



BAN ME THUOT BARB

Remembering the 155 Assault Helicopter Company - Sortie #9 - Feb 99



DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY
HQ, UNITED STATES ARMY VIETNAM

6 July 1968

AWARD OF THE DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS

SPERLING, RICHARD A. 05535948 (SSAN NVAL) FIRST LIEUTENANT INFANTRY United States Army, 155th Assault Helicopter Company, 52nd Combat Aviation Battalion, 17th Combat Aviation Group, 1st Aviation Brigade, APO 96384

Awarded: Distinguished Service Cross

Date Action: 16 March 1967

Theater: Republic of Vietnam

Reason: For extraordinary heroism in connection with military operations involving conflict with an armed hostile force in the Republic of Vietnam: First Lieutenant Sperling distinguished himself by exceptionally valorous actions as aircraft commander of a helicopter on a heliborne assault mission near Duc Co. As the infantry was being inserted into a suspected enemy position, all ships in the lead elements came under heavy fire in the landing zone. Armed helicopters and bombers were called in but were unsuccessful in silencing the heavily fortified enemy positions. As Lt. Sperling's element departed the landing zone, one of the helicopters received an intense burst of enemy automatic weapons fire which crippled it and caused it to crash. Despite advice not to land again because of the murderous insurgent fusillade, Lt. Sperling volunteered to attempt a rescue. He touched down in a small clearing one hundred and fifty meters from the wreckage, departed his aircraft, and plunged into the enemy-infested jungle. As he moved toward the downed crew, he was repeatedly subjected to insurgent sniper fire and mortar explosions. Braving the heavy barrage, he arrived at the burning aircraft and found that the enemy was rapidly closing on the crash site. Inspiring the downed crew members by his courage, Lt. Sperling led them back toward his waiting aircraft through a hail of bullets and shrapnel. He assisted them aboard the ship and flew out of the jungle clearing just as the enemy penetrated the surrounding treeline. Lt. Sperling's extraordinary heroism and devotion to duty were in keeping with the highest traditions of the military service and reflect great credit upon himself, his unit, and the United States Army.

DICK SPERLING REMEMBERS - It was my very first mission as an aircraft commander; in fact, I still felt more comfortable in the right seat, so that's where I flew that day. Bill Cristobal was my copilot, Mike Baucom was the crew chief, and Tom DeSimone was the gunner. It was a hot LZ, and I thought we had made it OK, but on my left I saw Chalk 2 on fire. They didn't make it very far before going into the trees. As Chalk 3, behind the ship that went down, it was 155 SOP for us to go down and help - and that's what we did.

We hovered around the crash site, but couldn't see much. We found a small clearing not too far away. I'm not sure if I asked the crew or not, but I remember everyone agreed on the intercom, "Let's go down to help, LT." I set the ship down, told Bill to stay unless it got too hot, and took off running toward the smoke. After only a few meters I was gasping for breath, so I returned to the ship to throw off my chicken plate and helmet. I motioned Mike (and his M-60) to come with me, and we went crashing through the trees toward the downed ship.

When we got to the crash, the two pilots and the crew chief were standing off to the side watching their helicopter burn. The crew chief had a leg wound; the pilots were dazed but uninjured. The ship had crashed on its right side, killing the door gunner. Gulping air, I told them we should get back to my ship - but they wanted to stay until the fire died down so they could get their weapons! I remember using some pretty strong words to get them moving. The pilots may have been in shock, so I led them while Mike helped the injured crew chief.

Very soon after we started toward our ship, I realized that we had a new problem. Getting to the downed crew had been easy, we just ran to the smoke. But I hadn't given a thought to getting back! I couldn't see our ship, and it was far too noisy to hear it. Uh-oh! I'm the LT, I'm in charge here . . . and I'm lost in the jungle! Well, I'm



Stagecoach Rescue Crew, taken shortly after the day's action: (L to R) Bill Cristobal, Tom DeSimone, Mike Baucom, and Dick Sperling. (Sperling photo.)

pretty sure we didn't take the most direct route back, but eventually we did find the ship. That's a sight I'll never forget! We ran to it, climbed in quickly, and made it out OK.

Of course we talked about the mission that evening. I found out that Bill had been told it was too dangerous to stay on the ground, and the C&C wanted him to depart the area - but he wouldn't leave us. (I've often thought that just waiting on the ground, as Bill and Tom did, was probably the toughest part of all.) There was some talk of medals for our crew, and I remember thinking that, as a pilot, a Distinguished Flying Cross would be something to be proud of. I didn't give it much thought. Then a couple of days later, my platoon leader Barney Hancock told me I had been recommended for the DSC. I said that was OK, no big deal. Actually, I didn't even know what a DSC was - I had to go back to look at my Officer's Guide to find out.

Postscript: That's what I remember. I got a nice medal, and I think Mike got a Silver Star, but this wasn't any hero thing. We just did what had to be done for our buddies - because that's what was expected in the 155th. And what we did was a crew effort; that medal has my name on it, but it really belongs to the whole crew. The 155 was such a close unit because we all knew we could depend on each other. On that day, it just happened to be our turn.

TOM DE SIMONE REMEMBERS - I was the door gunner on Mike Baucom's ship that day, we were supporting the 4th Infantry Division. For some reason, LZ 510A sticks in my mind, I don't know whether that's right or not. I do remember, we knew from the start that it was going to be a bad one. Charlie was ready for a fight that day. We were in the third "Vee" of three, as we headed inbound we listened as the two flights in front of us took heavy fire on the LZ. Then it was our turn.

There was a lot of fire, and I was doing what I could with my free 60, and we made it in and got off OK. Somebody must have said something on the intercom, because I remember looking around the well to see Chalk 2 on the left side of our Vee. From just above and behind the cargo compartment, the whole ship was on fire! The door gunner was standing on the skid outside the ship, looking up at the fire; I'm sure he was telling the pilots what he

saw. We knew he couldn't go very far. The ship gradually settled and slowed; I remember it going into the trees as if in slow motion. When the rotors hit, pieces of tree branches and rotors flew every which way, and the ship crashed on its right side.

Lt. Sperling circled the downed ship as we all watched for survivors. We found a small clearing not too far from the crash site, and landed there. The LT told Bill and I to stay with the ship, while he and Mike headed off toward the wreck. I took my M-60 about 20 meters in front of the ship and watched for enemy activity. Man, it was noisy! Mortars were going off, and there was constant small arms and machine gun fire. Fortunately, none of it seemed to be directed toward us - but I knew it was close. To emphasize that, one of my most vivid memories is the sound of spent 20mm shell casings (from strafing A-1 Skyraiders) crashing through the tree branches. I have no idea how long we waited there, but it seemed forever.

Finally, I caught sight of our guys coming back. Lt. Sperling was leading the two pilots, who seemed to be somewhat dazed. Mike was helping the crew chief, who had a leg wound. I ran to them and, since I was bigger than Mike, threw the crew chief over my shoulder and ran to our ship. We got everyone aboard, and then got the heck out of there!

After Action: The rescued pilots were Jerry Johns and Robert Schurr. The crew chief is unknown. Two 155 guys died that day, Sgt. Keith Griffin and SP/5 James Patterson. One of them was the door gunner of the downed ship. If anyone has additional information on this incident, please contact 155 AHCA Historian Bob Alberts.

155 HOME PAGE WINS AWARD

Most all of us who have seen our Home Page at "www.geocities.com/Pentagon/Quarters/1517" know it is a GREAT site. And now there's confirmation that others think so, too. The 155 Home Page was recently named a Five Star Award-Winning Site by the company that hosts the site. I just can't say enough about the work that Webmasters Mary and Earl Baldwin have done. They keep adding more and more stuff, and it just gets better and better. If you haven't visited yet, shame on you. Take a look. And while you're there, be sure to log on to say "Hi" to your friends - and "Thanks" to the Webmasters.

CAN YOU HELP US FIND . . . Jack Poast, pilot '70; Pete Cloutier, Falcon C/E D.E. Kadel and gunner H. J. Tasker; Jerry Johns and Robert Schurr, pilots, '68; Ken Shriver, Keith Marchbanks, and Bob Maddox, Falcon pilots, '69; Captain Thibodeaux, Maint. Officer, '66. If you have any idea as to the whereabouts of any of these guys, please contact any 155 AHCA occifer.

MAIL CALL - - sharing commo from our friends:

Larry Matthews - On Veterans' Day; welcome home, brothers and sisters. *Stagecoach 293*

Vince McDonough - I thought you all might be interested to know that most of the original film and audio in the 155 AHC video (put together by my daughter) came from Paul Fadz and I during '67 and early '68.

Pat Avery - Gooooooooooooo site! No cere sportivo! I've looked a long time for you guys.

Roger Elliot - Nov '68 to Apr '70. I started out in the engine shop and then ended up as the motor sergeant.

Reading the *Barb* brings back a lot of memories. I'd really enjoy hearing from any 155 guys.

James Matlock - I flew with the 189th "Ghostriders," during late '69 we staged out of BMT quite often. I saw the hunting lodge in downtown BMT burn, and got shot up resupplying "Chickenwolf" at LZ Kate. I still remember the chicken plate with the heart drawn around a bullet hole in your Operations hootch.

Warren Smith - I was DEROS-exchanged from Pleiku to Ban Me Thuot in '65. I was crew chief on the Stagecoach Wrecker ship for the Maintenance company (165th, I think).

Duane Poulin - We had a great bunch of guys over there, didn't we? *Door Gunner, Falcon 504*

Irene Caldwell (Jones) - My father is Lacy Jones. He has been getting the 155th newsletters, and I like to read them also. I am sending this e-mail message with some pictures of his I found while snooping through some old picture books. Dad retired in '93 as a CSM at Ft. Rucker. He told me to tell anyone who will listen that he's still breathing, and would enjoy hearing from old friends. Call him at 334-598-2988. Thanks.

John Gann - Happy Holidays from sunny Arizona. Whoever bagged the Falcon Nest sign "V. C. Birth Control" - I'll give 'em \$10.00 for it. Falcons Forever - 049

Calvin Hilton - Happy Holidays to all the Stagecoach and Falcon crews. I enjoyed the FW get-together, and look forward to Las Vegas in 2000. I can't believe that it has been 31 years since I arrived at BMT.

Harry Vogler - A couple of days after reading the last *Barb*, I flashed back to Jan '67. Pete Cloutier and I were at the club watching an Aussie "dancer" named June Collins. WOW!!! What a woman!

Robert Moore - Happy holidays to all. I check out the Home Page at least once a week and it just keeps getting better. Thanks to those doing the work.

William Blume - It's good to see all the old names and the old symbols on the Home Page. It helps bring back the holy feeling of purpose that we had so long ago.

Jim Sewell - Great job guys. Glad to see some of you ol' geezers are still around. I was in the 155th when it was still A/1st. Started as a slick driver (initiated by John Geurin at Plei Me), switched to Falcons in about Jan '66 and was blessed to have been in the protective care of Jack Ross and Doug "The Bear" Adams for the remainder of my tour. *Falcon 5 (003 - Over-Sexed)*

Richmond Stephens - It was great to talk with you the other night. I flew in the Guard for a number of years, but now just occasionally fly a civilian fixed wing. We sure do have some memories, don't we?

Patrick Goerig - Hi guys. Great newsletter. Here's my new address in Branchville, NJ. Heliport on my farm is #6NJ2, drop in to visit me anytime.

Dave Alessi - Crew chief in 2nd platoon during '70. It was great to find the 155 Home Page. Going through the Home Page, my mind wandered back to the war. No problem, just seems to always be there. It helps to share it with those who know. Thank you. *Stagecoach 352*

Delmer Sayer - Jun '70 - Jan '71. I just want to say what a great website. Thanks to Larry Matthews who told me about it.

FLASHBACK: 1969

THE NEW YORK TIMES - SAIGON, South Vietnam, July 25

(Reuters) - "The United States has lost more than 5,500 aircraft in Vietnam since 1961 worth at least \$3 billion, the American military command said today. The latest losses were a UH-1 medium-haul transport helicopter, shot down yesterday 35 miles west of Saigon, and a light spotter plane downed Wednesday, a command spokesman said. This brought to 1,241 the number of helicopters shot down over South Vietnam. Ten have been shot down over North Vietnam, and 1,627 have been destroyed in crashes or accidents not connected with hostilities."

155 MAINTENANCE

I just finished reading the last *Ban Me Thuot Barb* which I enjoyed immensely, especially the article by Bo Atkinson about the "Holidays, 1966". I also remember the cooks that we had in the mess hall and how they could take the most mundane Army chow and turn it into a spectacular meal. I arrived at Camp Coryell somewhere close to November 21, 1966, so the Thanksgiving feast was one of my first meals in the mess hall - and what a meal it was! To this day I've not had a Thanksgiving dinner that compares to what those mess hall cooks produced for us.

Our Maintenance Officer at the time was Capt. Thibodeaux who, in addition to being a really good officer, was one heck of a nice guy. After Nam I spent my remaining 15 months in the service at Hunter Army Airfield in Savannah, GA. Capt. Thibodeaux showed up at Hunter shortly after I did, as a major, and a few months later made Lt. Colonel - but he still allowed me and a couple other 155 guys to respectfully (lovingly) refer to him as Captain.

The incident that really endeared Capt. Thibodeaux to his mechanics at Camp Coryell was the time several us went to the mess hall for lunch loaded from head to foot (as usual) with grease and dirt. An FNG 2nd Louie took exception to our walking into the mess hall in our greasy uniforms and commenced to chew us out while having us stand at attention. Our Captain came walking up behind him, heard what was happening, and promptly told us that we were excused and to go get some chow. For ten minutes afterward you could hear the yelling as this 2nd Louie (now at attention himself) was taught how to respect the mechanics of the 155th.

Jerry Hallfin, 155 Maintenance, '66-'67

REMEMBERING TWO FRIENDS

I flew with some great pilots and crew in the 1st Flight Platoon "Purple Gang" during the last half of '70. CW2 Jules (Satch) Suhajda, and CW2 William (Bill) Hasselman were two of the best. Here's what I know about each.

Bill was a great American, but a lousy pinochle player. In fact, Capt. Seiler (platoon leader) gave Bill his call sign "Zero" when Bill passed on the Capt. after he bid double Aces around. As I recall, Capt. Seiler never joined the game after that night. When the company disbanded, Bill went to the 282nd Black Cats. In the spring of '71, Bill was killed when he was struck by a tail rotor while doing a gear box leak check during an intermediate inspection. I learned this from Roger Thompson when he passed back through Ban Me Thuot.

Satch was my roommate when we were in the Purple Gang. He had been one of the few Hungarians to escape when the Iron Curtain fell shortly after WWII. By the time he and I roomed together, he was serving his second tour - his first was with Special Forces. After the 155th stood down, he also went to the 282nd. Not long after he DEROSed out of Vietnam, he was caught in the Warrant Officer RIF of '71. Largely because of his SF background he was able to return to the Green Berets as a SFC. Over the years we stayed in touch, and once we even got to fly together when I took a Huey to Bad Tolz on an exercise. We low-leveled down a river outside of Munich, HALO (High Altitude, Low Opening) dropped SF parachutists from above 10,000', and had a ball. Anyway, I went back to Bad Tolz to look him up in the early '80s and learned that he had died in an automobile accident near there.

Two good men, not to be forgotten.

Steve Kelley, Stagecoach, '70



Frank Miceli, Company Clerk.

I sure enjoyed the article about James Garner. I met Raymond Burr & Charlton Heston, and saw Ann Margaret, Bobby Rydell, Martha Raye, Edgar Bergen, and of course Bob Hope. They all made the sun shine, even though most guys missed home more when they left. Here's a picture of my best friend and closest confidant. We spent many nights, remembering . . . and crying. Thanks for your work.

Art Rizza

THE EARLY DAYS

My tour with the 155th was Nov '65 to Nov '66. Pilots I remember are WO Ken Duncan, known as "Arriba! Arriba!"; Capt. Norm Gustitus, Ops Officer; Capt. Rod Pimental and Capt. Phil Gruschetsky ("Gru") in Maintenance; WO Pledger and Ron Askrin, gunnies; the XO with one green eye and one brown eye (can't get his name right now); Capt. Bill Zierdt became the Ops Officer; and WO Jim Smrcka and Lt. Barrett (Tupelo, MS) were slick drivers.

Here's one of my memories. We were coming back from Bien Hoa after taking part in the largest helicopter air assault in the history of the war (1,00 helicopters - we had put the 1st Infantry Division, two ARVN divisions, an Aussie battalion, and probably a few other units on the ground). Refueled, we were climbing over the top. In those days, chopper pilots did not have instrument training. Fortunately, "Uncle Joe" Parlas (Stagecoach 6) had a ticket, so we all tucked together to read each others running lights, and the guy who could see Uncle Joe kept the rest of us straight and level. Finally, we broke out at 11,000 feet or so, but that didn't hold. We were VFR on top - and trapped. Uncle Joe radioed to BMT, and Gru took off in low level IFR to try to find a hole somewhere near BMT and climb up to get us. Mind you, all 16 slicks (every slick we had) were up above 14,000 feet by now - and running out of fuel. "Gosh darn" if Gru didn't find a hole about 20 klicks west of BMT. Uncle Joe DF'd on Gru and found the hole. We hung back in 30 second separation, all of us on low warning fuel lights, and one by one plunged into that hole from on top and shot our way down to the trees. In the hole we lost all organization. We had no contact with each other because we were stacked up, and we had no way to gauge each others' rate of descent. We were now individually in

and out of IFR/VFR, each in a high rate of descent on the redline, twisting and turning separately trying to stay in the hole and trying to recall all 5 hours of hood time they gave us at the end of flight school. VHF chatter was cold and steady; brief words spoken by scared pilots. But we beat the odds that day - every bird and crew made it back. The 14,000 foot autorotation in the hole was what saved our fuel. When I landed, we were 19 minutes into the warning light; I took on 162 gallons of fuel. I'll NEVER forget that flight!

Looking back, it was just another day for the 155. The next day we were off again, this time to Bong Son for two weeks with the 1st Cav. Another story, another time.

*Robert W. Frost, LTC, ret Cavalry (aka "Capt. Galoshes")
Stagecoach 16 & Falcon 6*

TREASURER'S REPORT Thanks to all 1998 dues payers, may you stay in the green and keep 6600 rpm. As you will note below, there were 60 paid members this past year. 1999 dues are being accepted now, dues are \$25.00 (or whatever you can send), make checks payable to 155 AHCA and send them to me at the address listed below. Dues paid, contributions, and outlays for 1998 were:

Balance Forward from 1997	\$1,387.74
Total Dues Collected - 60 Paid Members (1998)	1,840.00
1st Quarter Newsletter Costs	(178.00)
2nd Quarter Newsletter Costs	(173.00)
Reunion in Texas - Voluntary Contributions by Members present	887.00
Cashier Check Cost to Protect Monies donated at Reunion	(10.00)
Reunion (Texas) Reimbursement of Expenses to Bob Gardner	(655.96)
Mini-Reunion (Ohio) Reimbursement of Expenses to Jeff Schrader	(294.51)
Dan Lauer (Reunion Appreciation)	(50.00)*
Bob Gardner (Reunion Appreciation)	(50.00)*
Jeff Schrader (Reunion Appreciation)	(50.00)*
3rd Quarter Newsletter Costs	(177.00)
Rosters & Mailing Costs	(148.84)
Positive Balance at 12/31/98	\$2,327.43

*Note: At the Ohio Mini-Reunion, members present (the treasurer abstained) voted to show appreciation to the hostesses of reunions past by issuing a \$50.00 check from the fund so that the host member and his significant other might enjoy a dinner on the 155 AHCA for their efforts.

Jeff Schrader, Treasurer

ASH & TRASH

MARKHAM'S MINI-REUNION - Chuck Markham, the very last Stagecoach 6, says he just can't wait until Las Vegas to get together. He's thinking of putting on a Mini-Reunion down near his place in Texas, perhaps over the weekend of May 1st and 2nd. Contact Chuck on-line at "markham@erath.net", or call him at 254-796-2346, or write him at Rt. 1, Box 205, Hico, TX, 76457. Sounds like a party!

REUNION 2000, LAS VEGAS - It's to be in Las Vegas, NV, November 10 - 12, so keep your calendars open. FYI, some of us are talking about going out a couple of days early; possible excursions include a visit to Hoover Dam, a driving tour of Death Valley, and a sight-seeing flight over the Grand Canyon. Unfortunately, no one has yet jumped up to volunteer to help organize the party. If you can help, please contact any officer.

155ers IN THE NEWS A six gun Stagecoach salute to **Bob Beaudreault**, who ran the Houston marathon last month. When he's not cruising the streets in cute shorts, Bob is a news anchor on Channel 13 in Houston.

Trust me on this: "Double Malfunction" are not words you want to hear - especially if you're a skydiver. Last fall, **Jerry Bourquin** had a close encounter with a double malfunction while skydiving with SOS (Skydivers Over Sixty). First, the main canopy failed to inflate; stuff happens. Jerry cut away and deployed his reserve chute, but the

reserve inflated only partially. The three center cells were OK, but the two outer cells on either side collapsed. Jerry came down pretty hard, and broke both legs. Not a good day. But we're happy to report that Jerry healed quickly and is jumping again. WAY TO GO, JERRY!!!!

BMTB congrats to newlyweds **Orrin** and **Judy Messinger**. May the spirit of the Falcon fly with you both.

Has anybody out there had a birthday lately? **Dennis LaJoie** did, last November 18, and his wife threw a surprise party. The *Barb* had to promise not to divulge the exact numerical designation of Dennis' birthday . . . - but it ended in 0 and was more than 49. Falcon mates Wayne Cranford and Earl Baldwin attended the soiree (to keep things from getting out of hand, I'm sure). In keeping with Dennis' advancing years, Wayne's present was a nice cane. But of course, Wayne wouldn't get his friend just an ordinary cane. Dennis' cane is equipped with a horn and rear view mirror! Use it carefully, Dennis.

FYI The 1999 VHPA reunion will be in Nashville over the 4th of July weekend. The VHCMA reunion will be in Denver during the third week of June.

HAS ANYBODY SEEN BILL GOODNESS? Bill called on an old friend and told a tear-jerking story. Money was loaned - and Bill hasn't been seen or heard from since. If you've heard from Bill or know where he is, please contact any 155 officer.

HISTORY REPORT BY BOB ALBERTS If anybody out there is interested in getting a copy of their personal 201 file, here's some suggestions. I tried going through military channels for 2 years, with no luck - but my Congressman came through in 2 months. Write your Congressman directly, ask for a copy of your 201 file, and include this information: SSN, service number (if different), branch, full name, rank, dates of service. Also indicate that you give the Congressman permission to receive a copy of these files in your name. Good luck!

From the Daily Staff Journal of the 10th Combat Aviation Battalion, dated 4 Jun 69: "Specialist Fowble reported that a 155th gunship ran out of fuel and autorotated one mile from Dong Ba Thin. No injuries, no damage. Combined reports to follow. The 92nd is sending fuel out to aircraft." *Can anyone tell us more about this?*

SWEAT & SANDBAGS - FROM THE EDITOR'S BUNKER It's easy to be the editor of the *Barb* when 155 guys send in great stories. Thanks to Dick Sperling, Tom DeSimone, Jerry Hallfin, Steve Kelley, Art Rizza, Robert Frost, Jeff Schrader, and Jack Coonce for taking the time and effort to share their memories with the rest of us.

COVER PHOTO Falcon pilots, class of Sep '69, in front of the pool. Front row: Ken Shriver, Wally Foster (6), Denny Fenlon, Bob Maddox, and Keith Marchbanks. Standing: Bob Collins, Les Davison, Pete Cosmos, Jack Coonce, and Norm Simpson. Charlie Marvin was either asleep or on R&R when the photo was taken; Rein Hofgesang had been wounded just a few days earlier, and Norm Simpson would be wounded a few days later. Thanks to Jack Coonce for sending in the photo.

A Note on Uniforms: From early '69, flight crews were issued two piece Nomex flight suits (shown here), designed to be worn with the shirt tucked in and the pant legs loose to the ankles. In typical Army fashion, HQ directed that the shirts hang loose and the pants be bloused. We had Nomex/leather flight gloves, leather boots (flying in jungle boots was verboten), and the flight helmets with ear bulges (sorry, can't remember the number). And lastly, the black hats. By '69, the Falcons' black hats were strictly ceremonial - no longer authorized for daily wear. (By comparison, the photo on Page 2 shows the '68 pilots wearing jungle fatigues and the backseaters wearing old Stateside fatigues with white name patches and unsubdued insignia.)

155 AHCA officers are:

Dean Owen, Pres. Al Arredondo, VP Jeff Schrader, Treasurer Bob Alberts, Historian Tom Love, Sgt-at-Arms

Earl Baldwin, Net Guy Tom Mullen, Aide-de-camp Bo Atkinson, Newsletter Les Davison, Newsletter

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155 AHC Assn.

