

492

Vol. 6, No 8

# THE DODO

A CADET PUBLICATION FOR CADETS



FOR  
UNOFFICIAL USE  
ONLY

Today, the Air Force took the wraps off its new M-1A/C-J. Disguised to look like an ordinary sub-sonic buffer, this weapon has a mach 3 capability.

# A DAY part 4

# THE DODO STAFF

We marched to the evening meal. The tractors had plowed the snow in deep banks. I watched the man in front of me go out of sight in the snow.

When we got to the dining hall they had locked all but one door. The SOD stood outside writing up people for snow on parkas.

In the rush someone took his form 10 pad. He proceeded to cry.

"Disgusting" I thought....."Taking his form 10 pad."

"SIR, Tasmanian-Hungarian/Mexican fresh-fried cumquats," cried my doolies cheerfully.

I grabbed the menu

"Ha, I thought so," I exclaimed."

They are not Tasmanian-Hungarian Mexican fresh-fried cumquats, but Tasmanian-Hungarian/Mexican fresh-fried hot dogs."

My doolies started to cry.

"But, Sir." They protested.

We proceeded to eat our hot dogs and instant potatoes.

Back in my room, my roommate was busy cramming doolies in our closet. Security Flight played revillie at 78 rpm, and the doolies scampered back to their holes.

Our window blew out and snow started to come in the room. My roommate and I moved to the latrine.

We sat down and started to study.

Two spades.

Have you gotten the Mech?

Three hearts.

What's the answer to 25?

Four No- Trump.

No, I mean 26.

Pass.

What about "Whan that Aprill with his shoures soote....?"

It's your trick.



What is a "Goon"?

What do you mean, your trick, that's trump.

Let's see, according to His Royal Majesty, we have a communication problem.

That makes a book.

Gentlemen, is the latrine for cards?"

It was the OC.

No, Sir. My roommate and I answered.

Very, well, initials?

Suriundstan....

But just then Security Flight played first call, and we scampered away.

## EDITOR

Mike Regnier

## ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Joel Wendt

## WRITERS

Gorden Bredvik

James Lydon

Dick Klass

Nino Baldachi

John Heimberger

Glenn Emigh

## CARTOONISTS

Mike Ditmore

Harv Wallender

## PHOTOGRAPHERS

G Gaulke

Phil Hepburn

J J Davis

## DISTRIBUTION

Mike Greece

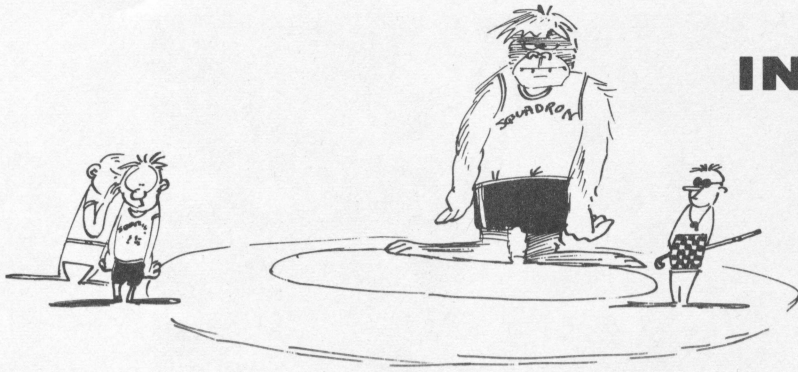
## TYPISTS

Ted Saito

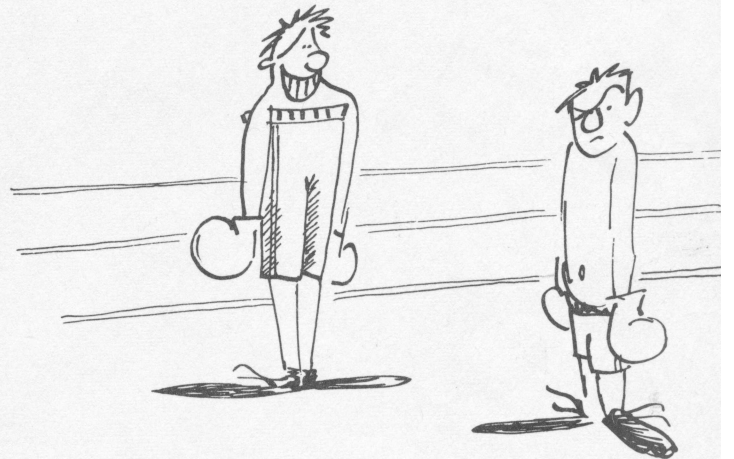
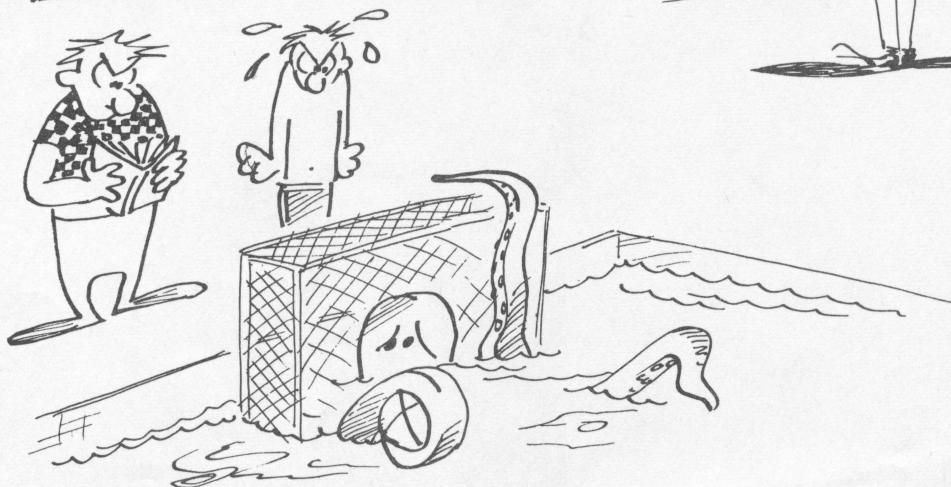
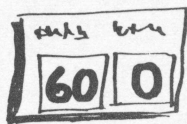
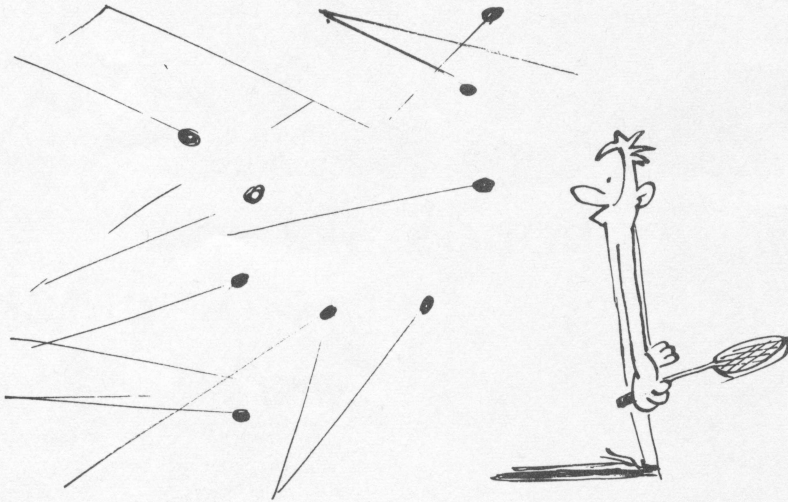
Don Kingsley



# INTRAMURDERS



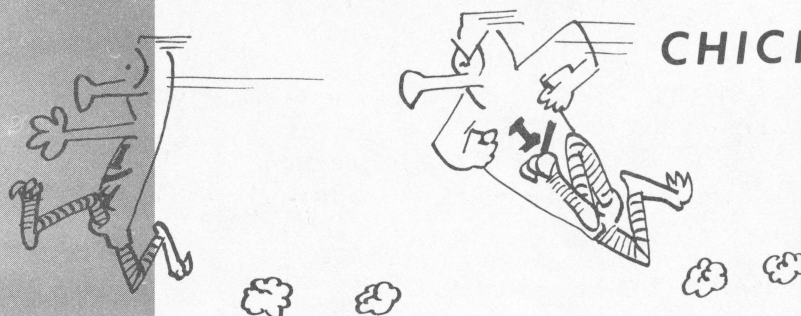
"YA, BUT HE'S TERKISH....."





DODOS and

CHICKS



Miss Sandy Sharp works in the visitor Center. As our pictures indicate she is sharp. It seems a shame that the center is so distant from the Area. However, if you feel like seeing her, she works until 1700 in the afternoons.



This is the Academy. More than 2000 cadets live here. They obey the regs most of the time. But when they don't..... its our job.

My partner's Bill Jones, the Boss is Captain Smith, my name's Fink.  
1915 hours; We were working the night watch out of Security Flight. The phone rang Bill answered.

"Security Flight, Jones....yes, dear, all right dear, I will dear O.K. goodbye dear."  
It was his roommate.

The phone rang again. I answered this time. We received a report that a ring of cadets had not been wearing regulation Air Force pajamas. Our job, find 'em.

1930 hours: We put on our overcoats and went down to the third group area. We knocked on the door and flashed our armbands.  
"May we come in, we'd like to ask a few questions?"

"Well my roommate's not in and I..."

"We'd just like to ask a few questions." I said.

"Are you from Security Flight, is he in some kind of trouble?"

"No, we'd just like to ask a few questions."

"Well let me slip into something a little more..."

"That's all right," I said. "We'd just like to ask a few questions."

He showed us in.

"Can I get anything for you gentlemen?" he asked.

"No," I said, "we'd just like to ask a few questions."

"Would you like some coffee, maybe," he said.

"No, thanks " We said.

"Tea?"

"No."

"Beans?"

"No."

"BLT's?"

"NO."

"Rum and Coke?"

"Yes," we said in unison.

2230 hours: We thanked him and left.

"Well, what do you think?" Bill asked.

"I don't know "I said. "Maybe its nothing."

"What?" said Bill.

"His name tag was on crooked."

## DRUGNET

2235 hours: We knocked on a door in the first group area. A tall blonde wearing a sheer negligee answered.

"Yes."

"We're from Security Flight, mam, we'd like to ask a few questions."

"I don't know nothin'," She said, and slammed the door in our face.

"Well," Bill said, "what do you think?"

"Didn't you notice something peculiar about that woman answering the door?" I asked.

"No," said Bill, -"What's peculiar about a woman answering the door?"

"She was wearing a West Point Bathrobe."

2240 hours: We had our man.

"Shall I go in after him?" Bill said.

"No," I said. "we'll put a stakeout on the room and try to catch the ring leader."

"Right," Bill said.

I staked myself across the hall pretending to be reading a Falconews. Bill stood three alcoves away.

2315 hours: Nothing.

2330 hours: Nothing.

2400 hours: Nothing.

0030 hours: The door opened and out crept a cadet wearing Sherlock Holmes pajamas and Bugs Bunny slippers. We watched him as he walked down the hall and went into another room.

Bill and I stake ourselves out on each side of the door. We whipped our form 10's out.

"Kick the door, in," I said.

Bill began to cry.

"I always have to kick it in," he said, showing me his club foot.

"Oh, all right," I said. "I'll do it."

We burst in.

"You'll never take me alive!" He screamed, throwing Chubby Checker records at us.

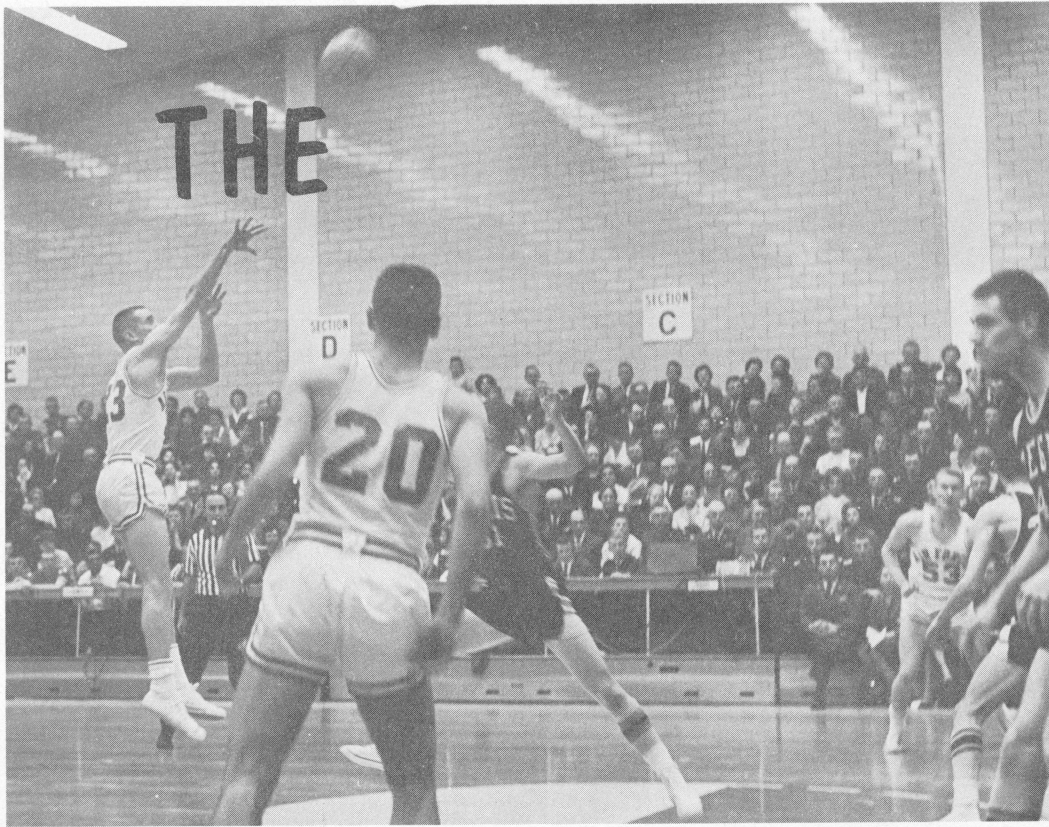
Bill let him have it with his form 10's.

The cadet's limp body lay crumpled behind his buffer.

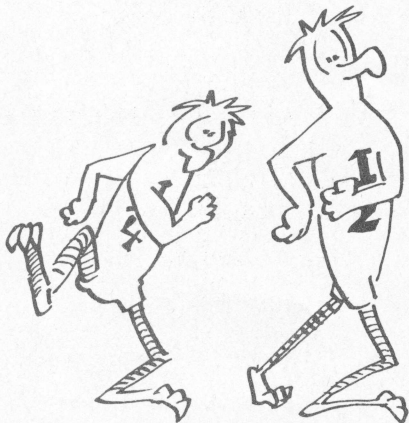
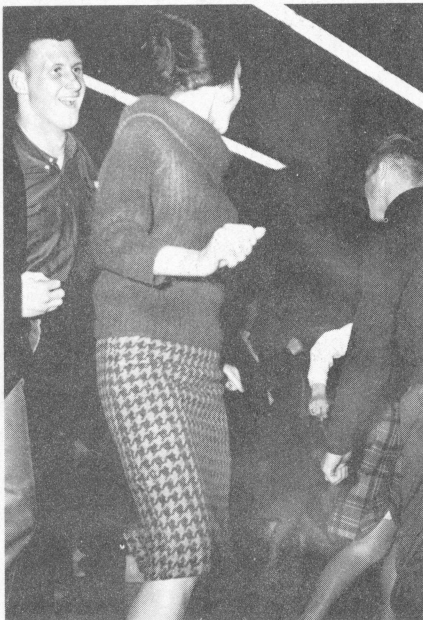
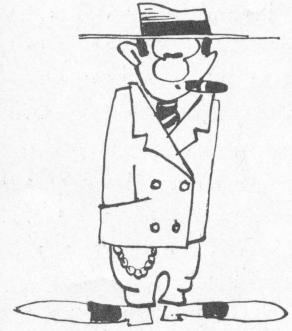
"Good work, Bill." I said.

"All in a day's work." He said.

Glenn Emigh



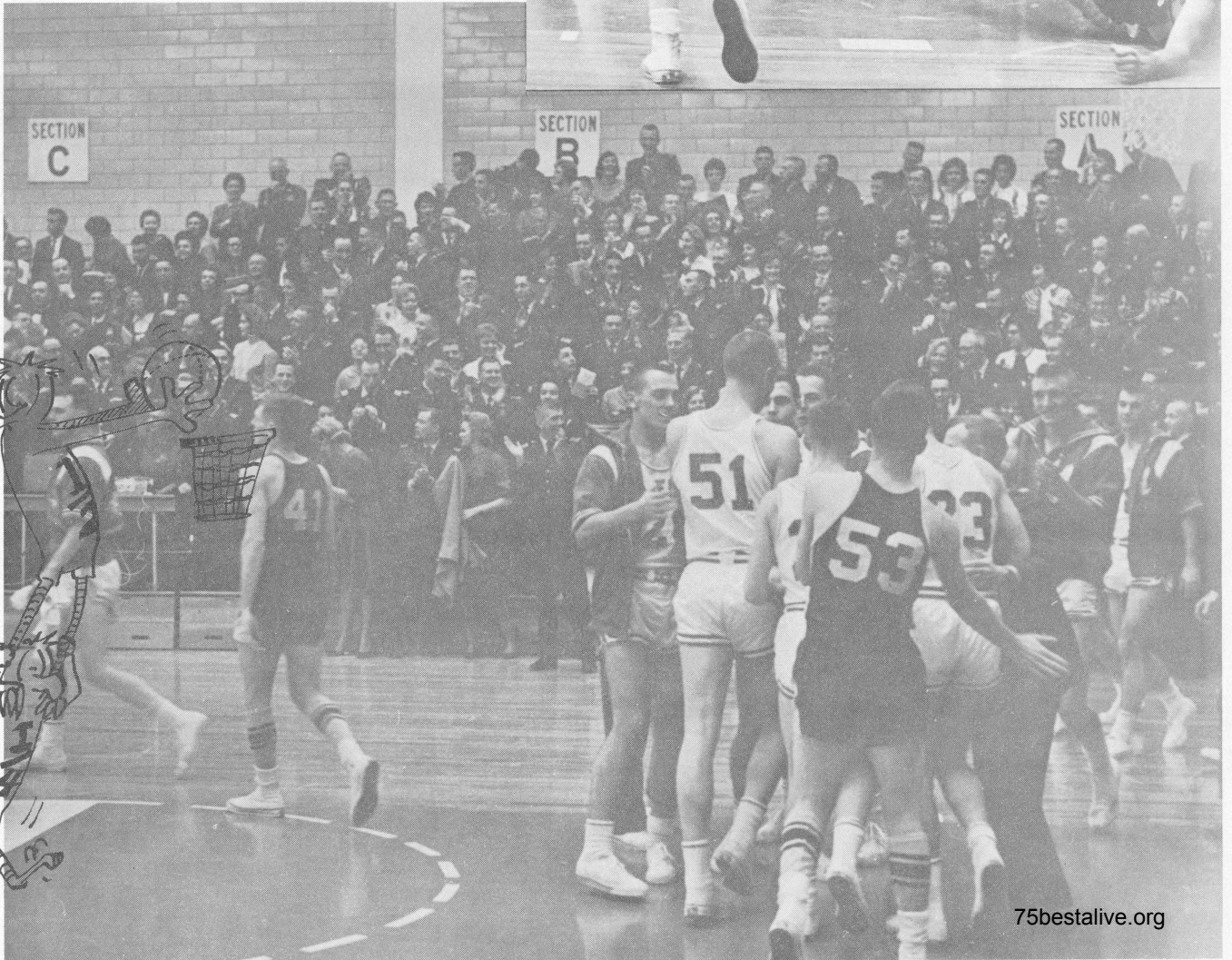
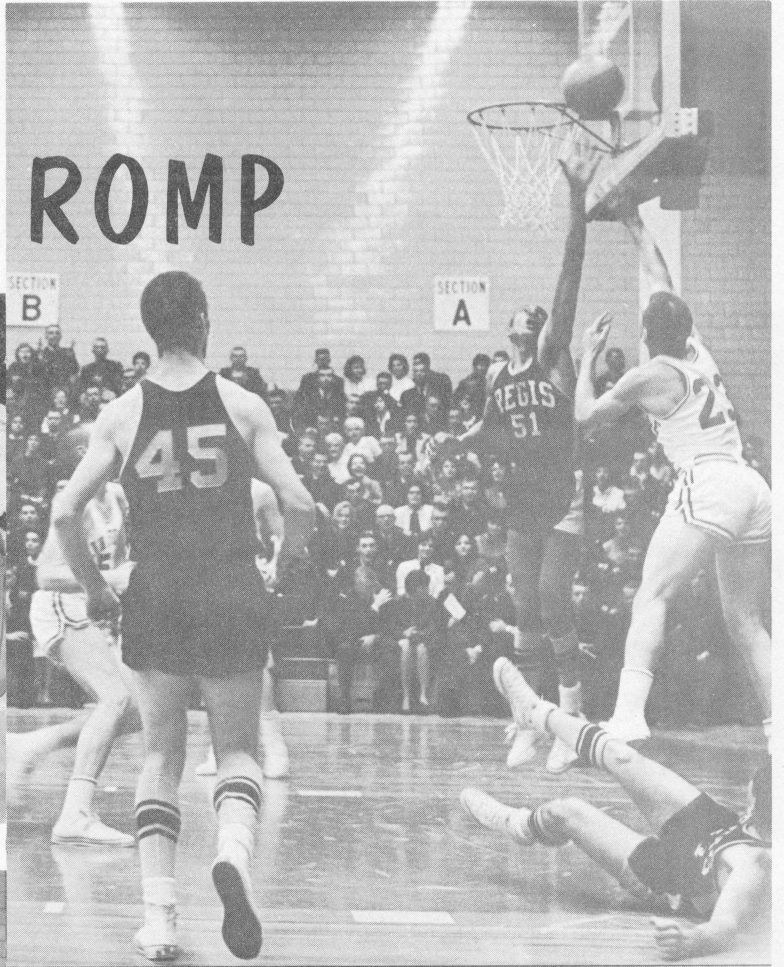
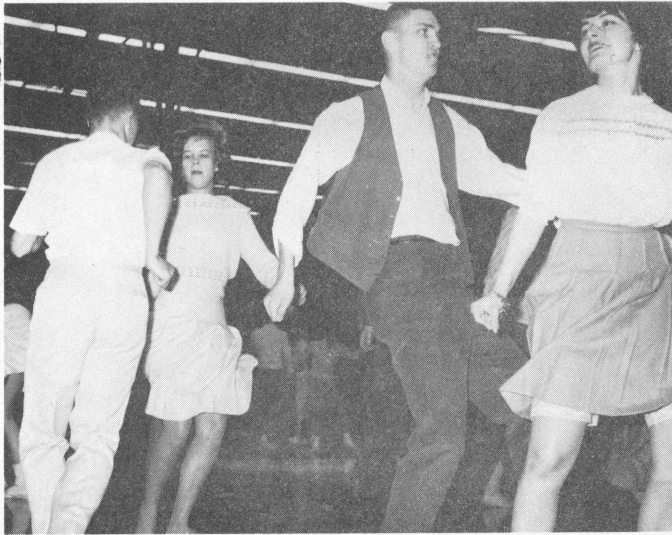
THE





# REGIS

# ROMP





*Luciano  
Valuzzi*

