



Chaplain's Corner

*Ok, wow. Here comes September.
(Ok, about three songs just went thru my head. "Try to remember ... " No, I do not think that is helpful here.)*

By Ned Moore, Shotgun Chaplain

What I had in mind when I sat down to write to you – is this:

In September we have Labor Day – the “End of Summer”. What a pessimistic thought. Actually, for my purposes, Summer begins for me when we change to Daylight Savings Time (only two years old in Indiana) in March and ends when EDT ends in November. For me, Summer is not about temperature, it is about attitude. “They say around here that there are two seasons in Indiana: Winter and Roadwork. I am sure that many of you can relate regardless of where you live. And that too, is about attitude.

Labor Day always makes me think of the Book of James, well OK, and Labor Unions too.

After his greeting in James 1:1, he says this:

“²Consider it pure joy, my brothers, whenever you face trials of many kinds, ³because you know that the testing of your faith develops

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Beyond Design Specifications

No telling how many G's we pulled...

By Mike Marlow, Shotgun 8A, 8 July '66 – 'Jul '67

Most of us that went through OFWAC training have flown the U-6 Beaver at least during our Instrument Training phase. Well, it so happens that I was in last training class to use the Beaver, fondly called “Big, Slow and Ugly” in 1965. We had to go up every day to lumber through our instrument phase only to land and see the many, gleaming Beach Barons all parked and waiting for use by the next class.

Even though we have all probably done something in our flying careers that the plane was not really designed for, like taking off from a special forces camp PSP runway loaded with more cases of beer than could ever be described as under gross weight (but that is another story), I am probably one of the few that has been in an outside loop in a Beaver.

This occurred in August 1965, as our instructor and the three students in our “stick” were on a routine training flight. Luckily, I was not the student in the left seat, so I was trying to stay awake seated behind the instructor.

Thank the Lord; we had gone up to about 6,000 feet to get a little cooler Alabama air. I remember watching the student under the hood at the controls and he was not only sweating profusely, but really seemed to be struggling with the yoke. Then, without warning, the plane violently nosed down and over into an inverted position. That, in addition to all the debris that went flying all over the cabin, definitely woke me up.

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perseverance.”

Makes you want to ask what he has been smoking. But really, what is the difference between work and play?

To my mind – it is attitude. I can take just about anything you want to do for “Play”, tweak it in a very few ways, and your whole attitude toward it will change because it will have become “Work”. And, I believe the reverse is also true – Work can become enjoyable Play. The difference is Attitude. Fortunately for all of us, I have neither the space nor the time to spell it all out.

Another day perhaps.

The Book of James is a veritable gold mine regarding attitude. Have you ever just sat down, opened your Bible to James and instead of just reading the words, immerse yourself in what he is saying? Really listen to what he is saying rather than just hearing the words as they come off the page and fly by your head?

James is a practical fellow, blunt to the point of being obnoxious – and yet, isn't he getting down to the “nitty gritty” of Christianity in practical daily practice? That may be why so few people really STUDY James' teaching. He comes down on the face of hypocrisy like a blowtorch with an afterburner. In just five short chapters he lambastes and crowds us out of our euphemisms and our grandiosities, our play acting and our pity parties. I would venture a guess that even in today's church, there is no one who cannot be stung in some way by his insights into real Christian living and how we are missing the mark(s).

But all is not laser bursts and blacksmith hammers. He lays out hope and encouragements, healing and ministries for all of us.

For me, the one point in his letter to the Church that is most telling and yet the most encouraging is James 2: 14-18.

“¹⁴What good is it, my brothers, if a man claims to have faith but has no deeds? Can such faith save him? ¹⁵Suppose a brother or sister is without clothes and daily food. ¹⁶If one of you says to him, "Go, I wish you well;

keep warm and well fed," but does nothing about his physical needs, what good is it? ¹⁷In the same way, faith by itself, if it is not accompanied by action, is dead.”

“¹⁸But someone will say, "You have faith; I have deeds." Show me your faith without deeds, and I will show you my faith by what I do.”

I think he is not talking about believing that Jesus is Lord and Savior. He is talking about **acting** like we believe it.

It has been said that Christianity was never to be a Religion. It is supposed to be a **Life Style**. It doesn't take all that much to see what is lacking in our “Christian Nation” today. Specifically, that what passes for Christianity today, is, in the main, basically lip-service. There are exceptions and this is not the format to explore those.

Broad Brush: If what was going on in the people of the churches in our country, from Midnight Sunday mornings to 23:59 Saturday night, followed the corrections and teachings of Apostle James, what do you think we would be seeing in today's commerce and industry, politics and policing, education and entertainment ? ? ? ?

Ned



CALENDAR OF EVENTS

LABOR DAY HOLIDAY

SEPTEMBER 6

OV-1 MOHAWK ASSOCIATION REUNION

DAYTON, OHIO

SEPTEMBER 8 – 11

ALL BIRD DOG UNIT REUNION

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO

SEPTEMBER 9 – 12

IBDA BIRD DOG 60TH BIRTHDAY ROUNDUP

FREDERICKSBURG, TEXAS

SEPTEMBER 15 – 19

ARMY OTTER-CARIBOU ASSOCIATION ANNUAL REUNION

COLUMBUS, GEORGIA

OCTOBER 6 -10



How hot is it where you are?

If man were meant to fly, God would have given him baggy, Nomex skin.

Then the instructor and the pilot gave everything they had in pulling the nose back up through half of an inside loop. When we finally leveled out, we realized we had lost more than 5,000 feet. No telling how many G's we pulled.

All very shaken we decided to call it a day, and gingerly took the plane to land at Ft. Rucker. Upon landing we were all debriefed on what happened by some senior officers. It seems that the instructor had noticed that the student at the controls kept gaining altitude, so he reached down to adjust the trim forward. This evidently happened several times with the student applying more backward pressure on the yoke each time. Finally, after more altitude gain, the instructor told the pilot to release the yoke. Big mistake!

When all was said and done, mechanics determined that not only had some of the wing rivets popped out but also the struts had been stretched out about an inch. Luckily, the wings had stayed on. Because of his actions prior to the mishap and the determination that while inverted he should have rolled out level rather than a reverse half loop, the instructor was relieved and we got a new one for the remainder of training.

But from that time forward, as I logged many more Beaver hours in the 221st at Soc Trang, I always felt very safe in the reliability of "big, slow and ugly".

Mike





With elections upon us, it is more important than ever to get out and vote. Many folks feel that their vote does not matter. Just imagine if everybody felt that way –nobody would

ever be elected! Many elections – not just on a local level - have been decided by fewer than 100 votes. Therefore, thinking your vote doesn't count could not be further from the truth.

The Three Biggest Lies in Army Aviation

1. You're the only crewmember available.
2. Don't ask me; I'm not the regular crew chief.
3. Wait right here, Sir. The crew bus is on its way.

REUNION 2011

The reunion is beginning to take shape. After a trip to San Antonio and visits to several hotels we are now looking at where we will receive the biggest bang for the buck. Seems that the best offers we have received are from **The Holiday Inn Downtown** and from **The Doubletree Hotel Downtown**. Both hotels are located about six blocks from the **Riverwalk/Alamo** attractions and both are located near the **Market** as well as being on one of the scenic trolley routes providing access to the aforementioned areas.

We will kick off reunion activities on Thursday, October 13, 2011 with registration starting at 1200 Hours. The activities on Thursday will take place at the hotel and will be mostly renewing friendships and sharing "war stories".

Planning is underway for a myriad of activities on Friday, October 14. We will undertake a visit to the **Wounded Warrior Center** at Fort Sam for one and, of course, golf at an area golf course.



Take notice folks, **George Cook** is offering a discount on unit wear and collectables during September.

Just contact George at www.corksystudiographics.com for information.

In addition there will be time for folks to visit the **Riverwalk** for relaxation or The **Alamo** for a touch of Texas history. Evening activities will include a social gathering (details still being worked out) and more sharing of adventures.

On Saturday, October 15 we are planning our traditional Bird Dog fly-in supported by our friends at the **IBDA**. There are rumors of a Texas style barbeque at the airfield. In the evening we will have our banquet but this time we will include our Memorial Service as part of the program (this is subject to change, we are awaiting comment.)



Don

Editor's Note: I have taken the liberty to include the following series in the *Shotgun Blasts* in hopes that it will inspire a few of you to share your experiences with us...Don

REMINISCENCES - Part I: From 4-F to 1-A

By John L. Theiler

This is my first contribution to the newsletter, and I think it's proper that I begin by introducing myself. Well, I'm a long-time friend of Don Smith. We've known one another for over a half a hundred years, going all the way back to high school. Also, I'm the artist who donated the miniature art prints to Don that he raffled off at your 2009 reunion. And I, too, am a veteran of the Vietnam War, but was in a different capacity than you fellows.

The following is an account of how I got into the Army and over to that war zone, especially since the SSS once had me classified as 4-F, unfit. After graduation from Brentwood High School near Pittsburgh in 1958, I had few ideas as to what to do with my life. I wasn't going to college due to poor grades and lack of funds. And there was no family business to go into. I was left with the options of finding a job or entering the military. Neither idea really appealed to me however, I had to do something – even if it was wrong. And so, I half-heartedly looked for employment. I also half-heartedly visited an Air Force recruiting station. I was tested, and if I enlisted could get a job in electronics. That wasn't altogether unappealing. If I recall, I took the physical exam, too, but was rejected because I was underweight. A skinny kid was I.

The Army was my next choice. Quite unsure of myself, I planned to visit a recruiter. On that occasion I asked Don if he wanted to accompany me. I needed emotional support – and a ride. He agreed and drove us to the Army recruiter. The exact details have faded, but the ironic conclusion was that he was accepted for service and I was not. Again, I didn't have enough flesh on my bones. Soon Donald was off for basic training at Ft. Knox (Yes, I was responsible for getting him into the Army; he'll never forgive me.).

On later occasions I visited the Army recruiter again only to be rejected again. According to my height, I should have been a minimum of 125 lbs. to enlist. Soaking wet I weighed <120. But Fate would get me into Uncle Sam's military. The year was 1963 and the local draft board decided I'd be adequate material for service. In early September, I received a mail notification that I was being considered for induction, and was to get my affairs in order. In October came the official "Greetings from the President". Anxiety set in, dread. But as ordered, I reported to the Old Post Office Building in Pittsburgh on Oct. 22nd and was processed like cheese thru a factory.

To my utter surprise I was accepted by the US Army even though I was still less than 125 lbs. I had gone very quickly from 4-F to 1-A, fit for service. My predicament was that I could not enlist, but could be drafted. Next stop Fort Jackson, SC via my first ride in an airplane. Well, okay, at that time, I had nothing better to do; I was unmarried and unemployed.

Basic training was difficult for me, especially the physical aspects. I was no kind of an athlete, and hated to exert myself. Well, somehow I got shoved, pushed, pulled, or dragged through the eight weeks on "Tank Hill" and graduated from "D" Co., 9th Bn., 2nd Reg. I had become a soldier, presumably. (By the way, Tank Hill was named for a water tank atop a hill in the training area and not for the military vehicle. I was disappointed.)

Next: Medical Field Service School

Notes and Things

Just a few items that need mentioning before we get off and running for the fall season.

Bill Poor still has a few copies of the 2009 Reunion DVD available for those interested. Just contact Bill at wpoor@comcast.net to get your copy. The price is \$5.00 which includes the postage.



Scot Steinaway is trying to learn a bit more about his father, **Paul E. Steinaway** and his service with the 221st Shotguns in '67 and '68.

If you knew Paul how 'bout contacting this young man that has recently retired from the USAF and share what you know with him.

Contact him at: steinaway1@yahoo.com

Hovering is for pilots who love to fly

but

have no place to go.

No matter whom you vote for, the government always gets in.

Honors Flight

I know that all of you are aware of the Honors Flight program conceived by Don Modica, our first Shotgun 6, to keep the memories of fallen Comrades-in Arms alive.

In keeping with Don's ideas I feel we should have a section in the **Blasts** that would keep all informed about any losses that our group may experience on a regular basis and not just at Reunion time.

To do this I will need your help! You will have to keep me informed so that I can get it out in a timely manner. When you hear something, let me know and I will verify prior to publishing the information in the next issue of **Shotgun Blasts**.

Don
Shotgun-8A

In Search of “Shakespeare”

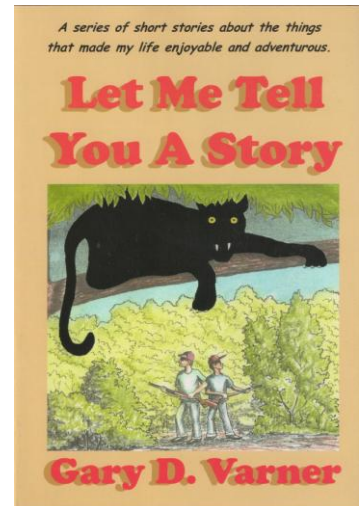
Another book by a Shotgun, it has been around for a while but you may have missed it, this is really some fun reading and I think that all of you would enjoy it.

Let Me Tell You A Story

By Gary D. Varner

In Gary's own words; "I wrote the book to document some of my life's adventures for my children and grandchildren. I had no intention to publish it but my daughter insisted. The book is in its second printing (2000 copies) and I only have a couple hundred left. (I sell them myself at festivals and storytelling events). Anyone interested in buying one can contact me by e-mail at gpvarner@comcast.net and I will sign a personal note to them. The book retails for \$12.95 but I will sell them for \$10.00 plus postage (about \$2.00)."

Gary



Can anyone out there identify these three fine looking young aerospace mechanics?

A Parting Thought
Where were you on September 11, 2001?