



the swash plate

MONTHLY
CHPA
NEWSLETTER

Combat Helicopter Pilots Association, Inc.

800-832-5144 hq@chpa-us.org PO Box 2585, Peachtree City, GA 30269

January 2017

We want your pucker factor stories no matter which conflict you flew in. I realize not everyone enjoys writing, so call me and we'll get your story by phone, and you get final editing approval. Your fellow CHPA members will enjoy reading your version of an interesting day.

Here's two ways to reach me.

800-832-5144 CHPA
hq@chpa-us.org

The Editor



Rich Miller

president@chpa-us.org

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The President's Corner

The leadership of CHPA is going into this new year with momentum from changes made last year. The Board of Directors has decided the 2017 Annual Reunion will be held in the Dallas, Texas area. Our timeframe is not finalized, but likely between late August and early September if you'd like to tentatively mark your calendar. We will announce final dates soon.

We will be attending the HAI trade show in Dallas in March and the AAAA trade show in Nashville in April.

We will upgrade our membership database and website system to a newer version, scheduled for April/May, which will require a lot of sweat behind the curtains, intended to be transparent to you.

Sustaining membership and new recruitment is high on our priority list. We need our members to make a concerted effort to enlighten and bring qualified members into our group. Having the mindset of being a recruiter for our exclusive club will go a long way. You never know who is willing to join if you don't ask. If you are willing to use the "Pay it Forward" method, you can buy a membership for a friend, then tell him to do the same with someone qualified he knows, and keep it going. The question is, are you willing to actively do something to support CHPA?

I recently attended a military function on behalf of CHPA and noticed that the majority of the young active duty aviators were wearing combat patches. That was a reminder CHPA is not a last-man-standing organization, but one with an unlimited future so long as we recruit younger combat-qualified members as well as the older combat vets like me from Vietnam.

As summarized below by Treasurer Terry Garlock, we are raising dues and restructuring how dues are paid. I'll leave the details to Terry's summary below.

Finally, I wanted to pass this on just in case it is useful to someone. On the Disabled American Veterans website there are five new short informative videos in the Veteran Disability Claims section of the site. The DAV is one of the many advocates for those who have, or are going to file claims with the VA and these videos are designed to provide information in a convenient, format.

<https://www.youtube.com/disabledamericanveterans>

Rich Miller, President

CHPA Dues increase announcement

Please read carefully

Nobody like to pay more, including me. However, CHPA dues have been at the same \$30 annual rate for years and the Board has approved the following changes in dues.

- Effective March 1, 2017, dues will be \$40 per year.
- **As circumstances permit in the months following conversion to an updated membership system in April/May, we will be implementing some new dues features to reduce the admin workload. It takes a lot of effort to follow-up with expiring members who overlook the need to renew as their annual expiration arrives. That workload increases as we grow. Accordingly, we will implement two options for new and renewing members:**

Dues option 1 - Automatic annual renewal by credit card, until the member chooses to cancel that automatic renewal. The member credit card information is secured, and as Treasurer and system administrator, not even I will be able to access that secured information.

Dues option 2 - For members who do not wish to have automatic annual renewal by their credit card, they

may join or renew by check or credit card for a 3 year period. Upon request we can spread payment out over 3 months.

The existing Life Member dues amounts will remain unchanged.

Under age 50	\$585
50 – 59	\$475
60 – 69	\$350
70+	\$175

Until March 1 the old \$30 dues and multi-year discounts (\$55 for 2 years, \$80 for 3 years) will remain in place. If you want to take advantage of that before the dues increase, even well in advance of your expiration, send me an email to hq@chpa-us.org and I will call you to ensure I understand your wishes, that you understand what we are renewing, and to obtain your credit card payment info to implement your renewal before rates go up on March 1.

Remember, the coach turns into a pumpkin at the stroke of midnight on the last day of Feb, and I might be busy that day!

Terry Garlock, Treasurer

Howard's Tale

by Byron "By" Edgington

This story is written by CHPA member Byron "By" Edgington, part of the last chapter in a book he recently finished and is publishing. By says it is based on a flashback that reminds him we need to reach out to the younger generations of warriors as our own experience fades into the past. It is presented here as By wrote it, unedited except for a few asterisks to soften the profanity he used to make it real, a precaution for spouses or youth who may read the newsletter.

Terry Garlock, Editor

From Chapter 8 of 'A Vietnam Anthem'
Author: Byron Edgington CW-4 (ret) U.S. Army

The story comes from my career as a commercial helicopter pilot at a large mid-western hospital's air medical program. This may appear to be a war story. It's not. Every war story, you'll recall, starts out one of two ways: 'This is no s**t,' or 'there I was.' This tale does not begin with either of those trite statements. It's from an essay I wrote about a flashback experienced several

years ago. The piece was originally titled 'Emergent.' The episode it describes dredged up a lot of Vietnam's vivid details, its tormenting frustrations and its exhilarating potential to live life to the utmost. The event that 'Emergent' describes also showed me the opportunity all veterans have to assist newer colleagues trying to integrate back into civilized society, and to deal with whatever demons they may have from their own war experience. As we Vietnam vets know, it's not easy. Here's the story.

I landed the medical helicopter at a rural hospital the size of a Pizza Hut. Small town Central Iowa, mid-winter wind colder than dry ice. After planting the skids on the helipad, I shut off the engine and stopped the blades. It was midnight. Army trained as a pilot, with skills honed in Vietnam twenty years before, hospital emergency flights bought my groceries and beer and kept the landlord happy. I shivered out of the cockpit, latched the door and crunched my way into the tiny rural hospital.

Flight nurse Brenda and I had flown thirty miles to rescue a trauma patient we'd soon learn was named 'Howard.' From the small helipad it was fifty paces to the miniature hospital. The story we'd received about Howard was something we heard a lot after the bars closed. He'd tried to take out a tree with his Trans Am. The tree won. Howard had multiple orthopedic injuries, a ruptured spleen, nasty lacerations and road rash so severe he looked like he'd been sandpapered. Even before Brenda and I reached the tiny ER, we heard Howard screaming: "...g'dam helicopter—No f***in' way!" Were his shrieks because of the pain? Howard had been told of the plan to fly him to the big hospital, our home base, where his assorted medical issues might be better addressed. But bruised and bloodied as he was, he wanted nothing to do with the flight. "No way!" He jerked against his restraints until I wasn't sure they'd hold. Even traumatized and medicated, Howard was a madman.

"Seems our patient wishes to decline the flight this evening," I said to Brenda.

"It appears so," she said. "If my license would allow it, I'd gladly let him stay here, but he's in no shape for that."

In twenty years of Air Medical flying I'd seen it all, including missions hardly worth writing down because no sane reader would believe their plot line: the old drowning victim too *cold* to be pronounced dead; the teenager with 'Status Fake-itis,' her bogus fainting fit to escape a high school math final; the weekend boater whose guts were chewed up like cheap hamburger by an Evinrude prop, but joking with us in the ER. Howard was every emergency worker's nightmare, the loud, combative drunk. He'd broken nearly every bone he owned, but he was refusing air transport for trauma care.

Trying to ignore Howard's screams, I weighed our dilemma: Brenda was right, of course. Regardless of how utterly obnoxious Howard was, refusing to fly a patient was a no-no. Leaving the poor, battered man in that tiny, ill-equipped ER in East Cow-Pie Iowa would indeed put Brenda's nursing license at risk. As the pilot, I had a job to do as well. Roused from my warm bed at the big hospital, I'd launched into the January sky to go fetch him. My job, pure and simple. Howard was going flying, like it or not. I didn't much care what his feelings for the trip were. If he wanted the friendly skies treatment he should have booked with United. We sentient bipeds are a curious bunch. Howard was perhaps all of us wrapped in one obstreperous package.

Thus, with shrieks that might raise the less fortunate passenger of his Trans Am—the bloody fellow lay fully sheeted in the ER's next cubicle, quite dead, tree bark embedded in his cranium—Brenda and I loaded Howard onto the helicopter cot, and out the door we went. Howard's increasing fury tested the restraints. Much to his displeasure we heaved him aboard the aircraft and buckled him in.

My pre-flight inspection complete, I climbed into the cockpit, fired up the turbine, spun up the rotor blades and prepared to lift into the starry night. As I eased my helmet on, I hoped its acoustic padding, together with engine and rotor

noise, might drown out Howard's continued screaming, and his admittedly novel linguistic skills. He yelled, spat, sputtered and carried on. He screamed words I'd never heard before, and I'd been an English Major in college. S**t-wacker? F**k-balls? Blowwad? Whatever those words meant, they filtered right through my helmet. Brenda just shook her head.



*Air Med flight in Iowa
Photo courtesy of Byron "By" Edgington*

What was it about Howard that grabbed my attention? I'd seen many combative, emergent customers in my long Air Medical career. I'd had patients curse me and my crew. Seen them try to bite. One slobbering drunk tried to pee on us. He missed, but not by much. Howard was five-foot-eight inches of sputtering rage. His eyes blinked like shutters. Hot tears dripped down his cheeks. He wagged his head on the pillow, his greasy hair a wet dog's shimmy. I almost felt sorry for him. I'd seen anguished men. I'd lifted off with several of them, not just in Iowa, but in an obscure little war far, far away and best forgotten. Howard should have been a routine patient. What was different? Something in his eyes, a pleading, haunting look forced me to keep checking him. He lay three feet away from me in the cabin, his presence magnetic, forceful. Howard was a puzzle. Instead of truly listening to him, though, I retreated to my hard shell and tried to dismiss the roiling in my gut.

With Howard's anguished cries echoing, I increased power and took off in a geyser of rotor-blown snow. Leveling at two thousand feet, I nosed the helicopter toward home. Meteors traced the winter blackness, silvery sparklers, one after another almost like tracers. On the snow-custed terrain below, farm lights twinkled. On the night-black interstate, semis crept along, their headlights stabbing at the frozen concrete.

To drown out Howard's rant, I retreated to the silent safety of my shell. I'd become adept at this. In my profession, distancing oneself from mankind's baser behaviors was a necessity, the ability to not listen to human fear and anxiety so you can do the job at hand. Each duty shift brought amazing proof that we humans maim ourselves using ingenious methods. If we took time to listen to every sob story and woebegone moan we'd never save any lives.

Besides, all those standard human foibles secured my job as a medical pilot. Without all the stupid human tricks, the attempts to qualify for the Darwin awards, I would have been flipping burgers, or selling real estate. We pre-hospital medical crews ignored the human side of humanity and marched on.

Just as I had perfected my flying skills there, in Vietnam I also learned the art of staying aloof, the ability to un-hear the chaos around me and get the job done. I also learned to be a real asshole when I needed to be, out of a sense of self-preservation and because I was often whistling past the graveyard, as they say. My prickly attitude was obnoxious, but likely beneficial to my survival. I saw death, mayhem and chaos almost every day and grew immune to it. I joked about the danger and close calls, tossing off cynical comments in the club at night while chanting the company song to welcome the FNGs, "You're goin' home in a body bag, doo-dah, doo-dah, you're goin' home in a body bag, all the doo-dah day!" I dismissed thoughtful gestures from the donut dollies and other civilian volunteers as useless pap. Just to watch them squirm, I harassed new company pilots, implying that those rookies would never survive.

However, when I started flying medical patients, I began having second thoughts about my attitude, and even about Vietnam. Maybe that rotten war had given me something after all? Before long, the realization nagged at me, tracers crossing my dimmed vision: Guys like Howard had died by the dozen over there; but without the war, and my experience in it, I wouldn't be rescuing guys like him from their own war stories and paying for my groceries and beer.

Brenda opened the intercom. "I can't believe he's still screaming," she said. "He's got enough pain meds on board to fly by himself." She'd retreated to a far corner of the cabin, dropping her visor as a shield against Howard's projectile spittle. In the dim light, his face was ghostlike. He stank: a tavern on two legs. The coppery tang of blood was thick on him. Stale urine smell conjured a downtown stairwell. He wore the reek of cigarettes, sweat, and long-neglected hygiene.

"Something else?" I avoided Howard's stare.

"Busted up as he is he should be unconscious."

Howard went off again like a four-dollar pistol. "Get me out'a this f***in' thing, or I'm gonna jump!"

Now, Brenda was a good, tenderhearted nurse. Plus, her license was rather important to her. It allowed her to live indoors and eat regularly. I knew that the FAA would take a dim view of a pilot losing a paying customer overboard. Nonetheless, Howard's threat to jump sounded mighty appealing.

Brenda sniffed. "Too much paperwork."

Dismissing Howard's bellowing, I shrank back into my head. Then, like a tracer round, a meteor zippered the black sky and I looked up. Howard saw it, too. He howled like a veteran, a terrifying echo of human despair.

In that moment, Howard's shriek, the stink of trauma and piss and blood, rotors flashing, turbulence punching the aircraft, it all took me back to a dirty, raggedy-ass night in

Vietnam twenty years before. In the flashback, I suppose I heard Howard for the first time.

It was September 1970. Eleven PM. Sarge shook me awake. "Got a Dustoff mission, get going!" A ground commander had called, desperate, needing immediate Medevac. 'Wounded,' the fellow screamed into the radio. "Lots of wounded!" The radio buzzed and hissed, the voice crackling with hysteria. The Lieutenant's band of merry men had stumbled into a midnight firefight, and some of them had fared badly.

I'd staggered from my cot in the company compound, and took off ten minutes later. The moonless night was darker than an abandoned well. With crew chief Gil, gunner Sam, right-seater Bruce on board, I pushed the Huey over the jungle, arriving above the still hot LZ ten minutes later.

Mashing the mike button, I radioed the beleaguered ground commander: "Jaguar six, is the LZ ready?"



"Landing zone's ready. Many wounded!" The popcorn snap of AKs and M-16s barked in the background. In the black jungle below, red and green tracers stenciled the sky, forming an X to mark my landing spot. Dropping power, I circled the LZ, a hole in the trees the size of a kiddie pool. I took a deep breath and lowered the Huey into it, Gil and Sam talking me down.

"Limbs real close on the right, sir, don't move right."

"Stumps on the left, don't put it down all the way."

Sparks of red and green zipped by the cockpit. Sticks and weeds blew up in the rotorwash and ticked against the windscreen. Grunts grabbed their helmets, knelt, looked away.

The intercom crackled. "Takin' fire down the ridge, sir, can I open up?"

"Got the friendlies?"

"Got 'em."

"Go for it."

Gil's 60 exploded, its rounds bracking out at 600 a minute, snap-snapping in my ears. Rocking the aircraft side to side, three bloodied men clambered aboard and collapsed on the cargo floor. "Help!" "Momma! "...f**k out'a here!"

They stank, of sweat, and piss, and blood. Human smells, of swagger, failure—fear. Gil's weapon barked. Burnt gunpowder and cordite tickled my nostrils. Screams raised hackles on my arms. The lieutenant scrambled toward me. A hand on his helmet, he stepped on the skid, reached into the cockpit and smacked my shoulder: "Thanks, chief!" He stepped away.

"Ready up left, sir!"

"Ready right!"

I yanked the collective and the helicopter surged upward. Blades grasping for altitude, the Huey cleared the trees. I pushed the nose over, pulled max power and clattered away in the dingy dark. Rotors flashed overhead. Injured men screamed. Turbulence punished the aircraft. I tore across the jungle, landing at the 85th Evac at midnight. Three gurneys rushed out and the three wounded men disappeared into the tiny field hospital. Outside, the helicopter gleamed in the wet, silent night. In the cabin, the refuse of human misery littered the floor.



When I decreased power to land Howard erupted again like a Gatling gun on rock and roll, startling me back to the present. "F**k! S**t-f**k!"

Atop the hospital corner floodlights formed a big red 'H' marking the center of the helipad. Two attendants stood waiting, holding their caps, the gurney prepped and ready for Howard's arrival. The windsock danced around like a rally towel. I flipped on the landing light, slowed, hovered, set down. The instant the landing gear touched, Howard stopped yelling. The cabin fell silent. I looked at Brenda. Her eyebrows arched.

I closed the throttle and stopped the blades. The attendants pushed out the gurney, eased Howard onto it and wheeled him toward the elevator. None too soon, I thought. I should have felt sorry for him. Should have seen in his injuries and affliction the evidence of my own all too human behavior. I couldn't blame my sour attitude on the war. It was much too long ago, and it had, after all, given me a fine

career. Why could I not sympathize with Howard? Perhaps even feel bad for him? I heard him; why couldn't I listen to him?

His feet bobbling back and forth on the gurney, Howard was eased away from the helicopter, and headed toward the building. I unbuckled my seat belt and watched him go. I could still see his broken body, his screams still echoed in my ears. A wave of sadness drenched me. I wished I'd done something for him, acknowledged him in some way.

Then I got the chance. Or Howard gave it to me.

Before the off-load crew had gone ten feet, Howard grabbed an attendant's scrub shirt, and bade him stop. "Hey, pilot," he sputtered. "Can I talk to you?"

I looked at Brenda, then back at Howard. Minutes before, the guy had called me names I wouldn't use for Bin Laden. Now he wanted to talk to me? I crossed the helipad in the chill air, stars blinking, a gentle breeze wafting, almost a tender scene.

"What can I do for you?"

"Sorry for the trouble," he said, his eyes swimming. "My daddy was killed in a helicopter in the war, and I was scared. Thanks for the ride."

The attendants wheeled Howard toward the elevator. As the door swept closed, he raised a feeble, if still restrained hand. Then he rolled his head to one side and saluted me. My hand came up and I saluted him back. The elevator door hissed shut and Howard was gone. My eyes, damn it, oozed wet for some reason. Fighting emergent tears, I turned back to the aircraft.

The windsock tossed in the chill air. My breath ghosted as I scanned the pad. Medical trash littered the concrete: IV tubing, loose bandages, a coil of ticker tape inked with Howard's heart rhythm, its spiky lines graphing his fear. The messy remnants of recent trauma lay under and around the helicopter. I began to clean it up.

Howard's tale was rooted in a story he'd heard from family about his father who'd died in Vietnam. No one had listened to his tale before, thus no one understood his fear of flying in the helicopter that night. And no one asked, including me. Just as we were dismissed after Vietnam, no one asked Howard about his less obvious trauma, the emotional gravitas of losing his dad to a war long, long ago, in a country far away.

We have not only the right but the responsibility to reach out, listen and heed those veterans who are filtering back into society. They're returning from Iraq, Afghanistan, from Syria, and places they can't mention or they'd have to kill us. They're veterans of unpopular, long-duration wars, just as we were. They're confused, shaken, weary and disillusioned, just as we were. They're looking for someone to listen to their story . . . just as we were.

So let's listen to them. Let's encourage them to tell their stories, and get it off their chests. Let's tell them it's okay, and that we're here for them and that what they did had value despite the growing apathy of the American people. It's an attitude we Vietnam vets know all too well.

Black helicopter pilots in Vietnam

Some of you know Clyde Romero, VHPA President until last summer. Clyde is a life member of VHPA and CHPA. He is also on the left in the photo below showing four black helicopter pilots in Vietnam.

The following piece was written by Michael Putzel and posted online on Veterans Day in 2016 under the title, "Four black lives that mattered—and still do." In 2016 the term "Black Lives Matter" is politically loaded, prompting sharp response no matter which side represents your view, so I changed the title above. The text below, however, is just as Michael Putzel wrote it.

Terry Garlock, Editor

They were a band of brothers, a tiny one, but proud. The ranks of military aviation have remained overwhelmingly white for decades. With the exception of the famed fighter pilots of World War II known as the Tuskegee Airmen, a unique unit of black pilots in a segregated force, very few aviators in the Army, Navy, Air Force and Marines were nonwhite. That is still true.

"We were a band of brothers," said Clyde Romero, one of four African-American helicopter pilots who served together in Vietnam as part of a distinguished, gung-ho air cavalry unit: C Troop, 2/17 Cavalry, 101st Airborne Division.



C Troop, known as the Condors, very likely was the only unit of its size in Vietnam with four black pilots. There were some efforts to change that by recruiting more volunteers from predominantly black schools and neighborhoods. The military newspaper *Stars and Stripes* reported in 2003 that African-Americans made up 13 percent of the U.S. population, 20 percent of its military, but barely 2 percent of its Navy and Air Force pilots. That segment probably is even smaller now, since recruiting efforts have declined with the withdrawal of American forces from foreign battlefields.

Remarkably, three of the four black Condors — Romero, Eldridge Johnson of Little Rock, Ark.; and Robert Farris of Yadon, Pa. — left the Army after their tours in Vietnam, joined the Air Force, won commissions and became fixed-wing pilots. When they retired from the military, all three veterans piloted commercial airliners for major carriers and have kept in touch for more than four decades.

The fourth person in their small band, shown shirtless in a photo taken at their troop's headquarters at Phu Bai, South Vietnam in 1971, was Warrant Officer 2 James Casher, who was shot down and wounded in Laos but was rescued, recovered from his wounds and returned to his unit. He earned a Silver Star, the nation's third highest award for combat valor flying a Cobra helicopter gunship in the notorious A Shau Valley in Vietnam. Casher finished his tour and went home, supposedly to go to medical school when his military hitch was up.

Instead, he disappeared for three decades, until his former comrades found him, living in the woods outside a small town in Washington state. He was staying in a one-room shack, surrounded by about a dozen mongrel dogs. Not until after his death, from chronic dehydration in 2011, did longtime residents of the area learn that Casher was not just a Vietnam veteran but had once been a war hero.

You earned it: veteran benefits

Exposure to Harmful Agents

by Gordon Eatley



Disclaimer: I am a CHPA member, just like you, not an expert or legal adviser. I have observed many veterans not well informed of the benefits they have earned and want to pass on some things I have learned. You should consider this to be informational only; carefully check out the cited sources and verify for yourself before taking any action.

Gordon Eatley
gordon.eatley@cox.net

Exposure to Harmful Agents

Most of us have heard about Gulf War Syndrome and Vietnam's Agent Orange, but chemical and health issues go well beyond that. Here are a few that just may apply.

Defoliated Korean DMZ, 1968.

Veterans who served in a unit in or near the Korean demilitarized zone (DMZ) anytime between April 1, 1968 and August 31, 1971 and who have a disease VA recognizes as associated with Agent Orange exposure are presumed to have been exposed to herbicides.

What's that mean for you? If you were in areas close to the DMZ you have been exposed and should be aware of the potential health issues that might arise. And you may have a claim for compensation.

http://www.koreanwar.org/html/units/dmz/agent_orange_registry.htm

Camp Lejeune

For Marines, the Water at Camp Lejeune was contaminated, posing a health issue for you and your family.

<http://www.civilianexposure.org/proposed-new-va-rule-for-camp-lejeune-contamination/>

<https://clnr.hqi.usmc.mil/clwater/>

Gulf War Syndrome

Gulf War Registry Health Exam for Veterans

Gulf War Syndrome is an expanding problem with new information still emerging, and changing recommendations.

Established in 1990, the VA's Gulf War Registry is an important resource for understanding the health of veterans who served in Operations Desert Shield, Desert Storm, Iraqi Freedom, and New Dawn. Your participation in the registry contributes to the base of knowledge and may help your fellow veterans and yourself.

<http://www.publichealth.va.gov/exposures/publications/gulf-war/gulf-war-spring-2015/gulf-war-registry.asp#sthash.IR1O5bCY.dpuf>

<http://www.publichealth.va.gov/exposures/gulfwar/benefits/registry-exam.asp#sthash.mkZsFxdf.dpuf>

<http://www.publichealth.va.gov/exposures/gulfwar/benefits/registry-exam.asp#sthash.mkZsFxdf.dpuf>

The registry helps to alert veterans to possible long-term health problems possibly related to environmental exposures during their military service. The registry data helps VA understand and respond to these health problems more effectively.

Those who served in the Sand Box can find more information about illness and compensation Here:

<http://www.benefits.va.gov/COMPENSATION/claims-postservice-gulfwar.asp>

Burn Pits

Open air Burn Pits throughout Iraq and Afghanistan, where they burned medical waste, human tissue, plastics with toxic chemicals, etc. may have posed a health hazard. Affected veterans may want to join the VA's Airborne Hazards and [Open Burn Pit Registry](#). Even if you are not experiencing current health problems, participating helps fellow veterans and may protect your future.

Reunions and Gatherings



A/2/17 Reunion

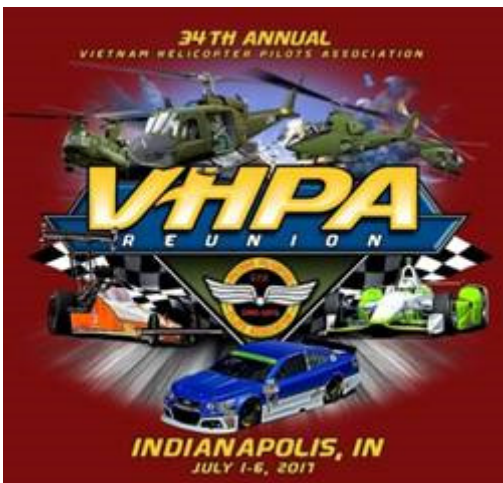
May 3-6, 2017

Charleston, SC

A Troop, 2nd Squadron, 17th Cavalry, 101st Airborne Division Alumni Association.

Crowne Plaza (Airport), 4831 Tanger Outlet Blvd, N., Charleston, SC 29418 - \$129/night.

Contact Military Reunion Planners account manager Leanne Casey at 817 251 3551 (casey@MilitaryReunionPlanners.com) or Alpha Troop Alumni Chairman Doug Doerr at 904 509 2814 (ddoer4uf@aol.com) for details and reservations. Or call the Crowne Plaza desk and mention the reunion for the appropriate discount (843 744 4422). More details on www.AlphaTroopAlumni.com.



VHPA Annual Reunion
Registration - <https://reunion.vhpa.org/>

July 1 - 6, 2017

Indianapolis, IN



DFC Society 2017 Convention

Sep 24th thru 28th, 2017

Dallas, TX

theme - ***“Heroic Women of the DFC”***

www.dfcsociety.org

POC: Bruce Huffman,

518-578-7089

bhuffman@dfcsociety.org

Share this Swash Plate newsletter

Note the member app and renewal forms below - send to those qualified to be members. Tell your fellow combat helicopter pilots and crew, "Our combat experience makes us part of an exclusive club. You should be a member of CHPA. Get out your wallet and join!"

CHPA – 800-832-5144 hq@chpa-us.org PO Box 2585, Peachtree City, GA 30269





Combat Helicopter Pilots Association

Membership Application

Mail or eMail application with supporting documents
(please print clearly)

www.chpa-us.org
800-832-5144
hq@chpa-us.org
PO Box 2585
Peachtree City, GA 30269

Contact Information Profile:

Name (Rank/Mr./Ms.) _____ Date of Birth _____
Name you prefer to go by _____ Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Primary eMail _____ Home Phn _____
Secondary eMail _____ Cell Phn _____

Military Aviation Information:

Branch of Service _____ Flight School Class/# _____ Total Flight Hrs _____ Combat Flight Hrs _____
Combat Tour Date(s) With Units _____
Location or Theater _____ Call Sign(s) _____
Combat Acft (List All) _____ Combat Medals/Awards _____

Please attach documentation of qualifications such as DD214, unit orders, award orders, combat flight records, or other documentation of combat helicopter experience. If the documents you need are inaccessible, please call us to discuss.

Optional Information:

Hobbies _____ Current Employer/Position _____
Related Associations to Which You Belong _____
How Did You Learn About CHPA? _____
Name/eMail of others you would recommend as qualified for CHPA Membership _____

Membership Type and Dues:

Annual:	<input type="checkbox"/> Pilot	<input type="checkbox"/> Flight Crew	<input type="checkbox"/> One Year-\$30	<input type="checkbox"/> Two Year-\$55	<input type="checkbox"/> Three Year-\$80	
	<input type="checkbox"/> Friend of CHPA, Individual- \$30		<input type="checkbox"/> Friend of CHPA, Corporate-\$50			
Lifetime:	<input type="checkbox"/> Pilot	<input type="checkbox"/> Flight Crew	<input type="checkbox"/> Under 50-\$585	<input type="checkbox"/> 50-59-\$475	<input type="checkbox"/> 60-69-\$350	<input type="checkbox"/> 70 & over-\$175
If you wish to pay \$100 now and the balance of Lifetime dues in equal installments over 3 months, initial here _____						
Legacy:	Complimentary membership for immediate family member of deceased who would have qualified.					
	Deceased Name _____		Relationship _____		Service _____ Aircraft _____	

Payment Method:

Cash Check (Payable to CHPA, mail to address above)
Credit Card: AMEX MC VISA Discover

To avoid expiration, I hereby authorize CHPA to renew my annual membership with this credit card - Initials: _____
Card Number _____ Expiration Date _____ Security Code _____

If this is a gift membership, or paid by business credit card, you must provide billing name and address tied to your credit card or the credit card payment authorization will fail:

Signature _____

I certify that the above information is true and correct. I understand that my membership application will be reviewed by the CHPA Board and that, upon approval, my membership will be accepted. If membership is denied, my payment will be refunded. I acknowledge that information provided on this application may be used by CHPA for publishing an online and/or printed directory or for eMail communications to and from the membership.



Combat Helicopter Pilots Association Membership **Renewal**

DO NOT USE FOR MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

Mail or eMail application with supporting documents
(please print clearly)

www.chpa-us.org
800-832-5144
hq@chpa-us.org
PO Box 2585
Peachtree City, GA 30269

You may either renew by completing and mailing or emailing the form below, or renew online by logging in to www.chpa-us.org and selecting My Profile on the Menu. At the top you will see a reminder to pay dues and to check your expiration date. If you get stuck call us and we'll figure it out.

Contact information/Profile:

Name (Rank/Mr./Ms.) _____ Date of Birth _____
Name you prefer to go by _____ Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Primary eMail _____ Home Phn _____
Secondary eMail _____ Cell Phn _____
Name/eMail of others you would recommend as qualified for CHPA Membership _____

Membership Type and Dues:

Annual: Pilot Flight Crew One Year-\$30 Two Year-\$55 Three Year-\$80
 Friend of CHPA, Individual- \$30 Friend of CHPA, Corporate-\$50

Lifetime: Pilot Flight Crew Under 50-\$585 50-59-\$475 60-69-\$350 70 & over-\$175
If you wish to pay \$100 now and the balance of Lifetime dues in equal installments over 3 months, initial here _____

Payment Method:

Cash Check (Payable to CHPA, mail to address above)
Credit Card: AMEX MC VISA Discover

To avoid expiration, I hereby authorize CHPA to renew my annual membership with this credit card - Initials: _____
Card Number _____ Expiration Date _____ Security Code _____
If this is a gift membership, or paid by business credit card, **you must provide billing name and address tied to your credit card** or the credit card payment authorization will fail:

Signature _____

I certify that the above information is true and correct. I understand that my membership application will be reviewed by the CHPA Board and that, upon approval, my membership will be accepted. If membership is denied, my payment will be refunded. I acknowledge that information provided on this application may be used by CHPA for publishing an online and/or printed directory or for eMail communications to and from the membership.