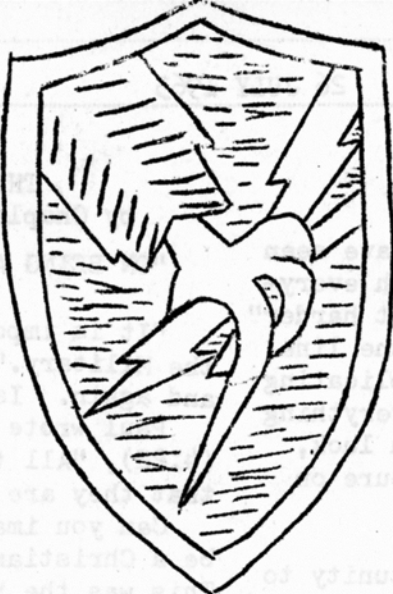


THE RAG



THE 79TH USASASOU INFORMATION BULLETIN "ALL THE NEWS THAT FITS - WE PRINT"
VOL II ISSUE 17 SHEMYA ISLAND, ALASKA 26 JULY 1963

AN EDITORIAL

The RAG was started in the summer of 1962 as an information bulletin, gag sheet, and entertainment for the men assigned to the 79th USASASOU. From its beginning, the policy has been "ALL THE NEWS THAT FITS - WE PRINT", and this policy is still true. The popularity of the RAG gradually increased from its original conception, where we were printing 50-60 copies, to a point where our distribution approached 150 copies per week.

Then, too, we received contributions and offers from practically every unit on the island. Individuals have made many contributions also, in the form of THE SPY, THE RAVEN, Archibald Pettipott, The Chaplain's Corner, The Commander's Corner, The First Shirt's laundry, the many writers from the various Platoons, SHEMYA SIGHTS, THE SHEMYA SCENE, KC, THE PHANTOM, and many more.

Even though we have been on a slight vacation, we would like to encourage other units and/or individuals of our family here on Shemya to submit contributions. We ask that they be submitted before Thursday morning. They can be given directly to the First Sergeant, put in the 79th's distribution box at the Station Message Center, or put in the Unit Suggestion Box in the 79th Day Room.

The RAG is published for your information, so that you may know more about what is happening in the units and on the island. It is not a unit newspaper and it is not an official publication of the Department of the Army or any associated agency or command; it is an "Information Bulletin". It is a vehicle to be used to pass on the words of our Commanding Officer, information, island events, words of wisdom from the Chaplains, and many other items of interest. We hope our readers find the RAG informative and enjoyable reading. Your comments and articles are always welcome, although occasionally we are "bunched-up" with articles and space limitations preclude immediate publication - it will be published!

Right now the RAG is seeking writers for the Platoon Columns and people to assist in the assembly, typing and reproduction of the RAG. Those interested should contact SP/5 Robert L. Orndorff, room 3204. For those not interested, you had better read "By Fox" in this issue and examine your "Pride of the Unit".

In this issue, old-timers on the island may find a few reprints. We feel these are justifiable not only because many have not read them, but because each has a significance of its own, and for some, may recall pleasant memories.

Finally, we'd like to mention a sore spot with us. We have mentioned in our editorials before the necessity of being cautious and safety minded when it comes to the handling of weapons. However, it appears from recent events that some personnel have not read regulations on these procedures, or they have chosen to ignore them. Areas have been set aside on the island for those personnel who wish to fire their weapons. This not only protects the more populated areas from the danger of stray rounds, but it also is a boundary for those who like to explore the island where they know they might expect to encounter firing activity. Personally, we have no sympathy for those who are caught violating the shooting area regulations, but more than this, we feel those who do own weapons and do like to go out and shoot, should be mature enough to understand and respect the principles behind the regulations. The possession and firing of weapons is a privilege. Those who violate the rules are endangering not only this privilege, but lives as well.

THE COMMANDER'S CORNER

It has been some time since we have seen the publication of the RAG. As with everything else, it is just "a little bit harder" on Shemya and being at the end of the line, the lack of a few parts for our duplicating machine put us out of business. Everything is in operating order now, and with luck, the RAG will again be a weekly feature on Shemya.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank all the members of the 79th, as well as the commanders and personnel of the other organizations here, for the splendid cooperation and efforts put forth during the numerous inspections and visits. Not only have we had our normal influx of summer visitors, but in addition the pre-IG inspection, the visit by Major General Craig, and the IG inspection within the past thirty days. The extra hours put in and the work accomplished in preparing both the operational and billet areas was commendable.

General Craig requested that I pass on to the members of the unit and the personnel of the Joint Operations Group his personal appreciation for devotion to our mission and the fine record of successful accomplishment being recorded.

* * * * *

SOMETHING

There is something quite unusual,
Waiting just around the bend.
There is something quite unthinkable,
With a happy, rhythmic blend.

It is something very loveable.
There is something it can say.
It is something very wonderful.
It is something of today.

It is maybe quite believable.
Oh, will it pause or fade away?
It is maybe quite resistable,
But let me hold it if I may.

It is something very sensible.
It is something very gay.
It is something so conceivable.
It is something that may stay.

It is felt within the gentle breeze,
And is seen for many miles.
It is withfrom the breath of thee.
It is your sweet and lovely smile.

GWL

THE CHAPLAIN'S CORNER

by Chaplain, Capt. C.O. Arrendell

"ON BEING A CHRISTIAN IN THE SERVICE"

"It is impossible to be a Christian in the Military." This comment is made time and again. Is it? Is it impossible?

Paul wrote in the book of Phillipians (4:22), "All the saints salute you, Chiefly that they are of Caesar's household."

Can you imagine a more difficult place to be a Christian than in Caesar's own home? This was the hotbed of persecution. Here the sword was held against the jugular vein of Christianity, and to be a Christian was a death warrant. I suspect in the history of man the very hardest place to be a Christian was in Caesar's house. Yet Paul says even here the Christians live by their faith in spite of the circumstances. Why? Because where you are, and the circumstances in which you find yourself has nothing to do with your living the Christian life. It all depends on you.

The same heat that wilts the cut flowers makes the rooted flower to grow. The same grindstone that grinds the sandstone into dust makes the diamond shine. You see, it depends on what you have in you. Is the world with its trials, tribulation and persecution going to wilt you and powder you into dust or is it going to make you grow and polish you like the diamond?

You can beat this thing; you can whip this problem of living the Christian life in the military service.

Romans 8:37, "Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us".

We are overcomers of the world, our present circumstances and even ourselves. If God be for us who or what can be against us?

* * * * *

A BIT OF INFORMATION - We know you have heard the name "G.I. Joe" many times, but do you know where the name originated? This was the name of the character in Lt. Dave Breger's comic strip which first appeared in the 17 June, 1942, issue of YANK, the Army weekly. The name was quickly adopted as a common term for all soldiers in World War II. Lt. Breger said he decided on "the 'G.I.' (government issue) because of its prevalence in Army talk and the 'Joe' for the alliterative effect."

* * * * *

Ever hear of the "5073rd Airborne"? - ask KC.

The Dog Boozer

The husky dog named Boozer
Spends his lonely days
Making friends with losers,
Who share his island play.

He's always at the local bar,
But doesn't drink a lick.
Any place a welcome star,
Though he doesn't know a trick.

He eats his weight four times a day,
And walks the endless halls.
His only exercise, you know,
Is licking all four paws.

He once went down to the gym.
He thought he'd play like all.
This fad was very short with him;
He got hit with the ball.

He goes out to the movie shows,
Most every night they play.
This is another place he knows
He can make the men here gay.

He goes for walks down by the shore,
To comb the beach for bones.
So far as he can see for sure,
The world is made of stones.

Boozer goes to work, it's true;
At J-OPS he's the best.
You give him tape, he licks the glue;
For sure you know the rest.

Though Boozer is a loser,
He owns this island.
And when he meets a loser,
He gives a helping hand.

GWL

* * * * *

(The following article is reprinted from
the Orlando Sentinel - eds.)

THAT HE BLOWS!

It seems that a big school of whales--
Man, what a swimming team that school has--
was slurping its way from the icy North
Pacific to the South Pacific and the boy
whales were showing off before the girl
whales, competing to spout the highest spout
when the Russians, living up to their volun-
tary test ban, dropped a tremendous economy
sized hydrogen bomb in the ocean, and the
water went whooooooosh! about a mile high.

One of the girl whales started flipping
her flippers as fast as she could, yelling,
"Let's go gals! There's a whale from Texas!"

* * * * *

A HINT FOR ISLAND HAPPINESS - The busy bee
has no time for sorrow. (Whittier)

The Wise Old Raven. . .

Dear Raven:

This is not a question, but rather a per-
sonal statement. It seems to me that the
mental age of those on this island is around
11 years. If you don't believe me, go to the
base theater, and listen to all the cat calls
and boisterous remarks. It makes it impossi-
ble to enjoy a good movie. Good movies are
scarce enough as it is. There always has to
be some "High School Harry" in the crowd.
Since when did they let children in the ser-
vice? Maybe Lash LaRue and Phantom X serials
should be included in the program to satisfy
the infantile needs. These immatures appar-
ently don't have the intellectual qualities
to understand or appreciate mature movies.
I'm interested to know if there are any other
people on this island who feel the same way
I do.

Torqued.

Dear T:

Hear! Hear!

Dear Raven:

Since I came to this island, I can't sleep
nights. What is my problem?

Frustrated Tam

Dear Tam:

Cancel your PLAYBOY subscription.

Dear Raven:

What's with this balloon and talcum powder
stuff the weather people are talking about?

Bubbles

Dear B:

My advice to you is to open doors with
extreme caution and care.

* * * * *

*** The Perils of the Bed ***

Turn out more ale, turn up the light;
I will not go to bed tonight.
Of all the foes that man should dread
The first and worst one is the bed....
Friends I have had both old and young,
And ale we drank and songs we sung;
Enough you know when this is said,
That, one and all,--they died in bed.
In bed they died and I'll not go
Where all my friends have perished so.
For I've been born and I've been wed--
All of man's peril comes of bed.

Charles Henry Webb

Thoughts on Togetherness

The love of a soldier is filled with fear,
It's having a girl who isn't near.
It's waiting for mail, a word from you.
It's an empty mailbox, a day that's blue.

It's looking at a picture, seeing your face,
Wishing I could leave this desolate place.
It's marking the days off a calendar above,
Waiting for furlough when I'll see my love.

It's writing you letters, each one filled
with love.
It's making a wish on the first star above,
Wondering what you are doing each minute
of the day,
Always wishing you were in my arms to stay.

It's plans and ideas that haunt me at
night,
It's losing your love that makes me feel
fright.
It's hearing a song that we once danced
to,
The words bring back memories, again I
feel blue.

It's living seven days now and then,
Having no interest in other women.
It's writing a letter saying all is well,
I hope the truth you won't be able to tell.

I'm home at last getting dressed for our
date,
My hands start to tremble, I can hardly
wait.
It's the look in your eyes when you open
the door,
Somehow I know it was worth waiting for.

Now it must end, this time spent with you;
My eyes start to water, again I feel blue.
The time has come and we must depart,
I'm back at my barracks, but I've given
You my heart.

* * * * *

BY The Guy.

Advertisements:

Wash-Up's by Lensclean, Inc., are proven
excellent record cleaners. Try one.

The A&P Tailor shop does all tailoring
and they charge cheap (ha!), especially
when charging our now jeeps.

Soggy Cereal - The snapping, crackling
talking, walking cereal, ready to eat.
Bite before it gets back off the spoon.

(Since the donor of the following article
is unknown, we cannot attribute it to
its rightful author. However, we feel
the subject is of sufficient import to
warrant our reprinting it in the pages
of the RAG - eds)

*** MILITARY COURTESY ***

According to Army Regulations and common
sense, one should at all times be kind,
courteous and respectful to his NCO. The
NCO is a very important asset to the mili-
tary. It is his job to administer and train,
acting as a go-between for the officers and
EM. One should always keep in mind that the
NCO, as a trained, competent, interested
supervisor, is always ready to lend a help-
ing hand to you when you have a problem to
solve, or need some good, sound advice--
backed by years of experience.

What makes an NCO different from other
EM? Quite a few things. First of all, he
must attain in the eyes of those who rate
him, a general proficiency and superiority
in his field. In addition to that, he must
be able to command the respect of troops.
Finally, the cumulative years of proved
skill, ability and educational training com-
bine to make the potential NCO outstanding
in so many ways. It certainly isn't easy
to be outstanding. Much courage, persever-
ence and a high sense of duty are required.

"Can I become an NCO, too?" is a ques-
tion your reporter hears from time to time,
in discussions between NCO's and EM. Well,
first of all, you have to prove your worth.
When you do something, be military, wear
a pleasant smile and you will have people
respecting you. Don't mind the occasional
cat-call you receive. The one who harasses
you that way is just jealous--he doesn't
have what it "takes". Accept all assignments
happily. Remember, anytime you're given
something to do, you are being observed by
a competent overseer in your section. Do
a good job and he will appreciate your ef-
forts.

If you want further proof, take a look
around you. You will notice that each and
every NCO is outstanding in one way or
another. Many have attributes which the EM
constantly discuss, in secret admiration
of their leaders. You can always look to
your NCO for leadership and correctness.
By following his sterling examples of con-
duct and efficiency, as well as a deep sense
of fairplay, you will learn something for
your later life. Put the lessons you learn
from your NCO to work for you in life. You
will most probably be amazed at the results
you get. People will view you in a different
light; no longer will you be merely "seen
and not heard".

So, remember, your NCO is a leader.
Stick by him--and someday you might get to
be a leader too.

NEWS FROM THE "OLD-TIMERS" OF THE 79th

TWO ROCK RANCH STATION - MAJOR BATES

Seems our old Ops Officer of "C" Ops, Major Hal Bates, has decided to hang up his boots and go out to pasture. To start off, his retirement will be a two or three week fishing trip in grand Washington state. Just think...all that retirement money and unemployment checks for about \$55 per week for 52 weeks and all you have to do is fish, fish, and fish some more. Not bad, eh?? "Rotts Ruck" Major, you certainly deserve it and all the best to you along with a happy and enjoyable retirement.....

12th USASA FIELD STATION - SP/5 Wayne A. Buhr

We received a nice letter from Wayne the other day. He says he finds the people and culture very fascinating but that he truly misses the friends and spirit found on Shemya. After seeing another part of the world he comments how fortunate the people on Shemya are with the wholehearted cooperation between the services and the relationships which exist between the officers, NCO's and EM. Good luck in the rest of your tour, Wayne.

TWO ROCK RANCH STATION - CAPT STODART

In the same letter was some news concerning our ex-Executive Officer Captain William Stodart. Capt Stodart for the benefit of jeeps, was the one greatly responsible for the RAG's very beginning. The format, ideas, columns, and censorship and distribution were among the problems he solved for our little publication, and that we have since continued to go by. We would like to hear a little more from the "Quiet Man" in the background Sir. How about a letter or two?

To all these people, we would like to say "Thanks for a job well done." The idea of this publication came from Fritz Schneider. Colonel Leffel sanctioned it and originated the "Commanders Column". Captain Stodart gave it the big push and all the ideas. Major Bates added the humor with his "Shemya Scenes" bit. They left and others came along. Representing the Army's Navy was SP/5 Scott with his weekly columns. To continue the mastery of past masters was SP/5 Wayne Buhr who took over and did an excellent job. It just goes to show that many do take an active interest in extra curricular activities and when they do something they do it well and with pride. For all you "New-Comers" (or Jeeps as you might be called), here is your chance to take over where people like these left off. Add your bit to the "Pride of the Unit". Others did it and you can too. Again, out thanks to all of you, and may God bless you in all your efforts....

By Fox

FT. MC PHERSON, GA. - COLONEL LEFFEL

While commuting between Ft. McPherson and a quiet little place called Peach Tree Street, Anniston, Alabama, the "Old Man" managed to keep up a continuing correspondence. The Colonel appears to be quite well and enjoying his new assignment. Like all "Brown-Baggers" he does have his problems of fertilizing the lawn and trees and getting around in one of those crazy little European cars but all the effort appears to be worth it. Nice hearing from you Sir and please keep up the correspondence. Incidentally, we were glad to hear you got the fireplug.

ARLINGTON HALL, ARLINGTON, VA - SERGEANT FOX

We hear that Sergeant Fox is now the First Shirt of Company "A" back at the Hall. We were also sorry to hear that he was in the hospital for a while, but we hope everything turned out satisfactorily. By now probably both Washington, D.C. and Sergeant Fox have returned to a ?normal? status after their shock of the initial encounter. Let us hear from you sometime and take it easy on all those females.

FT. DEVENS, MASS. - SSGT FRITZ SCHNEIDER

"Fritz", the original editor of the RAG who couldn't write his own name when he first started, now and then drops us a line. He got his first big break with the RAG when we of the Staff taught him how to write. Fritz has graduated from the "cellar-dweller" status to that of "Campus-camper" when he recently purchased a trailer. He reports that all at Ft. Devens is fine and dandy. He also has an assistant by the name of SP/5 Ernie May, an ex-79th man. They report that drinking beer, raking leaves and watching color television without static is quite novel after a year on the "Rock". Keep reporting, eh??

(Take the advice of Sgt. Fox, and start the ball rolling with a contribution to the RAG. Perhaps you have a question we can answer; if not, perhaps the RAVEN will give it a try. Do you know of someone with a poem written on the island, or maybe you have one of your own. Have you lost something? Do you have an announcement of interest to men on the island? Submit these things, along with your suggestions, and with your help, we will be able to produce your RAG. - eds)

Though it would make a list too long for any one issue of the RAG, we would like to express our appreciation to the many typists who worked long hours to make the RAG possible. They are our unsung heroes.

A Twelvemonth Past.

In July of '62, the RAG was one month young, but from the contents it seems things weren't much different then .

Seems the boys of the 79th were having the same trouble last year too, from Major Leffel's comments in "The Commander's Corner".

"I have rubbed shoulders with more brass and government dignitaries in Alaska than I have ever seen in my frequent visits to the Pentagon during two tours of duty in the Washington area," he said, and went on to list several scheduled visits in the near future.

The Shemya NCO Club advertised the "best entertainment available anywhere in the Western Aleutians".

Old-Timers will remember Bert Oxenberg, all-around orderly room man for the 79th. The RAG carried a column by Ox back then, entitled "One Small Voice". In the July issue, Ox reviews the movie "On the Beach."

Also appearing at that time was "Know the Candidates", a column wherein voters were given the facts about politicians competing in the November general election.

* * * * *

Recently the NCO Club was the site of mock battle between the US Army and the Army Air Corps. Seems there was a contest, the object of which was to see who could throw who in the Dipsy Dumpster. The Army, of course, won by pitching innumerable Air Force personnel into that black and dirty thing, much to CMS Sebeck's dismay.

Finally, the Army boys consented to go in the dumpster--anything to ensure a high Air Force morale, you know.

Leading the rally for the boys in green was our illustrious Sergeant Arnold (and in his last week on the island, too). His forces included such notorious creatures as O'Neill, Thompson, Williams, Kelley, and the one and only Larson, all PFC types.

Now is the time, we feel, to mention our regret in losing such a competent supply sergeant, and wish you the best in your next tour, Sgt. Arnold.

* * * * *

O D E T O T H E F O X

Hark!! Listen to me. The day is close at hand, When 7777 Charlie creaks down his gear to land. Though he's made many trips, too many we oft times think, This time he's come to carry away "THE Man", "The First Shirt", "The Fink". Yes, many names has "this cargo", and by many names he is known, From Rosita's down in Nogales, to Minne Tanuk's up in Nome. But with his spirit full giving at any time, any place, in any part, It's men like the Crafty Old Fox that gives this hole a heart. Yes, you unbelievers, a heart this atoll does claim. It has grown from bits and pieces left by men of forgotten name. But there's one we'll all remember, no matter just where we are, At another (Oh NO!!) lonely outpost, or a "Civie" in a brand new car. To you we bid farewell, Old Fox, you're a soldier through and through. The military would be a lot better place if it had more men like you.

To New Personnel:

Our custom has been to welcome individually each new member of the 79th upon his arrival. However, to list the names of all new arrivals since our last issue would take a great deal of space, so we ask that you accept our humble "Welcome" instead. Through the pages of the RAG, we shall endeavor to make your tour on Shemya as pleasant as possible.

* * * * *

Hope

Wind swept; rain washed;
Cloud gloom'd morn,
Decay; depressed; sans hope reborn.
Fog filled; moon still'd;
Thwarted dream.
No access to....
Life's mainstfeam.
Sun warmed; breeze fresh'd,
Joy filled day,
On wings of steel,
Bourne away....away!

by "The Bard of the Black Pearl"

* * * * *

Soldiers who wish to be a hero
Are practically zero,
But those who wish to be civilians,
Jesus, they run into the millions.

Army Latrine Inscription
(Quoted by Norman Rosten in The Big Road)

* * * * *

The codfish lays ten thousand eggs,
The homely hen lays one.
The codfish never cackles
To tell you what she's done.
And so we scorn the codfish,
While the humble hen we prize,
Which only goes to show you
That it pays to advertise.

from "It Pays to Advertise"



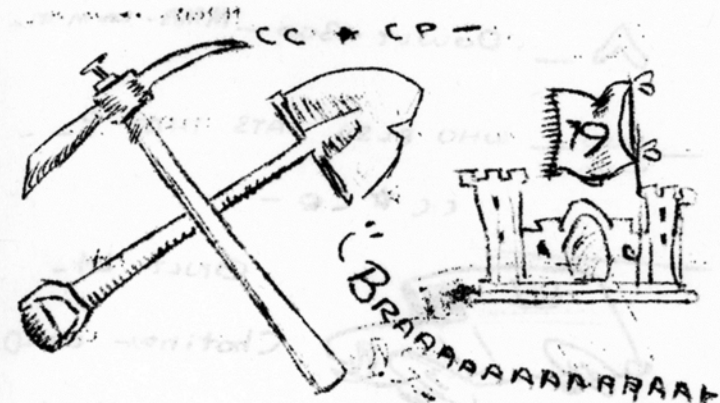
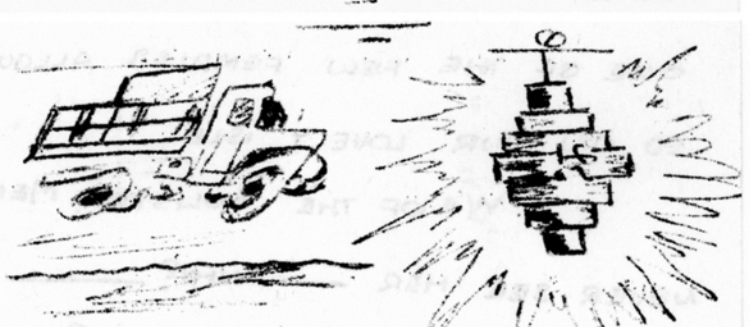
THE SHEMYA SCANDAL - INC -
 Editor: PFC 1/2 LARSON -
 CENSOR: Capt. Jorrett -
 - SA * LR -



SEX DEPT:
 THIS WEEKS
 BRAZE-BOWL-GATS -
 SHE IS THE 79th MASCOT, WE
 ALL LOVE HER - BRAAAAK!..

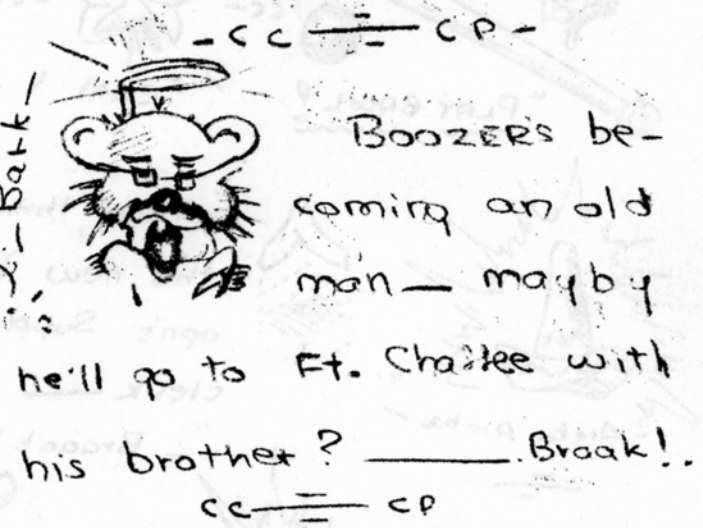
WHERE, WHAT, WHY, WHO -
 IS FORT CHAFFEE? - Braak!

SHE HAS A HIDDEN KEY - CHFF
 DOWLING KNOWS WHERE IT IS;
 "ASK HIM" - Braak!



Yessir - Yessir - I confess -
 Lt. Beckman did it - (sir -.)
 - CC - CP -

Meanwhile at E-opris - a great
 task is being done: (a "Doo-
 RITE" Special of the week -)



Boozers be-
 coming an old
 man - may by
 he'll go to Ft. Chaffee with
 his brother? - Braak!
 cc - CP
 ART - by ZIP - INC - (ASA)
 Poses - (SAC) - by Slinky-Boo -
 - MOCKBA - cccp -



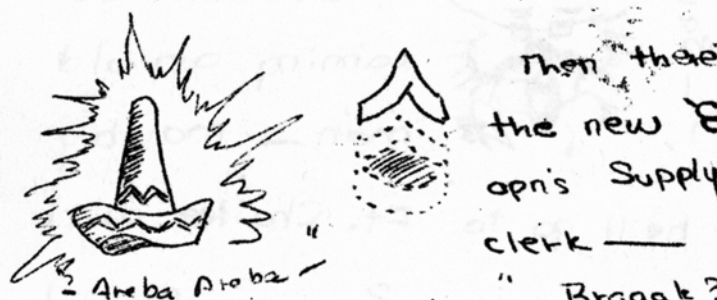
WHY DON'T YOU ALL GO TO
"Re-Up - benees"
"CLICKITY-CLICK!"
"FUG-A-LUB!"
"SNAP!"
"SWEEH!"
"HOO-HAH!"

SEX DEPT:

THIS PAGES SEX-DOLL IS AN
AIRLINE STEWARDESS
SHE CARRIES OUR MAIL TO
US - WE ALL LIKE HER - SHE IS
ONE OF THE FEW FEMALES ALLOW-
ED ON OUR LOVELY ISLE -

WE OF THE ENLISTED MEN

NEVER SEE HER - WHY?



SHEMPA SCANDAL - INC -
(by PLAT BAWL INC) - INC-10 -
EDITOR: DOO-RITE, INC -
ART - FINKY-BOO -
- CC - CP -



" YOU TOO CAN BE AN ENGINEER
IN THE BUBBLE - SEE LT.
BECKMAN + OF MAJOR DUGAN
FOR FULL DETAILS -"
- CC - CP -

MMM-MMM-MMM-MNNMM -"
SLIGY-BOO - MMM-MM-M -
DOWLY-BOO - MMA-MMM-M -
AND WHO ELSE SATS THAT? -
CC * CE -

