



The Straphanger Gazette



Volume 9 Issue 2

Find us on the web at <http://www.araassociation.com> Oct., Nov., & Dec., 2016
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“Aerial Rocket Artillery”....when called on by those who were in danger, our units were there laying it on the line.

We were proud of our Aerial Rocket Artillery Team then and still proud of it now.

The Straphanger Gazette is a quarterly publication of the Aerial Rocket Artillery Association. Issues will be published on or about the 1st of January, April, July and October. Members who have e-mail will receive a copy as an pdf.

**“For Purple Mountains Majesty,
For Amber Waves of Grain....”
Been there, done that and have the t-shirt**



President's Corner

Fall is here and our Colorado Springs reunion is past. The Mobleys and the Hobbys are to be congratulated for such a fabulous event. It is always such a pleasure to renew old acquaintances and meet new members. The atmosphere is so cordial and the comradery is infectious.

I hope everyone had a chance to experience the Garden of the Gods and the spectacular scenery. Now be honest, how many got a little light headed at the top of Pike's Peak? I know that I did.

This reunion was especially rewarding for me. I was able to present a short video about William Hingston, Jr. Bill was killed in January of 1967 and was survived by his wife and two young children – Billy and Kim, who were able to be our guests at the reunion. Kim was a little apprehensive at first, but after experiencing the warmth and cordiality of our group she was very appreciative. She was able to meet new friends that knew her father and learned more about our life in Vietnam. A life was lost, but not the love for her father.

Another moment that was special for me is when you elected me the president of the association. It is an honor for me and I will work hard to keep the association moving forward. We are in a sound financial position and I would be remiss if I didn't thank the past Board of Directors for their endeavors over the past two years.

Looking forward, the next reunion is in Williamsburg, VA in September 2017. The “Historical Triangle” as it is known, consists of Williamsburg, Jamestown, and Yorktown. These three towns contain some of our country's most important Revolutionary War History. I am planning to meet Jesse and Gloria Hobby in Williamsburg this November to start our preparation for the next reunion.

In closing, I just wanted to remind everyone to vote. As Americans, this is one of the most special rights that we have. Election Day is November 8th so please vote.

David C. Borgeson
ARA Six

Rest for the Weary Opportunity for the New

Too often when the baton is passed and command and control changes there is a sudden surge and sometimes near-fatal impulse to “sweep with a new broom” and change everything. We have seen this in our military careers, our vocations and in our national government. Change, while potentially unpleasant, is inevitable but, as the wise old Llama in “Lost Horizon” pointed out, “All things in moderation”. Fortunately, the Association is blessed with stalwart “old heads” who have borne the weight of battle for a number of years and fresher troopers who are willing to volunteer to keep the unit going.

These are the new and the old of the Board.

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Only I can answer this irresistible urge!

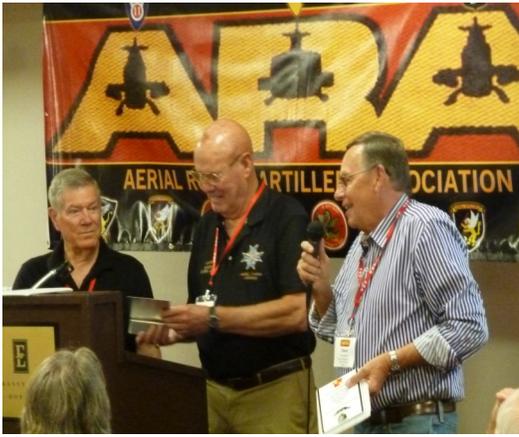
The Best People Are Seen Around Colorado



Artillery adds a little dignity to what would otherwise be a rude brawl. However, we have failed again!



Fortunately, we found a remedy for the chaos



Three generations of leadership since the reorganization of the Association gather for baton passing. (L-R) Jesse Hobby, Pres. # 2, Larry Mobley, Pres. #4 (almost for life) and Dave Borgeson, Pres. # 5 and our current ARA 6



After serving as Treasurer for four years and President for two years Larry Mobley gladly welcomes Herb Hirst to the office of Treasurer and will retire to his Alabama estate to watch the wily Oregonian politician balance the books. Good luck Herb!



Clovis Jones and Frank Trivenno, making their first appearances at an ARA reunion are surrounded by the likes of Glenn Brown, Ed Miller, Mike Russell and Jim Fleming



A new twist in accommodations, the hotel gave us this atrium for a great expansive breakfast and an evening Happy Hour each day.

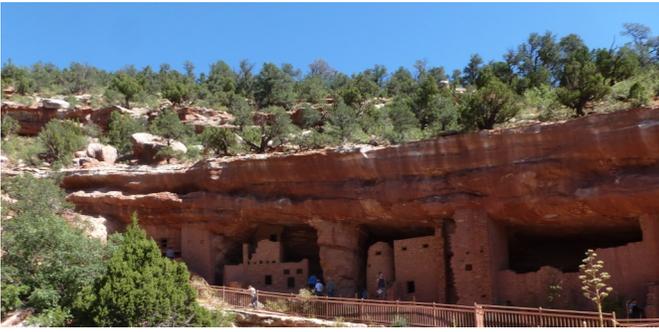


Our Hospitality Room did double duty as that and the site of our Welcome and Farewell Dinners



Jule Szabo made sure we had the costs covered and Joan kept Jule straight.

...And They Are Seen in the Best Places



The Cliff Dwellings in Manitou Springs. They were moved to this site in the early 1900's as a museum of the Anasazi (Ancient Ones) circa 200 to 1300 AD, predecessors of the Pueblo Dwellers .



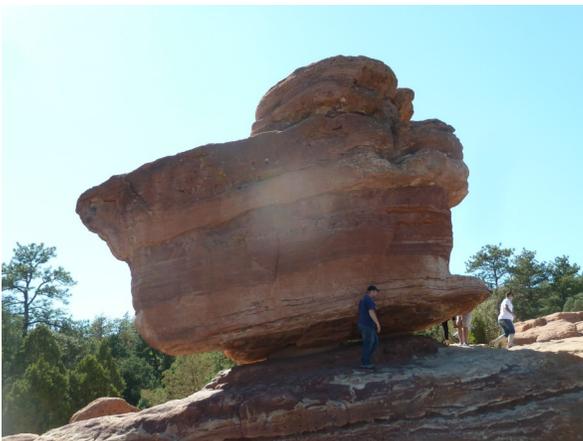
Asa and Jean Talbot and Cecil and Peggy Hengeveld bravely explored them on a self-guided tour



Some people take their exploring more seriously than others.



One of the endless arrays of Balancing Rocks. —this one is in the Garden of the Gods.



No matter what you think it looks like you know it is a wonder of the Creator that greets you at the entrance



A rarely seen Big Horned Sheep caught by Jule Szabo's lens

To the Top of the World Together



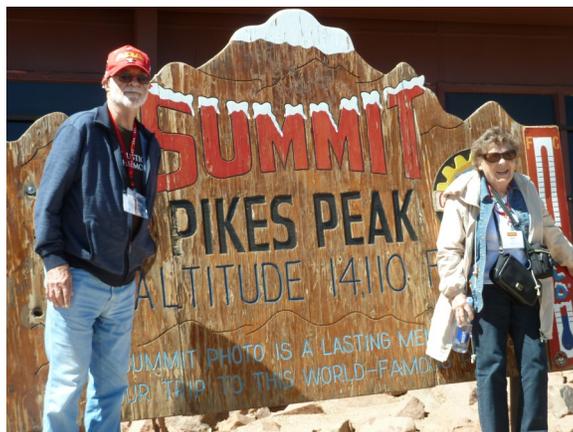
The reunion agenda was open for individual tours, but we did all go up Pikes Peak on the cog railway. Built in the 1900's to replace the mule trek it still shares the ascent with hikers and the road which is now paved and not nearly as scary as it was coming down on our honeymoon sixty years ago.



A monument bearing the words to "America the Beautiful" by Katherine Lee Bates—inspired by the view from this point. The song was almost adopted as our national anthem



A view from the top. It's a BIG country.



The top!

It is actually 14,115 ft. but the sign has not been changed since we were there in 1958 which was before the National Geodetic Service did another survey. Bureaucratic rivalry!

Ladies of the Association

Hello Ladies,

It was great to see all of you again and reconnect as well as having the opportunity to meet those of you who attended for the first time. Colorado Springs was indeed a wonderful city for the reunion --- beautiful landscapes, interesting historical sights but above all just a great place for all to reunite. Pikes Peak was definitely a highlight! Some mustered through the altitude while others experienced some light headed effects. Thank heavens they only keep you up there a short time. The views were incredible. Garden of the Gods was magnificent and for those of us who enjoyed lunch at the Broadmoor it was truly a peaceful, beautiful and tranquil experience. I know that some of you enjoyed the zoo as well as poking around some of the quaint small villages. It was wonderful to have our daughter, Bentleigh, join us this year and she loved it. I encourage all of you to have your sons, daughters, grandchildren attend and see the special bond that our husbands have with each other. I, myself, have learned so much from attending these reunions.

It was special to have Kim and Bill Hingston attend while their father was honored. I know that they appreciated it and all of you heard how touched Kim was when I read her message at the closing dinner. Dave Borgeson did a wonderful memorial video presentation and presented Bill and Kim with books he created on their father's life in Vietnam. It is so important for the children of those men lost in Vietnam to have their fathers recognized in such a special way.

Many of you headed in different directions to extend your vacations and I envy those of you who are retired and have the freedom to do this! I think by now you are all home safe and sound and some of us are back at work. If you have any questions or suggestions please do not hesitate to email me at: pbogson@lalique.com

Pat

The power behind the Six

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ATTENTION ALL ARA MEN:

DO NOT DELETE THIS PUBLICATION UNTIL ALL SPOUSES, SIGNIFICANT OTHERS AND COMPANIONS HAVE READ IT. THE INFORMATION IS FOR ALL IN THE FAMILY

Final Flight



Wiley Wayne McCrary, 74, passed away on Thursday, Jan. 7, 2016, at an Arlington hospice after a long illness. Memorials: Memorial gifts may be made to Mission Arlington. Wiley Wayne was born in Gladewater to Ira David McCrary and Annie E. Moore McCrary. He completed Gladewater High School and went on to The Military Academy at West Point. After graduation, he served as helicopter pilot in Vietnam (B Battery 1966-67 and 69-70) and Germany. He continued his military service in both active and reserve component until his retirement with the rank of major and was a highly decorated officer. While serving in Germany 47 years ago, he married a beautiful girl, the love of his life, Hannelore Barbara Maurer McCrary.

After leaving active duty in the military, Wiley moved to Arlington where he was employed and retired with Lockheed Martin as a financial manager. Since his retirement, he enjoyed church, fishing and traveling until his recent illness. Wiley and Hannelore were members and attended Lake Arlington Baptist Church. Survivors: Wife, Hannelore McCrary; sister, Barbara Ann McCrary Jackson and husband, John, and their daughters, Dana Leachman and Stephanie Robertson and her husband, Hugh; brother, Ira D. McCrary and his daughter, Susan Sullivan; sister-in-law, Elizabeth Hornung; niece, Manuela Huber; nephew, Marcus Hornung; several great-nieces and great-nephews, who will miss him dearly; along with many friends.

He was laid to rest with military honors in the Dallas-Fort Worth National Cemetery, Dallas, Lane C.



Chaplain's Corner

“Expectations of God”

Have you ever asked for a miracle from God? I have - several times in my life. Back in my youth I had this vision, of sorts, that my mother was going to die within the next year of her life. So, from her birthday on April 5, 1948, I had to wait everyday for her death! I felt that I could not tell her of my “vision, lest it come true!” I dreaded to wake every morning, thinking it would be the day! There I was, eleven years old and praying to God everyday for “a miracle” that my mother would not be taken from us. April 5, 1949, arrived and she lived! A miracle from God? How does the mind of an eleven year old know of God’s miracles? I don’t recall ever having a revelation of anything great. Every day was filled with great anxiety and lots of fear. I suffered through that whole year alone. I never shared this with anyone. I have often thought that I had a miracle in my life. What I wanted happened; my mother lived! Matter-of-fact, she lived until Thanksgiving Day 2003. There was no great cure of a deadly disease, no mountains trembling; no mighty seas rolling violently, nothing one could point out as a turning point. What did I expect? Should I have expected God to demand something of me in exchange for my mother to continue to live? All I knew was to pray, “Lord, let my mother live!” And, she did!

Martin Luther’s quote on his death bed, “We are all beggars,” struck a chord with me. Yes, we do spend a lot of time begging from God. Take the old drunk’s request of God to just get him out of this one fix and he swears that he will never take another drink! We find ourselves bargaining with God. It is an, if, then relationship. “God, if you do this for me, then I will do this for you.” We all can figure out that it should be a, because, therefore, relationship, “God, because you first loved me; therefore, I love you.”

There is a scripture text that speaks to this type of expectation. Read II Kings 5:1-14, the story of Naaman, commander of the Army of the king of Aram. Although Naaman was a mighty warrior, he suffered from leprosy. One of the young girls taken captive during one of his raids in the land of Israel and placed in his wife’s service, said, “If only my lord were with the prophet who is in Samaria, he would cure him!” The king agreed and sent Naaman off with a letter to the king of Israel. When he appeared at the entrance of the Prophet Elisha’s house, Elisha sent a messenger to him saying, “Go, wash in the Jordon seven times, and your flesh shall be restored and you shall be clean.” But Naaman became angry and went away saying, “I thought that for me he would surely come out and stand and call on the name of the Lord his God, and would wave his hand over the spot and cure the leprosy! Are not the Abana and Pharpar, the rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel. Could I not wash in them, and be clean?” He turned and went away in a rage. But his servants approached and said to him, “Father, if the prophet had commanded you to do something difficult, would you not have done it? How much more, when all he said to was, “Wash, and be clean?” So he went down and immersed himself seven times in the Jordon, according to the word of the man of God; his flesh was restored like the flesh of a young boy, and he was clean. Naaman expected to be required to do a mighty deed, something he could do! But it was not so. God gave a message that day, a present that one didn’t have to buy. Just wash in a muddy dirty river! The real power belongs to God. Healing came through a simple act of washing.

The great warrior didn’t have to perform a great task; he just had to wash; God did the healing! Today, I see where God works in strange and wonderful and amazing ways to heal. May we all be open to God’s healing touch in our lives!

Peace,

Bruce Wilder
Chaplain

When All We Believe and Have Been Taught Is Tested

Fighter Pilots often claim that the two worst things that can happen to a pilot are:

- (1) Walking out to the aircraft knowing this will be your last flight or
- (2) Walking out to the aircraft NOT knowing this will be your last flight.

This pilot's story adds another possibility....

The events of September 11, 2001, put two F-16 pilots into the sky with orders to bring down United Flight 93.

Late on that Tuesday morning of September 11th, Lt. Heather "Lucky" Penney was on a runway at Andrews Air Force Base and ready to fly. She had her hand on the throttle of an F-16 and she had her orders, "Bring down United Airlines Flight 93."

The day's fourth hijacked airliner seemed to be hurtling toward Washington. Penney, one of the first two combat pilots in the air that morning, was told to stop it.

"I genuinely believed that was going to be the last time I took off," says Maj. Heather "Lucky" Penney, remembering the September 11 attacks and the initial U.S. reaction.

The one thing she didn't have as she roared into the crystalline sky was live ammunition... or missiles... or anything at all to throw at a hostile aircraft... except her own plane. So that was the plan. Because the surprise attacks were unfolding, in that innocent age, faster than they could arm warplanes, Penney and her commanding officer planned to fly their jets straight into a Boeing 757. "We wouldn't be shooting it down. We'd be ramming the aircraft," Penney recalls of her charge that day. "I would essentially be a kamikaze pilot."

For years, Penney, one of the first generation of female combat pilots in the country, gave no interviews about her experiences on September 11 (which included, eventually, escorting Air Force One back into Washington's suddenly highly restricted airspace).

But 14 years later, she is reflecting on one of the lesser-told tales of that endlessly examined morning: How the first counterpunch the U.S. Military prepared to throw at the attackers was effectively a suicide mission. "We had to protect the airspace any way we could," she said last week in her office at Lockheed Martin, where she is a director in the F-35 program.

Penney, now a major but still a petite blonde with a Colgate grin, is no longer a combat flier. She flew two tours in Iraq and she serves as a part-time National Guard pilot, mostly hauling VIPs around in a military Gulfstream. She takes the stick of her own vintage 1941 Taylor craft tail-dragger whenever she can.

But none of her thousands of hours in the air quite compare with the urgent rush of launching on what was supposed to be a one-way flight to a deliberate midair collision. First of her kind!



Major Heather "Lucky" Penney

She was a rookie in the autumn of 2001, the first female F-16 pilot they'd ever had at the 121st Fighter Squadron of the D.C. Air National Guard.

She had grown up smelling jet fuel. Her father flew jets in Vietnam and still races them. Penney got her pilot's license when she was a literature major at Purdue. She planned to be a teacher. But during a graduate program in American studies, Congress opened up combat aviation to women and Penney was nearly first in line. "I signed up immediately," she says. "I wanted to be a fighter pilot like my dad."

On that Tuesday, they had just finished two weeks of air combat training in Nevada. They were sitting around a briefing table when someone looked in to say a plane had hit the World Trade Center in New York. When it happened once, they assumed it was some yahoo in a Cessna. When it happened again, they knew it was war. But the surprise was complete. In the monumental confusion of those first hours, it was impossible to get clear orders. Nothing was ready. The jets were still equipped with dummy bullets from the training mission. As remarkable as it seems now, there were no armed aircraft standing by and no system in place to scramble them over Washington. Before that morning, all eyes were looking outward, still scanning the old Cold War threat paths for planes and missiles coming over the polar ice cap. "There was no perceived threat at the time, especially one coming from the homeland like that," says Col. George Degnon, vice commander of the 113th Wing at Andrews. "It was a little bit of a helpless feeling, but we did everything humanly possible to get the aircraft armed and in the air. It was amazing to see people react." Things are different today, Degnon says. At least two "hot-cocked" planes are ready at all times, their pilots never more than yards from the cockpit.

A third plane hit the Pentagon, and almost at once came word that a fourth plane could be on the way, maybe more. The jets would be armed within an hour, but somebody had to fly now, weapons or no weapons.

"Lucky, you're coming with me," barked Col. Marc Sasseville. They were gearing up in the pre-flight life-support area when Sasseville, struggling into his flight suit, met her eye. "I'm going to go for the cockpit," Sasseville said. She replied without hesitating, "I'll take the tail." It was a plan And a pact. 'Let's go!'

Penney had never scrambled a jet before. Normally the pre-flight is a half-hour or so of methodical checks. She automatically started going down the list. "Lucky, what are you doing? Get your butt up there and let's go!" Sasseville shouted. She climbed in, rushed to power up the engine, screamed for her ground crew to pull the chocks. The crew chief still had his headphones plugged into the fuselage as she nudged the throttle forward. He ran along pulling safety pins from the jet as it moved forward. She muttered a fighter pilot's prayer - "God, don't let me [expletive] up" - and followed Sasseville into the sky.

They screamed over the smoldering Pentagon, heading northwest at more than 400 mph, flying low and scanning the clear horizon. Her commander had time to think about

the best place to hit the enemy. "We don't train to bring down airliners," said Sasseville, now stationed at the Pentagon. "If you just hit the engine, it could still glide and you could guide it to a target

My thought was the cockpit or the wing." He also thought about his ejection seat. Would there be an instant just before impact? "I was hoping to do both at the same time," he says. "It probably wasn't going to work, but that's what I was hoping."

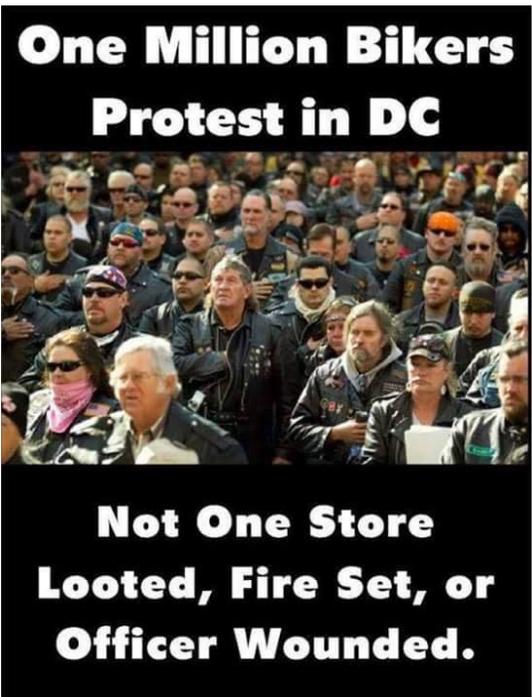
Penney worried about missing the target if she tried to bail out. "If you eject and your jet soars through without impact..." she trails off, the thought of failing more dreadful than the thought of dying.

But she didn't have to die. She didn't have to knock down an airliner full of kids and salesmen and girlfriends. They did that themselves. It would be hours before Penney and Sasseville learned that United 93 had already gone down in Pennsylvania, an insurrection by hostages willing to do just what the two Guard pilots had been willing to do: Anything, and everything.

"The real heroes are the passengers on Flight 93 who were willing to sacrifice themselves," Penney says. "I was just an accidental witness to history." She and Sasseville flew the rest of the day, clearing the airspace, escorting the president, looking down onto a city that would soon be sending them to war.

She's a single mom of two girls now. She still loves to fly. And she still thinks often of that extraordinary ride down the runway a decade ago.

"I genuinely believed that was going to be the last time I took off," she says.





AERIAL ROCKET ARTILLERY ASSOCIATION

Membership Application

This form may be used for Applying for New Membership or for Renewing Existing Membership. Please circle that which is appropriate.

Name _____ Wife's Name _____

Rank _____ Membership Number _____
(At time of service in ARA) (If known)

Retired Rank (if applicable) _____ Service Number _____

List all ARA Units that you served in.

<u>Battery/Battalion</u>	<u>Dates of Service</u>	<u>Call Sign</u>
_____	From mo/yr to mo/yr	_____
_____	From mo/yr to mo/yr	_____

Current Address: _____
Street or PO Box

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

Phone: _____
Home Work (if okay) Cell

E-Mail Address: _____

Association membership is on an annual basis (unless member opts for life membership) running from January 1 to December 31 and is past due on January 31.

Annual dues are **\$25.00** regardless of when submitting.

Life membership (if paid in full) is **\$250.00**. Life membership may also be paid in **\$50.00** installments on a quarterly basis until paid in full.

Total amount enclosed _____ (Please indicate in remarks section of check whether this is Initial Membership, Membership Renewal, Life Membership in full, Life Membership payment #.

Mail completed application to: **Aerial Rocket Artillery Association**

C/O Herb Hirst
P. O. Box 220
North Plains. OR 97133

For Office Use Only
Check # _____
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