



BAN ME THUOT BARB

Remembering the 155 Assault Helicopter Company - Sortie #14 - May 00

YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE

Ban Me Thuot, 1967. I was on flare standby and, after dark, we moved my ship (66-67215) to the flare standby pad, mounted the guns, and loaded 30 flares. I thought it might be a quiet night, so I went to bed early. I'd been flying a lot and was very tired. However, just a little past midnight, SGT Clearman woke me and said, "Somebody's getting hit! Get your gear and get to your ship!" I jumped up, grabbed my flight gear and armor, ran to the ship, untied the main rotor blade, yelled, "CLEAR TO START!" and jumped on board. My regular crew chief at that time was SP4 Buehner, 215's first crew chief, but he didn't make the flight that night. Why, I don't remember. The crew chief that night was a big, blond-haired Kansas farm boy who was new to the Company. I'm truly sorry I can't remember his name but I do remember he was a good one; he just tended to do things without thinking them through sometimes.

We reached the place that was being hit and began dropping flares so that the Falcons, flying down low, could see Charlie and hit him. The flares were 12 million candlepower magnesium. They had two fuses for ignition; the first blew the parachute out and the second ignited the flare. There was a long steel wire coming from the flare that you wrapped around your hand when you threw the 4 foot long canister out the door and jerked hard on it to ignite the flare. If the wire didn't break loose, you peeled your glove off and let it go. We'd dropped about a dozen flares when the new crew chief handed me the next one and said, "Let me drop it." And then he grabbed the flare!

I was attached and holding the canister when I saw that the fuse was burning. I instinctively put the flare over my shoulder when the parachute blew out and hit the new crew chief in the face. The canister felt red-hot even through the leather gloves, so I dropped it. I then realized that the flare was going to ignite. I now found myself fighting a huge, white parachute inflated by the 80 knot slipstream. It was impossible to get hold of the chute. I could also hear the canister rolling around on the deck of the ship. The crew chief was rolling around on the deck holding his face, so I was on my own. I was on my knees already, so I switched to sitting and began sweeping the deck of 215 with my legs. Luckily, I made contact with the flare canister and swept it out the door. I had just started to breath again when a banging came from the tail boom. It was the flare from hell, back again! The parachute had caught on the barrel of my M-60 machine gun. I leaped over the crew chief (still rolling around on the floor) and hit the "Flipper" quick-release to drop the gun barrel. And then . . . I just collapsed.

I'm not even sure the pilots realized what had happened. I was still recovering when I heard the command pilot (I don't remember who he was) say, "Bales, I think that dammed flare was a dud!" And so it was. I wish I had known that 60 seconds ago. Oh well. An experience, I thought. And I learned some valuable lessons from that incident. (1) Always expect the unexpected from a new guy; (2) never leave the barrel in the mounted M-60 while on flare standby; and (3) I don't like flare standby!

Jim Bales

WHEN I CAME TO BMT, EVERYTHING WAS DIRT

Ban Me Thuot !? That is what I thought when my platoon sergeant told me to pack because I was being transferred there tomorrow, and I would be the crew chief on the chopper that was being transferred there also. I was stationed at Pleiku at the time and had been there for 3 months into my second tour - after only 6 months of stateside duty. I thought I must have screwed up big time somewhere. I had been to BMT in '64 as a crew chief with UTT Helicopter, we went to support the Special Forces for about 3 days and had stayed in the Bungalow, and although kind of neat it was not what I wanted for a full tour. I had also gone there in the early part of '65 as a gunship crew chief to take their CO and Operations Sergeant on a recon flight, so I had no idea there was an aviation company there. I even wondered if I could wear a green beret.

At Pleiku I was a fill-in crew chief, not having a ship of my own I had to fly in everyone else's when they had a day off for one reason or another, and if no one was off I flew as a gunner. I never knew if I was going to be a gun or a slick. What I did know was that I lived in a wooden frame hootch with a tin roof that held 6 people, and gave lots of room. I also had cement sidewalks that led to a shower building that had flush toilets and hot showers. We also had a nice EM club, tennis court, hootch maids and steak and beer parties on a fairly regular basis. On the negative side, for the month of February we pretty much lived in bunkers with 50% alert each month. Due to the February 7th and 10th attacks there was a lot of dust, and sometimes the mess hall ran out of food. But what the hell! It was a combat zone, and - except for some missions - things weren't that bad.

When I arrived at BMT I couldn't believe it, there was a company there called the 155th and also the 165th Maintenance unit along with various support personnel. I was to become the crew chief of the 165th "Stagecoach Wrecker," which was the Huey B model that we flew from Pleiku. I was put up in a tent that had double bunks on each side with I don't remember but probably 20-30 men in the tent with no real room for personal things. The shower wasn't much as I remember and most of the time that I could get there any hot water was gone. Everything was dirt, the choppers were spread out over the grass by the runway, and most maintenance was pulled outdoors. The mess hall was in a building and except for breakfast the meals were acceptable and the cooks friendly and lenient in their feeding policy. Also if they were in there you could always get some coffee and a snack if they had it.

I at first caused a lot of conversation around the area, because I carried a Thompson submachine gun with me all the time and wore a floppy bush hat when we were on the ground during missions (a couple of things I learned on my first tour). I remember being chewed out a couple of hundred times by RLO's of the 155th, and they did eventually take my Thompson away but try as they might they never got my bush hat that I still wear to this day.

It was a real shock to be at BMT, but it turned out to be one hell of a unit that learned fast and became very capable flight crews. I really don't remember any names (which makes me real mad at times) but I do remember that there was a closeness that hadn't been matched in my other units. From talking to other BMT veterans of later years, that closeness seems to have stayed - and the compound and living quarters sure got better.

With all that, one thing still bothers me: you later guys put in a damn swimming pool at the 155? Even though I have seen the pictures, I still don't believe it!

Warren Smith, Crew Chief Stagecoach Wrecker, 1965

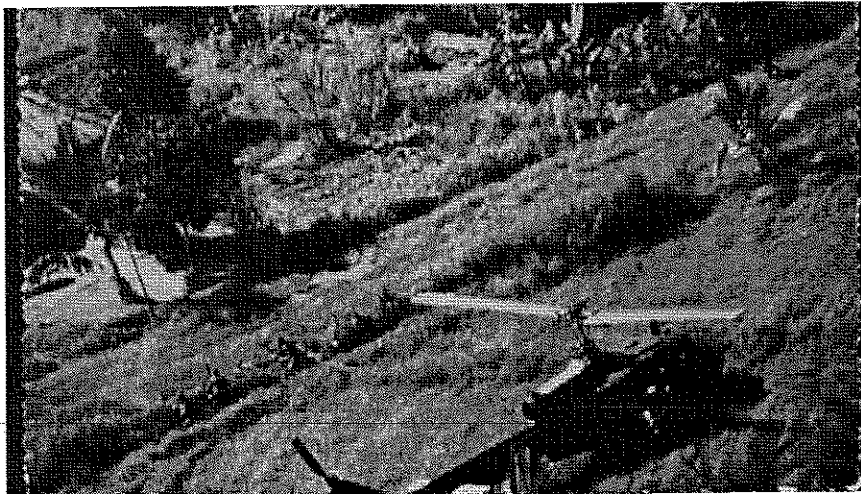
CHRISTMAS VILLAGE

Jim Sewell - I saw Clyde Watts' (Dustoff pilot) note in the November *Barb* about the Christmas eve rescue of a downed gunship crew. I can shed some light on that. The downed aircraft was my ship, Falcon 003, but it was being flown that day by my roommate, Jack Kottler. The peter pilot might have been J.O. Overstreet, I'm not sure. Backseaters were the regular crew: CE Jack Ross and DG Doug "Bear" Adams. They took a round through the engine oil cooler and made a forced landing. Interesting to note that the mission was to escort a slick on either an ice cream, "hot rats," or missionary support mission - and we were under a "cease fire" while Kissinger, et al, argued over the shape and height of the negotiation table in Paris.

Give Peace a Chance!! Ha!

Ed "Tally" Pledger - I was there. Jack Kottler was the pilot of the gunship that was shot down. I was the pilot of the gunship that fired over the head of the Dustoff ship. Sorry, Clyde, there were black pajamas on the hill just behind you as you were taking off, and I wanted to make sure you were able to. You were carrying a good friend of mine! We did have a lot to be thankful for that Christmas eve.

Jack Kottler - Yep, 'twas I in 003. Earl Fields was the peter pilot, Doug Adams and Jack Ross were the crew of the gunship at Lac Thien on 24 Dec 65. I looked at my flight records, it shows just a one half hour flight that day. One of the crew on Tally's ship took these pictures of us taking cover alongside the road, and then one of the Dustoff ship as it flared just before touchdown. After that day, we always called Lac Thien "Christmas Village."



Falcon 003, down near Lac Thien on Christmas Eve '65. The four crew can be seen taking cover in the ditch, just above the tail rotor in the photo.

CAN YOU HELP US FIND . . . ? **Darin Spalty**, '68 pilot; **SGT Clearman**, '68 platoon sgt; **SP4 Buehner**, '68 CE; **Jim Brady**, Falcon, '65-'66; **Edward H. Baggett**, Falcon pilot, '70. If you know the whereabouts of any of these guys, please contact any 155 AHCA occifer.

Paul Noble Larson - I am the son of WO Paul Noble Larson, who was killed near Cheo Rheo on April 19, 1968 (*mid-air collision - ed.*) on a combat assault mission. I would be grateful to hear from anyone one who knew my father. I was 4 and 1/2 and the oldest of 3 when this occurred and have learned that it is hard to find people to talk about it, but I must for obvious reasons, continue to learn as much as I can. Thank you from myself and my family for this web site and all the tributes for those who served!!
Scott W. Larson

MAIL CALL - sharing commo from our friends

Robert Muldoon - I served with the 155th Assault Helicopter Company from January 67 to Jan 68, call sign Falcon 4. Was with the NY state army national guard Jan 70 to April 92, retired as a CW4. Now I'm in Myrtle Beach.

Jim Koch - Just got home from a meeting of the Rocky Mountain Chapter of the VHPA. I proudly wore my 155th T-shirt! Obviously, everyone was jealous. That's a great shirt!

Geoff Jones - I flew with Marlin Johnson quite a bit when I first came in-country. It's great that he is to be honored. I still think of him - and still occasionally visit his grave to let him know we haven't forgotten.

Tony Giordano - I can't wait to see you and all the guys in Las Vegas in November.

Shawn Farnum - My dad **Bill Farnum** flew with 155th 1st platoon from 66 to 68 as a door gunner. I would enjoy receiving more info and pictures of him "please." Great site!

Bob Spencer - In 1972 I was assigned as an Advisor with the VNAF out of Nha Trang, and during the big NVA offensive I flew a VNAF UH-1H to the Ban Me Thout city airport and evacuated the last US people there. I would like to go back to Ban Me Thout and look around our old compound.

John Dowdy - I was with the 155th in early '69, but my heart was really into being a Dustoff pilot so my time at BMT wasn't all that noteworthy to anyone but me. Only feats I can remember were representing the 2nd Platoon at the club drinking contest ("autorotation" and "engine failure" drinks) and beating Jim Ulakovic to the Starlight ship.

Diz Gwaltney - I remember one time most of the Falcons got into a brawl at the Imperial Hotel in BMT. Now, I don't know why they were at a hotel when they had their own beds just a few blocks away, but I understand there was one hell of a donnybrook and MAJ Poole had to go bail the whole bunch out of the local clink. I never could understand why the Falcons weren't more popular with the White Mice. Could it have had anything to do with their after-hours employment? NAAAAHH!
Stagecoach 17

Jerry Bourquin - I have just received my latest *Ban Me Thuot Barb* and enjoyed reading through it. I am looking forward to attending the VHPA reunion in DC and the 155th reunion in Las Vegas in Nov. (I already have reservations for both). I am looking forward to seeing all the guys again, and of course listening to all the stories of what we did back then. Ha! Ha! I am still skydiving, flying helicopters, and working on movies, and most of all I'm beating this cancer thing, at least I am so far. Blue Skies and Skydive!
Falcon 3/Stagecoach 12

Gary Evans - I was with the 568th Medical Clearing Platoon at Camp Coryell for a while in late '67, then the rest of my tour with the 3/506th 101st. I was putting together some photos for a history that the former PIO is doing on that unit and found some photos of BMT. Send an e-mail contact and I'll send what pertains to the camp.

Frank Scarpati - I was a member of a team of USAF Forward Air Control Technicians from the Philippines who installed and maintained the radar site at BMT (Det 9, Pyramid Control) during numerous TDY's in 1967-68 timeframe. I am particularly interested in talking to anyone who was at BMT in Sep-Nov '67 and can fill in the blanks for me regarding a large-scale attack that took out most of the gunships. That was my first night in-country and I'm sure one of the Army NCO's who pulled me into the mortar pit and showed me how to set and load probably saved my life. If there is someone out there who can help me piece together this and other BMT events please contact me.

Grant Flanders - Howdy! I was very interested to read your unit history. I was an FO (Forward Observer) with 5/27 Arty in western Darlac and Quang Duc in 1969, and rode your machines many times. Am also a veteran of the LZ Kate E&E as described in the Feb. newsletter. 105 mm from Charlie Battery, 5/27th were there, we lost a guy MIA during the evacuation. Another fellow soldier, 20 years old, turned completely grey in about a month afterward. Glad you all are still around. Great site!

John Smith - I just found the Home Page. In the newsletter, I noticed a "Mail Call" item from John Houston, a pilot I flew with on many B50 missions. I also remember Mr. Johnson and Mr. Richardson; I am glad they are being remembered.

Bob Godfrey - Just got back from DC. Saw the Wall. The memories were overwhelming. My brother who was 13 at the time I was in-country just stared at all the names. Later he said that until he saw the Wall he had no idea of the amount of GIs that lost their lives. The Wall is not just for Nam vets, but also for families of vets. It helps to say that which we can not say ourselves. The power is awesome.

James Brainard - I was assigned to the 165 Trans. Det. in Feb 68, which later became the 155th AHC. I served as a 67N20 mechanic on UH-1's, joined the sheet metal shop and later ETS'd out with secondary MOS as 68G20 on March 30th 1970. I would like to hear from anyone who served during this period at Ban Me Thuot. This is my first attempt to contact anyone from my tour in Vietnam, I have many good and some not-so-good experiences to share.

James Hazelbaker - I was at Ban Me Thuot from 15 Jan 70-1 Oct 70 with 361st Signal Battalion. Whenever I hear of Vietnam era gunships I always think of the 155th. Cannot forget that darn loudspeaker in your area blasting "PLEASE REPORT TO 155 OPERATIONS IMMEDIATELY!" Also cannot forget times your birds flew at night and got the little people off our ass. Thank you all very much!

VIETNAMESE TOWN MARKS ANNIVERSARY

The central highlands town of Buon Ma Thuot geared up today for its biggest event in a quarter-century with a dress rehearsal for a rare military parade to mark its place in history. Hundreds of uniformed soldiers marched around the main traffic circle, where an old Soviet tank looms as a mute reminder of the battle for the town that marked the beginning of the end of the Vietnam War. On a bright, sunny day, viewing stands stood empty for the 1,000 guests that are expected on Friday. Communist forces took lightly defended Buon Ma Thuot in just a few hours on March 10, 1975, the first major victory in a final push that surprised even them with its efficiency and speed. In just over seven weeks, they would capture Saigon, the capital of U.S.-backed South Vietnam, and reunite the divided country, ending a bloody conflict that killed 58,000 Americans and 3 million Vietnamese soldiers and civilians.

The large scale of events in Buon Ma Thuot shows the importance that the government is placing on commemorations for a war that it often says it wants to put into the past. But it remains clear that Vietnam, while not seeking a formal apology from the United States or other countries that fought against the communists, would welcome aid, investment or reparations. With annual per capita gross domestic product of only \$370, Vietnam is one of the world's poorest countries. Negotiations are under way with Washington on setting up joint research into the long-term effects of toxic defoliants like Agent Orange that were sprayed to eliminate cover for Viet Cong and North Vietnamese forces, and which have been blamed for high rates of ailments among those exposed and birth defects in their children. Nearly five years after relations were normalized, the two countries also are trying to negotiate a trade agreement and other pacts.

Buon Ma Thuot and surrounding Daklak province have undergone a transformation since the end of the war. Thousands of members of ethnic minorities, sparked by "coffee fever," have moved from other parts of the country to set up plantations for the country's biggest export after rice. The nearby airport, the site of serious fighting for a week after Buon Ma Thuot fell, now is surrounded by swaths of the plants in the area's red earth. Leading up to the parade Friday that also will include groups of farmers, youths and women, Buon Ma Thuot has made the traditional slaughter of a water buffalo.

AP News; March 09, 2000 by Paul Alexander in Vietnam

HOW STAGECOACH 6 GOT HIS BULLWHIP

Got my copy of the *Ban Me Thuot*

Barb today. It's really good to see the old timers writing articles. The one that caught my eye was written by David Helton about Major Joe Parlas (Bullwhip 6). Everybody knew who you were talking about if you mentioned Bullwhip 6. I don't know where Jim Brady is, but I knew him and flew at the same time he did with the Falcons. I know one thing he did do - one day he came back from town with a horsewhip. After a little discussion and a few dares from the rest of us, he decided that MAJ Parlas ought to have the whip to go with his nickname. He had a gold plate put on the handle and engraved "TO BULLWHIP 6 FROM THE FALCONS." He presented it to MAJ Parlas, and we did see him carry it around. I wonder if he still has it? I really like Gene Powless' idea of the "Windows" (155 photo gallery). I do have some pictures of "MISS J" I will send, as soon as I can have my daughter Deb show me how to do it. (I'm not to handy with this computer gadget.) I never did ask you if you knew Pledger; it seems like about everybody did, he sure seemed to get around.

Ralph Dietlin

FIXING A FLAT: MEMORIES OF MY FRIEND HARRY

Hope things are going good for you! Wrote this to send to Harry's wife and thought maybe it qualified as some kind of history thing. At any rate it was a bit of a heart thumper and something I'll never forget. I served with some really great people and probably one of the gentlest yet strongest men I've ever met. I would like to thank him for being a friend. His name was Harry W. Pipkin of Baxley, GA. He was the CO's driver by day and a Commo man by night. One afternoon we were informed that a replacement was scheduled to arrive at Ban Me Thuot East airport within the hour and needed to be picked up. It was late in the afternoon and I offered to go along to ride shotgun for Harry. We passed through the QC checkpoint enroute and got there with no problem. The person that was to arrive wasn't there and after waiting a while and checking with the controller were told that the flight was canceled. We started driving back and about half way between the QC shack and the airport we got a flat tire. Keep in mind it was getting dark and the road was lined on both sides with dense forest. We went about changing the tire getting the spare tire from its mount and started loosening the lug nuts. They were really tight, but Harry was able to break them loose. I removed some of the lug nuts while he went to get the jack out. No jack! He looked at me and I at him. We'd been in better places in our lives. We thought it unsafe to separate and go for help. We looked around for downed logs or something to use for prying leverage but there was none to be found. Harry looked at the back of the jeep and said maybe he could lift it up. He gave lifting it a try and thought he would be successful. So, I took all of the lug nuts off, put the spare right next to the wheel well and got everything ready. He then put his back to the right rear corner of the jeep and while he lifted it I took off the flat tire and put on the spare. We then proceeded back through the QC checkpoint and back to the compound. To make our assumption of not separating seem wise, two days later we heard that the VC had blown up the QC checkpoint shack. My friend, Art Rizza, while trying to find members of Co A/155 found out that Harry died of a heart attack in 1990. I just want to take this time to say "THANK YOU" and rest in peace my friend.

Frank Miceli, Company Clerk, '65-66

MEMBERSHIP WINNERS

Each year we do a drawing to award prizes to dues-paying members of the 155 AHC Assn. For 1999, Vince Giarratano won the Grand Prize, a Joe Kline Vietnam helicopter painting. Honorable mention went to Robert Rackoff, who was awarded a spiffy new 155 AHC t-shirt. Muchas gracias to all you dues payers. If you can send something, dues are \$25 per year, make checks payable to "155 AHCA" and send them to me at the address at the end of the newsletter. Again, thank you.

Jeff Schrader, Falcon 7, Treasurer

P.S. Contact Jeff about the 155 T-shirts, too - get 'em while they last!

BAGS' BAD DAY

I'm sorry, I can't even remember Baggett's first name, we just called him "The Bags." He was a hillbilly redneck and real down-to-earth guy, I can see how the crew guys liked him....I did too. Seems to me he fell in love with an indigenous lady and when I left he was trying to get a visa for her. I don't know what ever happened to him. I do remember the time he had a very bad day - and he wasn't even flying. We must have shuffled the crew schedule or something one day, because I was flying with some of his stuff. It was cold, and I recall borrowing his flight jacket. I was flying in the left seat of a hog, checking out a new team lead. As the day wore on and the temp came up, I stuffed the jacket between the seat and the console. Then, on the way home we flew over an agricultural area (very low, of course) and took a nominal amount of fire. The ship we were in had the doors off and, since I had no weapons station, I was popping off with Bags' M-1 carbine out the door. To this day I'm not sure, but either the CE or the bad guys shot the carbine. My hands were tingling like heck! Somehow I managed to hang on to the gun - but as we used to say, it was "shot to shirt." To make it worse, rounds came up through the floorboards between the left seat and the console and tore the living "stuff" out of Bags' jacket. It looked liked a moth factory remnant. If there was any way that bad guy could have known what he did to Bags' rifle and jacket, he would still be laughing. As you might imagine, Bags was less than ecstatic when I found him in the hootch and gave him back his broken carbine and shredded jacket. Oh well, there you have my Baggett story. I think I may owe that guy a jacket - or at least a drink. Maybe he will show up in Vegas, and I'll pay off then.

Mike Stark, Falcon 6, '70

God and the Falcon, all men adore, *
 In time of danger, and not before. *
 The danger past and all things righted, *
 God is forgotten, and the Falcon slighted. *

by John Grow, Falcon 3 *

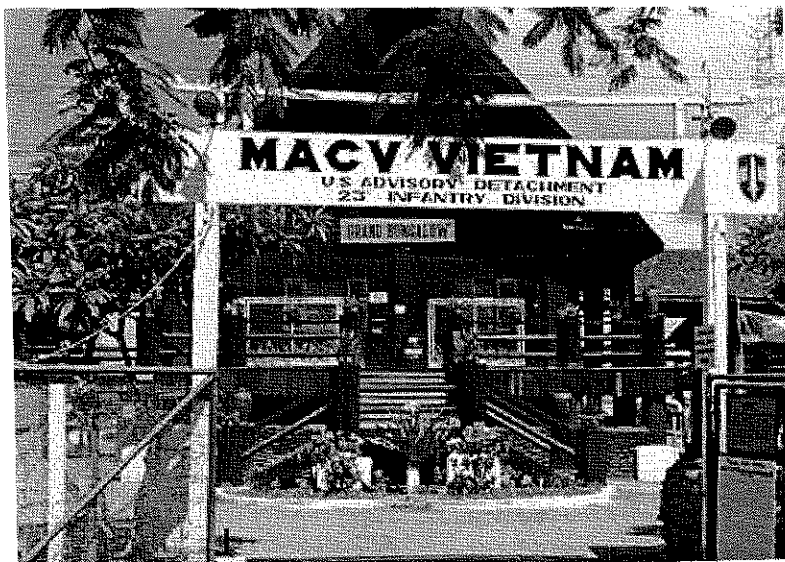


 Photo caption: The Bungalow in downtown Ban Me Thuot was a landmark. Teddy Roosevelt may (or may not) have stayed here when he came to hunt tigers. The Bungalow burnt to the ground in 1970, likely as a result of faulty wiring.

Photo by Norm Swafford.

ASH & TRASH

MARLIN JOHNSON IS HONORED

Marlin Johnson was killed on 20 April '70 in Cambodia, trying to pull a B-50 team in heavy contact. On 4 May '00, the 10th Aviation Brigade at Fort Drum, NY, dedicated its headquarters building in his honor. Marlin's mother, two sisters, and three nephews came to the dedication, as did nine 155 guys. Three who came were Bob Beaudreault, Lew Sain, and Gene Breslin, all of whom were on the B-50 mission the day Marlin went down. The Johnson family are wonderful people - no surprise to those of us who knew Marlin. I hope that we were able to convey that Marlin is special not just to them, but to all his 155 brothers as well. Further info will be available in the next newsletter.

GETTIN' TOGETHER

Talk about a one in a million find! My wife and I were at an LAPD dinner last month. This dinner was a post-party for a Police Motorcycle Competition my department had hosted earlier in the day. We had teams from all over the state along with about 5,000 spectators. This has been going on for 13 years. This dinner was held at the American Legion in Seaside, CA where we live. I did not know all the people there nor did my wife but we had a nice time meeting new friends. As we were leaving I stopped to talk with someone I knew from the Santa Rosa Police Dept. He was talking to another officer from his PD who I did not know at this point. I talked to my friend for about five minutes or so and said we really had to go because I was beat from the day's activities. I had coordinated this event and was bone tired. Hell, I'm 52, I'm entitled to get a little tired now and then. Someone mentioned an aircraft that had made an emergency landing on the highway close to us. My friend said to his buddy, "Brad, you were a pilot in 'Nam, go fly that thing." No other comments were made at this point, and we were just walking away when this guy Brad walked past me and smiled saying "goodbye." I asked where he was in Vietnam just in passing, expecting him to say 173rd Abn or 1st Cav or some other unit. No such luck, gang. He said, "I was in Ban Me Thuot." And of course I said "Who with?" And his reply was "The 155th Avn Co from '67 to '68." I felt this warm but scary feeling come over me and said "So was I, what's your name?" "**Brad Marsh, Falcon 2.**" I told him my name and I was Falcon 232 and the reunion was on, as were the hugs. I recognized his name right off, as he did mine. The wives' mouths dropped open as we went back and forth with ever present "Do you remember the time . . . ?" And so on and on and on and on, well, you get the picture. This was a truly one in a million shot and what a find!! My old pilot! I still cannot believe it. Anyway, I asked if he was going to the reunion and he said, "I am now" after we told him we were. Just thought I'd share this remarkable reunion, and wonder if any more stories are out there? Doesn't the Lord work in mysterious ways? This had to be a fate/destiny/dogma/karma kind of thing. See you all at the reunion, with Brad Marsh - I know where he lives now. **Craig Mosher, CE, Falcon 232**

VHPA CONVENTION IN WASHINGTON, DC

All 155 guys are invited to an open house at my place in Arlington, VA; plans are still being developed, but it will probably be Saturday, 1 July. My address is below, send a card or an e-mail or call me at 703-524-0989 to let me know if you'll be able to drop by. Backseaters and non-flyers are especially welcome. *Les Davison*

REUNION in LAS VEGAS - TAIL STINGER 2000

November 10 - 12, 2000. This

looks to be THE PARTY of the year! We'll be at Fitzpatrick's Hotel in downtown Las Vegas; toll free reservations at 1-800-274-5825. A room for two is \$70 per night, be sure to tell them you're with the 155 AHC Reunion to get that rate. If you're on-line, watch the Home Page for updates. Dave Pollock and Fred Williams are doing the work on this. Here's the list of people planning to be there; please consider adding your name to the list.

Wouldn't Miss It: Ken Acker, Bob Alberts, Al Arrendondo, Robert "Bo" Atkinson, Pat Avery, Jim Bales, Robert Blake, Jerry Bourquin, Jerry Burton, Lynn Chandler, Larry Colgan, Jim Cunningham, Mark Cowles, Les Davison, Ken Donovan, John Dowdy, Rick Farlow, Jim Ferris, John Finneren, John Gann, Bob Gardner, Tony Giordano, Bobby Goolsby, Charles Green, John Grow, Dan Gwaltney, Calvin Hilton, Rein Hofgesang, Roland Jarvis, Doug Kahler, Tom Love, Chuck Markham, Brad Marsh, Harry Martin, Larry Matthews, Vince McDonough, Cecil McGee, Craig Mosher, Tom Mullen, Dean Owen, David Pollock, Gene Powless, Delmer Sayer, Jeff Schrader, Norm Simpson, Dave Skoog, Warren Smith, Dick Sperling, Davey Stanely, Mike Stark, Mark Stuart, Robert Stucke, Norm Swafford, Carl Sypniewski, Roger Thompson, Fran Tiner, Rod Wadell, Fred Williams, Dave Wyatt.

Maybe Baby: Pete Agur, Earl Baldwin, Bob Beaudreault, Gene Breslin, Wayne Cranford, Al Fitzgerald, Dale McClure, Jim Osborn, Joe Parlas, Duane Poulin, Lew Sain, Wes Timmons.

It should go without saying that wives, children, relatives, and friends are welcome to join in the fun.

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

It is my absolutely unbiased opinion that the 155 Home Page is the best one on the Internet. A good number of the Vietnam helo units now have their own Home Pages; some are OK, some are good - and then there's the 155 Home Page. All of you who have visited already know that it's in a class all by itself. **PLEASE** do yourself a favor and drop on by. Even if you don't have a home computer, it will be worth your while to go to a friend's house or the local library to log on. Mark my words! If there's anyone out there who can't find something of interest on the Home Page, I'll buy you a cup of coffee at Las Vegas. This month's item of special interest is a 100 piastre note with the following handwritten message: "Honey, I missing you very much. Hope you come in Dalat see me soon."

SWEAT AND SANDBAGS: FROM THE EDITOR'S BUNKER

OK, this has gone on for long enough. You guys are surely tired of this editor by now, so it's time for someone else to do the newsletter. We're looking for a volunteer to take over after the reunion in Las Vegas. Great pay, wonderful benefits, all the perks - sign up today, before the rush! If you think you'd like to help, contact any 155 occifer.

COVER PHOTO: Stagecoach slicks in close formation. This photo was taken sometime in 1970, by 52nd Battalion photographer Bruce Bartow. It's strictly a WAG, but I'm guessing the photo was taken during May, when we took elements of the 4th Infantry Division into Cambodia. When we staged at Duc Co and Plei Djerj for the Cambodian incursion, most all of the Pleiku aviation units (52nd Bn.) were there, too. (In 1970 the 155th was part of the 10th Battalion, not the 52nd.)

155 AHCA officers are:

Dean Owen, Pres.

Al Arrendondo, 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

155 AHC Assn.
610 Louisiana Ave
Cumberland, MD 21502

