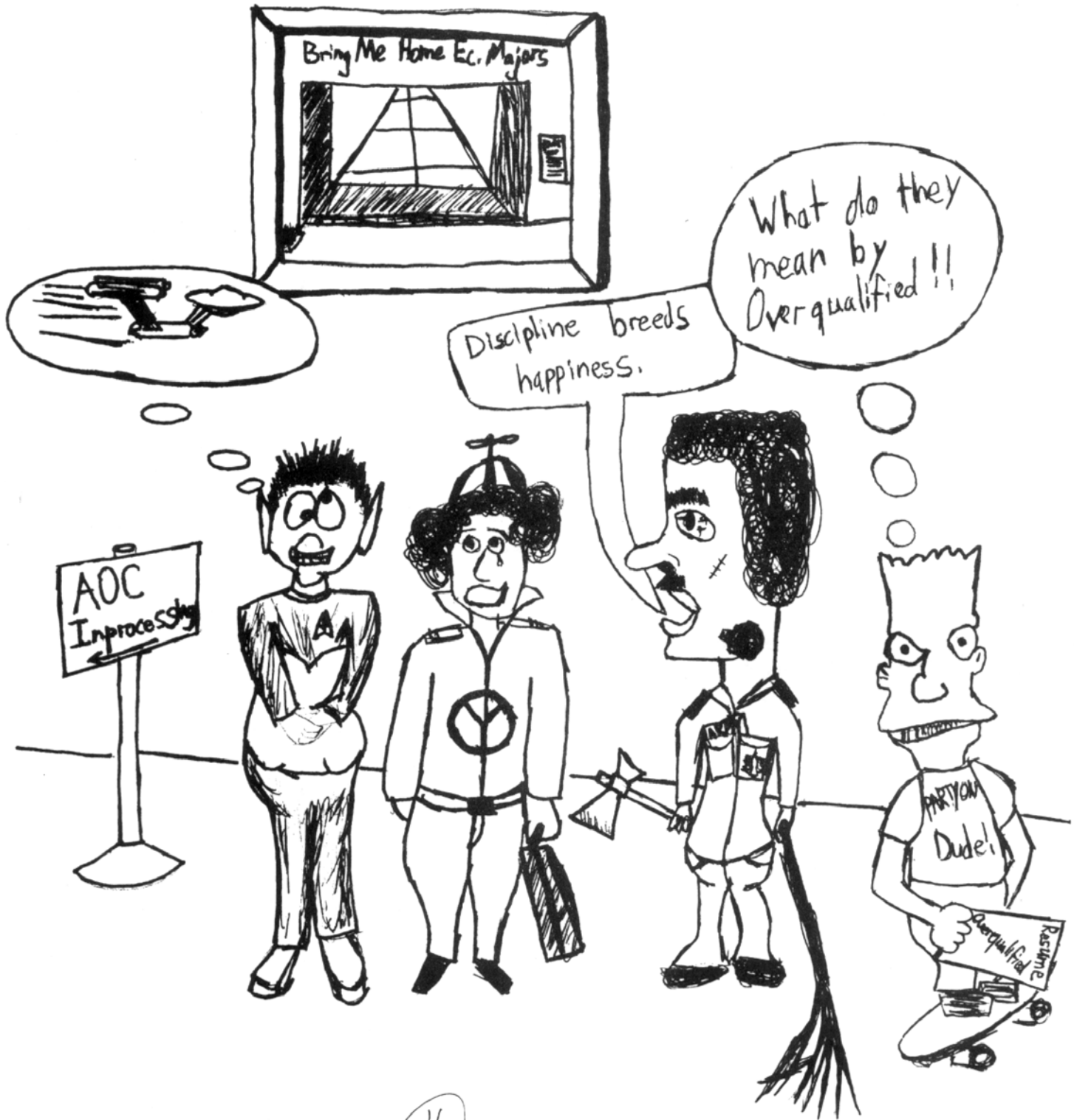
-SLOW

Compound During

Compound, T+16 hrs



Another Great Air Force Day!?



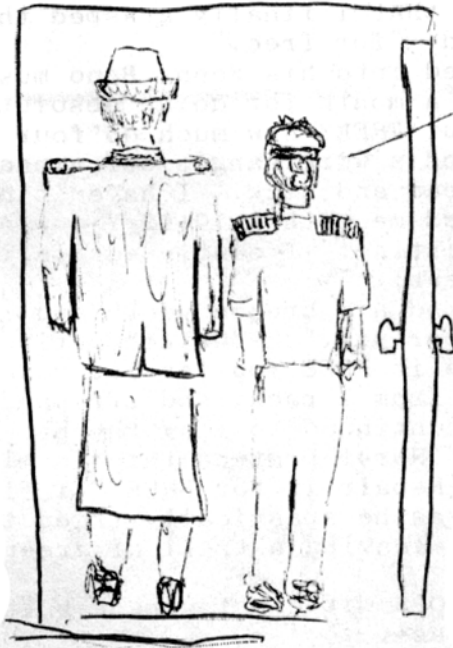
Summer Schedule of an ADC

30 May	31 May	01 JUN	02 JUN	03 JUN	04 JUN	06
Restrict Ops	0900 AMI 0900 - Hair Done	BS	More BS	Even more BS	IRI, SAMI, Training Session, etc	

*

Once upon a time...
During 1st Period Ops...

2664
ADSD 200



Oh yes Ma'am, that Luggage under the beds is just disgusting, maybe if we restrict them...

*Dodo Note - Any resemblances to any people or events in this cartoon are entirely intentional.

DAVE

(17)

DODO TAILS....

Before going on OPS AF, I thought I would plan ahead (there's a little Joe Strack in all of us, I guess). I knew that I would probably accidentally lose/rip off/shred a button or two from my service dress on my summer program, so I went down to the tailor shop.

"Hello," I said to the smarmy-looking greaseball who had a tape measure wrapped around his neck like a symbol of office, "I need a couple extra buttons for my service dress."

"I can't give you any, but we'll replace them if they come off," he replied slowly, as if I were a retarded child.

I smiled and answered coolly, "That's great, but I would like some extra for when I'm away this summer."

He didn't even blink. "Just bring it in when you get back, and we'll put new buttons on."

I was quickly losing patience with this illiterate civilian, "Look, if I lose a button, it won't help me to know that you could repair it, if you happened to be in Mississippi with your Crayola chalk sliver and a Cub Scout Sewing Kit. I need those buttons NOW."

"Just bring it in and we'll fix it."

I was steamed. "So if I go back to my room and slice all the buttons off my service dress, and keep those, and bring in my service dress today, you'll put new buttons on it."

He seemed pleased that I finally grasped this basic concept. "Yep," he said, "for free."

"FREE?!" I screamed into his Sonny Bono mustache.

"FREE?!? I pay you \$17 a month for doing absolutely nothing, and you talk to me about FREE? How much do four plastic buttons cost?" I grabbed a wire hanger off a nearby table and struck him about the head and neck. "I haven't been here since last time you threatened me with a 10-10-Y for not attending a 30-second Mess Dress fitting!" I continued flailing him. "You worthless parasite, speak!!"

He spat blood around his broken teeth and ruined lips.

"But it comes out of your pay," he whined pitifully.

"That doesn't make it FREE you fascist rodent!" I grabbed a service dress blouse from a rack, and stripped the buttons with one hand while I continued to flay the backs of his calves with the other. "Here! Pretend this is mine you bloodsucking flatworm! Repair it for FREE!" I flung the coat at his retreating feet as he spastically tried to lurch away on his hands and knees, leaving a trail of green ichor on the cheap carpet.

I made it through OPS without losing a button. But I had four extra....just in case.



-SLOW

19

"WAR TO THE HILT BETWEEN COMMUNISM AND CAPITALISM IS INEVITABLE. TODAY, OF COURSE, WE ARE NOT STRONG ENOUGH TO ATTACK. OUR TIME WILL COME IN FIFTY TO SIXTY YEARS. TO WIN, WE SHALL NEED THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE. THE WESTERN WORLD WILL HAVE TO BE PUT TO SLEEP. SO WE SHALL BEGIN BY LAUNCHING THE MOST SPECTACULAR PEACE MOVEMENT ON RECORD. THERE SHALL BE ELECTRIFYING OVERTURES AND UNHEARD OF CONCESSIONS. THE CAPITALIST COUNTRIES, STUPID AND DECADENT, WILL REJOICE TO COOPERATE TO THEIR OWN DESTRUCTION. THEY WILL LEAP AT ANOTHER CHANCE TO BE FRIENDS. AS SOON AS THEIR GUARD IS DOWN, WE SHALL SMASH THEM WITH OUR CLENCHED FIST."

Declaration by Dimitry Manulleki,
Professor at the Lenin School of
Political Warfare in Moscow, 1930

MASKIROUKA, LADIES + GENTS, MASKIROUKA.

- SLOW