



# BAN ME THUOT BARB

Remembering the 155 Assault Helicopter Company - Sortie #10 - May 99

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## THE END OF THE 155th

It was about the middle of December, 1970 and the rumors were flying; the 155 was being sent to Danang or Tuy Hoa or Khe Sahn or wherever, I never could keep track of all the speculation. I went to Ops to check the board and found my ship had been scheduled for a trip to Vung Tau. Vung Tau? What gives? Mr. Suhajda (AKA "Buddha") was the AC and Mr. Alotta the PP (I've got pictures, Frank), it seems we were to turn over some ships to the VNAF and mine (607) was one of them. I know that some of you out there might think that your ship was pretty good - but 607 was really the best. It had more power and made more AC's look good coming out of tight LZ's with loads than any other ship in the company. 607 was also the flare ship, flown both day and night with the same backseaters (and keeping us off guard duty).

I sure didn't want to turn 607 over to the VNAF, but orders are orders. Somebody pointed out that Vung Tau was the in-country R&R site, so maybe we could get some beach time down there. Anyhow, we headed off to Vung Tau in a gaggle of four, I believe. Dale McLure flew another of the ships headed south, with Glenn Best as CE. (Glenn and I remain good friends, and he and Dale helped me remember some of the details of this story.) We flew Lima Lima down the coast about 6 inches off the beach, Frank with his famous helmet ("NVA for Lunch Bunch" and "Death is my Opponent" painted on it). We landed in Vung Tau and waited for what seemed hours while the TI's examined our ships. The head TI asked who the crew chief was for 607 and I told him I was. He said the tail assembly had too many working rivets and needed to be replaced. In fact, I don't think the VNAF accepted any of our aircraft, because there were too many holes repaired with metalset. I wonder how those got there, you would think we were in a war?

Well, we were in Vung Tau, I was going to have to stay with the ship until it got repaired, and no one wanted to stay on the base. I turned in my M-60 at the Armory, and Suhajda, Alotta and I headed for town in a deuce-and-a-half. We spent the night at the French Restaurant/Hotel near the fishing docks and dined on shrimp and had one or two drinks. I won't say any more about that night, Frank, so you're safe.

The next morning everyone headed back to BMT without me (I never did repay Frank and Buddha the \$20 I borrowed from each). I called Capt. Markham by land-line and explained the situation. He told me to keep in contact each day and enjoy the rest. Did I enjoy or what? I met a lady and spent most of a month in a beach residence enjoying the sun and sand. My aircraft was being worked on slowly, so I called in each day without any changes - and then I would return to the beach. I was just following orders.

Shortly after New Years I got picked up by the MP's for being in town without a pass. A LTC from 17th Group Headquarters picked me up and gave me a pass without any problem. Well, just one minor problem. It seems the MP's sent a Delinquency report to CPT Markham, oh well. (To get ahead of myself, these same two MP's would later arrest me with CW2 Dave Todd and two other crew members of the 92nd AHC a month later for the same infraction - but they didn't remember me and I skated on that one as well.) But I now had a pass. Life was good. Combat assaults, flare missions, taking fire . . . all were fading memories on the beach at Vung Tau.

About the 14th of Jan 71, the 155th Maintenance Officer (a great guy who's name is lost to me) arrived to sign over 607, so I headed to Saigon. I caught a ride on an H model that took me to Hotel 3. At Tan Son Nhut I was able to hop a C-130 to Dalat, and the tower guys there got a C-123 to drop in and pick me up for the ride to East Field. From there, it was just a quick jeep ride to the 155 compound . . . home. Or so I thought. I walked in the gate of what I thought was home but must be mistaken. Yes, the runway and POL were there, but the NCO Club was gone, and the PX, too. Most of the barracks were gone, only 1st and 2nd flights still stood. In their place were Quads with 40mm, placed around a new berm with the barracks, shower and a few offices inside. All the grass and trees were gone. The pool - we had worked on so hard on it just last November - I had run the cement mixer everyday until it was redone - now it was GONE.

I found CPT Markham and he welcomed me back. In the next breath, he informed me that I would leave with the remaining members of the 155 by truck in the morning. A deuce-and-a-half, the company ambulance and a jeep were all that was left. I bumped into Glenn, who told me that everyone had been sent to other units and there were only 6 of us left on the compound. I also met Jane who ran the workers on the compound and My Ly who waitressed

at the club, she and I were good friends. Our barracks had been stripped, there were no rooms just an open building, and the engineers were using my refrigerator and AC. Glenn helped me load my refrigerator and other belongings into the truck. I think Dave Noble was there, too, we all headed into town for our last night in BMT. We partied at a hotel in town and headed back to the compound about 5 am. We bribed the VIP Gate guard into letting us climb over the fence onto the compound.

It was 15 Jan 71, according to Glenn Best. Glenn, another guy named Swartwood, and I climbed into our truck and followed CPT Markham out the gate of Camp Coryell for the last time. We were the last members of the best unit in RVN; the 155th AHC had ceased to exist. No one said a word. All of us were lost in our own thoughts as we joined the convoy headed south.

In case you ever wondered, being in a convoy is not fun if you're a flier. I could think of nothing but land mines and ambushes, and we went so slow, and we stopped frequently - much too often. Darn, what I wouldn't have given to be flying that day. And then we were in the Duc My pass, and that was the worst! I saw an ambush behind every knoll. I did not belong here, these guys driving a convoy every day were nuts. Miraculously, the trip went without incident and we finally approached Dong Ba Thin about 4 in the afternoon. We reported to 10<sup>th</sup> Battalion HQ, Glenn went to the 92<sup>nd</sup>, but I didn't have any orders. I slept for 3 days in the company ambulance while MAJ Markham (newly promoted, and now the new Battalion XO) found a place for me. I ended up in the second flight of the 92<sup>nd</sup> AHC. CW2 Dave Todd (Roger Thompson's old stick buddy from flight school) was the AC on my aircraft.

I did go back to BMT quite often, as the 92<sup>nd</sup> and the 192<sup>nd</sup> switched covering the old AO about every month. My last flight into BMT was 14 Mar 71, the day before my 20<sup>th</sup> birthday. Dave Todd and I along with Dana Wade my gunner and a PP I can't remember (I believe he was VNAF) refueled there on our way to Pleiku that day. As we departed to the north, I had no idea that it would be the last time I saw Ban Me Thuot. Early the next morning, a routine medevac call near Plei Me turned out to be not-so-routine. Our aircraft took over 100 hits from AK's and 37mm, and I became the medevac patient. Dave Todd did a great job getting the ship out, and he hurried me to the Evac hospital. That was it, my war was over. I had mixed emotions - I was leaving, while good friends were staying. But I knew that I had flown with the greatest bunch of guys, in the best unit ever.

*Bob Alberts, CE, Stagecoach 607*

## RECOLLECTIONS OF CLOSING DOWN THE 155 AHC

I guess I'm one of several old 155 warriors who consider themselves the last to sign out of Camp Coryell. While I may not have been the very last person, I'm pretty sure I was on the last Stagecoach ship out of BMT, and therefore claim a share in the stake.

Although I don't recall the exact date, I first heard "solid" news about our pending stand-down while mired knee-deep in concrete during the swimming pool repair project. That places the timing in late October or early November of '70. I recall this very vividly because I know the captain in charge of the job was under serious pressure to open the pool in time for Thanksgiving. Shortly after we stood down we had an awards formation, the second since my arrival. The first occurred in the summer and primarily recognized the actions of those who flew in the spring 1970 invasion of Cambodia. This second ceremony amounted to cleaning out the awards and decorations locker. Basically, those of us still left at BMT assembled in the company street, and Major Steele pinned leftover medals on us.

One of the last flying missions of the 1<sup>st</sup> Platoon "Purple Gang" was to sortie a flight of slicks to Vung Tau for processing over to the South Vietnamese. The trip was a blast. We flew down the coast past Phan Thiet and arrived in mid-afternoon. I stayed to help 1LT Joe Puhl process the paperwork while almost everyone else headed to town. I can



*Purple Gang Patch  
First Platoon, '70*

still see the flat wheels of the Lambretta packed full of our guys heading to town in a cloud of blue 2-cycle engine exhaust. Joe and I got the ships turned in and headed into town a couple of hours later. Vung Tau proved to be a real adventure - but that's another story.

Not long after our return to BMT, most of the Purple Gang pilots received orders for the 282 AHC Black cats. This meant that except, for just a very few of us, the First Platoon would continue to fight as a team. To my recollection, Gene Breslin, "Buck" Buckner, and I were the only ones who didn't get orders for the 282<sup>nd</sup>. A few days later, we were left standing on the rusty PSP ramp of City Field as our buddies headed north to Quang Tri. Lucky us. We spent the holidays cleaning hootches, turning in equipment, writing OERs - and drinking.

Cleaning out buildings proved the most interesting. During O-Club clean-up we found a metal box (the kind that holds 3x5 cards) full of slot machine slugs. I was to lose my share in the Cam Rahn Bay Air Force Club some 6 months later while waiting on my freedom bird. Another day, while cleaning out one of the officers' hootches, I discovered a pay voucher folded around what amounted to a month's pay in expired MPC hidden under some newspaper lining the shelf in one of the wall lockers. I didn't know the person nor did anyone else. I tried to turn the find in to the orderly room, but no one wanted to take responsibility. So, I turned it in to Battalion when I processed through Dong Ba Thin on my way to my new unit. There I learned the person had been medevac'd and the battalion would make sure he got reimbursed. I was allowed to keep the hundred or so dollars since this MPC was outdated and no longer a valid currency. On occasion over the years, I enjoyed lighting my cigars with \$20 dollar bills.

I also helped to clean out the Company HQ building. This involved mostly emptying file cabinets and boxes and hauling out furniture. In the process, I found a box seemingly full of trash. Concerned about security, I rummaged through the box to find several copies of the unit's history. I still have these original typewritten documents that end in the spring of 1970. I gave a copy to Gene Breslin at the Orlando gathering in 1997. At some point between Christmas and New Years, the unit that replaced the 155th arrived at Camp Coryell. By that time only a few of us remained. One was Joe Puhl, who was still in BMT finishing up Platoon Leader duties -- OERs, etc. I think those few of us finally left Ban Me Thuot toward the end of the first week in January, 1971. Several of us left together on a couple of slicks bound for Dong Ba Thin. If we weren't the last of the 155th, we were mighty close.

*Steve Kelley, Stagecoach, '70*

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## IN MEMORIAM

Dear 155, It is with great sadness that I send the news to you regarding the death of **CW4 William C. Bruce**. I recently came across one of your newsletters and felt that it was only right that I should pass this news on to you. He flew with the 155th AHC in 1965-66 and his call sign was Stagecoach Wrecker. His roommate in flight school was Mike Coryell, and I know that he was deeply affected when Mike was killed. He was also very active in the VHPA and we were planning to attend that reunion this coming summer. He died very unexpectedly on February 27, 1999 and will be greatly missed. If there is anything I might help with, please feel free to write me at the above address.

His loving wife,

1007 W. New York St.

Sally Bruce

Aurora, IL 60506

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## FAMILY IS SEEKING INFORMATION

Hello my name is **Tony Pinkston**, son of **SSG Robert G. Pinkston**. I can't tell you how long I have been looking for a link to your past. I was 10 years old on March 13, 1968, and several days later learned all about the Vietnam war, from a kid's perspective - after we were notified about my dad's disappearance. I would very much like to hear from anyone who knew my dad. If you are out there, please help me heal. Thank you.

Tony Pinkston, 516 Indian Point, Bulverde, TX 78163

*FYI: SSG Robert G. Pinkston died during an attack on Camp Coryell during the night of 13 Mar 68.*

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## CAN YOU HELP US FIND . . .

WO's **Dave Desio** and **Mike Butcher**, 1<sup>st</sup> plt. pilots, '69 - '70; **Sgt. Floyd**, Operations NCO during late '68 and early '69; **Lt. Schreckengost**, '68 - '69 Stagecoach pilot; **Capt. John Strange**, Pterodactyl 10 during late '69; Flight Surgeons "**Doc**" **Ellis**, '69, and "**Doc**" **Rodgers**, '70; **CWO William E. Crothers**, '65 pilot; **SSG Richard L. Lusby**, '65 CE; **MAJ William W. Deloach**, '65, first CO in Vietnam. If you have any idea as to the whereabouts of any of these guys, please contact any 155 AHCA occifer.



*Stagecoach slicks, Mar '70; photo by Rick Farlow. Since the tail covers are yellow, I believe these ships are from the 2nd Platoon. 586 is now on display, in full Stagecoach colors, in Cheboygan, MI.*

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**MAIL CALL** - sharing commo from our friends:

**Mike Lach** - Here's some pictures from my tour.

**Tom Ricciuto** - I read through the Feb 99 *Barb* this weekend. You guys are doing a great job with all of this. My memory is a blur trying to recall details, yet like most, our moment in time has total and individual significance. I saw the message from Dave Alessi and would like to contact him, can you send me his address?

**Kenneth Boling** - Got my copy of the *Barb*, it's great.

**Rod Waddell** - Here's some info about Veterans' groups in Wyoming.

**John Kowalski ("Ski")** - I was surprised to find your web site, I was with the 155th from Sep '68 to Aug '69. I'm glad to see some talk about our unit.

**Richard Dale** - It's been a long time.

**Lee McGriff** - Man I tell you. The newsletter and the web site make a big difference in my life. If it wasn't for that web site, I might have never ran into Jim Bales and the other guys. And I need to drop some money in the dues box, so I will get a check to the Treasurer soon.

**Bill Zierdt** - You guys are doing great keeping this mess together.

**Peter Birrow** - Thanks for all you did for us while we were there. As an 11 Bravo ("grunt") in B Co. 2/35th, you brought me food, water, mail, got me in and got me out, gave me rockets and fire power; you guys did it all. For the last 30 years, every time I come across a Nam helicopter guy, I have nothing but the most sincere respect and thanks for him. You don't know how much you helped us grunts. Thanks again!

**James "JC" Cole** - Long time, no see. Sign me up for the 155 AHCA, here's my dues. I'll be in touch.

**Ed Koroshetz** - Flew with 155th from Apr '70 until the end, then went north with 282nd Black Cats. My call sign was Falcon 4. I'd love to hear from any 155 guys.

**Craig Mosher** - Hey, I'm on-line!! Enjoy the newsletter a lot, it brings back GOOD memories and a few of the bad ones. Mullen, La Joie, Baucom, Baldwin, Sperling - what memories! Hope to hear from you guys soon.

**Bill Staubach** - I'm an old guy, I first saw Ban Me Thuot in April, 1965.

**Larry Ingram** - What a great site!! I was Stagecoach 15 (after Royal Sander) from Apr '69 to Apr '70. Dave Desio and I got the pool back up and operating. I was also the announcer for the then famous "Coachmen" singing group. We were all pilots from the 1st platoon: Phil Watson, Mike Butcher, Lew Sain, Terry Kirkpatrick, Bob Beaudreault and myself.

**Russ Kogut** - I brought my lovely bride of 20 years, Cindy, to the first reunion in DC, and she got pregnant - we are talking significant delayed stress syndrome here. As a consequence she has not been real supportive of further involvement with you guys; however I'll get out of the dog house one of these days. (By the way it turned out to be boy #5.) Anyhow, one of the highlights of that reunion was seeing Joe Harrelson again, a man whose courage under fire I will never forget!

**Dave Pryzbylski** - I just moved, here's my new address in Munster, IN. Love the newsletter.

**T.L. "Dizzy" Dickenson** - Thanks for the newsletter. I have a bunch of old "falcon" memorabilia at my dad's in North Carolina, mostly pictures and movie films, if i can ever get up there to recover it.

**John LaRochelle** - I am truly proud to be part of a great organization. Please, enclosed find my membership dues for this year.  
*StageCoach 090, 15-A ('68-'69)*

**Jim Stotler** - I came in-country a couple months after A/1<sup>st</sup>, with Stagecoach pilot/platoon leader duties.

**Al Natale** - I was a door gunner on ship 332 during '69 and '70.

**David Garner** - I was with the 57<sup>th</sup>, I'm looking for a Falcon gunner who came to the 155 from the 57<sup>th</sup> when we first entered country in '68. He was short with reddish blonde hair. We were in Recon AIT at Ft Knox in '67. I don't remember his name; he was from Florida, and was a huge Steve Spurrier and U of Florida fan.

**Tom Kramer** - I served as aircraft maintenance Warrant Officer with the 165th Combat Helicopter Field Maintenance (Ban Me Thout). I have lots of photos if you would be interested. Kinda fuzzy about locations where photos were taken, though. Several photos after mortar and rocket attacks on Camp Holloway and 165<sup>th</sup> at BMT.

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**FLASHBACK: May, 1965 "New UH-1D Helicopters Go Operational in Vietnam"**

by Sp5 Bob Bolia VUNG TAU, (IO) -- A total of 77 UH-1D's flew off the USS Iwo Jima on May 1<sup>st</sup> to this airfield. The UH-1D "Iroquois" arrived here after a 21-day sea voyage and will comprise three Air Mobile Helicopter Companies. The new units are "A" Companies of the 1<sup>st</sup> Avn. Bn., the 82<sup>nd</sup> Avn. Bn., and the 101<sup>st</sup> Avn. Bn. The new arrivals were welcomed by Brig. Gen. John Norton, CG, USASCV. The UH-1D "Iroquois" is the first of its kind in Vietnam. It has set 21 world records; it has reached an altitude of 35,150 feet . . . about four miles higher than Pikes Peak. It's capability for surprise assault tactics provides a faster mission response and a more adequate evasive action. It's range is 345 statute miles. In addition, it seats nine plus a crew of four.



The first aircraft to land in Vung Tau was piloted by CWO William E. Crothers (left) and co-piloted by 1<sup>st</sup> Lt. Edward T. Pledger. The crew

chief was SSgt. Richard L. Lusby (right). All are assigned to "A" Company, 1<sup>st</sup> Aviation Battalion. The "A" Co., 1<sup>st</sup> Avn. Bn., commanded by Maj. William W. Deloach, comes from Ft. Riley, Kansas, and will be assigned to the 52<sup>nd</sup> Avn. Bn., stationed at Ban Me Thuot.

*155 Historian Bob Alberts has a video of some of these aircraft departing the Iwo and arriving in Vung Tau. If you'd like to see it, contact him at the address below.*

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**155 MOVIE STAR**

I was one of several Standards Instructor Pilots and IP students at Fort Rucker who flew to Eglin AFB, Florida sometime during 1968. At Eglin, we picked up John Wayne, Aldo Ray, David Janssen, and some other actors and some real Special Forces guys, and carried them to Fort Benning to film scenes for "The Green Berets." I was the A/C for Chalk 3 in one of the scenes. We all had lunch at one of the staging areas at Benning, and that's about all there was to it. Wayne and the others were very cordial and spent the whole time we were on the ground going around and talking to all of us from Rucker.

*John Grow, Falcon 3*

## HISTORIAN SEEKS INFO ON TWO 155 PILOTS FOR AUTHOR

I have been contacted by Ray Bows, a retired Master Sergeant who has written several books about Vietnam history. I just finished his latest; Vietnam Military Lore, Legends, Shadows and Heroes, and recommend it highly. The book is a compilation of stories about individuals who had bases, buildings or other places named after them; it's one of the best books I have ever read on our history. (Unfortunately, it is rather expensive at \$50.00, and can only be ordered from the publisher - himself.) Mr. Bows is writing an updated version of one of his books and would like information on two of our guys who were KIA: Lt. Fred Pratt and WO Michael Coryell. For those of you who don't know, our base at Ban Me Thuot was officially "Camp Coryell" to honor Mr. Coryell and his crew, and Pratt Hall at Fort Rucker is dedicated to Lt. Pratt. Mr. Bows is seeking pictures of Camp Coryell (perhaps one of the memorial stone in the compound?) and of Pratt Hall, as well as pictures and first-hand information about their lives, their service . . . and their deaths. If you have anything to contribute, please send it to me so I can pass it to Mr. Bows. Thank you.

*Bob Alberts, 155 Historian*

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## A DAY IN THE 'NAM

We were on way back to the compound, I can't remember anyone else but do remember the AC was new, and a call came over for an extraction for a wounded LRRP. DUSTOFF was too far away, so we took the call. Of course, it turned out to be a hell hole, I mean hitting all the way in, and taking fire - but we got the troop out. We climbed high just in case we had to auto, and had just enough juice to make the compound. I joke now, but the pucker factor was at work that day for sure. Just another day in the 'Nam.

*Dave Alessi, '70 CE, Stagecoach 352*

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## "WWW.GEOCITIES.COM/PENTAGON/QUARTERS/1517"

There it is, in big letters.

For those of you who have been marooned in Outer Slobovia for the past couple of years, the 155 Home Page is the next best thing to hot LRRP's. There's a whole bunch of neat stuff there: the roster of guys we've found so far, the aircraft list with historical info, personal recollections, recent pictures of Ban Me Thuot . . . and lots more. Log on, look around, and sign the guestbook. **That's an order!**

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## MINI-REUNION - LZ HICO

One doesn't just drop by Hico, TX, on your way to somewhere else - so I knew the folks that were coming were serious about the 155<sup>th</sup>. I had the Company Guidon out front marking the LZ, so everyone would know where to touch down. Roland Jarvis arrived Friday evening. He and I had been hootch mates in BMT. We each took a beer to the rocking chairs on the front porch and caught up on each other's lives; the years just melted away as we talked.

Others arrived throughout Saturday morning. Mary put out sandwich stuff for lunch, and everyone ate at their own pace as we visited and got caught up on what was going on in our lives today. There were lots of pictures taken. Occasionally you could see hands in the air, depicting one maneuver or another. I'm not sure, but a few war stories may even have been told. Calvin and his older son are flying Apaches for the Guard, so we got an update on that bird. Bob works for Bell Helicopter and is involved in the upgrade of the Cobra for the Marines, so he told about that. He also enlightened me on the AHIP and the four-blade version of the OH58. I took those who were interested on a tour of the bike barn where I work on friends' motorcycles and store my own Goldwing. As darkness fell, some had to leave, but others stayed to watch Dale McClure's video. It has some great pictures of downtown BMT and Dalat, the lake pad, and surrounding terrain. There are also some good shots of Finger Lakes and a Montagnard village. It was late when the party finally wound down, and most everyone departed.

The next morning Leslie, Bob, Mary and I shared breakfast and visited some more before they headed their motor home out the gate. IT WAS OVER. (A side note: I don't have a pool, and no one saw the stock tank in the pasture, so I was spared the ritual CO dunking at this party.) This was only my second of these get-togethers, and I haven't made one of the big reunions yet, but I am amazed by the instant bond that is established between people who have never before met. I am even more amazed that the bond extends to wives and children.

Attendees at LZ Hico were: Donna & Dale McClure, Linda & Dan Gwaltney, Roland Jarvis, Leslie & Bob Gardner, Carolyn & Calvin Hilton (with 2 sons, Craig & Mike, daughter-in-law Lori, & grandson Austin), Gretchen & John Grow, Tony Pinkston, and Mary & me. Thanks to everyone for coming over!

*Chuck Markham, Stagecoach 6, '70*

## ASH & TRASH

**NORM SWAFFORD'S ABSOLUTE BRAGGADOCIO** "My claim to fame is that I was the singer and guitar picker on the 155<sup>th</sup> mortar tape. I was also the best procurer of government property (strictly for the good of the men, of course) that ever served in Vietnam. I was credited with liberating more desirable property from the coffers of Cam Rahn Bay than any pilot that ever tied on to a cargo net that just happened to hold a pallet of Air America Budweiser. I could go on, the list is endless."

*Editor's Note: The Barb does not normally publish excessively blatant bull shirts, but an exception was granted here as a result of Norm's significant contribution to the editor's non-profit NBA Playoff TV Snack Fund.*

**LZ DELIVERANCE** - "History Bob" Alberts invites any and all former BMT'ers and their families to his backwoods Maine hootch for the weekend of August 6-8, 1999. Bob has arranged for a rafting trip on the Penobscot River on Saturday (thus, LZ Deliverance). He promises good food and friends - but warns that space is limited, and his hootch does not have indoor plumbing. Contact Bob at the address shown below, or call him at 207-564-3946.

**VHPA CONVENTION** - We've heard from various sources that several 155 guys will be in Nashville over the 4<sup>th</sup> of July for the annual VHPA convention: Jerry Bourquin, Gene Breslin, Bruce McInnes, Dave Roblyer, Bill Terwilliger, Mark Stuart, Ben Gay, Dan Fox, and John Grow. If you're going to be there, try to hook up.

**DUES AND PRIZES AND STUFF** - As Treasurer Jeff reported last issue, we had 60 dues payers during 1998. So far we haven't gotten mean or rotten or nasty with non-payers - but those 60 guys carried a bunch of others. To recognize the dues payers, we held a lottery drawing to choose one dues payer from '98 to receive a Joe Kline print of helicopters in action in Vietnam. Chuck Markham, Stagecoach 6, was the lucky drawee. His print shows a Stagecoach slick in an LZ with infantry exiting the chopper. Congratulations to Chuck, thanks to all dues payers - and we'd like to hear from the rest of you. We're asking for annual dues of \$25 (or whatever you can afford), send your checks payable to "155 AHCA" to Jeff at the address below. Thank you.

**REUNION 2000, LAS VEGAS** - November 10 - 12, **next year**. Dave Pollock and Fred Williams have graciously volunteered to organize the festivities. Dave and Fred have developed a very preliminary agenda which begins with attendees falling out in uniform for a company formation at 0600 on Saturday, to be inspected by several Stagecoach 6's - followed by vigorous warm-up calisthenics, and then a PT test. Wives, friends, showgirls, etc. would be welcome to film the event. (I'm thinking that Fox might pay big bucks for that video.) Of course, we'll have Dustoff standing by. Please let Fred and Dave know what you think of that idea - and they're anxious to hear your other ideas for fun at the reunion, too.

**VHPA LIKES OUR STORY** The Mar/Apr *VHPA Newsletter* included Dick Sperling's DSC mission article from the Feb *Barb*, and additional info from Barney Hancock (Ben Davies was his PP). The article closed this way:

*"The VHPA thanks the 155<sup>th</sup> AHCA for helping to sort out and record the details of that March afternoon in western II Corps so many years ago, when young men were called to duty. In recording that history, we honor the memories of the two brave young men who died that day - and we remember that all involved are truly heroes."*

**COVER PHOTO** 155<sup>th</sup> Aircraft Maintenance Area, '70: photo by Fred Williams. The photo shows a Charlie model on the left, and H model on the right. This shot is dedicated to **William Bruce**, maintenance pilot during the very early days. Fly high, friend.

**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

155 AHC Assn.

**155th Aircraft  
Maintenance Area**

