

Crew Dog Gazette

THE TRUTH UNFETTERED BY FACTS



\$\$\$NO CHARGE--You get what you pay for

343 SRS--OFFUTT AIR PATCH--Jun-Jul 78

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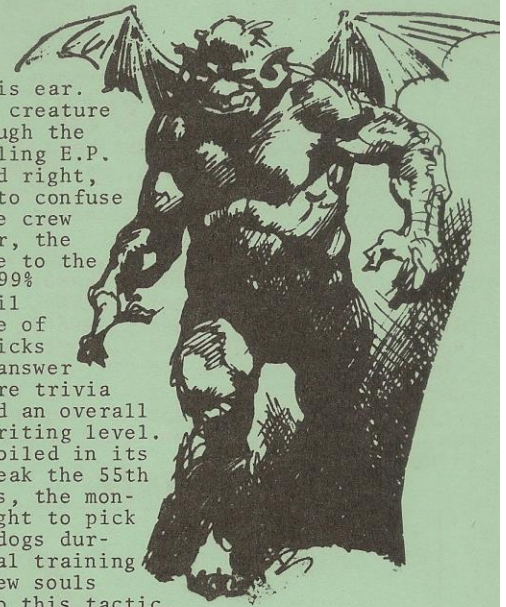
CEVG FOILED AGAIN

The dreaded CEVG slime monster escaped again from the Louisiana swamps and launched a series of dastardly attacks on the fighting 55th's crew dogs June 12th. The raid was not a total surprise as it had been rumored for some time this animal might show up and Greg "Vito" Anders had been observed trying various ploys to get out of the area all week. Also the "Flying Finn", Bill Mackie, and the Head Crow, Bob Brown, had both hastily departed on leave.

The CEVG creature (an ancient and evil being from an earlier time) was well known to the crew dogs for its dirty tricks, dangerous ego, limited intelligence and fondness for barbecued crew dog.

The Staff was first aware of the monster's appearance when it was spotted peering into the windows of Stan/Eval, its ugly snout pressed against the glass and beady eyes trying to focus on the unsuspecting souls inside. The monster then clawed at the door babbling, "I'm only here to help you." However, the 55th had heard that line before and told him to

stick it in his ear. In a rage the creature then ran through the squadrons hurling E.P. tests left and right, all designed to confuse and baffle the crew dogs. However, the crew dogs rose to the occasion and 99% passed the evil tests, inspite of such dirty tricks as incorrect answer sheets, obscure trivia questions, and an overall fifth grade writing level. Having been foiled in its attempt to break the 55th with the tests, the monster then sought to pick off the crew dogs during their local training flights. A few souls fell victim to this tactic, including one "M" model Raven who had a large chunk of tail feathers torn out, but most of these skirmishes went in favor of the good guys. The creature then resorted to holding a series of evil rituals (called "critiques") in which it babbled long lists of supposed sins and shortcomings of the crew dogs to try and break their spirit. But the spell was broken when even Col Urschler nodded off during one of the monster's longer rantings. The CEVG's raid finally ended on the 23rd. After all the wins, losses, and toss-ups had been tallied, the 343rd along with the 55th posted an overall "Excellent" rating for its battle with the monster, and Reggie extended a Falcon Code 109 to the crew dogs for the good show. (As a reward for everyone's fine effort, there will be no further CEVG preparation...until next week.)



COMMAND CHANGE

The gala 55th Change of Command ceremony was held May 26th to formally give Col Urschler the reins and Col Winstead Bon Riddance. Selected 343rd crew dogs teamed up 55th Staff Wienies, wrench-benders, non-rateds (i.e. fast burners), and those 1st and 2nd ACCS local-area-flying-aces to put on a real old time, colors up, front and center, band playing, makes-ya kinda-feel-proud review.

With the band playing the theme song from A Gathering Of Eagles and the troops desparately trying to find their places, the show began. Everyone was neatly attired in their duty-blues-with-wheel-hat uniform, except for the 2nd ACCS who t tried to upstage everyone else by wearing black mess dress. LTC Stevens tried to pass this off as the proper uniform for mourning the 2nd ACCS gerbil mascot, who was due to be roasted as soon as Winstead left.

The hand picked representatives from each squadron formed up in front of the reviewing stand inside Mod A. The 343rd crew dogs looked as gallant and dashing as ever. The 2nd ACCS Mouseketeers managed to fall in backwards, but few people present noticed the difference.



Reggie's personal Color Guard.



55th Troops at Parade Rest

Continued on page 2....

OPEN LETTER TO THE CREW DOGS

I would like to take this opportunity to express to all the men and women of the "Fighting Fifty-Fifth", via your publication, my sincere appreciation and admiration for their superb performance during the recent visit by CEG.

The personal concern, preparation and interest taken by each individual are reflected in the results for all to see. We all know it did not happen by accident, but rather through the determination that their unit, the 55SRW, should be recognized for what it is...the best! A team comprised of loyal, dedicated Americans who proudly serve their nation in the daily quest and preservation of our most cherished possession--our freedom!

Congratulations and "well done" to all. I am proud to be a part of your organization.

Regis F. A. Urschler

REGIS F. A. URSCHLER, Colonel, USAF
Commander

...A paid political pronouncement.



Letters to the Editor

Editor:

Free! Free at last. Do you hear me? I'm leaving. Going...Gone! No more frustrations. No more Gerbils! Peace of mind. I mean it. THE CDG WON'T HAVE ME TO KICK AROUND ANY MORE!

Merlin Stevens

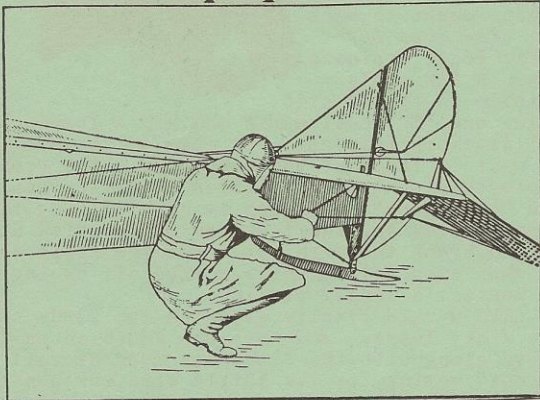
...Who?

New & Old

These poor souls have just been condemned to the 343rd: LTC Culbertson, Maj Evans, Maj Parkinson, Capt Towery, Capt Rardin, Capt Klobe, Capt Masey, Capt Ward, Lt Nicholas, and Lt Hoffman.

On the bright side however, others have managed to buy their freedom. These are Maj "Turn Coat" Deshields (Barksdale--CEVG), Maj Vernlund (Mildenhall), Maj Koscheski (ACSC), Capt Slater (Puzzle Palace--SAC COS/DO), Capt Harvey, III, (AFIT), Capt M. Parker (DOTD), and Capt Juhre (ditto). Those fleeing a sinking ship permanently are Capt Bate, Capt Derrington, Capt Johnson, Capt Woodmansee, and Capt Anderson (all via Palace Out).

e.p. quiz



This picture represents:

- a crew dog looking for some tail.
- Harry Moore looking for the prop.
- Raven 3 preflighting his seat.
- a co-pilot who couldn't find a tree.

IT'S A GAS

Some present, past, and about to be 343rdrs have just been selected for Regular on the 5 and 7 year board. These men, and the reasons for their selection are: Capt Graney (took the board to dinner), Capt McKinley (engaged to the Chief of Staff's daughter), Capt Cohen (who left here--need we say more?), Capt Nelson (confused with somebody else), Capt White (token Raven), Capt Morgan (gave a new Buick to the Chairman), Capt Johnson (threatened 'em with a shotgun), Capt Eivins (currently engaged in blackmailing CINCSAC), and Capt Klobe (who did absolutely nothing to influence the board--probably just an anomaly to keep the troops guessing). It is hoped that since these men are no longer irregulars that it is safe to fly on long flights with them.

The 1st ACCS brought up the rear, became totally confused, thought they heard the order to move out, and spent the next hour marching through the halls of Mod A. Col Urschler was duly impressed by the whole show and Winstead yawned his approval several times.

When everyone was in place (except the 1st ACCS who were doing "To the rear, March!" in the men's room), Col Winstead passed the trappings of office to Urschler--the golden crown, key to the executive washroom, cattle prod with SAC emblem, and list of "gotchas" on every staff member in the 55th. Urschler allowed as how he was happy to be here, as he had been looking for a place to store his P-51 since they were closing Rickenbacker.

About the time the 1st ACCS was doing a "Column Left" around SAC Headquarters, Urschler was saying he was impressed by the fine spirit shown by the members of the 55th and was looking forward to working with such an impressive group (he compared his feelings to Sophia Loren's baby who, upon first opening its eyes, looked up and said, "Wow! All this for me?"). He would have continued, but the band broke into a chorus of "Happy Days Are Here Again" in deference to the solemnity of the occasion, someone in the ranks called for a beer, maintenance towed in a sick 135, and the tornado sirens sounded, rounding out the closing ceremonies. Truly a magnificent and inspiring afternoon for all.

EPILOG: At the time of this writing, Col Urschler well entrenched in the business of running the 55th, Winstead is at his new assignment at Maxwell, and the 1st ACCS just completed a flanking maneuver near Kansas City.

PERSONAL: To the junior Stan Board Raven 1 seen parading around in the Officer's Club in a hula skirt, halter top, and blond wig--you won't get your clearance yanked. We've had that one tried before. Love, OSI.

FOR SALE: Beaver skin rug purchased in Athens. Used only during half time on Monday Night Football, and the 7th Inning Stretch on Monday Night Baseball. L. Wulf.



THE OLD CROW SEZ:

"Never let yourself be influenced by a highly qualified performance when in your heart you know the individual is a born loser."



Don't Miss the Grand Opening of the Henry Doorly Zoo Bat House!

