

Shotgun Blasts

The 221st Aviation Company – Then and Now

Volume 3, Issue 7

July 2011

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness.

Chaplain's Corner

...back to the Basics

By Ned Moore, Shotgun Chaplain

I want to wish you all a Safe and Sane 4th of July – Independence Day!

Hmmmmmm.

Independence – Interdependence – Dependence

We are caught in a bind, in our Christian life aren't we?

We have Free Will – Therefore we can do just about anything with our lives that we choose (given the limitation(s) of the situation(s) in which we live, move and have our being).

Yet we are constrained by scripture to be dependent upon God for His Will for our lives, "Whoever does God's will is my brother and sister and mother" (Mark 3: 35 NIV). And yet, we are really not puppets, nor do we even wish to be. It is a gnarly sort of situation in which we find ourselves. The easiest thing would be to say, "Too difficult – Drive on". Certainly there are many who have chosen to do just that. But that does not sit well inside ones who choose to have God's will active in our lives.

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Ramblings

Experience Is the Best Teacher

By Frank Allen, Shotgun 3, '66 - '67

As the 221st RAC standardization pilot, one of my jobs was to give the new arrivals in the company an initial check ride in the O1-D and let them fire a couple of 2.75 rockets from the frisky little Birddog. To do this it was my usual custom to take off from Soc Trang and fly south-southwest until we reached the coast. We would do a few basic maneuvers enroute to the water where we could fire some rockets with no disruption from unwanted sources like ground fire from the local chapter of the VC.

On this particular day a newly assigned aviator (a former student of mine who shall remain nameless) had just about adjusted his body to the time and location change from the good old USA. It was time to check him out and send him on his merry way to his new assignment. We had breakfast at the "Tigers Den" and drove down to the end of the runway where we parked and maintained the company aircraft. It was a very nice looking day weather-wise, so yours truly decided to skip a weather briefing as we would only be out for an hour or so, and how much could it change in that time, besides it wasn't even monsoon season.

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This newsletter is dedicated to the men of the 221st RAC who served from 23 March 1965 to 10 October 1971, to the ladies that stood behind them and to that magnificent flying machine, the Cessna Birddog.

Brothers in Arms - Always



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After the newbie and I did a thorough preflight, I jumped in the back seat and put newbie in the front. As soon as he had cleared the area, we fired her up and called the tower for taxi and takeoff instructions. The tower informed us of the altimeter setting and gave us the winds as light and variable from the southwest with skies clear and visibility unlimited. No sweat, what a good day to go fly with no pressure.

As I had trained him well at Ft. Rucker, newbie made a very smooth takeoff and we turned south and headed for the coast. After a few minutes I had him do a couple of stall recoveries, and a couple of steep turns to get the feel of the plane with the added weight of the "Huey hog pods" we had hanging under each wing. Satisfied with his flying (after all I trained him didn't I?), we proceeded to the coast and out a mile or so, I took the controls and demonstrated my method of lining up the third rivet on the windscreen with the tip of the cowling and popped off a rocket. I then gave him the controls back and let him have some fun firing a few rockets from level flight, a slight dive and then in a turn to show him what would happen if you were not straight-and-level wing wise when you fired.

Satisfied that he had the basic idea, and knowing he would get much more training in his new platoon, we turned back north in the general direction of Soc Trang. About fifteen minutes enroute, I looked out to the west and saw a very dark cloud bank that looked pretty wide and appeared to be lowering somewhat. This prompted a call to the Soc Trang tower for their updates on the weather at the field. My pucker factor increased slightly when they informed me that the winds in advance of that now really dark cloud bank to the west were currently twenty-five to thirty and increasing and were essentially coming across the runway almost ninety degrees.

Well, now my pucker factor really increased as I ran through my options. I really did not relish

the thoughts of trying to land with thirty plus crosswind so my really smart decision was to head east and try to stay ahead of the cloud bank until I could reach one of our sectors where I could get down ahead of it. I figured that at worst I could go all the way to Vung Tau. But, ego being what it is, I decided I would make one attempt to land at Soc Trang before hi-tailing it out of the area. So, I took the controls and entered downwind. The tower cleared me to attempt a landing but advised that the winds were getting stronger and were directly across the runway. As I turned base and then final, the turbulence was so bad I was coming out of my seat and it rapidly became apparent that landing at Soc Trang was out of the question.



I terminated my approach just as the leading edge of the cloud bank reached the west end of the runway and was moving rapidly east-northeast and dropping rapidly. Turning east I decided to get out of the area and find a place I could land. Proceeding east-northeast for about fifteen minutes, and being forced lower and lower, I called Paddy control and asked what the tops of the clouds were. My idea was to climb to VFR on top and ride it out. Imagine my pucker factor now when Paddy told me the tops were twenty to twenty-two thousand feet!!! OK, so much for that plan, I began to think maybe we were in deep do-do now.

Nonetheless, I assured newbie that all was under control as I knew exactly how to handle this little situation – Ha Ha!

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As the old saying goes “God looks out for fools and drunks”, and He was certainly riding with us that day because just as I was about to run out of altitude and ideas at the same time, I spotted the Chung Hua delta that was at the end of the middle fork of the Baasac River. Then the light came on. I knew that even though we were now about seventy five to one hundred feet off the water, it was not all that far up the river to Tra Vinh. If we could maintain enough altitude by flying up the middle of the river, it would be relatively easy to pick up the road that ran from river’s edge to the sector house and strip where the Shotgun sector pilot kept his Birddog.

About ten or fifteen minutes later (which seemed like a couple of hours), I spotted the road and turned west toward the sector house. Again the Good Lord was watching out for us, because, purely by accident on my part, I headed directly for the strip and saw it when we were about five hundred yards off the end of it. There was only one chance to put the Birddog down because it was getting darker and darker and the wind was buffeting us like we were a kite. Fortunately, the wind was just slightly off the left side so I dropped some flap (not much) and made a pure power approach touching down in about a fifteen degree crab. With the left wing down and a lot of brake, we skidded to a stop. Making a very careful turn off the strip we shut her down and rapidly exited to tie the thing down before the wind flipped us over.

About five minutes later a jeep arrived and ferried us to the sector house - - I must have been as white as a sheet because everyone kept asking me if I felt ok. Of course, I swore I was in great shape, but inside my guts were dancing like a cat on a hot tin roof. After a couple of hours the sky was once again clear so we thanked the guys for lunch and the ride to the strip, and returned to Soc Trang.

Frank

The Forgotten Man

by 1LT Joe E. Seward

Through the history of world aviation
Many names have come to the fore,
Great deeds of the past in our memory will last
As they are followed by more and more.

When man first started his labor
In his quest to conquer the sky
He was designer, mechanic, and pilot,
And he built a machine that would fly.

But somehow the order got twisted,
And then in the public’s eye,
The man who got all the glory
Was the man who knew how to fly.

The pilot was everyone’s hero,
He was brave, he was bold, he was grand,
As he stood by his battered old biplane
With his goggles and helmet in his hand.

To be sure, these pilots all earned it,
To fly then you had to have guts.
And they blazed their names in the hall of fame
On wings with bailing wire struts.

But for each of these flying heroes
There were thousands of little renown,
And these were the men who worked on the planes
But kept their feet on the ground.

We all know the name of Lindbergh,
And we’ve read of his flight into fame,
But think, if you can, of his maintenance man,
Can you remember his name?

And think of our wartime heroes,
Gabreski, Jabara, and Scott.
Can you tell me the names of their crew chiefs?
A thousand to one you cannot.

Now pilots are highly trained people,
And wings are not easily won,
But without the work of the maintenance man
Our pilots would march with a gun.

So when you see a mighty jet aircraft
As they mark their paths through the air,
The grease-stained man with the wrench in his hand
Is the man who put them there.

*A special thanks to all those specialists, mechanics
and crew chiefs who kept us flying...*

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Just like with sports, when player(s) develop troubles – the good Coach takes them back to the Basics.

From among the gazillion pertinent scriptures, the “Back-to-Basics” I want to share today are these:

“Jesus said to them, “My Father is always at his work to this very day, and I, too, am working” (John 5:17 NIV). (See also John 5: 19-20). “Don't you believe that I am in the Father, and that the Father is in me? The words I say to you are not just my own. Rather, it is the Father, living in me, who is doing his work” (John 14:10 NIV). “I can do all things thru Christ who strengthens me” (Phil 4:13 NIV). “For it is God who works in you to will and to act in order to fulfill his good purpose” (Phil 2:13 NIV). “And the peace of God, which transcends all understanding, will guard your hearts and your minds in Christ Jesus” (Phil 4:7 NIV). “Give thanks in all circumstances; for this is God's will for you in Christ Jesus” (1 Thes 5:18 NIV).

This is something that thoughtful people have been working on for centuries, how to balance our soul's drive for independence and our spirit's need for God's direction in our lives. A couple of examples I found:

(The links will take you to the Tables of Contents.)

Andrew Murray: [Working For God!](#), Chapter VII - The Father abiding in Me doeth the Work.

“ ... At first it may appear as if the waiting for God to work will keep you back from your work. It may indeed—but only to bring the greater blessing, when you have learned the lesson of faith that counts on His working even when you do not feel it. You may have to do your work in weakness and fear and much trembling. You will know that it is all, that the excellency of the power may be of God and

not of us. As you know yourself better and God better, you will be content that it should ever be—His strength made perfect in our weakness”.

St Augustine, in his work: [Handbook on Faith, Hope, and Love](#), Chapter XXVI - The Triumph of God's Sovereign Good Will, Section 101, says in part, “Sometimes, however, a man of good will wills something that God doth not will, even though God's will is much more, and much more certainly, good—for under no circumstances can it ever be evil. ... (very tangled example stuff here) ... There is a very great difference between what is fitting for man to will and what is fitting for God—and also between the ends to which a man directs his will—and this difference determines whether an act of will is to be approved or disapproved ...” After which he goes on and on and it begins to sound like trying to read an Army Regulation – St Augustine has so much trouble with the casuistry of our will, good and/or bad, and God's Will and whether there is any agreement, is so convoluted it made me dizzy to try to read it. Have at it, if you are so inclined.

Suffice to say – we are not alone in our struggles - even Jesus experienced that (John 17), but, if it is not being a struggle for us, finding the ways to be interdependent with God for our lives – it is time to get back to Basics - Again.

Ned



The Pilot

by Leo D. Hymas

Someday we'll know where the pilots go
When their work on earth is through
Where the air is clean and the engines gleam
And the skies are clear and blue.

They have flown, with the engine's moan
As they climbed to the great beyond
And taken delight at the awesome sight
Of the world spread far and 'yond

And how they love, and are beloved,
But their love is most for air
With wings spread out, they still fly out
And leave their troubles there.

How near to God, these men of sod
Who come near danger's door;
They are real, not made of steel
He knows who goes before.

Yet not alone, above their home
When the earth is out of sight
They make their stand, He takes their hand
And guides them through the night.

He knows these things, of men and wings
And they are surely true.
He'll give a hand to such a man,
Because He's a pilot, too.



The Distinguished Flying Cross

On The Lighter Side

You know you are living in 2011 when...

01. You accidentally enter your PIN on the microwave.
02. You haven't played solitaire with real cards for years.
03. You have a list of 15 phone numbers to reach your family of three.
04. You e-mail the person who works at the desk next to you.
05. Your reason for not staying in touch with friends and family is that they don't have e-mail addresses.
06. You pull up in your own driveway and use your cell phone to see if anyone is home to help you carry in the groceries.
07. Every commercial on television has a web site at the bottom of the screen.
08. Leaving the house without your cell phone, which you didn't even have the first 20 or 30 (or 60) years of your life, is now a cause for panic and you turn around to go and get it.
10. You get up in the morning and go on line before getting your coffee.
11. You start tilting your head sideways to smile. :)
12. You're reading this and nodding and laughing.
13. Even worse, you know exactly to whom you are going to forward this message.
14. You are too busy to notice there was no #9 on this list.
15. You actually scrolled back up to check that there wasn't a #9 on this list.

And.....finally.

Now U R laughing at yourself.

Another Flying Tale

I thought he was dead.

By Don Modica, Shotgun 6, '65

Reading Bill Poor's trip to Dahlenega reminded me of one of my missions as a new pilot.

My first assignment after graduating from fixed wing training in June 1956 was at Camp Irwin, California. At that time Camp Irwin was a tank gunnery center where tank units would go once a year to qualify tank crews in gunnery and live fire exercises. In addition to hosting tank units, Camp Irwin was tasked with the mission of supporting Camp Desert Rock when nuclear testing was conducted.

I was assigned to the Post flight section which consisted of three pilots (all new), two L-20 Beavers, one L-19 Birddog and an H-23 Hiller helicopter. No one was helicopter rated so the Hiller sat in the hangar. It could not operate in the high density altitude usually found at Bicycle Lake Army Airfield, altitude 3300 feet.

My mission was to take an individual from the Post Engineer Section to Camp Mercury to make some sort of repair. The passenger arrived complete with tool box. I strapped him in, put the tool box in his lap and headed out.

To get to Camp Mercury, the flight took us north into Nevada over the Avawatz Mountains. The mountain range was about 14,000 feet but a pass through the mountain chain could be made at about 10,000 feet. To save time I took a direct heading over the mountain which I had done before, flying solo.

It took a while for the Birddog to reach altitude at a rate of climb of less than 300 feet per minute. When we got to altitude, I glanced back to check on my passenger, who was an older gentleman and I saw him slumped over in the seat. I thought he was dead.

We still had a little while before I could start to descend and all sorts of things passed through my mind. Should I go back or continue on to

my destination with the body? There were no medical facilities at Desert Rock, but I was closer to Desert Rock than if I turned back to Bicycle Lake. Finally, I was able to descend to a lower altitude and was not too far from my destination.

All sorts of things were going through my mind. I had killed my passenger because I was in a hurry and took a short cut over the mountains! About that time I felt a stirring in the back seat and saw my passenger with his eyes open looking out at the desert. I still don't know if he had passed out or had a bit of a nap, after all, he was old, **maybe fifty!** About that time the airfield at Desert Rock came into view.

Landings were always to the north, uphill, as the restricted area for the Nevada Test Site started just north of the airfield. After landing, I helped my passenger out of the backseat. He was not returning to Camp Irwin until the next day so I was to return to Camp Irwin without a passenger.

On the way back I used the lower altitude pass and never mentioned the incident of the "dead" passenger. Moral of this story, don't be in a hurry and do something dumb.

Don



www.221st.Org

By Monte Caylor, Shotgun Webmaster

Welcome home to all the members of the US Armed Forces, especially the Viet Nam Veterans. If you have not visited the Shotgun Web Site recently, we have made a few changes. Our old Internet Service Provider (ISP) went out of business and we had to move our web site. We had to have an extensive rewrite of the code to allow the site to work on the new provider's network. (A note of thanks to the company, "Software Made for You", for all their hard work in getting the site up and running.)



After the site was moved, we were plagued by SPAM on our **Guestbook** and **Discussion** pages. I approached the SWM4U people and asked if they could develop a blocker for the IP Addresses that were constantly bombarding our site with trash. They developed and installed the program and we have had only two SPAMs on our site in a week. The program works really great, if you don't believe it, ask Don Smith. I accidentally placed him on the Blocked List and he couldn't get through. Please remember that our legacy is passed on through our Web Site. The information that you submit is posted for the entire world to see.

I give full credit for all photos and stories that are posted on the site. Please invite your family and friends to visit our site. Every contribution is just a piece of the history, but if we all contribute then we present a fuller

history of the unit and the mission we played in Viet Nam. Please remember that there is a cost to share this history and your contributions will be put to good use and appreciated by all that visit the site.

I welcome any recommendations to improve and expand the site. I do have copies of the morning reports through 1970, so if you need something researched, let me know.

Thanks,

Monte



Editor's Note: *Monte is the young fellow that is ultimately responsible for our reunions. He took it upon himself to do the background research, contact a few folks that he knew from his time in Vietnam with the 221st and begin building a web site. Were it not for 221st.org there are a lot of us that never would have had the opportunity to communicate with our Comrades-in-Arms from that important time in all of our lives. We salute you Monte.*



Presidential Unit Citation

Dates to Remember

- JULY 1** 104 DAYS OR 2,496 HOURS UNTIL THE START OF DELTA BIRDDOG REUNION 2011 IN SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS
- JULY 1** A DAY THAT WILL LIVE IN INFAMY! THE BUREAU OF INTERNAL REVENUE WAS ESTABLISHED BY AN ACT OF CONGRESS IN 1862
- JULY 2** THE UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION WAS RATIFIED IN 1788
- JULY 4** THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE WAS APPROVED BY THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS IN 1776
- JULY 8** FIRST PUBLIC READING OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE IN 1776
- JULY 20** NEIL ARMSTRONG TOOK HIS FIRST STEP ON THE MOON IN 1969

Lost – Not Yet Found

Several of our Comrades have not been located and we have been asked if we know just where they may be. If you know how to contact the following please advise *Shotgun Blasts*.

Daniel C. Riley, 1LT, Sep `65 – Sep `66
Lester W. Brown, SP4, Aug `66
Loyd S. Graves, SP5, Jul `65 – Jul `66
Charles A. Plummer II, SP5, Jul `69 – Jul `70

We will continue the list in next month's issue, if there is somebody you are looking for let's get the name on the list.

Final Flight

A simple listing of our Comrades-in-Arms that have departed on their Final Flight. As confirmation is received notices will be posted.

Joseph B. Alackness

Shotgun Crew Chief, `65 – `66, an Original

Our Comrade-in-Arms, Joe, passed away on April 4, 2010, at the age of 67.

Joe is survived by his wife, Cindi Alackness.

James L. Coghill

Shotgun Maintenance, `65 - `66, an Original

Our Comrade-in-Arms, Jim, passed away on February 2, 2011 at the age of 69, at Mount Laurel, New Jersey.

Jim is survived by his wife, Rosemarie, seven children and 8 grand children.



The Vietnam Campaign Medal

July Fourth, Independence Day

What does Independence Day mean.....

By Don Smith

Many times in the past I have been asked, "What does Independence Day mean to you?" and I have experienced some difficulty in answering because most times the people asking had never experienced war or even military service. I truly believe that those of us who have experienced the tragedy of war really do understand the meaning of independence and liberty far better than others.

We, and I include the military family, have seen the depravity and evil wreaked upon civilian populations by dictatorial regimes and despotic leaders in many parts of the world and have come to understand just what our forebearers did for us when they made a stand for liberty and justice so long ago. Those few men and women, united by purpose, defeated the forces of one of the most powerful nations on earth to grant us the freedoms we enjoy today.

I believe that it is my obligation and the obligation of every American to take up the cause of liberty and to defend it even though it may mean making the ultimate sacrifice. As Louis D. Brandeis said many years ago, ***"Those who won independence believed liberty to be the secret of happiness and courage to be the secret of liberty."*** Thus was our nation founded and thus shall she endure.

In today's politically charged atmosphere we continually hear folks on every side of the political spectrum ranting about what is wrong with our country but few seem to be willing to project a solution to all of these presumed maladies. I am very much afraid that every time I hear comments about what is wrong I am reminded of something said by a former

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This Month in Military History

JULY 1, 1863	BEGINNING OF THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG
JULY 2, 1965	221 ST AVIATION COMPANY ADVANCE PARTY DEPARTS FORT BRAGG FOR VIETNAM
JULY 3, 1775	GEORGE WASHINGTON TOOK COMMAND OF THE CONTINENTAL ARMY
JULY 10, 1943	ALLIED INVASION OF ITALY BEGAN WITH AN ATTACK ON SICILY
JULY 12, 1943	LARGEST TANK BATTLE N HISTORY, BATTLE OF KURSK
JULY 16, 1945	EXPERIMENTAL ATOMIC BOMB 'FAT BOY' WAS DETONATED IN THE NEW MEXICO DESERT
JULY 20, 1954	AGREEMENT SIGNED IN GENEVA ENDING HOSTILITIES BETWEEN FRENCH FORCES IN VIETNAM AND THE PEOPLE'S ARMY OF VIETNAM
JULY 25, 1898	U.S. FORCES INVADED PUERTO RICO, A SPANISH COLONY DURING THE SPANISH – AMERICAN WAR
JULY 27, 1953	THE KOREAN WAR ENDED WITH THE SIGNING OF AN ARMISTICE AT PANMUNJOM, KOREA

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president (that I did not at all care for). William J. Clinton, and his comment, ***“There is nothing wrong with America that cannot be cured by what is right with America.”***

So, what does Independence Day mean to me? Very simply stated, I celebrate the fact that I live in the greatest free nation in the world, the United States of America and I may do so because brave men and women fought and died to give me that freedom. And, my friends, is what is right with America!

Don



Who's Registered

As of June 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
- Shotgun 33, Boyce & Darlene Cates
- Shotgun 24, Charlie & Katherine Chase
- Shotgun 36, Robert Clayton & Kitty Munroe
- Shotgun 46, Hank & Irene Collins
- Shotgun 34, Hal Crites
- Shotgun, Virgil & Kathleen Dreffs
- Shotgun 5, Russell & Myrt Duffin
- Swamp Fox 31, Sam & Lynne Givhan
- Shotgun 16, Arthur & Bow Chu Goto
- Shotgun, Dellino & Donna Hartman
- Shotgun, Milt & Bobbi Kramlick
- Shotgun, Robert & Wannee Lewis
- Shotgun 35, Don & Kathy Loftis
- Shotgun 22A, Amador & Maria Norma Marcha
- Shotgun 6, Jimmy & Frances McGraw
- Shotgun 36, Bob & Joan McKenzie
- Shotgun 6, Don & John Modica
- Shotgun 15, Ned & Barbara Moore
- Shotgun, Eric & Rosemary Nakasone
- Swampfox, 20 Dan & Martha Oates
- Shotgun 5, Leigh Ogden
- Shotgun, Herb & Susie Phillips
- Swamp Fox 16, Gary & Georgia Simon
- Shotgun 8A, Don & Renate Smith
- Shotgun 37, John & Darla Stefero
- Swamp Fox 12, Joe & Betty Swift
- Shotgun 16A, Roy & Josefina Talley
- Shotgun 24A, Billy & Andrea Wallum



From the Archives of



On the Town

Bac Lieu, Vietnam

Snuffy Smith would be right at home in Vietnam's Mekong Delta.

He wouldn't like it, of course, because the Delta harbors what Snuffy would refer to as "Flatland Touristsers." Our single engine Otter winged its way over the pancake-flat rice paddies below and finally landed at "Bac Lieu International."

Kennedy Airport, it isn't. Bac Lieu International's landing strip is 1,700 feet long. During the dry season it is two feet above sea level.

Comes the time when the rain falls mainly on the plain (they refer to it as "the wet season"), it's two feet below sea level.

I had never been to southern Vietnam before and I found the Delta rather interesting. Mosquitoes they have by the droves. But if the living isn't easy, it's at least comfy enough to produce troopers with suntans and a good tennis backhand.

At Soc Trang for example, (another booming spot in the Delta) they managed to come up with a sport that quite probably could replace baseball as a national pastime – providing enough banana trees could be produced.

Banana Tree parties were once all the rage.

All you needed to hold a really successful banana tree party was a banana tree (pretty well loaded with bananas), a big electric fan and enough guys in their cups to get the game going.

The object was to grab the banana tree (which was sitting sort of like a potted palm outside the club door) and rush at the fan inside – banana tree first – producing a slippery, floor covered banana split. It reportedly got so out of hand that a time – 11 p.m. – was set when banana tree parties could begin.

The guys at the Paddy Rat "O" Club at Bac Lieu – not to be outdone – came up with a little game of their own. They somehow became addicted to "rice paddy parties." And this had nothing to do with eating rice in a paddy.

At a moment's notice it was possible for any member of the club to be passed over up-reaching arms and tossed into the rice paddy behind the club. One member of the group – and adviser – once escaped the treatment but wound up getting hugged by all the mud-and-slime-covered members who had just had the dunking course.

In addition to the rice paddy parties and those involving banana trees, you'll find that these guys in the Delta somehow manage to come up with other oddities. There's a fellow they refer to as "Jolly Green" (named after the Jolly Green Giant, of course), and there's another known as "Papa Bear."

But there are few more colorful than the guy who took the pledge. I'm not referring to drinking or smoking or the use of dirty language. This man gave up the game of horseshoes. The reason: He caught a cold while trying to make a ringer in the rain.

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From the Pacific Stars & Stripes
Sunday, Sept. 18, 1966

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

July – Readers Reply

April Stars & Stripes Article

I want to get the Charlie Banks grenade incident that was shown in the Stars & Stripes article in the April Shotgun Blasts straight, particularly the part about me saying I thought he was kidding; I even called the Cleveland Plain Dealer at home and told them what I really said.

I really said, "He was on the grenade so long, way over 3 or 4 seconds that I thought that he was possibly kidding or testing us. Then he got up and threw it and I knew it was real."

Also, I was with him in the plane when he got creased on the forehead after a bullet went through his visor, I sure was hoping that he was OK to land the plane 'cause I couldn't fly or land. After that incident he gave me some flying lessons and takeoff and landing instructions.

Charlie Banks was a great pilot and I flew with him often, that was how I got the Air Medal and a couple hours away from another.

Tom Stora , 221st Avn Co, `66 - `67

Links

A few more sites that you may like to check out.

74th RAC www.aloft74th.org

183rd RAC www.183seahorse.org

184th RAC www.184rac.com

199th RAC www.219headhunters.com

220th RAC www.catkillers.org

221st RAC www.221st.org

And

OV-1 Mohawk Association
www.ov-1mohawkassociation.org

Army Otter-Caribou Association
www.otter-caribou.org

International Bird Dog Association
www.ibdaweb.com



www.corkysstudiographics.com