

Crew Dog Gazette

THE TRUTH UNFETTERED BY FACTS

SSS--FRHTDIE

343 SRS--OFFUTT AIR PATCH--Dec 1977

FGG MOG DENSITY: 6

SEASON'S GREETINGS

343RD HOLDS PARTY FOR LOCAL CHILDREN



The 343rd helped Christmas come early for several kids from the Offutt-Omaha area. The occasion was the annual Children's Christmas Party held at the O' Club on 17 Dec. The day began with sleepy-eyed sponsors, drivers, and organizers meeting to puzzle coffee and hot chocolate before taking the children for a shopping spree for warm clothing. Afterwards, everyone returned to the Club for the party festivities. Santa Claus was the special guest who delighted the kids by passing out toys and gifts to all who were present. Santa had help from a variety of his friends--Kent the magician (who preformed his magic act), Peony and Pawl the skunks, Leo the Lion, and Sesame Street's own Cookie Monster. Many thanks to all of the individuals who donated their time, money, and toys to help make this event a suner success.

A XMAS STORY



'Twas the night before Christmas, and only one crew was scheduled to fly, while TDY, too.
"The only ones available" is what we had heard (For the 99th time!) at the 343rd.

We preferred to all be snug in our beds
While visions of staff jobs danced in our heads.
But we, in our green bags, stepped into the night
To complete our assignment--a twenty hour flight!

We carried the mukluks and coffee to drink,
And nav bags, and tanes, and the kitchen sink,
And secrets, and helmets, and interphone cord,
And A-4s and let downs were loaded aboard.

The engines were started, the gauges inspected;
"Hell, no cause for abort," sighed the pilot, dejected.
"A 40 knot cross wind, and a Nav for the SOF;
In spite of all this, they want us to takeoff!"

The Ravens look ill, the Co is retarded,
"Nav 2 lost his lunch, the T is downhearted.
We're out near the active, the SOF nods his head,
"You're ready to roll is the verdict," he said.



And then, out on final, a red light did appear
Which broke into view as a sleigh and reindeer.
We all looked in awe as we watched it touchdown,
And then Santa emerged, and stepped to the ground.

He walked toward our airplane, his flight suit was red,
With an out-of-regs beard, a red cap on his head.
A wand he was waving, not one word was spoken,
Then Nav 1 exclaimed, "Hey, the radar is broken!"

Number 4 was backfiring, the crew felt a jerk,
All the tires went flat, the flans wouldn't work.
Antennas fell off, the nacelles came unbooted,
The effect on the AEFLS could not be computed!

The tail came unhinged, fuel spilled on the ramp,
The Hellenikon weather turned nasty and damp.
A radome fell down--looks like major repair,
And everything went, including the spare!

Our red-suited friend, with a wink of his eye,
Turned to his sleigh, and launched to the sky.
We heard him exclaim, as he banked to the right,
"Merry Christmas to all, and for you, no damn flight!"

* This issue is dedicated to *
* all of our crews who are TDY *
* for the holidays. *

Illustrations by Tom Holster



CLAUS PCS TO 55TH

The CDG presents here an exclusive interview with Col S. Claus, noted Arctic hush pilot, who has recently been assigned to the 55th SRW.
CDG: Col Claus, welcome to Offutt. We understand that you have been assigned to the fighting 343rd SRS.
CLAUS: Yeah, they said they need someone who knew the Arctic and could carry a heavy load.
CDG: Any special holiday plans?
CLAUS: What holiday? Scheduling is sending me TDY for all of December.

CDG: But why?
CLAUS: They said I was "the only one available."
CDG: What will you be doing?
CLAUS: Flying, of course. I've got an 18 hour flight on Christmas eve. They said this is really a good deal since I normally fly then anyway.
CDG: But won't this TDY upset your Christmas operations?
CLAUS: Damn right it will! I've got a hanger full of stuff to get out--the customs forms alone weigh a ton!

CDG: But didn't you explain all this to scheduling?
CLAUS: Of course. But they said "Tough, everybody has got to pull their share."
CDG: But if you are gone TDY what will happen to everybody else's morale?
CLAUS: They wouldn't discuss morale.

CDG: But we thought you had a lot of special deliveries for Christmas this year to make everybody happy.
CLAUS: Yeah, there were some silver leaves and eagles for those staff wienies, but they can kiss all that goodbye now.

CDG: Any other special gifts?
CLAUS: Well, there was a couple of boxes of electronic junk for the Combat Sent people, some canned "1" OFPs, and a large sack of corn somebody ordered.

CDG: Anything for scheduling?
CLAUS: Yeah, a POS.



MACKIE THE KNIFE



MACKIE

Our new Assistant Ops Officer is Lt Col William A. J. Mackey. A graduate of the U.S. Military Academy '61 (a bad year for wine and West Point) and an escapee from the Security Service, "The Flying Finn" earned his wings in '65. He flew for while as Tanker Trash, then moved on to PC's, was an Intel type in Korea, wrangled a CF job in Germany, attended Armed Forces Staff College, and finally, as a crowning career move, returned to the 343rd this July. He is now continuing to improve his skills as ace navigator, knife fighter, and marathon runner (Bill has a standing challenge to anyone who would like to jog against him--beware, he runs 50-70 miles a week.) When interviewed on his new job as Asst Ops Officer, the Finn commented, "It's a fine opportunity to excel--with a little hustle I might be selected for Raven Duty Officer."



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir:
I believe you misspelled my name in the story on promotions last issue.
Dave Hubbard (Brevet Lt Col)

Right you are, Bunky. We got a lot of flak on that one--didn't know you had so many relatives. However, confusing you with a Hilliard was a serious error (the only Hilliard we know can't even make coffee, let alone Lt Col), and so I extend to you my heartfelt emotions: Tough.--Ed.

Editor:
I think the Crew Dog Gazette is repulsive, sick, generally in bad taste, inhumane, and probably libelous in your treatment of stories about my squadron.

Merlin Stevens, Lt Col
COMMANDER, 2nd ACCS

Well folks, there you have it. Words of wisdom from a man who still keeps pet gerbils around. I outgrew mine in the first grade. Frankly Colonel, it's nothing personal, but it should be obvious to the most casual observer that the CDG has an ACCS to grind.--Ed.

My Dearest Editor:
I am writing to complain about the compositional and syntactical errors that prevent perusing of your ubiquitous publication continuously exhibits. It is obvious that only an intellectual manoeuvre could permit the detritional litotes that surround your unctuous prattlings. In the preceptorship role that the CDG has undertaken, these pindling misspellings and typographical misprints are extrinsic detractors and are clearly the work of a shaitan.

William A. Labarbera, Esq.

Dear Sir William, stick it in your ear.--Ed.

Editor:
The crew dogs pick on me 'cause they say I don't go TDY with them. Do you think this is fair?

Frank McKnight
DOVE

Of course not. Someone has to stay home and make the coffee.--Ed.

Editor:
Our husbands get to go TDY and see exotic places, have fun, and get away from the kids all the time. Don't you think we should go along too?

Anon.

Of course not. Why screw up a good deal? Besides, someone has to stay home and show Frank how to make coffee.

Your CREW DOG GAZETTE--The Scandal Sheet of SAC!

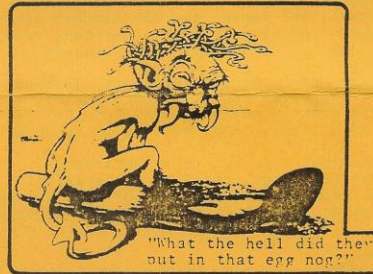
QUEEN ASSAULTED AGAIN

On Dec 15 the fighting 343 SRS crew dogs again assaulted the Bellevue Queen for an evening of food, fun, fellowship, and just plain farfling around. Once again Gren "Vito" Anders proved that he could slowly die before an audience as he MC'ed the 1st Annual Crew Dog Dubious Awards. Col Patrick was made an honorary crew dog after performing the holy rites of sipping from a dongie bowl, chanting "Owah-Tagu Siam", and baying at the moon. Other winners were Bill Mackie (World's Oldest Nav), Don Carter (smallest airline operating at largest cost), Col Burkheiser (Golden Hammer Foual Treatment), and Col Minstead (ORI Full Deck Award). The ceremonies closed with Vito leading the audience in singing "Deck the Halls" which was the worst butchering of the carol ever heard by man or beast. Truly, a night of fribble and whimsev.



COMIN' N' GOIN'

New innatients to the 343rd are Capt Charles Pitts, Capt Gary Gosnell, 1st Lt David Proner, and 2nd Lt Curt LeMay. Departing for a South Pacific Island Paradise is Capt "Nasty" Ned Gates. Best wishes to our lone escapee.



"What the hell did they put in that egg nog?"

CLASSIFIED

WANTED: Technician to repair 70 knot ground speed error in F-6R Nav Computer. Call Albert or Roland 4318.

FOR SALF: Printed T shirt. Nev. Large. Contact R. A. Patrick, 5514.

PERSONAL: Terry, please come back. All is forgiven. You won't have to wear your scarf. Let's be friends. Tom.

MOVING?--Then be sure to update your locator card in the Admin Office.

JOB: Want a future with the big airlines? Get checked out on the 747 Big White Truck. See Major Scott for details.

PERSONAL: Tom, forget it. It's all over between us. I'm going to the airlines where they won't pick on me. Terry.

CONFIDENTIAL: Scheduling, we are happy to accept your subscription order for SCDFW Magazine. Al Goldstein.

WANTED: Fourth for bridge. 0800-1700 Mon-Fri. Apply during duty hours. SMSgt Courtney, INV.

