



July
2023

281ST ASSAULT HELICOPTER
COMPANY ASSOCIATION
NEWSLETTER

No. 84

PRESIDENTS MESSAGE by Jeff Murray

Things Are Happening Fast !! Maybe it's my advancing age, maybe it's living in this oven called Texas, maybe it's seeing my granddaughter going into the 8th grade, I don't know, but time seems to be zipping by. Y'all too, I'm sure. So we need to do some stuff sooner rather than later. First, make your plans for Dayton. You never know when that next medical event makes travel hard, or impossible. The USAF Museum alone will make this reunion trip worthwhile, and the opportunity to hit up a whiskey distillery or two afterwards is there as well. The hotel is extremely nice. Second, our PX still has a ton of items. We most likely will not have a PX at this reunion. The Hays family does not need to be the forever depository of it all, so I am making an executive decision. 25% off on all orders. Go online and order, Donna Ball will handle it. Just tell Donna what you want, she'll tell you the cost and you can mail me a check endorsed to the 281st AHC Association. Donna can be contacted at:

Donna@haysenterprises.com and my address is 6904 Vista Ridge Dr West, Ft Worth, TX 76132. Your cancelled check is your receipt. Donna generally doesn't bill for postage so with another executive decision I am going to lump sum her a check shortly before the reunion.

Lastly, check in on your buds. There are a few Intruders who were stalwarts in this group who now are MIA. Keep up with them, call and chat, let us know how they are. This includes wives. Trust me, losing a spouse can seriously negatively impact one's mental well being, it is friends who keep friends upbeat and active, way more so than family. Call someone, they'll appreciate it, you will too.

One last item is flag cases. We may soon need to cease delivering flag cases. If anyone has opinions on this, please let me have them. One more last item, our scholarship fund. Don't forget them when you're donating to charities, as this one benefits our relatives.

Reunion Committee Chairperson: Bain Black

Hello Again Intruders, Family and Friends, Woohoo, it's reunion time again!! Before I give you an update on the status of our upcoming Intruder Reunion in Dayton, OH, can I share the adventures of Karen and Bain from the last 40 days? Karen had not seen the beautiful canyons of the Southwest... Zion, Grand Canyon, Bryce Canyon, etc. I have a couple of motorcycling buddies who worked for me before our retirements. The plan was for me to meet them in Olathe, CO with my motorcycle in tow. We would ride SW Colorado for a few days and then head out to Monument Valley, UT and on to Las Vegas, where Karen would fly into. Great adventures to say the least. What a great way to see this beautiful country. Weather cooperated, mostly!

Our journey was to continue to Durango, CO and back to Olathe before the traveling home....now trailering the Harley. Karen and I were to attend a wedding in Albuquerque before the three-day drive back to NC, but there was a problem.... a big problem! I contracted bacterial pneumonia and sepsis! Three days in the hospital with IVs pumping antibiotics around the clock. I've never been so sick! After discharge we spent a couple of days with the newlyweds before continuing the journey. Thanks to excellent medical care provided by Rust Hospital (Presbyterian) in Albuquerque!

Now, back to the Reunion! We have **only 30 days** left to register with Armed Forces Reunion, Inc. Currently Intruders have reserved 67 room nights out of our commitment for 135, **So please don't wait...call the Holiday Inn Fairborn/Dayton today...937-426-7800.** These are beautiful rooms for a good price of \$139/night. Our association is financially committed for 108 room nights, so we need you to reserve your rooms ASAP.

All information needed to register for the reunion is

on the website, www.281st.com. The cost this year is a very reasonable \$150 per person, which includes a banquet, lunch buffet, transportation, and admission to the incredible National Air Force Museum. Our memorial service to MIA/KIA Intruders will be held during lunch at the Museum. (Wheel chairs and motorized scooters are complementary at the AF Museum). Dayton Airport has frequent flights to and from most major cities.

As we all are aware, our numbers are thinning. This great venue will be a wonderful opportunity to see old friends and Intruders with whom we have so much in common. Questions? Need help with hotel reservations or reunion registration?? Call me at 602-7439856 or Armed Forces Reunions, Inc coordinator, Emily Dunn at 757-625-6401.

Abbreviated Agenda

Sunday Sep 10, early arrivals

Monday Sep 11, registration, hospitality suite, Optional tour of the Packard Museum (Please let me or David Hartong know if you want to tour the Packard Automobile Museum, \$10 charge).

Tuesday Sep 12, AF Museum guided tour, lunch buffet, Intruder Memorial Service.

Wednesday Sep 13, hospitality room open, closing banquet.

Thursday Sep 14, Check out

Friday Sep 15, Late Check out

SCHOLARSHIP NEWS by Jim Baker

It is now "selection month" when new 281st scholarship applications are evaluated for possible scholarship awards this fall. The scholarship committee will hold its annual meeting for that purpose later this month via Zoom. We have eight applications to review from grandchildren or great nieces/nephews of 281st veterans from all around the country. I have looked at all the applications, and, believe me, our Intruders have some really bright descendants out there. It's going to be very hard to decide who will be selected. Unfortunately, as in the past, we may not be able to offer a scholarship to each applicant-not because of grades, but we may simply not have the funds to include everyone. That is why your scholarship fund donations are so important. It is really hard to review these applications each year while thinking about not only the grades and accomplishments of these students, but also the work they have put into assembling their applications. They are required to submit not only

transcripts, but teacher evaluations, letters of recommendation, and written essays with their application. Then after all that, if we are not able to offer a deserving applicant, it becomes very difficult to decide who to leave out. We currently have 10 students on scholarship. Even if we are able to add all eight new applicants, the financial burden on the Scholarship Fund will be really strained. It is hard to ask for money these days, but please think about it when considering your donation to the Fund. It is one of the most worthwhile things the 281st AHC Association has ever done.

LIEUTENANT RUSKAUFF by Will McCollum

I was born in Madison, Wisconsin on the 21st of November 1931, the only child of Bertram & Jennie Ruskauff. Later we moved about 80 miles Southeast of Madison. There I graduated from Port Washington High School. I was pretty good at football, but much better at track. The following year I was accepted at the University of Wisconsin, and enrolled in the Reserve Officers Training Courses, (ROTC). From the get-go, I liked the ROTC program. I found this was right down my lane, this kind of training fitted me very well and I excelled.

Four years later I was commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the United States Army Reserve in the field of Combat Engineers. After being commissioned, I loaded all of my belongings into the trunk of my 1953 Ford and headed east. Now for some heavy-duty serious training at Fort Belvoir, Virginia. The officer's basic training in Combat Engineers consisted of so many different specialty areas. Combat Engineers had tons of equipment and covered a large area of responsibility.

After completing all the basic officer's courses I was assigned to a training Combat Engineer Company at Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri. Again, I loaded all my belongings into the trunk of my 1953 Ford and headed west to Missouri. When I arrived at Fort Leonard Wood, there were no quarters on the post. My wife and I found a place to live off post. It was about the size of a normal garage, and we were lucky to find that. That was around the year 1954-55. There I was, my first Army assignment; I was excited. My wife and I made that little shack our home.

That is where the rubber met the road. When I signed in, the Major said "We are so glad to see you, welcome aboard. You are now our new company

commander." A brand new 2nd Lt. and now I am a company commander!! Well here goes, I had about 200 enlisted trainees in my company, a very good First Sergeant, and the best Mess Sergeant ever. There I learned very early in my Army Career that Non-Commissioned Officers (NCOs) were the backbone of the Army. I was the only officer in the company, no executive officer, no platoon leaders, it was just me, a brand new butter bar Second Lieutenant. But I was fortunate, and more so than I then realized. I had the best sergeants, corporals, and even PFCs; what more could I ask for? We gave the troops some of the best basic training in Combat Engineers that they would ever receive. I was a happy camper. I decided then if the Army could use me, I would stay.

I had only flown once in my entire life and that was over the beautiful Ozark mountains and lakes, as a passenger. I was hooked. I wanted to sit up front at the controls, but I wore glasses, did I have a chance? Well, I applied, passed the physical, and was accepted. I was in my glory. After a year and a half at Fort L.Wood, once again we loaded all our stuff in the trunk of the Ford and with the neighborhood stray dog sitting in the back seat, we headed west.

To San Marcus, Texas just outside of Austin, where the summer temperature would go past 100 almost every day, it was hot. Again, no quarters on post, a two-room house, and no air conditioner; we made it work. I had no problems with flying the L-21, it was easy and a great airplane to learn the basics. After 80 hours of flying, I was ready for the next stage. The Army sent me to Fort Rucker, Alabama. I was getting good at packing all our stuff in the back of that 53 Ford.



L-21



L-19

Fort Rucker is a busy place, with helicopters, and all kinds of airplanes. Summertime temperature was a different kind of hot. The "Birddog" L-19 was another great airplane, and easy to fly. One of the worst things that could ever happen to an airman is a mid-air collision. I was flying solo on a training mission making an approach to land, I heard this

gosh awful noise, I looked up and saw the front wheel of another L-19 stuck into my left wing.

[To be continued next issue.](#)



CHECK RIDE by Lee Brewer, Wolf Pack 32, 68-69

Fred Funk and I arrived at the 281st AHC on 15 Oct 1968. Fred went to the Rat Pack and since I had been flying guns in my previous unit I was assigned to the 3rd Platoon of the company with the moniker of Wolf Pack. I chose the number 32 as that was available and I was 32 years old. I was also a W2 and the only one in the platoon so with my previous guns flying experience it didn't take long before the platoon leader Capt. Hamlin said he was going to give me a check ride for team lead. Mid December Capt. Hamlin gave me the right seat and the responsibility of team lead (check ride). We were just west of Nha Trang supporting some unnamed unit when a call came from a recon team of A502 of 5th Special Forces Group that a Medevac helicopter had been shot out of the landing area (twice) to pick up two wounded personnel. I was given permission to leave the current assignment and proceed to provide cover for the Medevac helicopter. After establishing radio contact with both the A502 NCOIC and the Medevac helicopter I asked the NCOIC how bad the wounded were. The reply came that they were walking wounded but had painful injuries. I also established that the NCOIC didn't know how spread out his troops were so it became clear that I would not be able to use suppressive fire to support the Medevac helicopter. I asked the Medevac pilot to consider waiting 30 minutes while the troops were moved to a better location and told him that I would not be able to assist with suppressive fire. He stated that he was going to try one more time to get the wounded out and proceeded to an area he had chosen to do the pickup. The Medevac helicopter was flying maybe 20 knots and descending to his proposed pick up spot when he was hit with what I believe was a B-40

rocket in the engine/transmission area causing the aircraft to invert and crash killing all on board. My door gunner started screaming (literally) at me to return fire. He was also calling me numerous expletives and pointing a loaded M-60 in my face. I glanced at him and saw that this man was not coherent and was experiencing what I call a "battlefield blackout". Capt. Hamlin shouted for him to shut up to which I reacted by hitting him in the chest with my left hand and telling him to shut up. I had seen the look on his face and he was not listening to anyone at this time. As best as I can remember, I kept trying to explain to him the ground situation and that I couldn't fire as the friendlies perimeter on the ground was unknown and you can't fire as friendlies were at risk of being killed. After a bit of time I advised the A502 NCOIC that we were leaving for 10th Bn. and refueling. I was able to contact the unit the Medevac helicopter was assigned to and informed them of the accident. Not a pleasant call. My door gunner finally calmed down and no words were spoken by him during the trip to 10th Bn. I won't go into detail but after landing at the POL point I was able to disarm the door gunner, told Capt. Hamlin to call Bn. Hqs. to come get him as he was not getting back in the helicopter. On the way back to Nha Trang with only Capt. Hamlin and the Crew Chief, I was told that the door gunner would be court martialed to which I replied that he better not as he was a good man that had seen too much and needed to return home. He had a wife and 2 children, had spent 28 months in Vietnam and had a request in for another 6 months extension in country. I blamed the unit chain of command for what happened that day as he should have returned to the States much sooner. I do not remember the name of the door gunner or the crew chief and am glad that I don't. The mission is not a memory that I can erase. BTW - I passed my check ride. Thanks for letting me share.

Before each flight, make sure that your bladder is empty and your fuel tanks are full. And always remember, take offs are optional, landings are mandatory.

ARMY/MARINE STORY, VETERANS DAY 1969 – by Don Budlong, Maintenance, 68-70

November 10, 1969. We were on a Delta field op up in QuangTri, I guess the last op. We were living at

the end of the runway with a large hanger to work in. We also had nice buildings to sleep in. Behind us was a group of marines waiting to go back to Hawaii. Being Nov 10th, the Marine Corps birthday, of course the jarheads had to celebrate. They obviously celebrated too much and figured it was a good time to mess with the Army. So they tossed CS grenades into our nice hooches. In talking to Walt Stobe, a few years ago, he said we did have a few injuries trying to evacuate in the dark with tears running from our eyes. That night we all slept outside on the PSP under the aircraft.

The next day as our aircraft were departing for Mai Loc one of the slicks made a pass over the marines and returned the favor and gassed them. The marines were equally as pissed off as we were the night before.

The evening of Nov. 11 would be the final showdown. The marines started drinking early and by sundown were drunk and very feisty. Cpt. Craig Albee was our OIC and didn't want trouble again, so he contacted the Marine Corps HMFIC in Quang Tri about it. Shortly thereafter, we saw a convoy of headlights heading toward our end of the airfield and they pulled up in front of our hanger. After a conversation with Cpt. Albee, a marine, named Maj Golden(sp.?) walked down to the marine's camp, got them out in formation and read them the riot act. We also believe he busted a Gunnery Sgt. on the spot. Why else would he have been crying?

Never had another problem with those marines again.

ARMY/MARINE STORY by Paul Maledy, CE 67-69

When I was in the 61st AHC and we were shipping out to VN, we flew the helicopters from Ft Campbell to Stockton CA. It took several days to do it. We left by platoons one day apart. I was in 2nd flight, so we left a day after 1st platoon. One of our overnight stops was at Yuma Marine base. When we landed, out came some Marines in dress blues to guard our ships. We had no idea why. When we got to Stockton, we were talking to 1st flight about the stop in Yuma and found out what had happened, as they told us what had happened to them when they stopped there. When they got back to the airbase the next morning, they found one of the Marine air units there had spray painted their own logo on the ships. The major in charge of the flight did not see any humor in what they had done. So he called the airbase commander, a full colonel, and got him out of

bed. The colonel just blew it off and hung up. The major did not like that either, so he called the Pentagon. What happened there I do not know, except the colonel got a call from the Pentagon. The next thing you know, people (Marines) showed up and removed the logos. When we got there that night Marines were guarding Army helicopters from Marines. That had to grate on them real bad.

ARMY/MARINE STORY by Lee Brewer, Pilot 68-69

My last Delta was in An Hoa in the spring/summer of 69'. One night the Marines were feeling like messing with the Army helicopter bunch that were camped outside their base. Guess they thought it would be fun to fire some flares so they were shooting roman candles at our tents. They scored the first hit on the gunner/crew chief's tent and set it on fire. I sort of let that go as an accident. The next one hit the WO tent and burned through to the foot of my bunk and fell on my sleeping bag. I got a bit upset and called the Marine duty officer (Lt) and gave him the following message. I have a platoon of helicopter gunships here and the next magnesium ball that hits my tents will result in me showing your marines how much firepower a helicopter can put out when needed. The next morning I told the Delta commander what I did as I thought it may have caused him some problems with the Marines. He asked if any more "flares" were sent our way during the night. There were none and he simply said "it appears you took care of business". We were not lit up with flares the remainder of our stay in An Hoa.

(ALMOST) WISE ASS #2 by Thomas Lundrigan, Pilot 68-69

I had just come out of the field from a Delta operation and my mission for this day was to fly to Cam Ranh Bay and pick up the dead body of a high ranking Vietnamese officer and take him to his village for burial. When I landed at Cam Ranh Bay, an Air Force "Follow Me" truck pulled up to my aircraft, and an airman got out. I explained why I was there. He says he knows exactly where I need to go and to follow him. So, I followed the "Follow me" truck down a taxiway and we made a right turn into a huge PSP parking lot and hovered down between two rows of parked C-130s to the last aircraft. The follow me truck driver points to the aircraft on the left; waves goodbye and drives away. About that time, four Vietnamese soldiers in full battle gear came out of the C-130 carrying a hand-

carved coffin. They load up in my aircraft and we are about to leave, when a jeep carrying an AF Captain and a Sergeant show up with the Captain screaming. The Captain comes over and says "What do you think you are doing flying in here? You could lose control and crash into these C-130s". I could have done pedal turns blindfolded and never come near the C-130s. Now is where the fun begins. The Captain says "Shut 'er down, we're going to move your aircraft out of here". I thought to myself, "OK?" and shut my aircraft down.

A little while later, the Sergeant shows up with another Sergeant driving a truck with a winch on the front bumper. They intend to hook onto the tail boom of the aircraft and drag it out to the taxiway. I explain to them that the best that they will do is crush the tail boom. The worst they will do is pull the tail boom off and maybe collapse the skid gear.

A little while later they show up with a forklift and position it as if they are going to lift the aircraft under the belly. I explain to them that the aircraft fuel tanks are in the belly of the aircraft and the forks would crush the belly and you would probably rupture the tanks and have turbine fuel all over.

The Sergeant then goes over to the Captain who was waiting in the jeep. They talk for a while and then the Captain comes to me and asks how he can move the aircraft. Here is where the (almost) wiseass came out. I was about to ask if he was a helicopter pilot, that way he could fly it out, but instead I told him the aircraft was mostly tubing and sheet metal and the only two ways I know is with a special clevis that fits through the hole in the Jesus Nut at the top of the mast and lift it with a crane, or there are ground handling wheels that can be attached to the skids. You jack up the skids and several guys manhandle the aircraft to where you want it. To me, the situation was getting really funny. They had no way to move the aircraft. I knew it, they knew it. It was at this point where again (almost) wiseass #2 (almost) popped out. I was about to say, "if you'd like, I'll fly back to Nha Trang and get a set of our ground handling wheels and bring them back so they could move the aircraft", but I thought better of it. For sure, I'd go to jail for insubordination. And they would be right. The Captain and Sergeant walk away; they talk; and then the Sergeant comes back and says "you can fly the aircraft out, but you have to go that way". We are at the end of the parking lot and he is pointing at the shortest way out. The only

problem is, it is towards an eight foot chain link fence and just past that is high electric lines. I didn't like the looks of it. I told him I'd have to back up a bit to get a running start to get into "translational". I don't think he knew what I was talking about, but he said "OK". So, I crank up, get to a hover, and we are heavy. Four crew, four Vietnamese honor guards, a coffin with a body in it, and lots of fuel to make the trip south. WE'RE HEAVY. I backed up several feet. OK I thought, I can clear the fence but I'm not sure about the wires. If push comes to shove, I can go under the wires. Then I laughed and said to myself "What the hell are you thinking, TOM". This isn't a do or die combat mission. I'm not risking eight lives and an aircraft going out that way. I did a pedal turn, hovered out to the taxiway, got clearance from the tower and took off. I then flew south and delivered the honor guard and coffin. We got back to Nha Trang after dark and when we landed, I was told to report to Major Moberg first thing in the morning. In the morning, I explained to Major Moberg what had happened. Then I went out to the flightline and strapped a Huey to my back and flew another day's mission.

COMPUTER BEWARE by Brent Gourley, Pilot 66-67

We won't discuss how I discovered this cyber attack thru PayPal, but if you use that service, be aware. Hackers can, thru their phony accounts, send you an invoice for payment. It will appear on your account, looking innocent and trustworthy, except you don't know this person. The header of the invoice will contain a statement that says your account is suspect, with a number to call for PayPal security. PayPal will innocently send to you an email with a readable picture of the header of the invoice. You don't call, but sign on to check, and there at the top of your activity list, is this invoice with the same name and info. So you call, surely not me, but .. Anyway, I have ceased using PayPal until they remove that invoice notification and learn to block these things. They hid it; I can't see it, but they know it's not valid. But I have received several more since, thru PayPal and Xoom, a PayPal subsidiary. I'm still chasing roaches out of the machine. On top of that, a recent update to windows supplied a new necessary HDD driver to my machine, but did not install it, thus slowing my main machine to a slow crawl. So I've been fighting two issues at the same time.

TO THE 281st AHC ASSOCIATION

The kids and I want to say THANK YOU to all of the guys in the 281st. For serving your country for all of us. For taking care of each other while you were in the service and continuing to be friends after you all got out. For checking on us, sending the books (we have enjoyed reading them very much), for the flag case and the honorary membership certificate you have given me, and for David Dervre flying them down to me. Sincerely, The Stowes



The Flag Case was given to Julie Stowe, widow of Doug Stowe at the Cortez Colorado airport on October 31st. From the men of the 281st AHC with Honor Gratitude and Appreciation for you and our Brother in Arms that has flown West. May God bless and keep you both, Dave DeVere Wolfpack31



Russel, Julie, Lochlan, & Evie Stowe (left)
Tanner, Kylah, & Stina Stowe Soper (right)

SATISFYING DAY by Jack "JINT" Interstein, **Flight Ops 68-70** Got to 281st in Jul 69 and did flight records. Hated it! A few months later, Spec 5 Moreno was leaving and Operations NCOIC (Bast?) told me to start training with Moreno for the night job which primarily included getting the next day's missions from 10th CAB and coordinating the next day's missions for each flight platoon and maintenance and posting it on big board in Ops and copies to all areas involved. One night, missions came in late and there was an ARVN Combat Assault happening I believe in Song Mao where we rarely, if ever, flew. Two light fire teams were scheduled to go there. I questioned BN SFC Andrachowski, MCC(Mission Control Center) on the location but took down the info as given. A short time later, called them back, questioning the location but was told Song Mao, that's the location. Sometime later, once again, I called MCC again and spoke with same SFC Andrachowski, who became somewhat unlike his usual pleasant self, quite disturbed at my questioning him again. I did the next day's missions as ordered and at 6am, got off duty and either went to sleep or had breakfast and then to sleep? Sometime between 7am and 8am, got a knock on my door, report immediately to Maj Little in operations. Frankly was very nervous and of course assumed I must have done something wrong, don't recall if I was thinking about where the gunships were told to report? Apparently Maj Little had just gotten off the Land Line with a livid LTC Patelos. Where the F--K are our gunships? I think Maj Little had shrunk a few inches! Boy, was I immediately relieved! I quickly told Maj Little that I had questioned the location we were sending the gunships to 3x with MCC, SFC Andrachowski. I can't tell you the pleasure Maj Little had calling LTC Patelos back and respectfully telling his superior, his MCC messed up and sent the guns to the wrong location. Not sure about what happened between Patelos and SFC Andrachowski, who was usually very efficient and a nice guy and I wished him no harm. Can't tell you what relief, with a big smile I had, on walk back to the 281st company area. Have to admit, one of my most satisfying days in 281st operations.

OBITUARIES

Karen Menzer, wife of Fred Menzer, 3rd Platoon (Wolf Pack) Commander 6/67-3/68 died on 4/6/23

Arthur Gallagher

Served in Maintenance Platoon
66 to 67



7-16-42 to 9-1-19

George Dodd

Served in 3rd Platoon (Wolf Pack) as a Pilot
3-68 to 12-68



2-5-46 to 4-6-23

281st AHC ASSOCIATION Contact Information **THE EXECUTIVE BOARD (Elected)**

Jeff Murray, President Tamu73@sbcglobal.net

George Dossett, V Pres. georgedossett@att.net

Dave Mitchell, Secretary djmitch0470@gmail.com

TREASURER – POSITION OPEN

Bain Black, Reunion Chair kbainblack@gmail.com

APPOINTED OFFICERS (Abbreviated list)

MEMBERSHIP COMMITTEE

CHAIRMAN – POSITION OPEN

Brent Gourley, Internet Groups Administrator

bgrlyy@gmail.com

Will McCollum, Assoc. Resident Author

willdanmac@yahoo.com

Jim Baker, Scholarship Committee Chairman

Bakerjw@icloud.com

PX Store Donna@haysenterprises.com

Jack Mayhew, Remembrance Committee Chairman

intruder06@me.com

Dean Roesner, Newsletter deanroesner@aol.com

281st AHC REUNION ASSOCIATION – SEPTEMBER 10-14, 2023

HOLIDAY INN DAYTON FAIRBORN – 2800 PRESIDENTIAL DR, FAIRBORN, OH 45324 – (937) 426-7800

Listed below are registration costs for the reunion. Send the total amount payable to **ARMED FORCES REUNIONS, INC.** in the form of check or money order, your cancelled check will serve as your confirmation. You may also register online and pay by credit card at www.events.afr-reg.com/e/281AHC2023 (3.5% will be added for credit card charges). All forms and payments must be received by August 10, 2023. After that date, reservations will be accepted on a space available basis. We suggest you make a copy of this form before mailing. Please do not staple or tape your payment to this form.



Armed Forces Reunions, Inc.
322 Madison Mews
Norfolk, VA 23510
ATTN: 281st AHC

OFFICE USE ONLY	
Check # _____	Date Received _____
Inputted _____	Nametag Completed _____



REUNION TOUR

CUT-OFF DATE IS 8/10/23

REUNION TOUR	Price Per	# of People	Total
Tuesday, Sept 12: Bus to AF Museum – Tour Bus departs hotel promptly at 8:45 AM for the Museum. 9:00 – 11:30 Guided Tour			
11:30 – 2:00 Lunch/Memorial Service			
2:00 – 5:00 Tour Museum on your own			
5:15 – Bus departs for hotel			
AGENDA (Hospitality Suite is in the Kitty Hawk Room)			
Sun Sept 10 – Early-bird Registration, Hospitality Suite open 1:00 PM – 5:00 PM			
Mon Sept 11 – Registration, Hospitality Suite open 9:00 AM – 6:00 PM			
Tues Sept 12 – AF Museum 8:45 AM, Hospitality Suite opens 6:30 PM			
Wed Sept 13 – Meetings – Executive Board @ 9:00 AM in Columbia Boardroom			
– Membership @ 11:00 AM in Amphitheater			
– Hospitality Suite open until 3:00 PM			
– Banquet Cash Bar 6:00 PM			
– Buffet Dinner 6:45 PM			
Thurs Sept 14 – Check Out			
REGISTRATION FEES			
281st AHC Annual Membership Dues	Annual Fee	\$ 25	\$
Membership Reunion Registration	Member@	\$ 150	\$
Adult Guests	Each@	\$ 150	# \$
Children under 16 years old	Each@	\$ 50	# \$
SCHOLARSHIP FUND DONATION	THE DONATION IS 2023 TAX DEDUCTABLE		\$
	Total Amount Payable to Armed Forces Reunions, Inc.		\$

PLEASE PRINT NAME AS YOU WOULD LIKE IT TO APPEAR ON YOUR NAMETAG

FIRST _____ LAST _____ PLATOON _____ YEARS _____

SPOUSE, SIGNIFICANT OTHER (IF ATTENDING) _____

GUEST(S) NAME(S) _____

STREET ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

PH. NUMBER (_____) _____ - EMAIL ADDRESS _____ @ _____

DISABILITY/DIETARY RESTRICTIONS _____

EMERGENCY CONTACT NAME _____ PHONE _____

Hotel Reservations must be made directly with the hotel. Room Rate \$139/night + tax. Free parking and breakfast buffet. Hotel Phone (937) 426-7800 Use Code "AHC"

Registrations received after the cut-off date will still be accepted on a space available basis, we will contact you immediately with any restrictions.

CANCELLATIONS WILL ONLY BE TAKEN MONDAY-FRIDAY 9:00am-5:00pm EASTERN TIME (excluding holidays). Call (757) 625-6401 to cancel reunion activities and obtain a cancellation code. Cancellations prior to August 10, 2023 will receive a full refund less the non-refundable AFR registration fee (\$15 per person). After August 10, 2023 please contact the association directly for refunds.

For Reunion, register online and pay by credit card at www.events.afr-reg.com/e/281AHC2023

Please bring your photos, CD's, books, maps and other memorabilia for sharing and/or display