



BAN ME THUOT BARB



Remembering the 155 Assault Helicopter Company - Sortie #12 - Nov 99

**TO HONOR OUR VETERANS,
AT THE GOING DOWN OF THE SUN, AND IN THE MORNING,
WE WILL REMEMBER THEM.**

Quote from a memorial in Annapolis Royal, Nova Scotia.

CENTRAL HIGHLANDS NEIGHBORS

In 1966, the Missionary organization had been in Vietnam for 57 years. This information was related to me by a Missionary who I had met while I was in the advisory group. He and his family had been there 7 years, with one year off to visit the States. They were given PX privileges by the Advisory Group and most of their purchases were canned foods. They also performed Church services for the advisory Group and the 155 almost every week. Their homes were typical "American Style," two stories with large yards, located on the south west approach to the city and easily recognizable from the air. In August, I was invited to a dinner at one of their homes, to honor Joe Parlas's departure. My notes say there were four men with wives, several missionary nurses, and a total of fifteen children. There were a couple more men in the group who were on trips somewhere. I don't remember any of the names, but the Missionaries mentioned in the book SOG (by John L. Plaster) must have been in the group. On the Thursday night before Christmas, 1966, the Missionaries presented a pageant with the Montagnard children depicting the Christmas theme and the birth of Christ. All the words were in Rade, Montagnard tribal language, to include the carols and hymns. The ages of the children were from 7 to 12 years, and everything was done from memory. Each child received a bag of candy plus cokes and donuts. After we installed the swimming pool, the Missionaries were given a blanket invitation to come by for a swim. They took us up on the offer during the Christmas holidays when their college age children returned. The group included several young ladies, who were always chaperoned by one of the mothers. In one of my conversations with the mothers, they expressed their gratitude and complimented me on the behavior of our men who acted like gentlemen on every occasion. But what would you expect from any of the 155 Team? I was invited to their homes often, and I too was given a farewell dinner in late February, 1967.

The discussion of the Missionaries brings to mind the other civic duties that many of the US units engaged in. I am not sure that the Missionary Group had any direct relationship to the Ban Me Thuot Orphanage, but in my notes the two appear together, especially at special occasions such as Thanksgiving and Christmas. There were 44 children at the Catholic Orphanage and school ranging in age from two years to 17 or 18. The Catholic School had over 1,000 students in kindergarten through high school. The school was not far from the down town airport and the 155. One of the 155 Warrant Officers was from Ohio, where they made a lot of cement. He asked his hometown to donate and ship bags of cement to Ban Me Thuot for the Orphanage - and they did. I accompanied him when he took the first delivery to the Orphanage. I don't recall what the cement was used for but I also took advantage of the situation and donated some of the dried milk that was in our "stash" behind the mess hall. We would never get to use all that stuff any way. The Nuns seemed to be pleased that we were showing so much attention to them and the children.

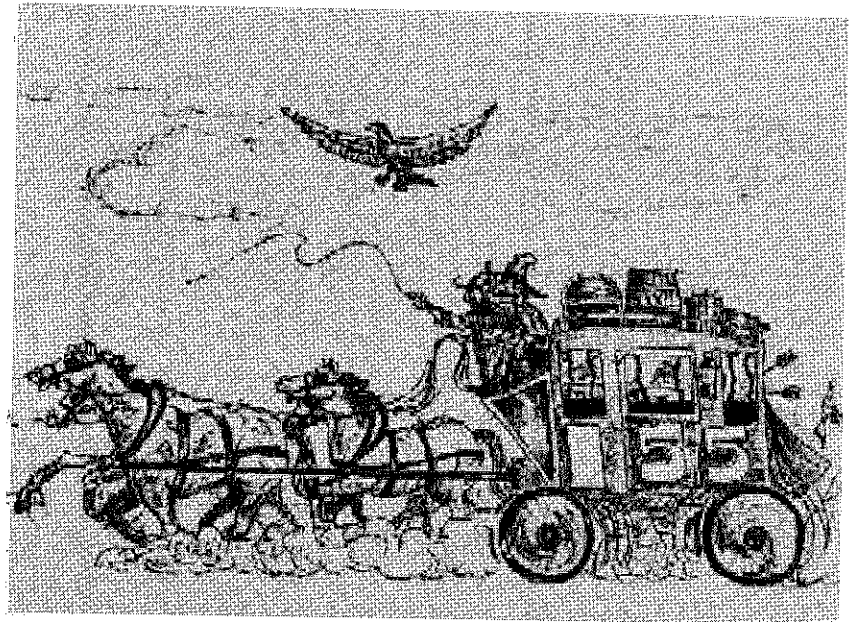
Bo Atkinson, Stagecoach 6

CAN YOU HELP US FIND . . . Al Lippert, pilot, '67; Don Pullum, '67; the Ohio cement warrant officer. If you have any idea as to the whereabouts of any of these guys, please contact any 155 AHCA officer.

Bob Kubisiak - I am looking for anyone who served with **John R. Brooks**, KIA 4/19/68 while flying with the 155th out of Ban Me Thuot. John was a crew chief on one of two Hueys that had a midair collision that day. His mother would like to talk to anyone who knew her son. John and I were friends, and I am in continual contact with his mother. You can e mail me at the address above or call me at 407-784-2078 (H) or at 310-377-1854(W).

155 AHC T-SHIRTS ARE HERE

Just in time for the holidays, these are light grey Hanes Beefy T's. The front, shown on the cover, is full color; the back (opposite) is a great wild west stagecoach - with Falcon cover, of course, in shades of black to grey. Sizes S thru XL are \$11 each for those who have paid their dues, \$14 for others. Sizes XXL and XXXL are \$12.50 for dues payers, and \$15.50 for others. Prices include shipping and handling; send checks payable to "155 AHCA" to Jeff at the address below. And feel free to send in your dues with your T-shirt order. (By the way, the T-shirt design is compliments of Pat and Jeff Schrader. Tell them "thanks.")



RESCUE AT LAC THIEN: CHRISTMAS EVE, '65

I'm sorry I don't remember any call signs, but since this was so close to Ban Me Thuot, I thought it might have involved the 155th. In 1965 I was a Dustoff pilot with 498th Med. Our HQ was Nha Trang, but we had aircraft all over II Corps. During Christmas week that year, my crew had the Ban Me Thuot standby duty. On 24 December, we were airborne to support a combat assault at Lac Thien. Enroute from the PZ, we listened as the gunships scouted the LZ - and took fire! It would likely be a hot LZ. After some suppression, we had a ringside seat as the slicks went in and dropped their troops. When the soldiers began sweeping the village, they were met with enemy fire. The gunships were called back for supporting fire, but one was hit and went down in an open field near the village. After that, things happened so fast it's almost a blur. We made contact with the other gunship, and told him we would go in to get the crew. He said he would cover us as best he could. We made it in OK, and found the crew taking cover along a paddy dike. All ran to the ship and clambered aboard. When they were in, I did a pedal turn to depart the same way we had come in. As I completed the 180 degree turn and pushed forward on the cyclic, we came face to face with the other gunship - firing rockets that seemed to pass inches over my head! For just a split second I remember thinking, "I wonder how accurate those things really are?" Accurate enough, as it turned out. We got out OK, and took the happy crew back to Ban Me Thuot. Merry Christmas to all!

Clyde Watts, Dustoff pilot

Ed: Does anyone remember this incident? If so, please contact the editor or historian.

MAIL CALL - sharing commo from our friends

Al Arredondo - I finally got on-line, it was great reading the comments from everyone, some I remember, some I don't. But one thing for certain, we all belong to the same brotherhood. See you guys in Las Vegas.

Bo Atkinson - Hey, I am now wearing "THE T-SHIRT" and for those who haven't ordered, don't wait too long. I got one for my son, one for my wife, one for me. I am considering several more but will wait until everyone has had a chance. I can not believe the price. Thanks to all involved in the T-SHIRT planning. See y'all in Las Vegas.

Duane Poulin - Great job on home page. Thank you, Mary.

Bob Stucke - I was a crew chief in the Falcons in 1969. Mark Cornwall was my gunner, and we are still friends today. I applied for flight school after I DEROS'd home from Nam, but they wanted me to re-up and I said no thanks. So I got my Commercial license using my GI bill, and now have 11000 hours. I am now flying tourists on the island of Kauai (Hawaii) and LOVING IT, and my wife has turned into a beach bunny.

Phil Wertanen - Assigned to the engine shop in 68-69; happy as heck to find this web site. Welcome home . . .

George Rossi - I was NCOIC of the COC, and I was the guy who made out all the code books for everyone. I also ran the radio comm center, and flew whenever I had the chance.

Mel Canady - Been there, done that. I was a dog handler with the 212th in 65/66. My dog Hercules was killed there one night in May 66. Keep the memories alive.

Bob Godfrey - I've been busy this last couple months! I downloaded everything I could and put it in book form so my wife and stepdaughter have read some of the entries. They were interested in the Tet offensive details, as I rarely talked about my 18 month tour. I can't wait for the Vegas reunion. It's been many years, but the healing has begun.

Jim Koch - Hey Guys, I just received my 155 T-shirt from Jeff Schrader. Outstanding!! I encourage you to order one as soon as possible. You won't be disappointed!

Stagecoach 13

Rein Hofgesang - I was at the PGA golf tourney in August, and saw some really good golf. I said to one of my friends, "Wow, can you imagine playing the PGA at 19 like Sergio Garcia or 23 like Tiger Woods?" It was just an off-handed remark, but he really surprised me with his reply. He said, "No - and I can't imagine doing what you did at that age either." An unexpected compliment, especially from a non-military guy.

Richard Miles - 165th Transportation Detachment, Oct 67 thru May 68. Keep up the good work.

Pat Avery - I just looked at the Home Page pictures of the Maine whitewater raft trip. All those guys are imposters. The guys from the 155th are all much younger. In fact, I am still 19.

Geoff Jones - Just passing through (the Home Page). Hello to all the Stagecoach and Falcon folks. *Falcon 0, '70*

Dean Owen - Another great *Barb*, they get better with each printing. I was really interested in the cover photo and accompanying paragraph. SP/4 Brooks was my crew chief on #073. He was a fine soldier. Thought I had his first name on a lighter he gave me, however, I checked and it was not there. In the foggy recesses of my mind I want to say it was James E., but I am not certain. If we get any information on a contact address please let me know. Thanks.

Stagecoach 6, '69

Tom Love - Just a quick note to let everyone know I'm back in Oregon and doing well. Karen and I sure did enjoy the Fort Worth reunion last year; many thanks to all the wonderful people that made it such a special time. I hope to see all those friends and more in Las Vegas next year.

Delmer Sayer - Not to hurry the aging process, but can't wait for the Las Vegas reunion in 2000. Great pictures of the rafting trip, keep up the great work.

Larry Matthews - The changes to the Honor Roll page are very professional and tastefully done. Thanks for this and all you do on the Home Page.

Stagecoach 293, Jul '70 - Feb '71

Capt. Roland Jarvis - I designed and printed the "Stagecoach Airlines" pamphlet that Rick (Erickson) gave you. I was the platoon commander from Dec 1969 to July 1970 and made the pamphlet to handle the "sleeves" down issue. Then I became the Operations Officer until Dec '70 where I used it for everyone. It was during my tour as Platoon Leader we made the "Purple Gang" into something big with the patch, "Stagecoach Airline" pamphlet, and painted our tail stingers purple for the first time. We're kind of proud of it.

Stagecoach 16, '69-'70

John Kowalski - Love the new look of the web page!!!!!!! GREAT WORK as always!!!!!!! I was wondering where I can get a Stagecoach pocket patch and a Stagecoach certificate??????

Fran Tiner - Just received my T-shirts! They are great! I am wearing one as I write, and I must say I wear it very well! Thank you Jeff.

Robert Hunter - I am writing for my father, **Jerry Hunter**. He was in the unit during '65-'66, but has never talked much about 'Nam. When we found the 155th AHC website he was close to tears - because all this time he thought no one remembered. Thank you, from both of us.

IN THE BEGINNING . . .

I can recall some info about how we came to be "Stagecoach" and "Falcon." When it was determined that we needed to select call signs for the unit, MAJ Deloach made the final decision from names that were brought up and talked about. I think the "Stagecoach" name was from CPT Leonard Boswell. I know it was said that what we did was very much like the Stagecoach operations in the wild west, with the guy riding "Shotgun". CPT Boswell also came up with the strips that were around the tail and nose of the A/1/155 aircraft. I recall him telling me that they had used similar markings on their helicopters in Germany to identify their ships. About the name "Falcon" for the gunships, I am not so sure, but I think CPT Charles Gilmer (who was the first Gun Commander) came up with it. I think he was also the first member of the Company to be shot down - that was on a gun mission in support of ARVN troops near Ban Me Thout. They were hit, caught on fire, and landed in a small clearing. One of the crew took a picture of the helicopter engulfed in flames that made wide publication in the papers back home. I hope I have been of some help in this matter. Thanks so much for keeping these long-forgotten memories of our youth alive, and providing a forum to share them with others.

Bob Spencer, A/1, '65

FOB Does anyone know a Warrant Officer Saunders or Sanders? I wrote him up for gallantry/extraordinary heroism on 27 Apr '69. For some reason, the letter of his actions did not reach your unit until late June or so. Unfortunately, his chopper was almost shot down as a recon team from CCS (B-50), while on local training, could not show me on a map where they were pulled out under fire the night before by WO Saunders/Sanders and other pilots from your unit. I had been ordered to put a Hatchet Force in the area, but was not willing to put them in an ambush; I had come across a company-size bunker complex in that area on 5 Nov '68. I'm sorry, I got his chopper (and myself) shot up pretty good that day. I just wanted to know if he was recognized for risking his life that day.

Jon Potter, CCS, '68-'69

Ed: Jon is probably talking about Royal Sander. Until a few months ago, we had Royal in Mesa, AZ, but we seem to have lost track. Does anyone know how to get in touch with him?

BARB STIRS MEMORIES

Greetings from sunny Arizona. I just finished reading the latest *Barb* and was so pleased to see names that I remember. Sadly, I was there the day Terry Nelson had the short shaft failure. In fact, I and another Stagecoach flew him to the hospital in Nha Trang that day. His right seat was Al Lippert, a good friend. I have tried to trace Al, and got as close as the state (California) and that he might be a lawyer now - but couldn't find him. I don't remember the crew; time seems to have taken a bite out of my memory chip. I do remember that LT Don Pullum was there when Terry went down, I think Don was Stagecoach 2 at the time. As for Tet '68, I remember one morning when Larry Hanna grabbed me to fly off to help one of the downed crews. I think he got a DFC for that. We had a great bunch of guys during that time. I also remember getting marched through the swimming pool for initiation into the company. I think it was Terry Muldoon who kept raising hell with his pet monkey, I have a couple old 8mm movies to show that. One time, I'm not sure why, I counted case after case of Black Label beer cans that were loose in the storage shed on the east end of camp.

Another time James Garner (the actor) came to camp and stopped into the mess hall on the south side of the street, he put his hand on my shoulder and said, "Hi, my name is James Garner." I didn't know who he was at the time, so, big deal. I also sat next to Martha Raye in Guam as we passed there, me going to Vietnam and she coming back. I just remember she was very tired. As for flying, I remember the back-up autorotations we used to practice over the airfield. Some of the crew names are familiar; I especially recall one gunner from Hawaii (I think) who had a reputation for opening beer cans with his teeth.

Thanks for giving us a place to share our memories, I'd love to hear from other 155 guys.

Jerry Burton, Stagecoach 12 & Falcon 12, '67 - '68

AIRCRAFT INCIDENT REPORT: UH-1C 66-15232 27 JUN 69

AC - SCHRADER, J, CE - MOSHER, C Aircraft on target during 3rd pass when rocket came out of tube striking aircraft and exploding. Need names and circumstances.

If I remember right, we were working out of Nha Trang. We were asked to go up in the mountains west of the city and provide support for ARVN troops on the ground. Right before we took off (and sorry, can't remember the PP or gunner), an artillery observer popped over and asked to ride in the jump seat in order to direct artillery if needed. He was a US Army 2nd LT. He had a mustache and bushy eyebrows, wearing jungle fatigues. We told him to come along.

When we got up there, the ARVN's reported contact and we rolled in to provide fire support. My wingman and I formed a daisy chain and began hitting the ground with rockets. On one of the passes, a rocket out of the left pod got its fins stuck in the tube and immediately began cooking. FZZZZZZZZZZZZSHHHHHH! Crew Chief Craig Mosher really deserves a medal for that day. He stuck his leg out there and began kicking the rocket trying to dislodge it from the tube. Even with all his efforts it would not budge; the son-of-a-gun just kept cooking. Next, in slow motion, I saw the warhead poop out about 30 feet in front of the aircraft, and then fall harmlessly to the ground. But the rocket motor continued to burn out of control.

KA..WHAM!!! The rocket motor had heated up and exploded. I remember a great flash, and a blast of heat tore through the cockpit. I saw or felt something hot and fast zip past my left shoulder, cross in front of me, and exit the door window - taking out the plexiglass with it. Several other windows were blown out from the concussion. I turned around to look in back, expecting the worst. I was surprised Craig had not received injury, as he had been right

over the rocket motor. We were all stunned by the force of the explosion, but everyone seemed OK. I called my wingman, explaining what had happened and my intentions. I called Nha Trang with a possible Mayday, because I didn't know the extent of damage to the chopper. We flew into Nha Trang, and I didn't waste any time getting the ship on the ground. In fact, I believe I made the skids smile a little that day. As we all got out, I noticed the LT's fatigues were scorched and still smoking. As he approached me, I could see that his mustache and bushy eyebrows were gone; they had been singed off in the explosion. He said to me, "I'll never ride in one of these mothers again!" And then he stalked off - trailing smoke.

232 wasn't badly damaged, but did stay in Nha Trang a couple of days for repairs. We rode a slick back to BMT that afternoon; another sortie completed, another day in the Nam. We would fly again the next day - no big deal. But I'll bet my pension that 2nd Louie never got on a bird again during his tour.

Jeff Schrader, Falcon 7, '68-'69

THE GET-TOGETHER IN MAINE

I want to thank all you people and your peter pilots for this last weekend. I went there very nervous about everything. I had never before attended any sort of 155 get-together, and I knew beforehand that no one from my time frame (early days) would be there, so I wouldn't be able to find any long-ago friends. It would just be guys who were at Ban Me Thuot, in my unit, from later years. I wouldn't know anybody! Like I said, I was very nervous - but within probably a couple of seconds of meeting Bob (host Bob Alberts) I felt at home, and then as each one of you arrived I felt immediately accepted and at home with you. You cannot believe what a feeling that is for basically a loner. The crews I flew with in 'Nam were always close, and I can see that we chopper boys are still close. I am still amazed by the whole weekend, and again I thank you all. You will be seeing me at every event I can get to - until you get sick of me.

Warren Smith, Stagecoach Wrecker CE, '65

"YOU'RE GOING TO ROCKET CITY!"

When I arrived at the 1st Aviation Brigade in April '70 (for my second tour), I requested the 92nd at Dong Ba Thin because my brother-in-law was the maintenance officer there. I didn't know anything about aviation units or their locations, and a year on the beach sounded pretty good to me. When I got to 10th Battalion HQ at Dong Ba Thin, my requested assignment was immediately approved. I spent the night in Alton's hootch, getting acquainted with the guys. The next morning, when I went in to see LTC Patellos (Bn CO), he put me at ease and then said he needed an experienced XO in Ban Me Thuot. He said he understood my desire to serve with my brother-in-law, and he would not order me to go. I had never heard of Ban Me Thuot; but since he asked, I told him I would go.

Needless to say, my newfound friends from the night before were shocked. "You're going to Rocket City!" they shrieked. "They get hit every night. They have more casualties than the rest of the Battalion combined. Red dirt and rockets - that place is a hell hole. YOU REALLY SCREWED UP!" And it kept up just like that, as we drank into the night. I hoped they were holding my wake prematurely - but wondered what I had gotten myself into.

The next day I loaded my gear on a Huey headed west. I had been a tank platoon leader my first tour, so the terrain was not totally unfamiliar. We approached over the Plantation, and landed in a cloud of red dust. In fact, the first thing I noticed was the red dust that coated EVERYTHING. I

reported to Major Luisi on the runway, where he had come to greet me. As we walked toward the company area, I saw that the orderly room and company offices were in real buildings - not converted tent pads like at Dong Ba Thin. I didn't see a single bomb crater. People were walking around unarmed, and in soft caps. The temperature was pleasant, and the sun was not reflecting off white sand like focusing mirrors. The major got me processed in, and the people treated me like a long lost brother. The Operation Officer, Roland Jarvis, showed me to the hootch I would share with him, the Old Man, and the Chaplain. I had a private room with a bed that had been built-in and lined with



Falcons 484 (front) and 049 at Duc My. Baldwin photo, '68.

PSP. Heck, that would have withstood an Arc Light! I could definitely sleep soundly. It was getting dark, so I requested directions to the latrine. I found a concrete building with hot and cold running water - AND FLUSH TOILETS! And it was right next to the SWIMMING POOL! When I laid my head on the pillow that evening, I thought back to all that I had been told the evening before. And then I thought of what I had seen during the day. One question just kept going round and round, like a Falcon in a racetrack pattern: How in the heck do these guys keep everyone believing that Rocket City stuff?

Chuck Markham, Stagecoach 5 - and the very last Stagecoach 6

THE EARLIEST DAYS My tour with the 155th was November '65 to November '66. We were the first company in Vietnam with the new Delta model slicks. That was a mixed blessing, because everybody wanted to use us, so we were never in BMT for more than a few days at a time. We went into all four military regions like a bouncing ball. We could be up in Cu Chi, finish an operation, and head back to BMT - but on the way receive a radio op message and instead fly somewhere else and land in the boondocks at Monkey Mountain, the Chu Pong, Ia Drang valley, or anywhere else in-country.

But all was not totally grim, there was humor, too. By late '65 the Army was scraping the bottom of the barrel for chopper pilots. All the cush jobs flying twins in England, Italy, Paris, Alaska, and Hawaii were coming to a screeching halt. The formerly-lucky Majors in those flying slots were finding themselves in chopper school for eight weeks, with a set of orders for 'Nam in hastily assembled air assault companies. One such company landed next to us one day over in Bong Son (or maybe Dong Ba Thin, I'm not sure). It might have been the 65th Air Assault Company. We learned they had 23 Majors and 6 light colonels in that company! They had Deltas, like us, and they had been attached to the 155th to follow us through Ops Planning, LZ recons, and finally, full-scale CA's. That night, one of our quick-thinking crew chiefs became a midnight Rembrandt. Their logo was a tiger on the door, with the slogan "Every Man a Tiger." Our crew chief added a second tag line to about eight of their birds; it read, "And every other one a Major." Needless to say, they were not at all happy with us, but we thought it was great - and so did Uncle Joe! (Joe Parlas, Stagecoach 6)

Robert W. Frost, aka "Captain Galoshes", Stagecoach 16/Falcon 6

A DAY IN THE NAM On guard duty, a couple of us had noticed that every time the base got hit there was a guy on top of the Shell station, and we guessed he was directing fire. We were getting real tired of that, so one night when we got hit we saw the guy up there - and we lobbed about fifty M-79 rounds over that way. I have some photos of the day after. We heard later they were looking for the guys who tried to level the station, but we never 'fessed up. Another time there was a show in the club, but we got hit and everyone had to go on alert. While we were on the berm waiting to see what Chuck would do next, word got out that some of the officers were back in the NCO Club continuing the party without us. Somebody was upset enough to fire off a few rounds near the Club, and it turned into a riot! Stars and Stripes reported that it was a racial incident, and I know a lot of transfers went through after that, but it was not racially motivated at all. Ahhh, the good ol' days!

Lou Lupo, '69

ASH & TRASH

WE NEED YOUR HELP The roster of found 155 guys continues to grow. We're about 300 so far, and a couple more find the Home Page every month. But we'd like to do more, and for that we need your help. We need ORDERS! Preferably, orders with social security numbers or army identification numbers on them. Flight orders, medal citations, duty rosters - anything at all with names of 155 guys on it will help. Come on, you've been meaning to dig into that old trunk in the attic - please do it, soon. If you don't have ID numbers, name and home town sometimes works for an Internet search; if you'll tell us who to look for, we'll try. Tom Mullen is our guy in charge of searches, so call or write him - PLEASE! We've had such a good time getting together with old friends, let's try our double doggonedest to provide the same opportunity to all former 155 guys.

REUNION 2000, LAS VEGAS - November 10 - 12, **next year**. Dave Pollock and Fred Williams are doing the work on this. We'll have hotel information in the next newsletter. If you're on-line, watch the Home Page for updates. Let's make this the biggest and best 155 party EVER!

STILL FLYING? - I know that a good number of you are still flying. For a future *Barb*, I'd like to make a list of those who are still braving the skies. (Recently retired from flying is close enough, too.) Let me know what you're flying, where you fly, how many total hours you've got, and the different types of aircraft you have piloted/crewed during your career. And, if you want, jot down a brief note about your most memorable flight. Send your info to either editor, and look for your name in the headlines of a future newsletter. Thanks.

"WWW.GEOCITIES.COM/PENTAGON/QUARTERS/1517" Earl and Mary Baldwin have done a fantastic job on this. When I last looked, the 155 Home Page had received eleven (yes, ELEVEN) awards as an outstanding Web Site. Mary is always putting new stuff up; this month it's a gaggle of photos of unknown 155 guys that she'd like your help in identifying. And the 155 photo montage is really neat, too. Check it out!

YOU SAW A WHAT??? Hey guys, you wouldn't believe how much grief I am taking over this. Someone, somewhere must remember this. PLEASE help me! It was sometime during the latter half of '70. We were done for the day, flying back single-ship from Duc Co with a brief stop at an outpost at a small volcano northwest of BMT. I can't remember who was flying, but we were low level as usual, not like the guns but rather real low level, like skids-in-the-grass stuff. All of a sudden there it was; A TANK, WITH A BIG RED STAR ON IT. We flew around it some; no people, no shooting - just a tank. After that, we just headed back to BMT. No one I have talked to seems to remember it. HELP!
If you remember this, please contact Bob Alberts.

AND YOU THINK YOU HAD IT ROUGH! The VHPA Membership Directory for 1994 includes some harrowing tales from Lam Son 719, the '71 incursion into Laos. Here's a sample: "The shot up Huey headed for Khe Sanh. Upon nearing the base, the pilot radioed the tower to declare his emergency and requested an immediate, straight-in approach. The tower cleared him in with this reply: 'Roger, you'll be emergency number three following the aircraft burning on short final.'"

DUES 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.

THE BATTLE OF BU PRANG AND DUC LAP, OCT-NOV '69 We've recently had two reminders of LZ Kate (near Bu Prang during the fall of '69). Robert Blake sent in a list of the crews on the night emergency resupply mission to LZ Kate (*one scary-arse night - personal note, ed.*). And 281st pilot Bob Mitchell has a great story on the Home Page about being escorted in to LZ Kate by an Air Force A-1 Skyraider. We'd like to feature the '69 battle of Bu Prang/Duc Lap in a future *Barb*. If you were there, write or call either editor and tell him what you remember.

COVER PHOTO The front of the new 155 T-shirt, designed by Pat and Jeff Schrader. The patches and campaign ribbon are full color, the top blaze is light blue, "155th AHC" is gold, the helos and terrain are black, all on a light grey Hanes Beefy-T.

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, Search Guy Bo Atkinson, Newsletter Les Davison, Newsletter

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HAPPY HOLIDAYS

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