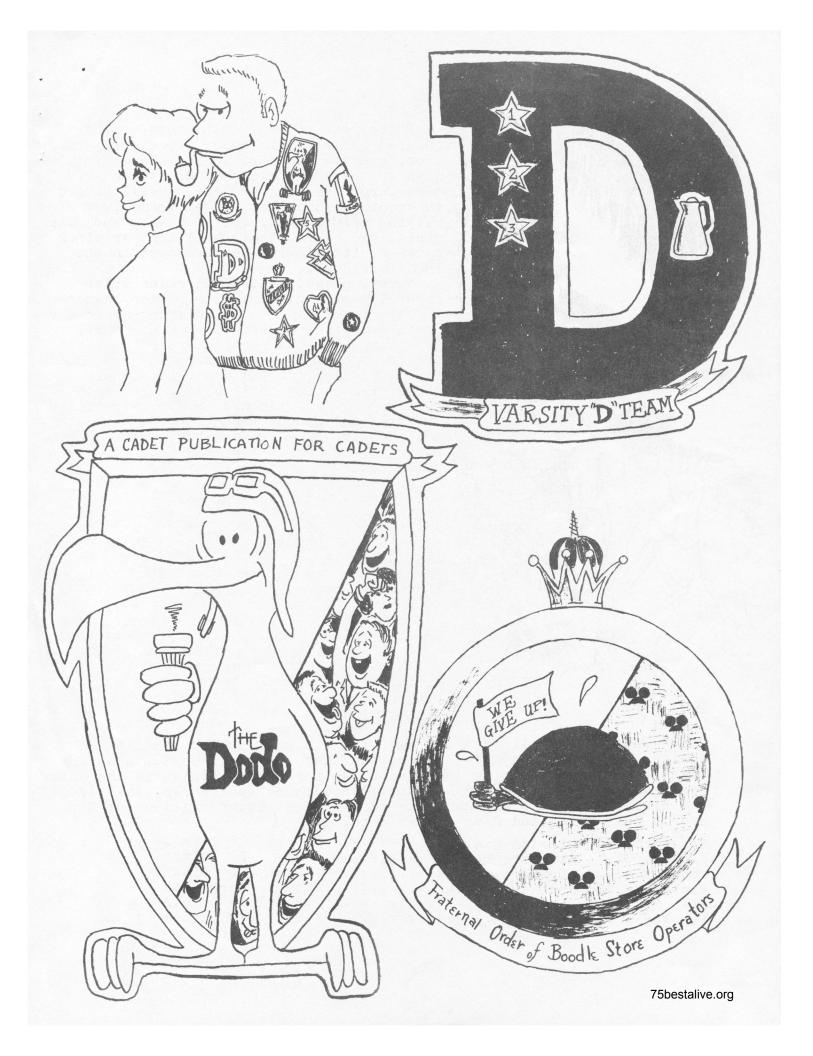
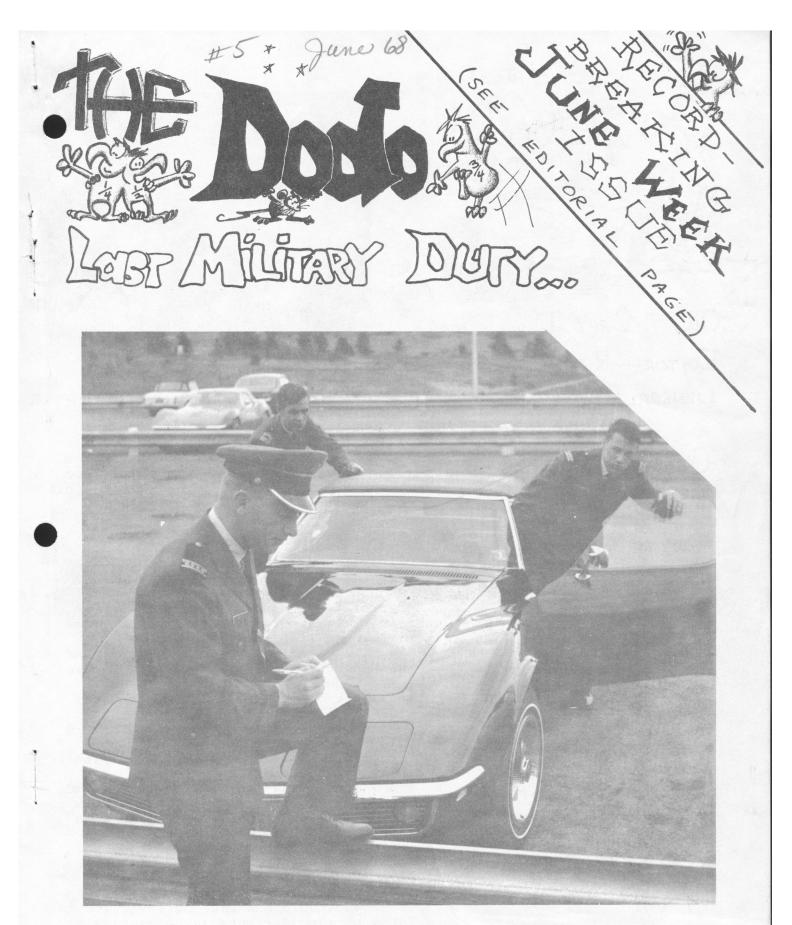


Have you ever bothered to look around at the patches and insigniae we cadets have been sporting and will continue to wear until the millienum or until someone does something about it? Atrocious, aren't they? I mean, they don't turn me on. I mean they don't swing. See anything cool and neat about eagles, falcons, and dodos in 50 modified poses? Anything casual about lightning bolts and stars? And what happens when you slip into blue jeans and an A-jacket? Do your frinds snicker behind your back, make you buy the drinks, sneak off with your girl simply because your patch doesn't roar their motor?

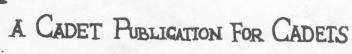
NO MORE, FRIEND! The Dodo, in its never-ending search for truth and beauty, has come up with a whole new line of squadron patches, class crests, and bopping, groovy, all occasion seals guaranteed to shake up the guys, bring on the chicks, and rouse out the cops. We can't say yet when they'll be out. It's about the chain of command...



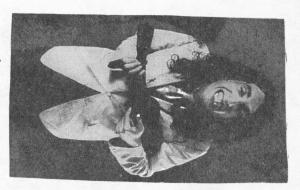




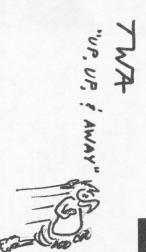




God Bless !

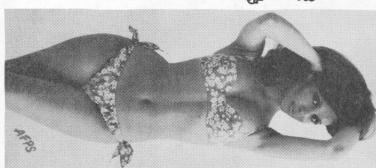








SOCK IT TO YOURSELF!



It's nice to know someone is relieving the pressure.

What about

college?

"Strive, and you will succeed, my boy."





SACK IT TO ME







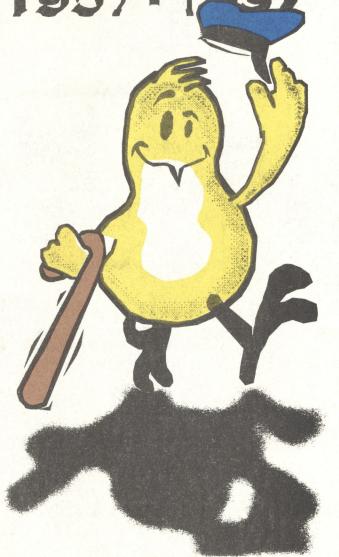




MAY 1997 - CLASS OF 1997 GRADUATION ISSUE

40 YEARS OF

1957 - 1897



40 YEARS AND STILL SWINGIN'...

