

Preamble to US Constitution
We the People
of the United States, In order
to form a more perfect Union,
Shotgun Blasts
establish Justice, insure domestic
Tranquility, provide for the common defence,
promote the general Welfare, and secure the
Blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our
Posterity, do ordain and establish this
Constitution for the United States of America.

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

Send your comments and proposed articles to Shotgun-8A@hotmail.com .

Chaplain's Corner

"The Most Difficult Path"

By Ned Moore, Shotgun Chaplain

"All Scripture is God-breathed and is useful for teaching, rebuking, correcting and training in righteousness, so that the servant of God may be thoroughly equipped for every good work." (2 Timothy 6:16-17 NIV)

You ever spent much time in the letters of St. Paul to Timothy?

While looking for a particular verse (my memory of the reference, of which at the time, had sunk into the quick sands of time) to give a friend an answer, I found it necessary simply to read until I found it. As The Lord most likely had it in mind, I started in the wrong book/chapter for the verse I was seeking. The result was a new appreciation for the task of Paul, trying to mentor his young charge, from his prison cell in Rome (IIRC).

This struck me as being rather close to home for all of us who have entered the age-range of (mumbledly) years. Family, friends and even strangers - given appropriate place and time - seek counsel of one sort or another from us, recognizing that we have indeed been around the block a few times. And, even all those laps have not taught us all we need to know - except to Trust Jesus has our best interests at heart and thru the Holy Spirit, given to keep us on course.

I have often thought that the easiest job in life is to be an atheist - and conversely the most difficult one is that of being a person of Faith in Christ. It seems the professing atheist has no one to whom he must answer - but then

when trouble comes; there is no one to whom he can turn. I have observed some friends, who claim atheism is their path - that it is really a serious burden when one decided to be their own god.

In the world of the philosophers, one encounters those who more or less hold to the dictum: "Unless I see it, I will not believe it", otherwise known as Logical Positivism. Yeah, it has other names, but not here. We have learned from [Hebrews 11:1](#) why the world has a problem with the Faith thing - the "hoped for and unseen" fly in the face of the ways the world wants things to be.

In chapter after chapter in 1 Tim and 2 Tim, Paul is warning and teaching Timothy what people and dynamics he will find opposing him.

Paul us not simply giving general guidance to Timothy, I think he is giving specific mentoring to us. Then too, the thing I see here is not simply St. Paul dumping info on Timothy's and our heads. The dynamic to which I am trying to point is this. When we just read Scripture, we are basically "reading the story". But that is not all there is to it. Along with the historical data, both anecdotal and that which either has or will be empirically verified by archeology - there lie some things even more intensely essential and necessary to our lives - the Principles transmitted in all of the above.

It is fairly easy to identify the Principles of life in God's Word when reading stuff like Psalms, Proverbs, Prophets and the Sermon on the Mount. But God's Principles and Wisdom for our lives can be discerned by the heart and

mind listening to the Holy Spirit while one reads and studies.

Some folks say that what was said in the First Century is specific to that time and not to ours because “times change”. Yeah, some things do change, but God’s instructions are not modified by what we think nor are they invalidated by what others think. God’s instruction for our lives is not negated by our “cultural norms” either. Cultural norms are not always correct, even though they may hold sway over a major percentage of the people, as Paul is warning Timothy. Right is right and wrong is wrong - regardless of what PC dictum is in vogue at the moment.

In the Sermon on the Mount, Jesus warns in [Matthew 5: 17-18](#) that God’s Law is not made void just because someone says it is.

I have been told on occasion that the New Testament cancelled out the Old Testament.

Um - no.

The OT was the “springboard for the NT. As Christians, we are not bound by the Jewish dietary laws; however, there is much wisdom in them regarding the health of our bodies that I have not space to delve into here.

Paul was mentoring Timothy based upon what he was receiving from the Lord. Paul is not with us today. We are not totally sure if we even have all of his writings. Be that as it may, we always have Jesus and He can mentor us in the power of His Holy Spirit.

Remember what [He said to the Disciples](#) regarding this.

Paul is repeatedly reminding Timothy of what is at stake. His mentoring is as valid now as it was then. People will twist what he said, even as he said people did then - but the principles are timeless.

I challenge you to read both books, sequentially, imagining yourself in Paul’s shoes. And then “take another lap” rereading as if you were Timothy. Attempt to see what Paul was saying in what he was saying - look for the principles.

Curiously, I seem to find something new every time I go thru them

Ned



The Other Half

There is one good thing about being the editor of our monthly missive, Shotgun Blasts. I get to rant whenever I want to about almost any subject, granted, you don't have to read anything that does not interest you but I was told a long time ago that it is good to vent and let the built up steam escape so that you may have better days and nights.

During the course of the past few days I have heard and/or received some very disparaging comments about the ladies that are or have been a part of our lives and I felt it was time to maybe set the record straight. I am writing this in a modified letter format much the same as those I wrote to my Other Half during the 52+ years that we had together, I hope that perhaps it will get some of those little gray cells working and that you can do the same . . . it is never too late.

Hi Honey, (use a real name if you like)

Once again I have a few minutes to spend with you and even though you are miles away I feel like you are sitting here next to me. There are so many things that I want to tell you about the past few days and I may overlook some of them but not because I think that you do not want to know.

Before I get started on the day's narrative I just need to tell you again that you are my strength and my will to go on and if I did not have you to lean upon I would fall flat on my face. I remember our early days together and how you

were the pillar that kept me upright during all of the field problems, alerts and inspection preparation.

I feel secure in saying that if it weren't for you I would not be an Army Aviator today. There were so many times that I wanted to just tell the TAC officer where to forward my pay check as I walked out the door but you were always there with a word or two of encouragement that brought me back to earth. I am not even sure if I ever said Thanks to you but if not then I am saying it now.

These years together have at times been trying and among the rough spots was the transition from military to civilian life, a challenge for anyone. But, you were there to hold me up again as I came face to face with dealing with the union as a manager . . . you came through for me again. Of course, it was not long after that we had a real set back with the collapse of the oil business and our plant closing but, you gave me the strength to stay the course and get a small business started.

I hope that you, the reader, are getting the general idea by now.

After a couple of years of 12 hour days, seven days a week I decided that it would be a lot easier to work for somebody else and you supported my job search efforts in your same consistent manner. Then we found what we felt was the ideal job . . . I would travel throughout Latin America and the Caribbean as a representative for a company I knew little

about. Thanks Uncle Sam for teaching me Spanish.

Now we were able to think about our long term dream of going back to Panama and building our retirement home on the small farm we had purchased years before. You took the lead here and we made plans for you to go to Panama for six months to supervise the initial construction, what a daunting task but you handled it well.

It worked well and after just a few years I was able to convince the company that we should move the office to Panama from Houston and reduce expenses for travel. After just a few more years it was time to slow down so we bit the bullet and retired to devote time to becoming small coffee growers in a country that was about to become divorced from the USA.

Life as an American became just a bit more dangerous as the last vestiges of the USA left the country and while I was on a business trip to the states you were attacked and left for dead in a drainage ditch. When you managed to crawl to the house there was nobody there for you and you suffered for a day or two until a friend came by and found you. When she got you to the hospital they would not accept you because your identification had been stolen . . . against your wishes our friend contacted me in the states and I headed back to the place we were calling home . . . Panama.

I tried in vain to convince you that we might want to

consider relocating to the states but you were firm in your thoughts that they would not chase you from the country so we just went back to a somewhat normal life. It lasted nearly two years and then I was attacked in the street in front of our house by five Panamanians and left bleeding in the road. The biggest negative was that the Police would not allow the ambulance to pick me up even though they tried and we had to find somebody to drive me to the hospital in Panama City, 85 miles away. They arrested the men that attacked me and released them the next morning . . . I was hospitalized in the city for several days.

You were there Honey, through all of it and much, much more so now I am reflecting on my day today and thinking what I could tell you. Everything seems so insignificant now as I reflect on all we have been through together and I know that without you standing by my side most of the time and on a few occasions behind me propping me up I would not be here.

Years ago somebody said "Behind every great man there is a strong woman" that statement needs to be modified by removing the word great. I know that to be the truth and I will even take an oath when questioned about it. You have been and are my strength and my reason for being.

Good evening, we'll talk tomorrow.

Don

The FaceBook Page

How many of us Shotguns recall the first time we got to use a real US Army walkie talkie, or to put it another way, a hand-held FM radio for Infantry squad communications? If I recall, it had about three or maybe four frequency choices, and if you needed a frequency other than those included, the shop would change-out the crystals in the set to give you what you needed. No changing frequencies on-the-fly. Not exactly Star Wars type stuff, but it worked. Well, it worked IF you were talking to someone within about four miles or less, with no hills or obstructions. Plus, it weighed several pounds, but I digress slightly so let me get back on track.

The need to communicate with each other in 2016 means many things to many different people. Some of us are old school and will resist change until their last breath. These folks like the morning paper, writhing letters and picking-up the phone to actually speak with someone. I like some of that. My news comes from online news sources because newspapers are dirty to handle and the news is old by the time I read it. I prefer talking to someone vs an email or text message, and I actually wrote a few letters this month. On the other hand, many of us are going with the flow and use text messaging and emails almost exclusively. Well, I do a lot of that also. I also like to read about various companies and organizations via their websites because a website can store many things for all of us to see and go back to

time and time again. Sometimes, we have a need to know something quickly, otherwise that moment is lost. For this, we have FaceBook. This application has many uses, among them the ability to provide current information about any number of topics, and it changes every minute with fresh updates and photographs. As a senior citizen, it's a great way to keep in-touch with friends and relatives on the go. For this reason, I have started a Shotgun FaceBook page that will help us stay connected with each other through stories remembered, life changing events that others need to know about, and photographs we just found in the back of the closet in that crumbling and dusty old box from 1969. Let's share these moments and mementos before we forget them, or others forget us.

This "appeal" is not designed to replace Monte's wonderful website work over the years. Our website is like our archive of history, a place to go to refresh our memory of who did what, and when. It allows us to return anytime to study our Shotgun history through the year-end reports, scroll through the lists of Shotguns to find that elusive name of your crew chief or that Ops Officer. Monte's website lets us sit back and read about the Shotguns that gave everything, and recall where we were when that tragedy struck. We can also refresh our memory regarding the next reunion, or see pictures of the last reunion or dedication. What I am trying to say is that our Shotgun website is so very important to all of us for so many reasons. The Shotgun FaceBook page will

serve a different purpose . . . that of giving us a way of communicating directly to either all of us members or to one person through the messaging application.

FaceBook is being used by countless other units for just these reasons. Personally, I subscribe to pages for "Military Assistance Command Vietnam (MACV) Team 55", "The Vietnam War Book & Film Group (my book, Delta Shotgun, fits in here nicely)", "Aircraft of the Vietnam War", and "Vietnam War History Org".

I invite each of you to visit our FaceBook page at "The Shotguns", and send a join request. I'll add your name to Don Smith's, Jim and Fran McGraw and several others. Let's grow the page and become a "Unit" again. If you have trouble doing any of this, ask your grandchildren to assist!

David McGowan
Shotgun 33



Living Legend

At a recent Airport Open House in Kerrville, Texas, four Birddoggers had the honor of visiting with a true legend. Dick Cole, Jimmie Doolittle's copilot on the raid to Tokyo in 1942 and the last surviving Doolittle Raider, was attending and kind enough to visit and pose for a picture with the Birddog crew. He even bought a Birddog picture from a local artist. At 101 years of age he is truly a legend.



Left to right: Jim Mulvihill, Troy Cobb, Steve Frushour and Allan Johnson. Center is Colonel Dick Cole.

Reminds us of AirVenture 2014 when the Shotguns, Ned, Lou, Del, Don and Milt had coffee with him while at Oshkosh . . . an American hero.

Attention to Detail

A young monk arrives at the monastery. He is assigned to helping the other monks in copying the old canons and laws of the church, by hand.



The head monk, says, "We have been copying from the copies for centuries, but you make a good point, my son."

He notices, however, that all of the monks are copying from copies, not from the original manuscript.

So, the new monk goes to the Old Abbot to question this, pointing out that if someone made even a small error in the first copy, it would never be picked up!

In fact, that error would be continued in all of the subsequent copies.



He goes down into the dark caves underneath the monastery where the original manuscripts are held as archives, in a locked vault that hasn't been opened for hundreds of years. Hours go by and nobody sees the Old Abbot.



So, the young monk gets worried and goes down to look for him. He sees him banging his head against the wall and wailing.

"We missed the R! We missed the R!
We missed the bloody R!"

His forehead is all bloody and bruised and he is crying uncontrollably. The young monk asks the old Abbot, "What's wrong, father?" With a choking voice, the old Abbot replies,



"The word was . . .

CELEBRRATE!"

I wonder why we
are so so obsessed
with trying
to find
intelligent
life on
other planets,
when we can't
even find
intelligent life here?



Irish Viagra

An Irish woman of advanced age visited her physician to ask his advice on reviving her husband's libido.

"What about trying Viagra?" asked the doctor.

"Not a chance" she replied. "He won't even take an aspirin".

"Not a problem," said the doctor. "Give him an Irish Viagra."

"What on Earth is Irish Viagra?" she asked.

"It's Viagra dissolved in his morning cup of coffee. He won't even taste it. Let me know how it goes," he said.

She called the doctor the very next afternoon.

"How did it go?" he asked. "Oh faith, bejaysus and begorrah, doctor, it was terrible. Just horrid, I tell ya! I'm beside meself!"

"Oh, no! What in the world happened?"

"Well, I did the deed, Doctor, just as you advised. I put the Viagra in his morning coffee, and he drank it. Well, you know, it took effect almost immediately, and he jumped straight up out of his chair with a smile on his

face, a twinkle in his eye, and his pants a-bulging. Then, with one fierce swoop of his arm, he sent the cups, saucers, and everything else that was on the table flying across the room, ripped me clothes to tatters and passionately took me then and there, right on top of the table. T'was a nightmare, I tell ya, an absolute nightmare!"

"Why so terrible?" asked the doctor. "Wasn't the sex good?"

"Freakin jaysus, it was the best sex I've had in me last 25 years, but sure as I'm sittin' here, doctor, I'll never be able to show me face in Starbucks again."



Birthdays for October

DATE	NAME	CALL SIGN
1	Sue Watson	
3	Norman Svarrer	SG 10
4	Richard McMillan	CE
5	Mary Andosca	
5	Sally Jo Armstrong	
5	Diane Hill	
6	Frank Allen	SG 3
7	Thomas Stora	CE
8	Bruce Solberg	SG 41
9	Hong Hoa (TT)	
12	Jim Merritt	SG 45
16	Michael Warden	HQ
18	Rodney Armstrong	SG 21
18	David Blume	SG 47
18	Joe Lazzari	SG 22
18	Jan Shearer	
21	Allen Cacy	CE
21	Billy Wallum	CE
21	Larry White	HQ

22	Bob McKenzie	SG 36
23	Paul Shafer	SG 41
24	Kathryn Loftis	
24	Don Nicholson	SG ?
24	Tom Regnier	CE
25	David Sundberg	SG 42
30	Marsha Ogden	
30	Gretchen Twenter	
31	Dean Clothier	SG 47
31	Barbara Moore	
31	Richard Mulcahy	CE



Links

A few sites that you may want to check out.

73rd RAC www.73rdaviationcompany.org

74th RAC www.aloft74th.org

183rd RAC www.183seahorse.org

184th RAC www.184rac.com

185th RAC www.angelfire.com

199th RAC www.199thavnco.net

203rd RAC www.203rdhawkeyes.net

219th RAC www.219headhunters.com

220th RAC www.catkillers.org

221st RAC www.221st.org

CAC www.longtrip.org

And

1st Aviation Brigade www.1stavnbd.com

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

Otter-Caribou Association
www.otter-caribou.org

International Bird Dog Association
www.ibdaweb.com

Be Very Careful In The Morning!

This is not a joke, just something that happened at an assisted living center where a friend used to work.

The people who lived there have small apartments but they all eat at a central cafeteria. One morning one of the residents didn't show up for breakfast so my wife went upstairs and knocked on his door to see if everything was OK.

She could hear him through the door and he said that he was running late and would be down shortly so she went back to the dining area.

An hour later he still hadn't arrived so she went back up towards his room and she found him on the stairs. He was coming down the stairs but was having a hard time of it. He had a death grip on the hand rail and seemed to have trouble getting his legs to work right.

She told him she was going to call an ambulance but he told her no, he wasn't in any pain and just wanted to have his breakfast. So she helped him the rest of the way down the stairs and he had his breakfast.

When he tried to return to his room he was completely unable to get up even the first step so they called an ambulance for him. A couple hours later she called the hospital to see how he was doing. The receptionist there said he was fine, he just had both of his legs in one leg of his boxer shorts.