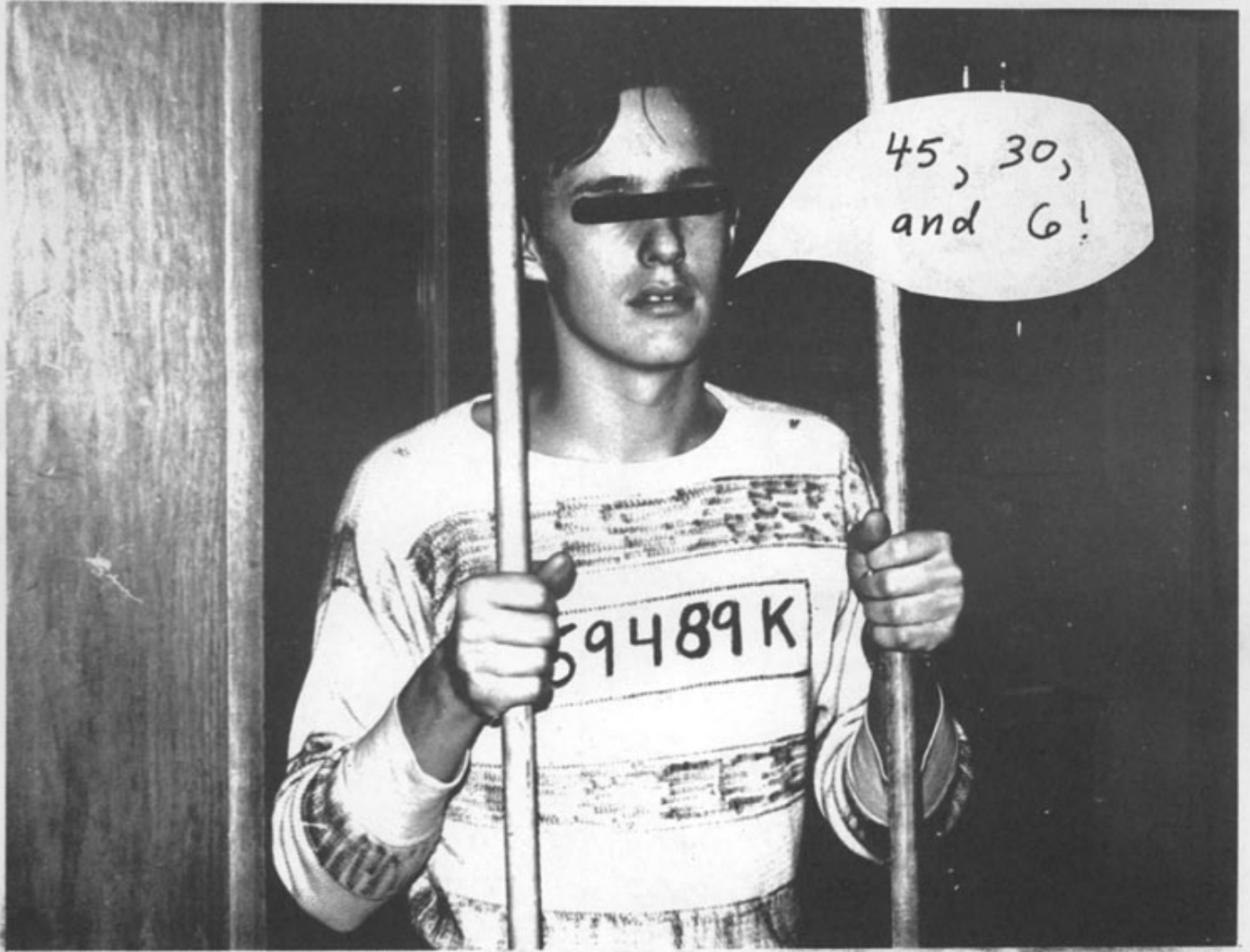


February 1974

**T.M.E.**  
**D.D.D.**  
A SUBSIDY OF POL-AIR-US  
FEATURING:  
Hang-up bags! Se-same Ferrazo! True stories of Cadet Life, junk bunk, And other assorted TRASH



When you're busted in here...

**You're in for the hassle of your life**

A Cadet Publication For Cadets

75bestalive.org

# STAFF\*

DODO Editorial:

EDITOR: W.P. Nelson

ARTWORK: Tinman of '23;  
Only known living Italian  
descendent of Clausewitz;  
The one and only original Flick;  
Jim Phillips

COPY AND LETTERING:  
Same bunch of dudes

PHOTOS: UPI; a Rebeleven unknown; WPN

IDEAS: the Wing; the Comm; file 13;  
Nino Baldacci; anyone stupid  
enough to walk by at press  
time minus an hour or two

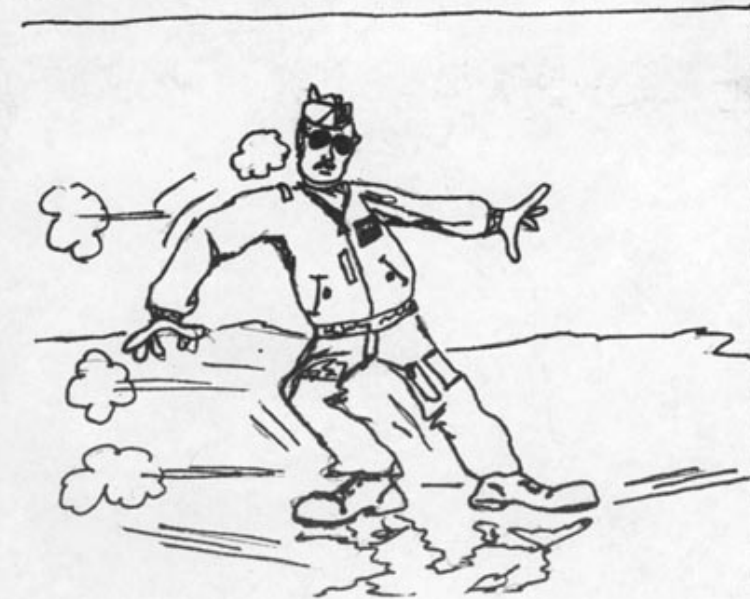
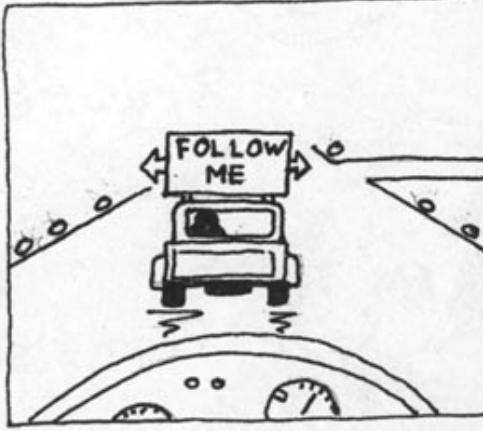
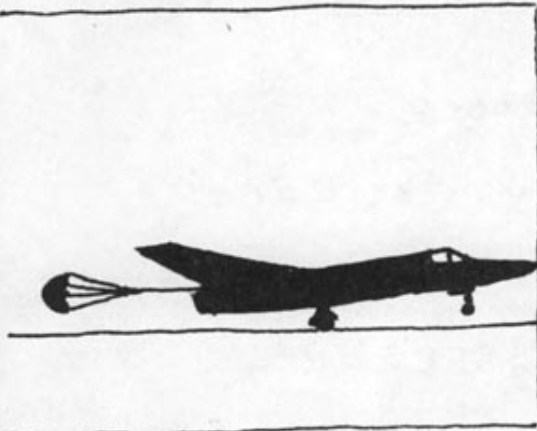
CONSULTANTS:  
Alcorn; Sturdevant; Barr; hosts  
of others too numerous to men-  
tion and too insignifigant to  
bother with anyway

\* resemblance to living individuals fully  
intended and existent until the next OSI  
investigation, purge, or the like

## Special Notice:

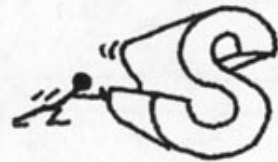
YOU can contribute  
to the DoDo. Send ideas,  
artwork, etc. through  
distribution to: O9CSq,  
Nelson, DoDo. If we  
get the stuff before  
They do, we'll be  
around to see you;  
otherwise better start  
settling your affairs.

# YOU KNOW HE'S A GRAD. WHEN...



... AND NOW! The Dodo presents...

# SESAME TERRAZO!



"ESS." "SSSa-ber" Saber



Draw... Sabers.

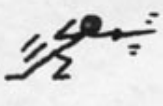

"UGH!" says the cadet  
as he ssslips the SSSaber  
from its ssscabard.

"But, wait!" says he.  
"Is this really  
a SSSaber?"



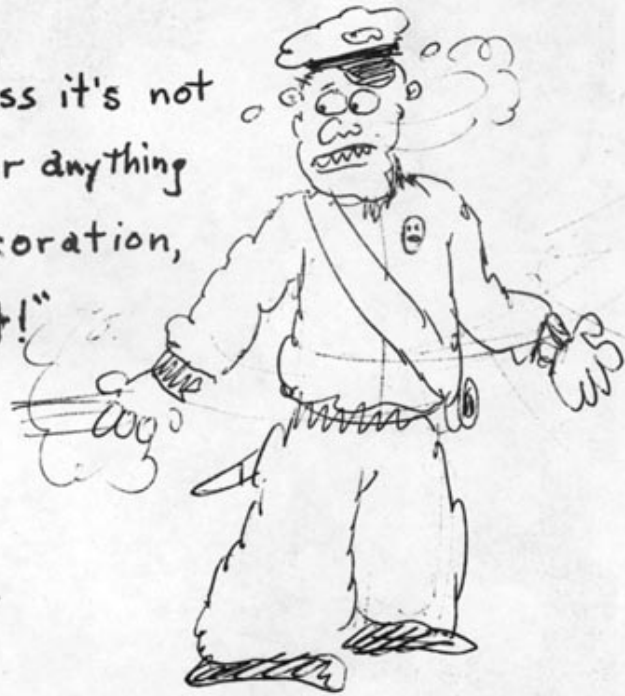


"It has two edges,  
like a rrrrapier - but that's  
a different letter all together -  
not an S at all! (how confusing!)"

What can we do with a SSSaber?  
It's too heavy for fencing.   
... too light for a cavalry charge. 

SSSo i'll just get rid of it!"

"I guess it's not  
good for anything  
but decoration,



S

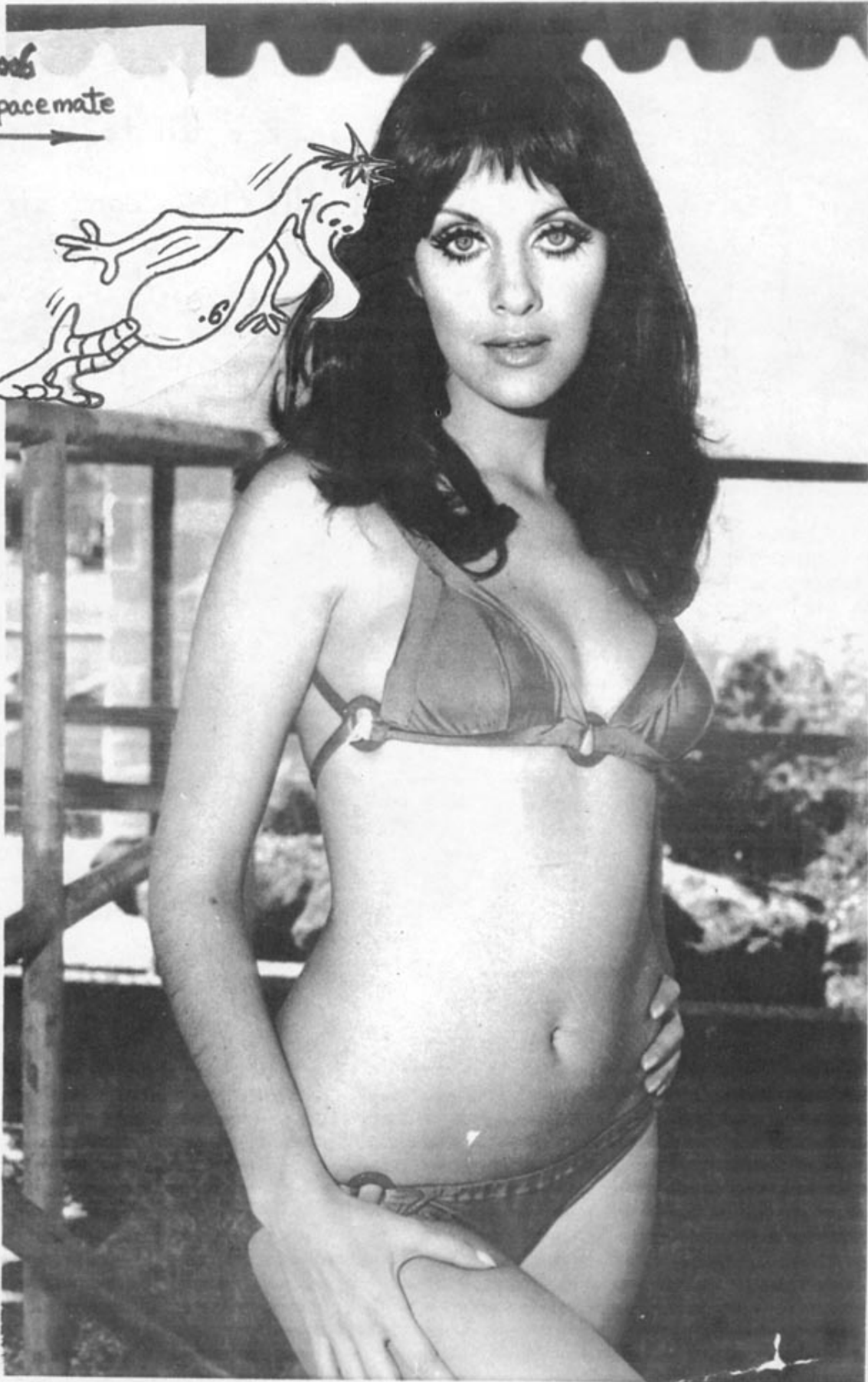
"ESS"

"Stab"

SSStick

SSSkewer

Doris  
Space mate



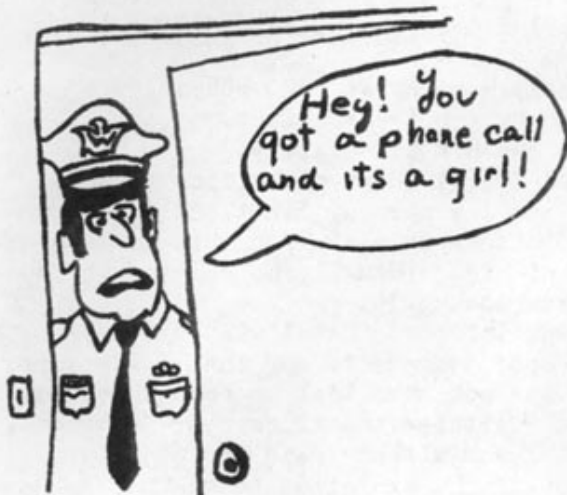
(THANX UPI)

BASED ON A

# TRUE STORY

A TRUE LIFE EXPERIENCE OF A REAL LIVE CADET

Names of individuals involved are withheld to protect the innocent and the cadets involved in this fiasco.



It was 1615 hours on the afternoon of the Spring Formal. The CQ said I had a phone call from a girl, but it was only my roommate's fiancée. She wanted me to find blind dates for four other TBC chicks. After extracting a blood oath from her that none of them were dogs, I agreed to see what I could do.

Twenty minutes later I had three dates from the squadron. It only cost me one extra shift on command post, two SAMI rooms (not SAMI beds but full SAMI rooms), and a promise to escort the worst looking of the TBC chicks myself.

At 1930 hours we arrived at A-Hall to wait for the bus that was bringing the chicks down to USAFA. It was supposed to be a mixer, so we were to stand apart from the dance reps so they could find us. The bus arrived at 1955. A few assorted dogs, cows, and other animals got off and were scarfed up by the dance reps. Then these three good-looking chicks got off, came over to me and asked if I was Cadet \_\_\_\_\_. After I answered yes, my three "buddies" took off with the dolls. Some sixth sense told me that I should leave quickly, quietly, and permanently. Then she stepped off the bus. . . . .



Someone revived me. About all that can be said for the ball is that somehow I made it through the night in spite of her. I spent the rest of the weekend recovering from the shock and nausea.

Monday morning at 0720 hours I was greeted by a note from Capt. \_\_\_\_\_. I was to see him immediately.

When I arrived at his office it was 0730. As I reported, I noticed the Form 10 pad displayed plainly on his desk in front of him. (Usually he carried it in his back pocket.)

I was informed that I was guilty of gross poor judgement. Of that I was sure, but I was not sure that we both agreed on what constituted the gross poor judgement. I felt I had already paid the penalty.

Capt. \_\_\_\_\_ explained to me that as my date, the ? that I had escorted to the formal was my dependent, and that therefore I was totally responsible for her actions, dress, etc. As I had turned several shades of green at the thought that that could be considered my dependent, he paused for a moment as I recovered myself. I was assured that I was indeed guilty, but since neither the Sup nor the Comm, nor the Dean, had seen my display of poor judgement, I would not receive a CDB this time. Besides, he pitied anyone who experienced such a thing.

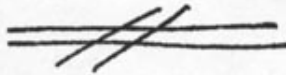
It's been a year since then. Feb '73. As I look back I thank any powers that be that it only happened once and pray it won't happen again. (My avoidance of blind dates may help on that count.) I haven't seen my ex-roommate's fiancée since that evening. She still owes me a pint or two of blood, and I will collect.



Actual unretouched photo, taken Feb 1973 in A-Hall of Cadet \_\_\_\_\_ and the ?



T.H.E.  
J.A.G.



I wanna be  
a cadet  
when I grow  
up!



# HEY, GIRLS

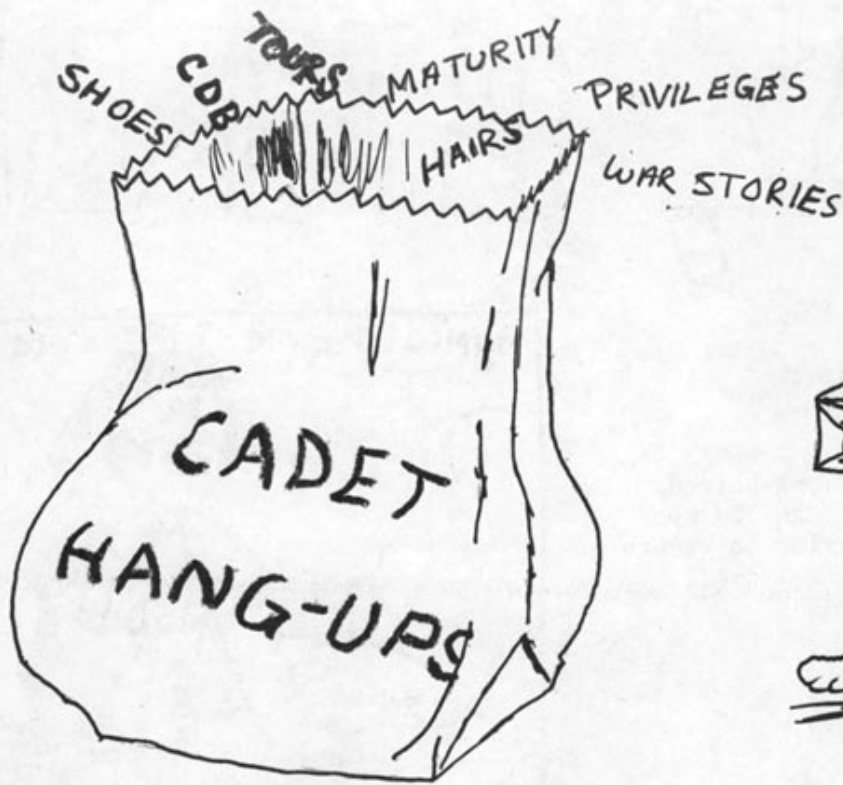
TIRED of that same, old, long-haired, freak that's been pushin' the old goof in your face, and been trying to ravage your bod ever since the first date?

THEN ! IT'S TIME FOR A . . . .



Find yourself a man with responsibility on his shoulders, and a glass of 3.2 beer in his hand! Clean cut, well mannered, and smartly attired, you'll be proud to be seen at G's with your date. You may also be another lucky girl to visit "Arnold Hall" and see the notorious "cockpit" lounge, scene of many an enchanting beer call! And He won't even try for a kiss until your second date!

Advertisement

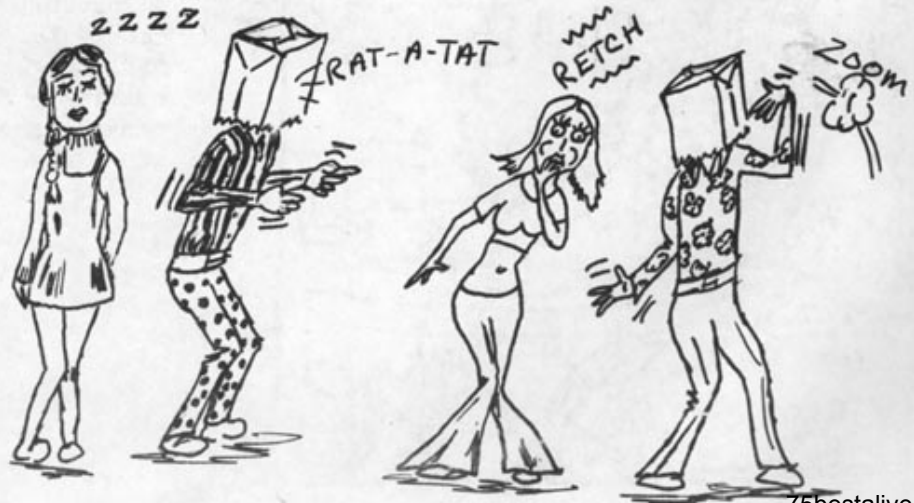


In it's never-ending attempt to stay with it, keep up with the times, etc, etc, the DODO has once again run across an ever-popular vogue existent within the cadet wing and here presents . . .

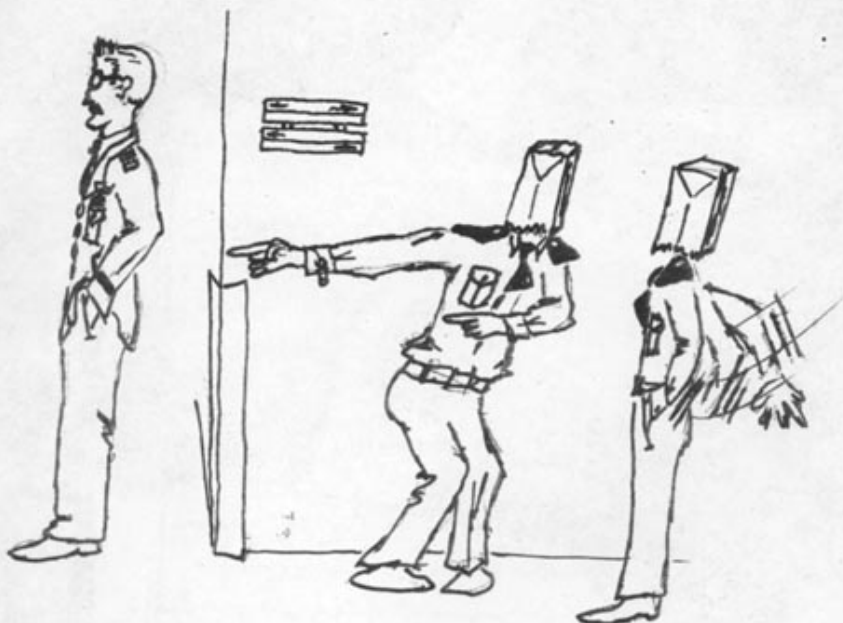
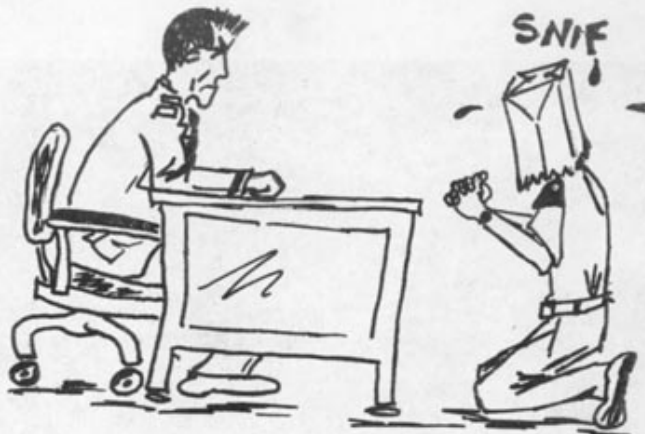
# THE HANG-UP BAG

To produce you very own hang-up bag: take one brown paper bag, sack, whatever. Fill with war stories, gripes, bitches, moans, and other assorted trash. By inverting your newly filled bag over your head you can enable yourself to:

entertain  
and impress  
the ladies !



throw yourself and your sob stories  
upon the tender (?) mercies(??) of  
the powers that be (???)



communicate more efficiently in the  
never-ending battle between cadets  
and those same powers . . .



become adept at translating all  
experiences into further fillings  
and refillings of your bag!

NEW UNDERCOVER SECURITY TEAM AT WORK

