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BEFORE

CONDITIONS PRIOR TO DIFFICULTY: Outbuilding was in use when occupant noticed a disturbing draft caused by the passage of a projectile from the weapon of the hostile forces. Several more projectiles passed through the building causing a more annoying draft and a disturbing injury to the occupant, said injury being fatal.

DESCRIPTION OF DIFFICULTY: There have been serious wounds due to the many construction of this vital building, and have not been able to maintain the building. The building was reinforced with steel plates, steel, stock, and other materials. The building was reinforced with steel plates, steel, stock, and other materials. The building was reinforced with steel plates, steel, stock, and other materials.

ACTION TAKEN: The building was reinforced with steel plates, steel, stock, and other materials. The building was reinforced with steel plates, steel, stock, and other materials. The building was reinforced with steel plates, steel, stock, and other materials.

INITIALS: T/OCC. REVIS. T. HINES

SUBMITTED BY: D. McCoy, Station 12 Officer, Little Station Training Camp

COMBAT Project No. 811 has been assigned this and is for the personal direction of Mr. Chief G. Dr. Tests are being conducted to determine the effectiveness of the new-type weapon, and the type of weapon being used against the structure. Also needed are the blueprint and other drawings showing the precise installation of the D-88 remote control turret system in this structure.

AFTER

UR

UR4

UNSATISFACTORY REPORT

NOW?

UR

1. ACTION AGENCY

Serial No. 4711
Project No. LS 311

2. CATEGORY

REPORTING MAJOR ACTION
1 ACTIVITY 2 COMMAND 3 AGENCY

UR SERIAL NO.

DATE

3. REPORTING ACTIVITY

58-25

5 Feb 58

ORGANIZATION 3428th Labor Bn STATION LTC

4. IDENTIFICATION

ITEM outbuilding, Private
PROPERTY CLASS real Estate
STOCK OR PART NO. N13L4x3x8
PRIME CONTRACTOR CSM
MANUFACTURER Chick Sale
ORDER OR SHIPMENT NO. Unk.
PARTS CATALOG T.C. 00-80A-14
FIG. & INDEX NO. 1-1

5. SUPPLEMENTARY DATA

QTY IN USE 1
QTY IN STOCK 0
QTY INSPECTED 1 QTY DEFECTIVE 1
NO. PREVIOUS FAILURES Unk.
LAST RECOND. ACTIVITY Unk.
6. USAGE
SINCE NEW 1359
SINCE RECONDITION Unk.

7. INSTALLED ON

NAME

SLIT TRENCH

TYPE, MODEL, & SERIES

4x8x8, 11948-C

SERIAL NO.

Unk.

8. EXHIBIT DISPOSITION & INCLOSURES

Pictures attached.

9. DETAILS

CONDITIONS PRIOR TO DIFFICULTY: Outbuilding was in use when occupant noticed a disturbing draft caused by the passage of a projectile from the weapon of the hostile neighbors. Several more projectiles passed through the building causing a more annoying draft and a distressing injury to the occupant, said injury being fatal.

CAUSE: Outbuilding was not constructed of projectile-proof materials. Occupant had no means of defense against attack.

DESCRIPTION OF DIFFICULTY: Users of this structure have caught colds or have been seriously wounded due to the flimsy construction of this vital building, and have not been able to retaliate.

ACTION TAKEN: Outbuilding was reinforced with armour-plate steel, Stock Number 6750-450750, covering the existent holes and preventing further penetration of missiles. One B-36 remote control turret, type 20mm, was installed atop outbuilding and the associated electronic gunnery system was arranged to permit the occupant to scan the immediate area to enable him to take necessary action when attacked.

RECOMMENDATIONS: That all outbuildings intended for use in 'Fued country' be equipped with B-36 remote control turret systems, type 20mm, and that they be constructed of armour-plate steel.

INITIATOR:

T/SGT ELLIS T. MILLS

MCCIC

Little Siberia training CAMP

SUBMITTED BY:

B. McCoy

Station UR Officer

Little Siberia training CAMP

1st Indorsement

CSM Project No. LS 311 has been assigned this and it is under the personal direction of Mr. Chick Sale, Jr. Tests are being conducted to determine the thickness of armour-plate needed, and additional information is requested from the field agent the probable size and type of weapon being used against these structures. Also needed are the blueprints and other drawings showing the precise installation of the B-36 remote control turret system in this structure.

/s/ R. A. Mashhead

Brig Gen., Commanding

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la FILATURE

CARSWELL AFB
24 AUG 1958

Oh what a tangled web we weave . . . In the sixteenth mailing I indicated you would receive this as a postmailing. Well it still looks like a postmailing, to the seventeenth mlg.. Perhaps it'll make the mailing thru the OE's discretion, if not I'll arrange to pay him the postage and thus get this out to you. I had rather planned to make this issue larger, but in the interests of getting into print have decided to save the little material I've here to go on stencil, for another issue. Then there are the items I had hoped to draw forth from my head which are still hiding back there under the pea somehow. Several things have taken place since I got the rest of the mag on stencil. I am now firmly ensconced in a small box at the Carswell AFB Post Office, #244, until the unspecified time that my Wing is to move to Clinton, Oklahoma. I have sold my soul to Montgomery Ward & Co. for one each typewriter, portable, Smith-Corona, electric, and a chair. (Typing table is from Sears, Roebuck) I have also visited Orville Mosher's printing establishment in Dallas with the result that I am now several styli, two shading plates and a quire of stencils richer, and am the possessor of a Speed-O-Print Model L mimeograph, plus being several dollars poorer. It is a pleasure to haggle with Orville. I don't have as much time off-duty here as I did at Denver, but the chief reason I have not run this off earlier is pure sloth. However with the big Con a short few days away, I am stirred to indolent action. I leave Amon Carter Field Thursday afternoon at 1700 CST and arrive in LA at 2030 PST. The following Wednesday, I leave LA for Fort Worth Again. I look forward to greeting Ron the Bennett and discovering if he managed to smuggle Cocil in through Customs without proof of a rabies inoculation within the past six months. Of course if Ron has had the inoculation he won't have any trouble. Due to the slowness of the rushing season, this issue of UR be-very-lated even more so than I intended when I cut the heading for SAFARI!. It would behoove me to give herein the credits where credits are due. Peg Leman will probably not be on speaking terms with me after she sees what I've done to the cover I asked her to do for me. Martin Pahls will be happy that I didn't use his drawings herein, although I intend to do so next ish.

Bob Leman should have no complaint about the Kelp manuscript. My mother is too understanding to complain about my treatment of her poems, and I'm glad that she is still willing to do them for me. Eve Firestone was kind enough to lend me her file copy of HI #5 that my original evaluation of the Double Concerto appeared in. An unknown artist sketched the edge design for the letter and posted it on a bulletin board in the barracks at Lowry, I made discreet inquiries but could not discover the culprit. I then carefully borrowed the sketch long enough to stencil it, and replaced it as unobtrusively as I had taken it. The letter could be true, it is true-to-life at any rate. Bob Leman gave me a number of copies of his current cover as an advertisement of his mag which is probably no longer available at UR friendly neighbourhood newstand. Bob might not even have any copies left. If you haven't seen TVW #3 why not drop him a line. You might be lucky and get a copy you can read. At the least you'll get on the mailing list for The American Journal of Oculentetratology (now known as The Vinegar Worm.) You might even get TVW #4 if Bob isn't too discouraged by #3. The backcover and the illo for SAFARI! were lifted from the USAF Aircraft-Accident and MAINTENANCE REVIEW, Feb. '56 which is not intended to constitute endorsement of my product by the USAF and Vice-versa. The fillou below is courtesy of Montgomery Wards Fall Wish-book. The fillous for the Songs My Mother Taut Me are free-handedly mine, that's a pocketbook and a double-basin sink third up from the bottom on the right.



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ST. FANTHONY HAS SWITCHED
TO "THE VINEGAR WORM" *

Once again, I bring you a rushed and belated UR. Through the kind offices of Bob Leman, I have obtained the following priceless manuscript from the estate of the late Mr. Kelp, intrepid big-game hunter of Lower Dogscratch, Colorado.

Mr. Kelp expired in a sanatorium where he was undergoing the "cure" for the fever he incurred on his recent

by

SAFARI!

Orphid Kelp, n.p.

It was not without some trepidation that I led my safari into the haunts of the wily carnicova; the natives had long told startling tales of the monster man-eater whose lair lay far to the north, near the source of the treacherous Oconoco, and I felt that with so much smoke, there must be some fire. The native name for the Oconoco was "N'Ghbono," which means (freely translated) "Split Creek." A native legend tells how B'Lohni, an early tribal hero, found himself up N'Ghbono without a paddle, and was devoured by the carnicova. Since that time, no native had dared venture up this river; it was one of their strongest tabboos.

The whole tribe tried to dissuade me, for they felt the safari to be a rash enterprise, but I was determined to obtain the head of the carnicova, and I proceeded to form my safari. Equipment was no problem; I had a full complement of guns, including my trusty 400.06 Sputtlicher, my 54-40 Over-and-Under Krauss Special, and my Gene Autry Repeater. And I did not lack for any other equipment necessary for a successful safari; my portable comfort station; my stenographer, Lissome Praline Gasket; a wax model of the carnicova and a full paper of pins; all these and much more were among my supplies.

My only problem was to obtain bearers to lug all this gear; the superstitious awe in which the natives held the carnicova led them to refuse to enter my employ, so it became necessary for me to bargain with the chief. Luckily, I had brought a plentiful supply of trinkets, and, after an all-night session of haggling, I instructed my major-domo to turn over to the tribe a selection of Lincoln Continentals, mink stoles, rolls of large-denomination bills, and other gewgaws of the sort the simple tribesmen love. All was now in readiness!

We departed at dawn. I will spare you the harrowing details of that ghastly, heart-breaking journey. My stout bearers fought not only the torrential rain, suffocating humidity and searing heat, and not only vicious gnats, leeches and fungi, but also crocodiles, huge elephants, and Bengal tigers. From time to time, I would draw back the curtains of my litter (which had been designed for me by Fisher Bodies to be carried by sixteen bearers), but I always quickly closed them again, because I am too tender-hearted to be able to observe such suffering. At such times, I always turned up the air-conditioning, and asked for a fresh glass of gin.

As you may know, gin is a specific against tropical fevers, and there was great danger of fever in the miasmal area through which we were travelling. Even a quart a day of the invaluable medicine failed to shield us completely; frequently at dusk, when the fetid mists began to roll outward from the swamp, we would begin to note the symptoms of fever: flushed face, slurred speech, slowed reactions, and a tendency to fall down. Sometimes, later at night, one or both of us would lapse into a delirious coma.

But we had known when we began the safari that there would be hardships, and we forged intrepidly onward. As we approached our goal, the fever's inroads became more and more apparent: we invariably awoke with blinding headaches, upset stomachs, and trembling hands. A glass of Gordon's elixir usually brought relief, however.

Then one morning, we awoke to an ominous stillness, and I peered thru the curtains to find my worst fears realized—all our bearers had deserted us!! We were alone near the man-eater's lair!



SAFARI: (Continued)

Breathlessly, I turned to Lissome. "Aha, the proud beauty, we are alone at last," I exulted. Lissome merely melted into my arms muttering, "Talk, talk, talk, is that all you know how to do?" However, as I was about to demonstrate that my knowledge extended far beyond mere oratory, Lissome stiffened and clutched my arm. "Look!" she whispered.

And there was the carnicova. With a roar, the beast commenced its charge.

Nearer and nearer, thundered the monster as I emptied the 400.06 Sputtlicher, and the Gene Autry Repeater, firing vainly in its direction. Desperately, I tossed the Gene Autry Repeater to Lissome to reload and grabbed the wax model and paper of pins. Frantically, I began jabbing at the model, muttering an ancient incantation which I had learned at my Mommy's knees. This too was useless. As I tossed aside the last twisted pin, Lissome sweetly reminded me that I had shellacked the model because the heat had been melting it and causing it to go out of shape.

There was but one thing left to do. Our last slug was in the Gene Autry Repeater, so I grabbed for it, determined that the carnicova would not devour me alive. Lissome, however, had the same idea, and in our struggle, the gun went off, sending that last precious bullet into the model of the carnicova. At this instant, a B-47 flying overhead accidentally released a weapon which fell squarely upon the carnicova. The head of the monster flew toward us and landed with a dull thud beside me.

I turned.

And in that instant, the tired blood became frozen in my veins; the face of the carnicova was the face of Ellis Mills.

The Livid End

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STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST MOON, 24 THOSE LANE, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF THE MARCH HARE AND JULIUS CAESAR (Title 39, United States Code, Section 239) OWNERSHIP, MISMANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION WITH IMAGINATIVE AFTERTHOUGHTS OF UR AND ALLIED PUBLICATIONS, published bi-occasionally at various places, for April and May, 1958.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are: URTOC Publishing Co., Lowry AFB, Colorado; Editor, T/Sgt Ellis Mills, 3428th STURON, Box 996, Lowry AFB, Colo.; Mismanaging Editor, Ellis T. Mills, Box 416A, Route 3, Golden, Colo.; Business manager, None, 12345 Nowhere Avenue, Denver, Colo..

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corpse or agent, its name and address must be stated and also immediately therewith the names and addresses of stakeholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total interments. If not owned by a corpse or agent, the names and addresses of the individual ghouls must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) URTOC Publishing Co-partnership, Lowry AFB, Colo.; T/Sgt Ellis Mills, 3428 STURON, Box 996, Lowry AFB, Colo.; Ellis T. Mills, Box 416A, Route 3, Golden, Colo.

3. The Known bombholders, mortgagees, and other insecure holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of the total amount of bombs or other infernal devices are (If none, so state.) Too many To be Enumerated

4. Paras. 2 and 3 include much information that may or may not be misleading, depending on whether you think this is deadly serious or not; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiants full knowledge.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceeding the date shown above was: (Required from daily, weekly, semiweekly and triweekly newspapers only.) None. And if you think I expect to get any more this way, you're crazier than I am.

ELLIS T. MILLS, Editor?
Sworn at, and subscribed to by me this 1st day of April, 1958.

/s/ I. D. YOT ((Seal))
I expired March 30, 1958.

SONGS MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME IV

Lookout!! Cabin...

Though the buffalo roam no longer



And few deer and antelope play

One's yearning may yet be stronger

For that home in the west that's not gray.

The skies in the daytime are still bluer
The stars shine more brightly at night
But the wide open spaces are fewer
Towns and cities meet one's sight.



For weeks we had heard of a cabin

Referred to as L*S*t Camp

Perched high on the side of a mountain

Where hunters and fishermen tramp.



We heard how it held all the comforts
Of home — heat, light and T.V. —
It sits on its own quarter acre
With a well of water that's free.



It was on a day back in January

That this little cabin was sold —

For a camp in the hills for the weekends

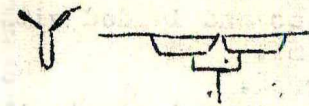
A man traded cash, hard and cold.



From then on the weekends were busy
With digging, repairing and all
It's not easy to dig out a basement
Even harder to build up a wall.

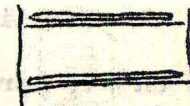


The pocketbook suffers a setback
For electric stove and a sink
Plus water heater and utensils



For cooking — what did you think?

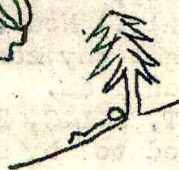
A pair of bunk beds make sleep cozy
With sleeping bags spread out on top,
There's a table and chairs for mealtime
And the vinyl floor's easy to mop.



Outside there's a small square building
That meets the need of the hour
It could be replaced with a lean-to
With modern plumbing and shower.



Then a septic tank needs to be added
And perhaps a little more land —
So when a guy wants relaxation
Here's the place — isn't life grand!!



M. Barker Mills

(A few years ago, while I was stationed temporarily on Guam, I was privileged to hear the Tropical Symphony Orchestra of the Mariannas render the premiere performance of Baron Von Who's "DOUBLE CONCERTO for BABOON and ORCHESTRA." At long last, this scintillating work has been performed in the United States. I was quite interested in comparing this performance with the previous one, and wish to share with you my impressions of this notable work.)

DENVER SYMPHONY SCORES red rocks scene of triumph

Red Rocks Amphitheatre was the scene of an orchestral tour-de-force as the Denver Symphony, under the guest conductor-ship of Dr. B.A. Boone of the Paris Zoological Concert Orchestra, performed the little-known "DOUBLE CONCERTO for BABOON and ORCHESTRA." The usual composition of the Symphony Orchestra had to be altered to include several special instruments, hitherto heard only in obscure HIFI records by Mr. S. Jones and Co.

Dr. Boone is well known for his sparkling interpretation of that best selling record "JUNGLE FLUTE." Dr. Boone not only directed the orchestra through the tortuously intricate passages of the DOUBLE CONCERTO, but also joined with his wife, the former Mlle. M. Onkey, in developing the cadenza with a sensitivity and emotion that paralyzed the audience. It may be said that their delicate handling of this theme is the truly definitive one.

The DOUBLE CONCERTO is a unique composition based on tribal African motifs, using two baboons as the solo artists in a duet. The novel orchestration calls for two oil drums, four auto horns, a kazoo, and a twelve string guitar, in addition to two harpsichords, a clavicle, a variety of bulrushes, and a zither.

It was composed during Baron Von Who's enforced visit to Cayenne, Fr. Guiana. Of it he writes, "One night, the entire composition unfolded itself in my head, in a dream. Since then I spend every day folding it back up again, but every night it unfolds again. Sometimes I think that I shall go mad, quite mad. The world is full of mad women, mad as March hares, and it is my sacred obligation to dispose of them all as I did my dear wife."

The guest conductor, Dr. Boone, led the famed Twilight Symphony Orchestra at the Jardins Zoologique in Vesoul, before the second World War. During the war, he aided the French partisans greatly, teaching many of them the finer techniques of guerrilla warfare. Shortly after the war



UR Press Photo:
Dr. + Mme Boone at their
wedding. Vesoul, Hte. Sne.

he met Mlle. Onkey, whose prewar career as a street-singer had taken her to many of the world's capitols, with her accompanist, Signore Trovatore Organiste, of Naples, Italy. Signore Organiste was killed in Paris, during an air raid in 1948, and Mlle. Onkey fled to a small wood beyond the city. It was in this bomb-torn wood that Dr. Boone, seeking relaxation, after a strenuous rehearsal of the Zoological Concert Orchestra, discovered the shy artist. He recalls that as he reclined beneath a shattered tree, sipping a cup of tea, the faint strains of the refrain to leSinge's famous "WORDS WITHOUT SONG" drifted upon a gentle breeze, down from the treetop. Swiftly, he arose and ascended the tree. "A vision of loviness" was his impression when he first observed Mlle. Onkey. A whirlwind courtship resulted in the marriage of these talented performers in 1955. ((a slow whirlwind))

After the wedding ceremony, the devoted couple embarked upon a world-wide concert tour, performing such difficult and charming works as Affemensch's "ICH BIN WAS ICH BIN" and L'Ane's "CHANSON d'un POISSON." Mme. Boone refers to this trip as "Our Aha Daba Honeymoon."

--- The End --- etu

8423rd STURON

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8423rd TTWG
(ATC)

28 MARCH, 1958

Dear Mom,

I have started school here at Lowry, learning to maintain the black boxes on the B-52 bombers. School is not bad, we have no homework as all our books are classified and can not be taken from the school building. Basic training makes up for that, unfortunately. We spend hours shining our shoes and keeping our areas in inspection order and then there is the chain-of-command to learn and the general orders and AF history and courtesy-and-drill to study.

The basic training instructors, the TI's are rough and sure know how to put us through the wringer. Our TI, Sgt A. told us the first day that he had at one time had hopes for the future of the country, before he became TI and saw what sort of things were coming into the service to defend it. He said the other day that watching us drill did things to his digestive system. He then clarified his statement, saying, "In other words, you make me sick to my stomach." He told us that he was going to try to make us useful airmen, if it was possible, and that whenever he corrected us, we had better thank him for showing us the error of our ways.

There are several Sgts going to school here too, they are a lot different than the TI's. Sgt M., for example, does not mind if we call him 'Sarge,' as long as he beats us playing Chess. (Personally, I think that both Sgt. A. and Sgt M. are a little bit crazy.) Sgt M. has a cabin in the mountains near here, and he invited a few of us up the other weekend. He said we could help him do a few odd chores, and he would feed us and provide sleeping bags for us. We dug a basement for him, repaired the outbuilding, installed the plumbing for his new sink, did the dishes, scrubbed the floor, paneled the attic, etc.. Sgt M. is a good cook and makes really good chili. I don't believe what Sgt C. said, that he used horse meat to make the chili, and it was good anyhow. Sgt M. even got us air mattresses so we wouldn't have to sleep on the cold ground in the basement. The weekend was real cheap, he only charged us two bucks apiece, and he fed us steak on Sunday and all the Kool-Aid we could drink. (We drank about a gallon apiece.)

I met the most wonderful girl on the street last night and we want to get married during the mid-term break when I get two weeks leave. She only has a year and a half more to go in high school and she can stay with her parents until I leave for my next station, if we don't let them know about the marriage. Then we can save all the money I'll get for my allotment to get started on at the next base. I haven't seen the C.O. yet to get approval, but I'm sure he won't be any trouble as he's a young 1st Lt. and will understand. I have already started writing my other girls explaining why I can not write them any more.

How do you like the new squadron stationery? The column down the side represents the squadron philosophy.

Love
Herky





"DAMMIT, MARTHA, WHERE'S THE HORSE RADISH?"

IN THE YEAR
497,000 B.C.

U. R. McWOG,

Neanderthal
Maintenance
Man,

discovered
that
Sabre Tooth
Tiger's Fat
applied to
the thongs
of a war club
resulted in
longer life
and increased
efficiency to
the weapon.
His subsequent
reports on the
subject
established
the system
that bears
his name:
namely the
UR or Unsatisfactory
Report
System.



THE HORSE RACING PRESS