

# Shotgun Blasts

The 221<sup>st</sup> Aviation Company – Then and Now

Volume 3, Issue 5

May 2011

## Chaplain's Corner

*...Is God angry with us?*

**By Ned Moore, Shotgun Chaplain**

Matthew 24 <sup>6</sup>“You will hear of wars and rumors of wars, but see to it that you are not alarmed. Such things must happen, but the end is still to come. <sup>7</sup>Nation will rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom. There will be famines and earthquakes in various places. <sup>8</sup>All these are the beginning of birth pains.”

Luke 21 <sup>10</sup>Then he said to them: “Nation will rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom. <sup>11</sup>There will be great earthquakes, famines and pestilences in various places, and fearful events and great signs from heaven.”

David Wilkerson died 27 April 2011: [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/David\\_Wilkerson](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/David_Wilkerson) In that Wiki article, lower on the page under the Prophecies heading is a remarkable list, many of the items we have already seen come to pass – and some making repeated passes – including yesterday's horrific storm system with NOAA estimating 173 tornados, and traveling by one report over 200 miles and causing 200-300 deaths. It may prove to be worse than that.

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## Ramblings

*This would be my first mountain flying...*

**By Bill Poor, Shotgun 6**

Hank Collins suggested I relate a story of my early flying career that I had told him a couple years ago for the “*Blasts*”. Don has been after me for something for a long time so here it is as I remember it.

After finishing flight school in March 1956 I was assigned to Lawson Army Airfield at Fort Benning. My first “real” mission came a few months later when I was given the mission of flying the Ranger Department CO up to the Mountain Ranger Camp near Dahlonega, GA. The Colonel was a highly decorated veteran of WW II and Korea. Still being a little green behind the ears I was a little nervous about having such a distinguished passenger on board my L 19. I was briefed about the peculiarities of the destination airfield, which was Wimpy's cow pasture just northwest of Dahlonega where I had graduated from North Georgia College four years earlier. Someone in Ops apparently knew I had gone to college there and assumed I would be familiar with the landing strip. I briefed the colonel, strapped him in and off we went. There was practically no conversation as he was doing paper work the entire flight.

My flying experience so far had consisted of primary at Gary AFB in San Marcos, TX and advanced contact at Fort Rucker, and the areas around Fort Benning – all flat land flying. This would be my first “mountain flying” experience. My instructions were to fly over the cow pasture, check the windsock, and then buzz the field to scare the cows off. The cow pasture was between two fairly sized hills, lying basically north and south with a stream

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dividing the pasture into two parts. The landing area was on the west side of the stream and was a slight dog-leg to the west. I was cautioned in the flight briefing that there was a road and power lines at the south end with a large hump in the cow pasture about where touchdown would be for a power approach to the north.

I arrived over the cow pasture after an uneventful flight with the colonel comfortably tucked in the back seat and saw that the windsock was not there. Falling back on my training I looked at the trees by the stream and hills but still couldn't be sure about the wind. There were no cows in the landing area so I decided to make my approach to the south to avoid an approach over the wires and the aforementioned hump which, incidentally, I couldn't make out in the green grass of the pasture. Not realizing until I was on my dog-leg approach to the south that the hills on each side of the cow pasture acted sort of like a venturi causing the air near the ground to move downhill (south) faster than the air above. The closer to the ground I got, the faster I went. At that point I had by flaps down and was moving along at a rapid rate. As I saw the end of the cow pasture coming up I gave the L19 full throttle, slammed the card head forward and barely cleared the power lines.

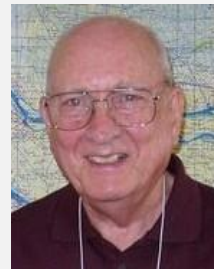
Gaining some altitude and settling down a little I decided it might be a better idea to make an approach to the north. This time everything went just as planned until I touched down (hit) on top of the hump – boooing! After a very graceful bounce I touched down again, the prop joining the main gear and tail wheel in grasping the grass in Wimpy's cow pasture, not to let go again – at least until it was a controlled event. With brakes pressed to the firewall we rolled out to the left and came to a stop. A fire truck from the Ranger Camp came roaring up along with an ambulance from Dahlonega. I think the fire truck was routine but someone had reported an airplane in trouble!

I dismounted and pulled the seat forward so the Colonel could get out. By this time his jeep was right beside the airplane. He nimbly jumped out, smiled and said “thanks, lieutenant.” Then he was off to do whatever he had come to do. I looked at the prop and saw it was slightly bent at the tip. I spent the night at the Ranger Camp waiting for maintenance to come up and replace the prop which they did the next morning. Of course I had to spend the night at the Ranger Camp but the incident wasn't even mentioned – as if it was just an everyday, routine affair. It sure wasn't for me! I never saw the colonel again – I understand he returned to Benning by sedan.

I learned some valuable life lessons from that experience which have been multiplied over time: First, I have no doubt that God needed me for something else later in life and I needed (need) to be alert for what He would have me do; Secondly, a true leader will exhibit grace, even under the most trying circumstances, and Third, in the majority of cases there are good talents in the “greenest” of us – a true leader will find and build on them.

As an afterthought, a year or so ago I flew with my son-in-law in his newly built RV6 up to Dahlonega and landed at Wimpy's cow pasture, now Lumpkin County Airport. It is a nice, paved, one runway airport with a few hangers along the runway. We landed to the south (uneventful), taxied around and took off to the south. As we cleared the end of the runway with room to spare over power lines (now relocated), I wondered if, years ago, the maintenance guys at Lawson really believed me when I told them those were cow patties in the floorboard of the L19!

Bill



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More than one person has asked, "Is God angry with us?" The easy answer is "Yup", or if you are from the New England area - "Ayuh". However, that situation dates from Adam and Eve. Nothing new there.

Are the current media reports from around our world indicators that the "End-Times" are near? My answer is usually, "Yes, one day closer than yesterday", mostly because I do not have a timetable, that and because end-of-everything forecasts have been offered since the beginning of forecasting. Even St. Paul expected the Second Coming in his lifetime.

I have often wondered to myself, and anyone else willing to listen, whether it might be, that the things we see in the sky and in/on the earth are pictures for our eyes, symbolizing the kinds of the things God sees in our lives as the results of Sin.

Sin, in the Scriptures, is described in various ways as being behaviors that are "Missing the Mark" of God's design for our lives. As evidence, I submit: <http://www.theopedia.com/Greek and Hebrew words for Sin> .

There are billboards in the Indy area that proclaim - "... we do not need a god to live, to love, to hope, and to care ..." -- or words to that effect. And my thought was yes, that is true - to a point, with the same point being that people can be genuinely sincere, and yet be sincerely wrong.

We are told that we are made in the image of God. And yes we are humanly capable of maintaining life; of feeling love and acting accordingly; of hoping - even hoping against hope; and we certainly are able to care - to entertain concern for and engage in activities for the betterment of others. But, having said that, I would hasten to add that if our living, loving, hoping, caring are not guided by God's Holy Spirit: "Jesus-in-the-Now", as Oral Roberts used to say, we most likely will find ourselves in the same predicaments as those in the times of the Book of Judges where it was said that each man did what was right in his own eyes . . .

which leads me to remember Proverbs 14 <sup>12</sup>"There is a way that appears to be right, but in the end it leads to death."

Are the weather and Earth phenomena God punishing us? No, I don't think so. One needs only to read in Genesis of the Flood or Sodom and Gomorrah episodes to see what a direct "punishment" looks like. No, The Creator set much into motion in the beginning and how humankind has tampered with that leads to much debate in many circles, into which I choose not to delve. These are more likely natural consequences of our lack of stewardship of the Earth. That said, I have no offering regarding earthquakes - they're too deep for me.

Rather, I would raise the question, "Are we supposed to see and learn about ourselves and our choices in the macrocosm of our world?" We know of lives ruined and destroyed by alcohol, drugs, crime, wars and other really poor choices humans have made and continue to make. Devastating!

As stated, no, humans do not need a god to be able to live, love, hope and care. But I submit, that if we would be involved in these aspects of human life, does it not make so much more sense to seek wisdom and understanding, guidance and leadership from the One who designed our world and everything in it in order that our living, loving, hoping and caring not miss the mark?

It is a terrible thing to find yourself in anything but the most pleasant of circumstances - and find you have no One bigger than yourself to whom you can turn.

Ned



## From the Archives of

STARS AND STRIPES

### June 1967 Old West Tactics By Pilots

By Bob Kersey, S&S Staff Correspondent

Vinh Long, Vietnam

Reminiscent of the old west, U.S. Army pilots are riding "shot-gun" on lonely patrols over thousands of square miles of enemy-infested "Indian country."

"Shotgun one-four," better known as Lt. Theodore Preble, of Oklahoma City, rises with the sun every morning and heads for the Vinh Long airfield and his O1-D Cessna.

Before the day is over he may find himself doing anything from directing Allied ground units into battle to delivering mail pony-express style in a low pass over an outpost.

One of many pilots assigned to the 221<sup>st</sup> Recon. Co., 13<sup>th</sup> Aviation Bn., Preble flies constant visual reconnaissance over the green provinces of Vietnam's Delta area.

Preble says 95 per cent of the job is pure boredom, but the other 5 per cent keeps him flying high off the deck. His little plane has collected more than one hole during low passes over enemy positions.

He also has his own enemy kill count, confirmed and probable, from the high-explosive 2.5 inch rockets slung under his wings. The four rockets are designed primarily for defense and are all the armament the plane carries.

Preble spends most of his time criss-crossing Vinh Long Province, looking for signs of the enemy from about 2,000 feet up.

Holding the control stick between his knees, he

circles over one area after another, hanging out the window with a pair of high-power binoculars, looking for anything.

"Everything is important" he says. "Normal traffic, heavy traffic or too little traffic, all tell you something."

And when he finds something, it usually has little chance of escape.

He does not normally use his rockets unless fired upon, but quick communication with artillery, armed aircraft and ground troops spell trouble for any "Indians" in his territory.

**Editors Note:** *Unfortunately I was unable to successfully copy the original article so it became necessary to retype it for this edition of Shotgun Blasts.*



*For our Mothers, our Wives, our Ladies we offer not Red Roses but these lovely Texas Bluebonnets as a token of our affection this year...and forever.*

*The Shotguns*

## “A Soldier’s Prayer”

By Mrs. Thomas L. Smith

Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my gun to keep,  
Grant no other soldier take,  
My socks or shoes before I wake.

Lord, please guard me in my slumber,  
And keep this cot upon its lumber,  
Let no pegs or guide ropes break,  
And let this tent down fore I wake.

Keep me safely in thy sight,  
Grant no fire calls sound at night,  
And in the morning let me wake,  
Breathing scents of sirloin steak.

God protect me in my dreams,  
And make it better than it seems.  
Grant the time may swiftly fly,  
When I myself shall rest on high.

Deliver me from work and drills,  
And when I’m sick don’t feed me pills,  
And should I hurt this hand of mine,  
Don’t daub it up with iodine.

In a snowy feather bed,  
Where I long to lay my head,  
Far away from all camp scenes,  
And from the smell of half baked beans.

Take me back into the land,  
Where I can walk without a band,  
Where no thrilling bugle blows,  
And where the women wash the clothes.

God Thou knowest all my woes,  
Feed me in my dying throes,  
Take me back, I’ll promise them,  
Never to enlist again.

Amen.

*The above poem was recently found among my Grandmother’s personal papers with a note that it was written by her cousin prior to World War II. I felt it might be of interest to some of you.....Don Smith, Shotgun 8A*

## Final Flight

A simple listing of our Comrades-in-Arms that have departed on their Final Flight.

### Michael M. Marlow

Shotgun 8A, May `16 – May `67



Our Comrade-in-Arms, Mike, passed away on February 5, 2011, at the age of 69. Mike was born in Houston, Texas in 1941. In 1964 he graduated from Texas A&M University where he was a proud member of the Corps of Cadets.

Mike is survived by his wife of 46 years, Kathleen Quinn Marlow, son Kevin and daughter Kelli.

### Bill L. Stratton

Bill Stratton, age 88, passed away on March 26, 2011. Bill was a larger than life personality who loved aviation. He served with the Army Air Corps in WW II as a bomber pilot instructor.

Although not a Shotgun, Bill left his mark on many of us when he began the International Liaison Pilots Association, creating a newsletter with a worldwide circulation.

Bill is survived by his wife, Georgia Ann and his three children, Richard, Cherie and Leslie Stratton.

*This is for all those wonderful ladies that we have far too often ignored when Mother's Day came around.....Ed.*

### **The Military Wife**

The Good Lord was creating a model for military wives and was into his sixth day of overtime when an angel appeared. She said, "Lord you seem to be having a lot of trouble with this one. What's wrong with the standard model?"

The Lord replied, "Have you seen the specs on this one? She has to be completely independent, possess the qualities of both father and mother, be a perfect hostess...run on black coffee, handle every emergency imaginable without a manual, be able to carry on cheerfully, even if she is pregnant and has the flu...And oh yes, she must have six pair of hands."

The angel shook her head. "Six pair of hands? No way."

The Lord continued, "Don't worry; we will make other military wives to help her. And we will give her an unusually strong heart so it can swell with pride in her husband's achievements, sustain the pain of separations, beat soundly when it is overworked and tired, and be large enough to say, 'I understand' when she doesn't, and say I love you, regardless."

"Lord," said the angel, touching his arm gently, "Go to bed and get some rest. You can finish this tomorrow."

"I can't stop now," said the Lord "I am so close to creating something unique. Already this model heals herself when she is sick...waves goodbye to her husband from a pier, a runway or a depot, and understands why it's important that he leave."

The angel circled the model of the military wife, looked at it closely and sighed, "It looks fine, but it's too soft."

"She might look soft," replied the Lord, "but she has the strength of a lioness. You would not believe what she can endure."

Finally, the angel bent over and ran her finger across the cheek of the Lord's creation. "There's a leak," she announced. "Something is wrong with the construction. I am not surprised that it is cracked. You are trying to put too much into this model."

The Lord appeared offended at the angel's lack of confidence. "What you see is not a leak," he said. "It's a tear."

"A tear? What is it there for?" asked the angel.

The Lord replied, "It's for joy, sadness, pain, disappointment, loneliness, pride and a dedication to all the values that she and her husband hold dear."

"You are a genius!" Exclaimed the angel. The Lord looked puzzled and replied, "I didn't put it there."

**Author Unknown**

### **A Member Speaks Out**

*Most people spend their lives trying to stay out of tense situations, Birddog pilots spent their lives getting into tense situations.*

*Doug Bell, Jan – Jul 1967*



## **Delta Birddog Reunion 2011 Battle Plan**

**Mission:** Plan and execute a superior reunion for the ladies and men of two of the United States Army's finest Reconnaissance Airplane Companies, the 221<sup>st</sup> and the 199<sup>th</sup>.

**Intelligence and Enemy Situation:** The combined enemies **Time** and **Distance** are relentless in their pursuit of the members of these celebrated combat veterans and can only be held at bay by a periodic effort to assemble and remember the times we had together, good and bad, and to honor our accomplished missions and our Comrades-in-Arms.

**Execution:** The Advance Party (aka, Reunion Committee) will prepare the landing zone for the members of the 221<sup>st</sup> and the 199<sup>th</sup> Reconnaissance Airplane Companies to assemble in San Antonio, Texas at the Doubletree Hotel Downtown. The advance party will arrive no later than 17:00 hours on 12 October 2011 to secure the LZ and to ensure the potability of the Class VI rations. Members of the main body will depart their bases at a time that will allow them to be at their assembly point at San Antonio between 12:00 and 17:00 hours on 13 October 2011. At 17:30 hours there will be an assembly at a point yet to be designated where we will undertake the task of once again becoming re-acquainted and to ensure that **Time and Distance** have not rendered us beyond the realm of recognition to our comrades and to determine if any member of the Advance Party has any idea why they are present. The following 48 hours will be expended in a variety of locations; Golf Courses, Historical Sites, Military Installations, Museums, Markets and an airfield where classic liaison airplanes can be seen and touched, and, weather permitting the greatest little Warbird of all time, the Birddog will take center stage. The combined effort of all members should allow us to stave off the advances of **Time** until we are next able to meet.

**Logistics:** Virtually all commercial airlines have flights into San Antonio International Airport and Stinson Field is available to those of you traveling in your private airplanes. Members driving or renting a car will find the assembly point readily accessible and we ask that all vehicle owners be prepared to "car pool" to ease transportation costs. A contract has been executed with the Doubletree Hotel to hold 40 rooms for us. They will only hold the rooms until 7 September 2011, so make your reservations early. You can contact the hotel at 210-224-7155 (between 08:00 and 16:00 hours) to make your reservations; make sure you mention you are registering for the Delta Birddog Reunion and that your group code is DBD. Make sure that you complete the registration form and send it to the designated member of the Advance Party, Tim Brinkerhoff.

**Command and Signal:** The advance against Time and Distance will commence on 13 October. Upon reaching the LZ proceed to the noisiest place in the Doubletree, that should place you in contact with a large gaggle of "20" year old, bulletproof, invincible Bird Doggers. Continue to watch the web sites, [www.221st.org](http://www.221st.org) and [www.SwampFox199thRAC.com](http://www.SwampFox199thRAC.com) for information and updates.

*Thanks, Hank, for helping with this, once an Infantry officer...*

## Who'll Be In San Antonio?

As of April 25, the following individuals have registered for the Delta Birddog Reunion. Please return your registration form to Tim early to help us with planning.

Shotgun 3, Damon & Ann Agee  
Swamp Fox 35, Woody Barnes  
Swamp Fox 27, Brian Bowling  
Shotgun 34A, Tim & Joanne Brinkerhoff  
Swamp Fox 31, Sam & Lynne Givhan  
Shotgun, Robert & Wannee Lewis  
Shotgun 35, Don & Kathy Loftis  
Shotgun 22A, Amador & Maria Norma Marcha  
Shotgun 6, Jimmy & Frances McGraw  
Shotgun, Eric & Rosemary Nakasone  
Shotgun 8A, Don & Renate Smith  
Swamp Fox 12, Joe & Betty Swift  
Shotgun, 16A Roy & Josefina Talley  
Shotgun 24, Billy & Andrea Wallum

Quite a few others have indicated that they will be there but we are only listing the folks that have submitted a registration.



## About The Reunion

*Have you heard the old saying that if you want something done, you have to do it yourself?*

*Have you heard the old saying that if you want something done, give the job to the busiest person you know?*

*Have you heard the old saying that it's always the same people that get the job done?*

*Have you heard the old saying that the Delta Birddog Reunion is the best one ever?*

*Well, it's probably true in all of those cases. Situation is right now we need Your Help with the Delta Birddog Reunion. If you have helped before, you know the job that has to be done. If you haven't helped before, then you have a treat in store!*

*Have you heard the old saying that Shotguns and Swamp Foxes are the most handsome, the best lovers, and the best pilots ever?*

*That's probably true too...*

*Anonymous Volunteer*



## Dates to Remember

**165 DAYS UNTIL DELTA BIRDDOG REUNION**  
MAY 1, 2011

**MEXICANS DEFEAT FRENCH ARMY AT PUEBLO, MEXICO**  
MAY 5, 1862

**MOTHER'S DAY**  
MAY 8, 2011

**ARMED FORCES DAY**  
MAY 21, 2001

**MEMORIAL DAY**  
MAY 30, 2011

## Links

A few links to sites that may be of interest to you.

- 74<sup>th</sup> RAC [www.aloft74th.org](http://www.aloft74th.org)
- 183<sup>rd</sup> RAC [www.183seahorse.org](http://www.183seahorse.org)
- 184<sup>th</sup> RAC [www.184rac.com](http://www.184rac.com)
- 199<sup>th</sup> RAC [www.SwampFox199thRAC.com](http://www.SwampFox199thRAC.com)
- 219<sup>th</sup> RAC [www.219headhunters.com](http://www.219headhunters.com)
- 220<sup>th</sup> RAC [www.catkillers.org](http://www.catkillers.org)

And

OV-1 Mohawk Association  
[www.ov-1mohawkassociation.org](http://www.ov-1mohawkassociation.org)

Army Otter-Caribou Association  
[www.otter-caribou.org](http://www.otter-caribou.org)

International Bird Dog Association  
[www.ibdaweb.com](http://www.ibdaweb.com)



OK, Shotguns, if you are in the market for some reunion wear or collectables contact George Cook. [www.corkysstudiographics.com](http://www.corkysstudiographics.com)

## Military Milestones

**MAY 1, 1960** THE SOVIETS SHOT DOWN AN AMERICAN U-2 PHOTO RECONNAISSANCE PLANE

**MAY 5, 1961** FIRST AMERICAN IN SPACE, ALLEN SHEPARD IN FRIENDSHIP 7

**MAY 6, 1942** GENERAL WAINWRIGHT SURRENDERED CORREGIDOR TO THE JAPANESE

**MAY 7, 1942** BATTLE OF THE CORAL SEA

**MAY 7, 1945** THE GERMAN HIGH COMMAND SURRENDERS TO THE ALLIES

**MAY 12, 1975** THE SS MAYAQUEZ WAS SEIZED BY A CAMBODIAN GUNBOAT

**MAY 13, 1943** GERMAN FORCES IN AFRICA SURRENDERED

**MAY 31, 2011** MEMBERS OF THE 221<sup>ST</sup> AVIATION COMPANY CONTINUE TO PLAN FOR THE OCTOBER ASSAULT ON THE CITY OF SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

## Looking Back

Just some notes from the *Pacific Stars & Stripes* of November 28, 1965 to remind us exactly what was important to us and to our comrades-in-arms throughout the Republic of Vietnam at the time.

There is little doubt in any soldier's mind that one of the greatest morale boosters of that time took the form of an attractive young lady by the name of Elke Sommer. She was probably one of the most popular pin-up girls of the time and troops all over the country were trying to get her photo, a phenomenon that began when the *Pacific Stars & Stripes* ran a pin-up picture of the long-limbed Miss Sommer.



The letters began pouring in and even the Shotguns at Soc Trang had one end up at the newspaper:

**“We don't have it as bad down here (Soc Trang) as the marines in Da Nang or Chu Lai, but we are doing our share ... so if you could find room in the bottom of your heart, I would appreciate it if you would forward my plea (along with about 20 other guys in the company) to Miss Sommer to please send me a picture or a couple of pictures to me and my buddies. Like I said, we don't**

**have it too bad down here but it could be better...** PFC George Meyer, 221<sup>st</sup> Aviation Company.”

Now, we really don't know if George received any photos or if upon receiving them he shared them with the other guys in the company, perhaps somebody will tell us all about it.



## San Antonio Weather Travel Planner

The weather center here has determined the high and low temperatures and the record temperatures for the dates of the Delta Birddog Reunion. As the dates get closer you should check the San Antonio weather report to determine the most likely weather for the reunion dates.

### Normal Temperatures and Extremes for: 12 October 2011 through 17 October 2011

**Record High:** 99° F / 37° C

Normal High: 84° F / 29° C

Normal Low: 62° F / 17° C

**Record Low:** 38° F / 03° C

The normal high temperature for San Antonio during this period is 84° and the normal low is 62°. The highest temperature recorded in San Antonio for this period in the past 75 years is 99° and the lowest temperature for this period in the past 75 years is 38°.