

VP_44 Summer II Newsletter



Missing Shipmates

I have tried many ways to try and find John Fry and have not succeeded - any info? The last time that I saw him was after we got back from a WESTPAC. He was on the carrier ASW staff that rode with us. Lost track after that.

Please contact Ed Storey EdAnnStorey@aol.com

P3 story

http://www.379aew.afnews.af.mil/news/story_print.asp?id=123054210

Navy's P-3 Orions provide overwatch for servicemembers in AOR

by Staff Sgt. Jasmine Reif
379th Air Expeditionary Wing

5/22/2007 - **18May2007** -- When a unit's primary mission is anti-submarine warfare, flying over the Middle East performing missions for convoys and ground troops can be both a challenge and an exciting change.

Commander, Task Group 57.2 is composed primarily of members of Patrol Squadron EIGHT (VP-8) "Fighting Tigers" who perform battle-group support and intelligence, surveillance and reconnaissance in Iraq as well as the Arabian Gulf, Arabian Sea and Gulf of Oman.

While the unit flies many ISR missions, they also fly routine maritime patrol missions.

"When performing ISR missions our primary customers are the Expeditionary Strike Group and ground force commanders in Iraq," said Navy Cmdr. Pete Garvin, CTG 57.2 executive officer. "While working with the battle group we provide a coordinated recognized maritime picture, which is fancy way of saying we are the aircraft carrier's long-range eyes."

While working for ground force commanders in Iraq, the air crews survey specified targets for activity and provide overwatch for convoys and strike teams.

The CTG has deployed to the 379th Air Expeditionary Wing for the past two years and maintains about a squadron and a half of P-3C Orions, each valued at \$36 million.

According to the U.S. Navy fact sheets, originally designed as a land-based, long-range, anti-submarine warfare patrol aircraft, the P-3C's mission evolved in the late 1990s and early 21st century to include surveillance of the battlespace, either at sea or over land.

Its long range and long loiter time have been very useful during Operation Iraqi Freedom as it can view the battlespace and instantaneously provide that information to ground troops, especially U.S. Marines.



A Navy P-3, with the Patrol Squadron EIGHT, takes off from Southwest Asia. Originally designed for anti-submarine warfare, the Commander, Task Group 57.2 uses the plane in the area of responsibility for ground surveillance.

The P-3C has submarine detection sensors such as directional frequency and ranging sonobuoys and magnetic anomaly-detection equipment. The avionics system is integrated by a general-purpose digital computer that supports all of the tactical displays, monitors and automatically launches ordnance and provides flight information to the pilots.

In addition, the system coordinates navigation information and accepts sensor data inputs for tactical display and storage. The P-3C can also carry a mixed payload of weapons internally and on wing pylons.

The CTG, based out of Naval Air Station Brunswick, Maine, deploys for six months at a time and currently has approximately 400 sailors assigned.

Every month the CTG flies more than 200 sorties, each taking between six and 8 hours. On each mission the crew is usually made up of 11 sailors. The 11 consist of three pilots, two naval flight officers who do the tactical coordination of the sensors and handle communications and navigation, three sensor operators who manage the myriad of sensors onboard, two flight engineers, and one in-flight technician.

Some of the Sailors feel that even though their jobs are the same as at home station, at a deployed location they have more interaction with the squadron as a whole, everything moves at a faster pace, and they know their jobs are important to the mission.

"My job is important to the mission because I must ensure all the pieces of the puzzle are being put together on the plane so the mission gets accomplished in it's entirety," said Navy Lt. Robin Boniface, CTG 57.2 tactical coordinator, who is responsible for weapon employment, coordination of all tactical missions, and the senior navigator on board. "Each of the 11 stations has information that is important to the overall mission and without even one, a degraded product will come out."

The Sailors have heard their missions are helping out ground troops and find it very rewarding.

"Morale is high mainly due to the sense of purpose everyone feels," Commander Garvin said. "The mission here is professionally rewarding and exciting. As one of our Sailors put it, if we have to be deployed away from home, it's good to be a part of the fight."

USS Indianapolis (CA-35)
15 November 1932-30 July 1945
<http://www.ussindianapolis.org/main.htm>

I had the privilege over July 5-8 to once again help out with the USS Indianapolis Survivors bi-annual reunion here in Indianapolis. I've been involved since 1985, first just as many Sailors attending the memorial services when they came to town. Later years I helped with the memorial planning, fund raising and even got to work on the memorial site itself. Ever since 1995 when the memorial site was dedicated I have the honor of laying the wreath representing the Navy along with a very good friend of mine SGTMAJ Mac Magana, representing the Marines. We were both selected 10 years ago to be Honorary Survivors by the members of the Ship. These men are the very reason I got involved with our squadron reunions and try to help out as much as I can. The priceless friendships of our fellow Shipmates and the stories we need to pass on to future generations is all the reward I want.

The follow is a speech I think says it all, with a special thanks to CDR Patrick Finneran, USN(ret) and (Former) Executive Director & Secretary of the USS Indianapolis National Memorial and Dedication.

The USS INDIANAPOLIS National Memorial

The Survivors of this, the greatest disaster ever suffered at sea by the US Navy, dedicate this memorial to their missing shipmates- to those who did not make it, and to those who have joined them in the intervening years; indeed for all who gave their lives while serving aboard a US combat vessel during World War II. _____

R. Adrian Marks, native of Frankfort, Indiana and pilot of the PBY which rescued 56 survivors of the ill fated Indianapolis, became one of the two "angels" the men of the Indianapolis have revered for fifty years. We are indeed fortunate to have Adrian's personal account. We reprint it here with his permission. His is a story which must be preserved for posterity, and the instruction of all who follow.

Adrian was perhaps most renowned for his speech, *"I've Seen Greatness"*. The speech itself was preceded by an introduction given to his introducer to read before Adrian spoke. We excerpt first from that introduction.

"On August 2, a Ventura land based patrol plane piloted by Wilbur Gwinn sighted some of the survivors, (of the Indianapolis), it could not land and furthermore its radio antenna was tangled and fouled. The message it sent was garbled and not fully received. It indicated that they had spotted a liferaft. A second plane a huge Martin Mariner seaplane, arrived a little after noon.

Several seaplanes had been lost in futile attempts to land in the open sea. CINCPAC had therefore issued standing orders that seaplanes were NOT to land in open sea, but were to call in surface vessels to make rescues. The big Mariner dropped three liferafts and then proceeded west to the Philippines.

Lieutenant Adrian Marks took off in an amphibious Catalina type patrol plane to investigate the sighting. What he found was the greatest naval disaster in American history.

Lieutenant Marks sized up the situation and after consulting with his crew, deliberately violated the order never to land in open seas; and successfully landed his airplane and picked up 56 survivors. He was to later sacrifice his airplane in the rescue effort, but he succeeded in calling in ships from the western Pacific to complete the rescue of 316 men who had survived four and a half days before their rescue. 880 men perished.

The survivors of this tragedy meet in reunion every five years in the City of Indianapolis. In 1985 Adrian Marks addressed the group with a speech entitled, *"I've Seen Greatness"*. He has subsequently delivered this speech throughout Indiana upon request. He presents it now, just as he first delivered it to the survivors; and he will address you as if you were the survivors of the USS INDIANAPOLIS..."

"I met you forty years ago. I met you on a sparkling, sun swept afternoon of horror. I have known you through a balmy tropic night of fear. I will never forget you.

I suppose through the years which have so swiftly run, at least ten thousand times I have recalled some portion of the day when our fates were crossed. But the memories which surface in my retrospection are not of horror, not of blackness, not of fear. I think of little

things. Of things as small as honor, courage and as simple as honesty. Things so small- and yet so great- that they form the cornerstone of our society.

And when I think about these little things, I am humbled by the thought that I have seen true greatness in my time.

Some of my reflection have been so astonishing as to make me think of miracles.

Sometimes we say that we are living in a world of miracles. Things beyond the wildest imagination of our forefathers are now every day experiences. We sit in our living rooms and watch events occurring half a world away. We bounce our messages off artificial moons which hang stationary in the sky. The computer which sits alongside my desk is a never ending source of astounding revelations to me. These miracles I have learned to accept, and even to understand.

But there is a miracle which is beyond all of my powers of understanding. It is the miracle that you are here today, and not with your shipmates at the bottom of the Pacific Ocean.

What were the chances that you would be found? They were so minute as to be unbelievable. I flew many air sea rescue missions, and I flew training missions where I searched for men who were deliberately placed out in the water to test various survival techniques. It was axiomatic that you could never find a lone man floating in the ocean. He could only be seen if he had some sort of survival aid.

The best aid was a mirror. A mirror, catching the sun and flashing in the pilot's eye, was like the flash of a diamond. A package of dye marker made a great colorful glob on the surface of the water, which often could be found.

The yellow color of a liferaft was distinctive, and many times I went diving down in pursuit of a big yellow object, only to find it was a cardboard box which had come unglued and was floating, spread out flat, upon the ocean.

But you had none of these aids. You were simply out there, unknown and un-missed, floating in a dull gray lifejacket which blended into the color of the water.

A man's head is about six inches wide and nine inches tall. If a pilot is flying a search mission, such as Wilbur Gwinn was flying at about ten thousand feet, looking down at an angle of thirty degrees, what will he see? He will be looking down at an angle at the water about four miles ahead. The span of his vision will be about five miles. He will see 20 square miles at a glance.

How apparent will be the head of this man floating in the water? It will be about the diameter of the cross section of a human hair seen endwise across the room. It will be lost among the countless waves and whitecaps of the ocean. He simply won't be seen.

And even if the pilot knew that somewhere out there a man was swimming, how could he search?

I turn to my computer. There are 6,080 feet in a nautical mile. There are 36 million 966 thousand 4 hundred square feet in one square mile glance. And a floating man will occupy less than one square foot of that space.

A search mission went out 600 miles. The air crew was supposed to make a visual search often miles on each side of his track. A radar search, such as Wilbur Gwinn was making, would be much wider.

I type these figures into my computer. 600 square miles by 20 miles, 12,000 square miles in each pass. And it would take five passes to visually search a 100 mile wide strip.

Multiply these figures, the computer overloads and goes into scientific notation. It can only write the figures in terms of exponents, and the very first exponent goes to the 12th power.

Even the national debt starts to look small.

A pilot and his air crew normally look out at an angle at the water. They search the water for ships and the sky for aircraft. And the pilot won't see a man swimming in the water unless he happens to look straight down on you.

The only way a pilot can look straight down is to make a very steep banked turn, or to execute a dive bombing maneuver. And what pilot would do a silly thing like that in a forlorn and empty stretch of ocean where you were swimming?

What were the chances of that?

What were the chances that Wilbur Gwinn would fly a course which would take him directly over you?

What were the chances that his radio antenna would break? What were the chances he would just happen to look straight down momentarily?

And what were the chances he would look straight down on one of you? You didn't have a chance in a million!

I know most of you prayed a lot; and I know some of you feel it made a difference.

Wilbur Gwinn is a wonderful man and a fine pilot. He never said that he heard a voice speak to him; but was there an unseen hand upon his shoulder? Did he find you by pure chance? The odds against it are one in a million- Nay, one in a billion. But somehow he was chosen as the instrument to overcome the impossible, astronomical odds.

Wilbur Gwinn looked down at the split second that would become one of the great moments in history.

I, as well as you, am proud to know him as a friend.

Any sensible person knows that no one can swim for four and a half days; and yet you did. For forty years i have reflected upon the blind courage and the unbelievable greatness of spirit that I saw when each survivor was brought aboard my airplane, and I have been compelled by the evidence of my own eyes to believe in miracles.

But I have digressed. I can not explain miracles, but I can tell you about some of the little things that I remember from forty years ago. And when I think about these little things, I realize that ti have seen true greatness in my time. Let me share with you, my memories.

I am sitting in the wardroom of the *Doyle*. It is all over, and we are heading back to Pelelieu. Over on the wardroom transom, the bravest man I ever knew is crying. And between sobs he talks, in a voice so hoarse from exposure that it croaks, and rasps and breaks.

Lt. Comdr., Lewis L. Haynes, Senior Medical Officer of the *USS INDIANAPOLIS* has awakened after a few hours of sleep and, with a sudden release of emotion and nervous tension, is off on a talking jag.

"Doctor, why don't you rest? Your voice is almost gone. You can tell about it tomorrow."

But he will not be stilled. Exhausted, dehydrated, sleepless and shaking with fever, he talks on. For before he can find rest, his story must be told in all its tragic detail.

Dr. Haynes and I are both newcomers to the *Doyle*. We have both come aboard in mid-ocean. Early that morning I had climbed to the bridge and flung a swift salute to the Captain. "Sir, I request that you destroy my airplane by gunfire." And then I had stood silently while the airplane which had rescued fifty six of you burst into flames.

"Why didn't they know we were missing? Why weren't they looking for us? Why? Why? Why?" The voice rasped on and on. I could not answer. I can not yet.

Twenty five years ago I was intrigued by Captain McVay's commentary upon the book, *The Cain Mutiny*. He said, "I have known men like those characters. Almost every one of them reminded me of someone I have encountered during my career. But not all on one ship! And not all at one time!"

Likewise, he continued, he had known some monumental foul-ups in the navy. There were cases of mistake, of negligence, of equipment and communication failure; but what malevolent fate caused them to all befall one ship at one time.

It was late the next day that I sat in the warm wardroom of the *Doyle*, feeling the throb of the screws pushing us back to Pelelieu. Down in the crew's compartment, the fifty six survivors from my airplane together with thirty seven more the *Doyle's* crew had fished out of the water, were being tenderly cared for. Every member of the ship's company had become a hospital corpsman, and had been assigned primary responsibility for the survivor who occupied his bunk. During every off watch hour, each crewman sat beside his patient, bathed him, brought him water, summoned the doctor, if necessary, and felt the thrill of seeing the transformation that a few hours of water, rest and care could work.

Up in the wardroom we had our survivor too.

Before Doctor Haynes awakened, I had been sitting at the wardroom table writing my official report of the operation and reviewing with my co-pilots the many fateful decisions we had made during the past twenty four hours, most of our decisions I felt were right. We had broken communications security; but we had stirred up action. We had landed in the open sea which was a violation of standing orders; but our landing had been successful. We had destroyed our airplane; and no one would ever question its expenditure. But I had made certain decisions which now were beginning to haunt me.

When we landed we realized that we couldn't rescue everyone. We would have to make heartbreaking decisions. We would have to pick and chose among survivors.

From the air, we noticed that most of them were clustered into groups of ten or more men, clinging together. But, outside those groups, were mostly isolated swimmers, floating in their lifejackets. Most of them were seemingly alive, but some were obviously already dead, including those whom we had seen being molested by sharks.

I decided that the men in groups stood the best chance of survival. They could look after one another, could splash and scare away the sharks, and could lend one another moral support and encouragement.

But the single swimmers had no one else to turn to, and without the support of comrades, were the most likely to succumb to the despair of the night. Of course, I had no idea that you had been in the water for four and a half days! I therefore decided that we would concentrate on picking up the single swimmers, and the groups would have to wait for other rescue.

But now that I realized the full gravity of the men's condition, I was beginning to doubt the wisdom of my decision. Could I ever be forgiven for passing any of these men by?

Doctor Haynes had been with one of the largest groups of survivors. They had no raft, but the doctor had organized them to look after one another for day after day and had ministered to the injured and the dying.

Finally after four and a half days of torment, he had seen my airplane land and taxi slowly toward him. And then, as we came near, he and his fellows had waved and screamed and cheered; and we had waved in recognition, and then deliberately passed them by. It was simply incomprehensible. They shouted and shook their fists and wept tears of black despair. And although they knew that they had been seen, the airplane never returned, and they were left to shiver through yet a fifth night until near morning when the *Doyle's* boat finally found them.

Now, as I listened to doctor Haynes recount the tragedies of his first-hand experience, the responsibility for my decision to pick up the singles first was weighing heavily upon me; and I feared that I had been wrong.

True, we had rescued fifty-six men, but when darkness stopped our rescue operation, there was still room left on our airplane's broad wings. Maybe, if I had gone after the groups, I would have been able to take more men aboard in the time available to me.

As I listened to Doctor Haynes, I could imagine his bitter disappointment to see me turn and deliberately taxi away. With great misgivings I told Doctor Haynes the reason for my decision. I asked, "Should I have taken your men aboard?"

I think it is the measure of the character of Doctor Haynes, that in a voice that was scarcely more than a whisper, he rapped out, "Lieutenant, you were right! You did right to pass us by!"

We have all heard now, on occasion of great emergency or crisis, individuals have sometimes summoned up almost super human strength. It happened on our airplane.

My navigator, Ensign Morgan Hensley, wasn't a particularly big man, but he had been an amateur wrestler in high school and college, and he was very well muscled. After we landed, my copilot and I taxied the airplane and Morgan was in charge of fishing survivors out of the water and bringing them aboard. We would taxi toward a survivor and the loading party would throw him a life ring attached to a line, and when he grabbed the ring, they would haul him aboard.

One of the survivors slipped out of his life jacket when we threw him the ring; and then, he missed grabbing the ring! We were closing rapidly on him, it was obvious that if we missed him on the first pass, he would never have the strength to survive while we came about for a second try. Morgan was standing in the port blister, and as the man passed under it, he reached down, grabbed the man under the armpits and then straightened up in one movement, lifting the man out of the water and pitching him over his head into the airplane. If you would like to duplicate this maneuver, try standing on a rather high chair, then reach down and grab someone lying on the floor beneath you, and try lifting them up.

Morgan said later that he didn't know where he got the strength to do it. I don't know either, but then I don't know where men got the strength to swim for four and a half days.

I have known greatness in my time. When I landed my airplane, you had been swimming for eighty seven hours. Our airplane carried four water beakers containing four and a half gallons of fresh water each. Before the day ended, we were to take aboard so many men that this supply would figure only a little more than a quart each. As each exhausted survivor was hauled aboard, he was given half a cup of water. Then in three or four minutes, when his stomach had settled, he received half a cup more.

Doubtless the first men rescued received a somewhat larger share of our supply than those rescued later, but after the first two drinks, they usually collapsed into deep sleep, from which they only fitfully awakened to cry of thirst.

As the afternoon wore on, the hull of the old PB Y was filled to capacity. There were two men in each bunk. We tried to sit them on the floor but they collapsed to lie two and three deep in every compartment of the airplane. It became absolutely impossible to walk through the airplane, and still each few minutes another desperately exhausted and ill survivor was being brought aboard.

Finally I shut off the engines as we started hauling men out on the wing. They were too exhausted to help themselves, and trying to balance ourselves on the bobbing airplane and pass these badly burned and helpless men up to the wing was difficult, and sometimes dreadfully painful maneuver; but there wasn't any place else to put them. The wing, while broad enough, had a decided slant toward the stern, so that it was necessary that each man be secured with a piece of parachute shroud line to prevent him from sliding off.

Darkness comes quickly in the tropics; and with the night we streamed a sea anchor from the bow and drifted. I had hoped to use our landing lights and an aldis lamp as a searchlight to continue our search for survivors, but we quickly found that plan to be impractical.

An inventory disclosed that there was still some water left in one of the water casks in the radio compartment. This water was passed up in a kettle, and someone groped his way through the darkness down the wings, giving each man half a cup. There never was very much water in the kettle because it trickled slowly from the spigot, and we didn't want to risk spilling a drop as we crawled along the wing of the pitching airplane. So, after four or five men had received their water ration, we crawled back to return the empty kettle and receive another fifth a few cups of water sloshing around in the bottom. Then we crawled back out on the wing and tried to determine where we had • left off.

And, as we passed these exhausted and dehydrated survivors, voice after voice in the darkness would say, "I've had mine.", and that way we would figure out where we had left off, and go on down the wing with our ration of water. Fortunately the water lasted until we had delivered two rations down each wing, and although the men were still burning of thirst, no one ever took or asked for an extra ration.

I'm sure that the ladies who are here realize that they married some extra special husbands; but I wonder if they know that they were that honest?

I get a warm glow of satisfaction whenever I think of this incident. Conduct like that is not indoctrinated through military training. It is learned at an early age- in Sunday School and in a home where honesty is a way of life.

In an operation where so many things went wrong, where so many people didn't get the word, and where many of those who did get it failed to appreciate the situation, the perception of Lt Cmdr W. Graham Claytor in command of the Doyle was a shining exception. As he steamed through the gathering dusk, still more than a hundred miles away, he intercepted the radio conversation between me and the Ventura search plane. He knew that there might be enemy submarines ahead, because I had warned him of them, and he didn't know what sort of situation he was heading into; but he had the perception to know that somewhere up ahead men were clinging to life with their last ounce of strength, and that with darkness came cold, and loneliness and despair.

It is in the hours of darkness that most men give up the fight, and he felt that if there was something he might do to give these men hope, to let them know help was on its way, maybe they would summon the courage and strength to hang on for a few more hours.

I will never forget how dark were the early hours of that night. There was no moon, and the starlight was obscured by clouds. And, even though we were near the equator the wind whipped up and it was cold. We had long since dispensed the last drop of water, and scores of badly injured men, stacked three deep, in the fuselage and ranged far out on both wings were softly crying with thirst and pain. And then, far out on the horizon, there was a light!

No matter the warning of submarines. No matter the unknown dangers of the night, the USS Doyle turned on her big twenty four inch search light and pointed it straight up to reflect off the bottom of the clouds two thousand feet up in the sky. And it stayed on! For hour after hour it shone as a beacon of hope in the sky. The results on our own plane were electrifying. To the men who cried for water we would say, "Look! See that light! It's a destroyer on its way. There's water and doctors and rescue coming soon!" And men would settle back in hope to gaze upon that lovely light. And out around us, where men were struggling to survive their fifth night in the water, there were scores of you who saw the light and summoned up that last ounce of strength to last 'till rescue came.

Turning on that light took courage. It took the courage of one man. It took the courage that is the Navy.

I've seen greatness in my time. Not that of some political leader or popular hero, but the greatness of the entire crew of that great ship. And while that crew will always be something very special to me, I know that it was drawn at random from the servicemen of our country.

I have seen the greatness of America!"

VP-44 Hanger update

Mike McCloskey (mmccloskey@unum.com) found this page interesting and is passing the link along to you.

Chief, this is the hangar that VP-44 was in many times, including most recently in 1989, shortly before the decom.

<http://www.wcsh6.com/news/article.aspx?storyid=63344>

Reunion Information

I wanted to let you know the plans for the Indianapolis Reunion are going well and I'm looking forward to the big weekend. I've been to the Marriott a couple of times and I think you will enjoy what they have set up for us. The banquet Monday night is all locked in and I have the DJ booked, he will be playing what we want to hear so if you have any special request let me know and I will pass it on. The photographer is all set and worked the Marriott before so he knows the layout. He will have 8 x 14 prints for \$20.00 and will have the copies for us before the banquet is over that same night. I will be taking orders and money when you check into the Chief Val Ready Room for your reunion packet so please keep that in mind if you want a picture. The banquet fees cover the meal, DJ and door prizes. The registration fees cover a whole bunch of items that go into a successful reunion. These include reunion booklets, special reunion memento, name tags, and off set the start-up cost of the Ready room and meeting room. The cost for printing material alone for the reunion can get very expensive. The committee will also be selling 50-50 tickets and the drawing we be Monday night at the banquet. We have over 50 members coming to the reunion so far and you can see who is all coming by going to the home page and click on roster. At the present time we will not have a bus to either downtown or the track but the drive is only 15-20 minutes away and I will have plenty of maps and directions for you. My plans are to have one more newsletter before the reunion about the middle of August with updated information. I also want to update the traffic report in and around the city for those of you who plan on driving in. Hope to see as many as possible in September or in the future.

Gene

Gene R. Toffolo VP-44 December 18, 1965-April 22, 1969, Crew Five & Six
2007 Sales Director
2007 Reunion Chairman, Indianapolis, IN
4334 Downes Drive
Indianapolis, IN 46235-1144
(cell) 317 201-4261
(home) 317 897-4745
(email) genejanjay@aol.com
(email) vp44paxmd@aol.com
(URL) www.vp44goldenpelicans.com

VP-44 2007 REUNION REGISTRATION FORM
VISIT YOUR VP-44 REUNION 2007 WEBSITE AND PELICAN SHOP:
<http://www.vp44goldenpelicans.com>

This registration does not include the hotel reservation. Make your hotel reservations by contacting: Marriott Center 317 352-1231, or LaQuinta 317 359-1021 both hotels are side by side in 7200 East 21 Street area. When making reservations mention that you are with the VP-44 Golden Pelicans Group.

Name _____ Spouse/Guest _____

Address _____

Phone _____ Email Address _____

Dates with VP44, VPB204, VP204, VPMS4 and Rate & Rank _____

Registration Fee after June 1, 2007 ___ guests @ \$20.00 \$ _____

Banquet Cost: \$40.00 Each (includes buffet & door prize tickets) \$ _____

Donation to VP44 Reunion Fund (funds to stock Pelican Shop & future events) \$ _____

Total \$ _____

The enclosed check is to be payable to: “*VP-44 Reunion Fund.*” Please return this completed Form and check to: Chairmen Gene Toffolo
4334 Downes Drive
Indianapolis, IN 46235-1144

Reunion information request

Your preferred drink in the Ready Room _____

Would you like a group bus trip to the Indianapolis 500 or the downtown area
comments/requests _____

Would you like a professional group photo at the reunion? _____

Would you like music (band or DJ) at the banquet? _____

Additional comments for a better reunion: _____

Gene Toffolo
VP44 2007 Reunion Chairmen
Email addresses:
Genejanjay@aol.com or VP44Paxmd@aol.com

TENTATIVE POD REUNION 2007

Friday, August 31, 2007

Setup of Chief Val Ready Room, Quarter Deck, Pelican Shop, and Memorabilia Spaces in Suites 160 and 164. Early arrivals welcome but check with the hotels.

OFFICAL 2007 INDIANAPOLIS REUNION

Saturday, September 1, 2007

1400 Hotel check-in, hotel lobby.

All Reunion functions will be in suites 160 and 164 at the Marriott unless other wise noted.

0800 Reunion check-in at the Quarter Deck, get badges and information packets.

Bring in your memorabilia and place on tables provided in the Chief Val Ready room.

0800 - ??? Chief Val Ready Room

0800 Pelican (merchandise) Shop open till 1700 or as requested.

1700 First Grip and Grin, meet new and old shipmates and plan the next day activities (sighting, shopping, etc). I will be available all weekend with maps, directions, and suggestions.

1800 Supper on your own.

Sunday, September 2, 2007

0900-1000 Second Grip and Grin, form car pools, (possible bus tour) to various sites in the city.

0900-1200 Pelican (merchandise) Shop open. Also opened as needed.

0900-???? Chief Val Ready Room open

1800 Supper on your own

Monday September 3, 2007

0900-1100 Business Meeting, all hands and spouses at the Marriott (room depends on numbers attending)

1100-1300 Pelican (merchandise) Shop open

1100-1600 Chief Val Ready Room open, closes at 1600 due to banquet.

1630-1730 Cocktails at the Marriott.

1730 Group Photo

1800-1900 Buffet Dinner, Invocation by Chaplain Dick Nevela.

1915 Introductions; Drawing for door prizes, 50/50 raffle, and recognitions.

2000-2300 Dancing to DJ music (and not the young stuff).

Tuesday September 4, 2007

Check out. See you in 2009 at the next reunion-TBA.

Have a save trip back home and hope you enjoyed your stay.