



Shotgun Blasts

Volume 3, Issue 4

April 2011

Chaplain's Corner

He is Risen!

By Ned Moore, Shotgun Chaplain

Lent is progressing, leading us toward reliving the events that make Christmas a significant facet of our Faith. Without the cascade of events we have come to know as Holy week, beginning on Palm Sunday and culminating on Easter morning, Christmas would have been a non-event, for us anyway. Since we have the death, burial and Resurrection as primary tenets of the Faith, all of the other things that happened to Jesus, have credence. They would not have mattered one whit – if Jesus had not accomplished what the scriptures tell us is the one defining aspect of our Faith – that Jesus took upon Himself, the sins of us all, paid the price which God's Justice demanded, and came out on the other side, Triumphant!

I saw a book in the library stacks, in my seminary years, entitled: Sixteen Crucified Saviors. I never did take it off the shelf to read it because it lacked

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Our Technical Times

Pass this down the line to your kids to make them aware that we do understand modern terminology but have doubts that they do.

LOG ON: Making a wood stove hotter.

LOG OFF: Don't add no more wood.

MONITOR: Keeping an eye on the wood stove.

DOWNLOAD: Gettin' the farwood off the truck.

MEGA HERTZ: When yer not keerful gettin' the farwood.

FLOPPY DISC: Whatcha git from tryin' to carry too much farwood.

RAM: That thing what splits the farwood.

HARD DRIVE: Gettin' home in the winter time.

PROMPT: What the mail ain't in the winter time.

WINDOWS: What to shut when it's cold outside.

SCREEN: What to shut when it's black fly season.

BYTE: What them flies do.

CHIP: Munchies fer the TV.

MICRO CHIP: What's in the bottom of the munchies bag.

MODEM: Whatcha did to the hay fields.

DOT MATRIX: Old Dan Matrix's wife.

LAP TOP: Where the kitty sleeps.

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the one thing that would make it important to me – Resurrection!

In those days, I had a copy of the Jerusalem Bible (1966), translated from the Peshitta by Lamsa. For some reason someone borrowed it from my office in Kansas and it did not find its way home. In it, one verse has stood out for me, even after all these years: Matthew 27:46, most notably for its primary difference from all the other versions of the verse I have read. While at first there seems to be a conflict, I discovered – not really when viewed in the context.

“About three in the afternoon Jesus cried out in a loud voice, *“Eli, Eli, lema sabachthani?”* (Which means “My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?”). Matthew 27:46 NIV.

“And about the ninth hour, Jesus cried out with a loud voice and said, *Eli, Eli, lmana shabachthani!*” (Which means, My God, my God, for this I was kept!) (My copy said “Spared!”.) Matthew 27:46 Jerusalem Bible

Conflict? No. His Father had to forsake him, or turn His back on Him, as some scholars have noted.

“Your eyes are too pure to look on evil; you cannot tolerate wrong.” Habakkuk 1:13a NIV. Isaiah explains, “We all, like sheep, have gone astray, each of us has turned to his own way; and the LORD has laid on him the iniquity of us all. Is 53:6 NIV.

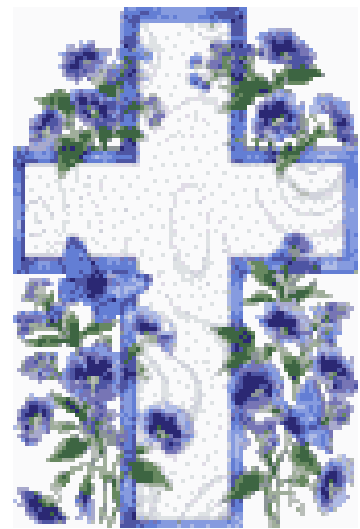
As I thought about this, I remembered all the times in the Gospels in which they wanted to lay hands on Jesus and kill Him, but he just walked away - and it made sense. God had waited all those centuries while folks could just not get it right. Jesus said His father had set this up and He was going to see it through (John 16-17). This verse from the Jerusalem Bible, with what seemed to be an odd twist from that which I had become accustomed, opened my eyes even more to what God had to do for me. Those verses in which Jesus basically bugged out, up to that time, had no special meaning for me. But now I could see the Hand of God, holding Satan at bay, determined to accomplish His purposes for us, and it just made His Love so much bigger for me, I could hardly stand it.

In John 19:30 we read: When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar, he said, It is finished: and he bowed his head, and gave up the ghost. KJV I already knew from my Greek class and one of the NT classes that the word in the Greek “ΤΕΤΕΛΕΣΤΟΙ.” is a commercial word. It not only meant it is finished, but more pointedly - “It is Paid”. The debt of Sin, ours, had been placed on Him (Is 53:6) and he had paid it all. God’s Justice was satisfied.

What remained was, as some have noted, Jesus went and preached to those in “Sheol”. That is really of no consequence to us - but what is - The thing no other has done and scripture points out serious efforts were to twist and suppress - the thing that ties it all together in the greatest Gift God could ever give His Children - the culmination of all Jesus said and did – centers in the Final Act of Gods Power – The Resurrection of the One who took our place so that we can be in Him and God can only see Jesus, and thus “passes over” what we would be without Him. Yup, when the Israelites were instructed to put the blood of the sacrifice on the door posts and the lintel; that prefigured Jesus on the Cross, and maybe it is just me, but I see the escape through the Red Sea as prefiguring the Resurrection! He is Risen! He is Risen indeed!

HAPPY EASTER!

Ned



DATES TO REMEMBER

APRIL FOOL'S DAY

APRIL 1, 2011

CONGRESS DECLARES END TO REVOLUTIONARY WAR

APRIL 11, 1783

U.S. CIVIL WAR BEGINS AT FORT SUMTER

APRIL 12, 1861

PRESIDENT ABRAHAM LINCOLN ASSASSINATED

APRIL 14, 1865

PALM SUNDAY

APRIL 17, 2011

REVOLUTIONARY WAR BEGAN WITH BATTLES AT

LEXINGTON AND CONCORD

APRIL 19, 1775

OKLAHOMA CITY BOMBING KILLS 168

APRIL 19, 1995

FIRST DAY OF PASSOVER

APRIL 19, 2011

GOOD FRIDAY

APRIL 22, 2011

EASTER

APRIL 24, 2011

KEYBOARD: Where ya hang the truck keys.

SOFTWARE: Them plastic forks and knives.

MOUSE: What eats the grain in the barn.

MOUSE PAD: That's hippie talk fer the mouse hole.

MAIN FRAME: Holds up the barn roof.

ENTER: Yankee talk fer "c'mon in, y'all."

Honors Flight

I am sure that all of you Shotguns are aware that we make an attempt to keep track of those unit members that have passed away so that we may salute them at each Reunion during the Memorial Service that concludes our activities.

We are quite fortunate to have an individual that has accepted the responsibility for gathering this information and preparing the program for each year's service. To ensure that the information we have is current and correct all of us must provide timely information to Don Modica so that he may verify, compile and prepare the programs.

If you know that any of our members have passed away, not only since our last reunion, but at any time please let one of the folks listed below know so that we can keep our listing current. You can check your information against the web site to verify that an individual has not been listed.

This is an ongoing project and we ask that you all help us to keep things going.

Don Modica dnb_1955@mchsi.com

Ned Moore nedmoore1@att.net

Monte Caylor mecaylo@mchsi.com

Don Smith shotgun-8a@hotmail.com

Does anyone out there know which aircraft made the first fully controlled helicopter long duration flight and when it occurred?

Answer: The Focke Wulf FW-61 on July 4, 1937

MILITARY MILESTONES

APRIL 01, 1954 THE FIRST ARMY HELICOPTER BATTALION IS ACTIVATED AT FORT BRAGG, NC

APRIL 06, 1924 U.S. ARMY WORLD CRUISERS DEPART SEATTLE, WA ON FIRST AROUND-THE-WORLD FLIGHT

APRIL 11, 1911 THE FIRST ARMY PILOT SCHOOL IS ESTABLISHED AT COLLEGE PARK, MD

APRIL 12, 1961 THE FIRST MANNED SPACE FLIGHT BY SOVIET COSMONAUT YURI GUARINON

APRIL 28, 1918 CAPTAIN EDDIE RICKENBACKER SHOOTS DOWN HIS FIRST GERMAN PLANE

Ramblings

Now, who cares about barf bags in a combat zone?

By Fritz Guenther, Shotgun 34/8, '66 - '67

In October of 1966 Gary Varner replaced me as the sector pilot at Go Cong as Shotgun 34. I was reassigned to the company HQ in Soc Trang as the Company Aircraft Maintenance Officer. One afternoon we received word that we had aircraft parts to pick up in Vung Tau. The next morning Mike Marlow, the Assistant Aircraft Maintenance Officer, and I departed Soc Trang for Vung Tau in the company Beaver. The middle seats were removed as we did not know how much cube we would need for the return flight. The weather enroute was CAVU and not a ripple in the sky, just a perfect day to fly. We arrived just after noon and I recommended that we go to the President Hotel for lunch before we picked up our parts. I had eaten there when I was in Vung Tau on an in-country R&R and it had very good state side food. We arrived at the hotel a little after 1pm and did our part to reduce the size of the buffet which had been put out for consumption (in the sun) at 11am.

We just happened to sit at a table close to an infantry officer who had been one of my stick mates in primary. He washed out because he couldn't land between the two white lines. I had heard that he had been killed so it was a very happy meeting.

After lunch Mike and I went back to the airfield, picked up our parts and loaded them in the Beaver. We then went over to operations to file a flight plan back to Soc Trang. The Operations Sergeant asked us if we could return via Can Tho and drop off two newbies for him. We strapped our two passengers in the sling seats at the rear of the cabin, behind the parts, and gave them the standard safety briefing. About a half hour after departing for Can Tho I became very sick to my stomach (bad mayo in the coleslaw after sitting in the hot sun) I told Mike to take the controls as I had to find something to barf into. I had tried to stick my face out of the window but immediately realized that I would be wearing my lunch if I tried that trick. Now, who carries barf bags in a combat zone? The only thing that was available in a hurry

was my cap. How brilliant I was! The cap caught it all until the liquid began leaking out of the small vent holes all over my lap. There I am holding my cap with one hand, barfing in it and trying to catch the drainage with the other hand. Talk about a one armed paper hanger. How embarrassing. I thought about telling my passengers that they should fly with me when I'm drunk.

Can you imagine what the two new privates were thinking? Here they were newly arrived in country, probably apprehensive as hell, thrown into the back of a small airplane with who knows flying it on a beautiful day without a ripple in the sky and the pilot begins to lose his lunch....what better reason to go AWOL.

We landed at Can Tho and I rested in the shade of the roof bridging two Conex Containers on the 221st flight line. Some kind soul offered me a cold Coke. Ohhhh, it tasted soooo good and refreshing. After a short stay we departed for Soc Trang. Well, the Coke decided it didn't want to go to Soc Trang so I deposited it over the jungle enroute. Once we arrived at Soc Trang Mike took care of the plane and log book. I immediately headed for the hooch and to bed. After a couple more episodes to the latrine, exploding out of both ends, someone decided that I needed to go see the doc. I don't remember much after that except the flight surgeon asked me a few questions then handed me a pleated paper cup with a variety of pills that filled the cup. I remember downing all of them at once like I was taking a shot of good Tennessee Bourbon. I needed help NOW.

I awoke the next morning feeling so great that I thought I had died and gone to heaven but I didn't have enough strength to pick my head up. I asked the Flight Surgeon "What the hell happened to me"? He told me that I had a mild case of food poisoning to which I replied "I hope to God I never have a bad case"! **GOD BLESS THAT FLIGHT SURGEON.**

Well at least my old friend was still alive and the two new guys had a story to tell. They probably had to be put in straightjackets to get them on another airplane.

Fritz

From the Archives of



June 1967

Pilot Dives on Grenade, Tosses It Back on VC

By SP5 Gerard Forken, S&S Staff Correspondent

CAN THO, Vietnam – “Grenade! Get of the area!”

Five men scattered and took cover. A captain dived for the ground and clasped death to his chest.

Then he jumped to his feet and hurled the grenade with all his might. The earth shook.

It was all over within seconds. If it were not for the quick reactions of Army Capt. Charles J. Banks, a pilot assigned to the 221st Aerial Recon. Co., six Americans might have died and the nearby aircraft might have been destroyed.

Banks, 36, had just returned from a mission over the Delta and had parked his plane, an O-1E Bird Dog, at the western end of the airfield located on the outskirts of Can Tho.

While talking to some men, he saw a VC rise up from the tall grass that surrounds the airfield and throw a grenade. It landed between Banks and two 5,000 gallon tanks of aviation fuel.

Banks threw himself on the grenade to shield the men and the tanks from the expected blast.

Then he pulled the grenade from under his body, jumped to his feet and threw it toward where the VC had disappeared. It exploded on contact.

“It was the homemade grenade that saved me,” he said. “If it had been a U.S. grenade, I wouldn’t be here now.”

“I thought he was joking,” said SP4 Thomas W. Stora, a crew chief with 221st. SP5 Robert W.

Groce, Banks crew chief, added, “He never got to the panic point. He saved all of us.”

Banks has taken seven hits in the eight months he has been flying in Vietnam.

One round went through the windshield of his plane and then through the visor of his helmet. He received the Purple Heart for his injury.

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**.*

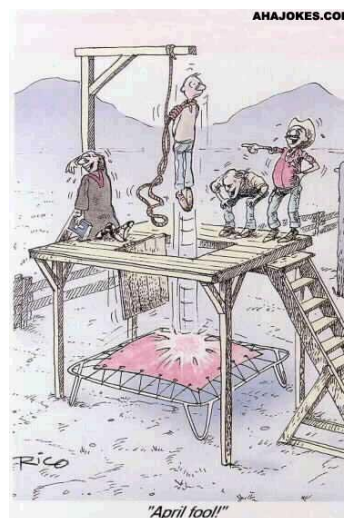
Further from Bill Poor, Shotgun 6, 1966

I remember the incident involving Charlie Banks and the hand grenade.

Charlie was the Second Platoon leader and operated out of Can Tho. I talked to him soon after the grenade incident and clearly remember him telling me the first rational thought that came while he was atop the grenade... “what the hell am I doing?” Fortunately, it didn’t explode.

I ran across a retired pilot from one of the other units in the past few years (can’t remember where or when) who brought the subject up when he found out I was with the 221st. He was on the airfield at the time and witnessed the event and was truly impressed with Charlie’s actions. After we did an investigation, we put him in for the Medal of Honor but as you all know, it was downgraded to the Distinguished Service Medal. I think that Damon Agee or Frank Allen handled the paperwork.

Bill



A Chance Encounter

Soldiers, marines, sailors and airmen always have been Americas best ambassadors.

Author Unknown

This is a great story about the vivid memories of a P-51 and its pilot by a fellow that was 12 years old in Canada in 1967. You may know a few other old pilots who will appreciate this tale.

It was noon on a Sunday as I recall, the day a P-51 Mustang was to take to the air. They said it had flown in during the night from some U.S. airport, the pilot had been tired. I marveled at the size of the plane dwarfing the Pipers and Canucks tied down by her. It was much larger than in the movies. She glistened in the sun like a bulwark of security from days gone by.

The pilot arrived by cab, paid the driver, and then stepped into the flight lounge. He was an older man; his wavy hair was gray and tossed, looked like it might have been combed, say, around the turn of the century.

His flight jacket was checked, creased and worn – it smelled old and genuine. Old Glory was prominently sewn to its shoulders. He projected a quiet air of proficiency and pride devoid of arrogance. He filed a quick flight plan to Montreal (Expo-67, Air Show) then walked across the tarmac.

After taking several minutes to perform his walk-around check the pilot returned to the flight lounge to ask if anyone would be available to stand by with fire extinguishers while he “flashed the old bird up. Just to be safe.”

Though only 12 at the time I was allowed to stand by with an extinguisher after brief instruction on its use – “If you see a fire, point, then pull this lever!” I later became a firefighter, but that’s another story.

The air around the exhaust manifolds shimmered like a mirror from fuel fumes as the huge prop started to rotate. One manifold, then another, and yet another barked – I stepped back with the others. In moments the Packard built Merlin

engine came to life with a thunderous roar, blue flames knifed from her manifolds. I looked at the others’ faces, there was no concern. I lowered the bell of my extinguisher. One of the guys signaled to walk back to the lounge. We did.

Several minutes later we could hear the pilot doing his pre flight run-up. He’d taxied to the end of runway 19, out of sight. All went quiet for several seconds; we raced from the lounge to the second story deck to see if we could catch a glimpse of the P-51 as she started down the runway. We could not.



There we stood, eyes fixed to a spot half way down 19. Then a roar ripped across the field, much louder than before, like a furious hell spawn set loose...something mighty was this way coming. “Listen to that thing!” said the controller. In seconds the Mustang burst into our line of sight.

Its tail was already off and it was moving faster than anything I’d ever seen by that point on 19. Two thirds the way down 19 the Mustang was airborne with her gear going up. The prop tips were supersonic; we clasped our ears as the Mustang climbed hellish fast into the circuit to be eaten up by the dog-day haze.

We stood for a few moments in stunned silence trying to digest what we’d just seen. The radio controller rushed by me to the radio. “Kingston tower calling Mustang?” He looked back to us as he waited for an acknowledgment.

The radio crackled, “Go ahead Kingston.” “Roger

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Mustang. Kingston tower would like to advise the circuit is clear for a low level pass.” I stood in shock because the controller had, more or less, just asked the pilot to return for an impromptu air show!

The controller looked at us. “What?” He asked. “I can’t let that guy go without asking. I couldn’t forgive myself!”

The radio crackled once again, “Kingston, do I have permission for a low level pass, east to west, across the field?” “Roger Mustang, the circuit is clear for an east to west pass.” “Roger, Kingston, I’m coming out of 3000 feet, stand by.”

We rushed back onto the second story deck, eyes fixed toward the eastern haze. The sound was subtle at first, a high pitched whine, a muffled screech, a distant scream. Moments later the P-51 burst through the haze. Her airframe straining against positive Gs and gravity, wing tips spilling contrails of condensed air, prop tips again supersonic as the burnished bird blasted across the eastern margin of the field shredding and tearing the air.

At about 400 mph and 150 yards from where we stood she passed with the old American pilot saluting. Imagine. A salute! I felt like laughing, I felt like crying, she glistened, she screamed, the building shook, my heart pounded.

Then the old pilot pulled her up and rolled, and rolled, and rolled out of sight into the broken clouds and indelibly into my memory.

I’ve never wanted to be an American more than on that day. It was a time when many nations in the world looked to America as their big brother, a steady and even handed beacon of security who navigated difficult political water with grace and style; not unlike the pilot who’d just flown into my memory.

He was proud, not arrogant, humble, not a braggart, old and honest, projecting an aura of America at its best. That America will return one day, I know it will.

Until that time, I’ll just send off this story; call it a reciprocal salute, to the old American pilot who

wove a memory for a young Canadian that’s lasted a lifetime.

And...received from: Bruce Griffith

Dear Don:

Thanks so much for sending the P-51 pilots story.

My dad, LTC Charles E. Griffith, was the CO of the 76th Fighter Squadron in WWII China. It was late in 1944 and because of Jap advances, the squadron had been forced to evacuate and destroy 10 or 12 of their airbases when Jap lines were 50 miles away. At that time the 76th Fighter Squadron was equipped with P-51B and C model Mustangs.

Pilots were running 3 missions a day, in attempts to slow down the Jap campaign. My father was grounded for combat because he had 107 combat missions and the limit was 100 missions. On December 18th my father took 3 pilots up and they attacked their own airfield (Luilang) for training. During the violent maneuvers, my father and his wingman crashed at the end of the runway while flying inverted.

One day on the Jersey shore, I saw a Mustang buzz the beach, very similar to the story that you sent. A great roar as the Mustang came down and then pulled straight up! I am taking the liberty to forward your story to family members and some pilots that I know.

Sincerely

Bruce Griffith
221st at Soc Trang, `65 -`66



2011 Delta Birdog Reunion Update

Due to some apparent disputes between the FBO at New Braunfels airport and the city of New Braunfels we have had to reevaluate our position regarding the location for our Saturday, 15 October 2011 Flight Activities Day. It seems that there is no longer an open restaurant at the New Braunfels airport and there are now no facilities that we could use for breaks and the other items that a bunch of (nearly) senior citizens need when involved in outdoor activities for several hours.

We have discussed the problem with Dan Kelly, IBDA President, and he has assured us that we will have their support at Cannon Field, the base for the Alamo Liaison Squadron, on the south side of San Antonio. They have reasonable facilities at their location and are willing to go a bit to support us for the day.

A bit about the Alamo Liaison Squadron (ALS): Forgotten heroes exist in every war and one such group consists of the many pilots who served both as enlisted and commissioned aviators in World War II.

This dedicated group provided the vital functions known as observation, spotting, artillery fire control, forward air control, communications, command and control, medical evacuation and many other functions that just “needed done” on the battlefield. The people who fulfilled these roles are referred to as **Liaison Pilots**.



Aeronca L-3



Stinson L-5

The ALS got its start in 1981 under the tutelage of Harvey Cannon and began restoration of WW II liaison aircraft. Membership is made up of San Antonio area business and professional men and women, some of whom are retired military.

The ALS appears at Air Shows, Parades, Fairs and other gatherings to further their mission of keeping the memory alive of those forgotten heroes, the Liaison Pilots and the “Grasshoppers” that they flew. The Texas Historic Commission has designated the Alamo Liaison Squadron as a bona fide flying historical museum.

This will be a real opportunity to meet some of the folks that are preserving the history of these great airplanes and to see several of the actual machines that have been restored and placed in flying condition.

In addition to the flying activities we will also have a spot for our down home Texas Style Bar-B-Q lunch and the facilities that the “old timers” among us need to catch their breath.

Caring for a Veteran?
 Call VA's Caregiver Support
 Line for help toll-free:
1-855-260-3274




Links

Just a few links to other sites that may be of interest to you.

- 74th RAC www.aloft74th.org
- 183rd RAC www.183seahorse.org
- 184th RAC www.184rac.com
- 199th RAC www.SwampFox199thRAC.com
- 219th RAC www.219headhunters.com
- 220th RAC www.catkillers.org

And

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

Let's Not Forget!



Our friends at the IBDA have been supporting us in our reunion efforts for several years now and we should support them by becoming members of this organization that is dedicated to preserving the history of the finest little War Bird ever built. The annual dues are \$30.00 and they publish a fine informational news letter each month and send it via e-mail.

You can find a membership application at the web site www.ibdaweb.com.

Go for it!

www.corkysstudiographics.com

Fifteen Differences Between Airplanes and Women

Contributed By Shotgun 15, '66 - '67

01. Airplanes usually kill you quickly – a woman takes her time.
02. Airplanes can be turned on by a flick of a switch.
03. Airplanes don't get mad if you do a "touch and go".
04. Airplanes don't object to a pre-flight inspection.
05. Airplanes come with manuals to explain their operation.
06. Airplanes have strict weight and balance limitations.
07. Airplanes can be flown any time of the month.
08. Airplanes don't come with in-laws.
09. Airplanes don't care about how many other airplanes you've flown before.
10. Airplanes and pilots both arrive at the same time.
11. Airplanes don't mind if you look at other airplanes.
12. Airplanes don't mind if you buy airplane magazines.
13. Airplanes expect to be tied down.
14. Airplanes don't comment on your piloting skills.
15. Airplanes don't whine unless something is really wrong.
16. Plus this similarity: When airplanes go quiet, like a woman, it's usually not a good sign.

About San Antonio

No doubt there are quite a few of you asking, "Just what is there to do in San Antonio?" We all know about the Alamo but what else does the Alamo City offer? To help you learn just a bit about this great city and the area where it is located in the Great state of Texas just take a look at some of the web sites shown below.

The official city of San Antonio tourist/visitor site is www.visitsanantonio.com

To look at information and ads about another San Antonio attraction and other South Texas spots check out www.sanantonioriverwalk.com

A great listing of some of the museums and art collection in the area can be found at: www.sanantoniotourist.com/museums.cfm

General travel and tourist information can be found at: www.sanantonio.worldweb.com

...and for those who wish to learn about Texas and Texans an absolute must-see spot for you to visit is the Institute of Texan Cultures. You can visit their site at: www.texancultures.com

There are many more web sites and you can pass many hours just reading about the area and the events that have occurred here that have had an effect not only on Texas but on the United States and, in fact, the world. Take time to enjoy the free time that you will have while in San Antonio

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17815 Yellow Birch Trail
Humble, TX 77346



Reunion News

The planning and coordinating for the 2011 Delta Birddog Reunion is continuing with something going on just about every day. The folks on the planning committee are taking their roles seriously and have every intention to make this a really great get together

Reunion headquarters has been selected and is the Doubletree Hotel San Antonio Downtown in the Alamo city. The hotel is conveniently located in downtown and just minutes by trolley or on foot from the many attractions located there including The Alamo, the San Antonio Riverwalk, Market Square and an assortment of museums and art collections. The trolley system has a stop immediately in front of the hotel and a convenient schedule which will be made available to all participants.

The reunion will kick off at 12:00 Thursday, 13 October 2011 with registration, guest check-ins and of course the Hospitality Suite opening. There will be a Welcome Reception in the early evening and fun for all. The hospitality suite will remain open until 2300. Friday is an open day, there will be time for shopping, sight seeing, museum visits, golf and the like. In the evening we are planning a Social Hour, time and place yet to be determined, with a likely menu of pizza and beer (or your choice of other things).

Saturday, 15 October will be our busy day. We will kick off the day early by traveling to Cannon Field for our traditional Flight Activities Day, our hosts for the day are the Alamo Liaison Squadron (ALS) and they will be joined by our friends from the IBDA for a day of fun. While at Cannon Field we will enjoy a Texas style Bar-B-Q lunch while we take time to look at a few of the predecessors of our beloved Birddog, the ALS has several restored airplanes at this location and those not flying will be on static display.

We will return to the hotel in the late afternoon and begin the preparations for our Banquet/Dinner Dance with the usual pomp and ceremony that we accord the evening. We are hoping to have a guest speaker but in the event we cannot make satisfactory arrangements we will do as we have in the past and draft our speakers from the participants. I strongly suggest that everyone attending (including the spouses) have a couple of notes prepared.

Sunday, 16 October we will have our Memorial Service in the morning. So that everyone will be able to participate Don Modica and the Reunion Committee are asking that those of you that are departing by air make every effort to schedule flights departing San Antonio after 12:00.



2011 Delta Birddog Reunion

13 – 16 October, 2011

Registration Form

NAME (Last, First)	
STREET ADDRESS	
CITY, STATE, ZIP	
HOME PHONE	
WORK PHONE	
CELL PHONE	
E-MAIL ADDRESS	
CALL SIGN OR DUTY POSITION (i.e. Clerk)	<i>(Please indicate if Swamp Fox, Shotgun or Both)</i>
GUEST	
GUEST	
Sorry, I am unable to attend the Reunion, but please keep me on the mailing list.	

ITEM	UNIT PRICE	QUANTITY	TOTAL PRICE
REGISTRATION FEE (Includes Reception, Banquet, Airfield Cook-out, etc.)	\$150.00 PER PERSON		

SPECIAL NEEDS

If you have any special needs let us know when you register so that we can plan.

Activities such as golf and tours to local attractions are being planned to fill free time. These will be announced on the Web Sites and in separate information e-mails as the reunion approaches

Please make your check payable to Delta Birddog Reunion and mail it with this form to:

**Mr. Tim Brinkerhoff
28 Meriden Avenue
Meriden, CT 06451**