

# BAN ME THUOT BARB

Remembering the 155 Assault Helicopter Company - Sortie 24 - Apr 03

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## BAND OF BROTHERS

Talk about a group from all around who ended up together in a far off land  
We became a band of brothers from Medical Detachment # 8 who went to make a stand.

Ban Me Thuot, Republic of Vietnam, was our home away from home.  
Our mission was to serve the men of the 155th Assault Helicopter Company  
The brave men who flew ships called the Stagecoaches and the Falcons  
We band of brothers have gone our separate ways

Now trying to find each other as we are reminded of our glory days.

Days that seemed so long ago are from a distant past  
In our day dreams and in our visions of the night our memories held fast

I often wonder what happened to this band of men

They were my friends so very long ago.

I look at old faded photographs and I feel full of pride

As I recalled our time together so long ago.

We seemed so young back then and so very thin

I miss this band of brothers and long to see them once again.

Lloyd Beemer was my very first friend in a place called Plieku

Assigned to guide me around, he just liked to have fun, he was cool.

We became fast friends, he was always there with a ready smile.

There we met a tall dark Dr. named Merrill Mirman - he liked us right away

He took us with him to 8th Medical in Ban Me Thuot.

He taught us about treatment, suturing and such, we mostly did sick-call.

There I met Alan Rosenbaum, he was from Philly, we could tell

He talked that way, we just called him Rosey, he asked questions night and day

He ordered supplies and in his haste he ordered 18 crates of band aids,

I think they are still using them today in that land so very far away.

He had a pal named Tom Wanyo, they were home town boys for sure

Two guys from Philly and the good old Dr. Mirman was from there too.

Somehow I think we survived listening about the great state of PA.

They talked of friends from back home from day to day

It helped to pass the time away.

Then there was Reyna we called him Peanut for short

I think he was from Chicago - a guy who knew a lot.

He was well versed and liked to poke fun and he is not forgot

He made it interesting for sure. He and the brother named Jim Waters

Were fast friends to be sure. We all lived together trying to survive so very far away.

How can we forget our lab guy William Pishlo - he joined right in fitting in with us

He completed this band of brothers with his sense of wonder and humor to be sure.

So wherever you all are today I wish and hope and pray you are well

And that as you go from day to day

That you'll stop and wonder about each of us.

Please don't stop your searching to find us all for I hope we can come together

One day to just to say.....WELCOME HOME MY BROTHERS.

The Brotherhood shared by the medics at the 8th Medical Dispensary at BMT during 1968-69 included Dr. Merrill Mirman, Alan Rosenbaum, Tom Wanyo, Peanut Reyna, Jim Waters, William Pishlo, Lloyd Beemer, and I. *I have located Dr. Mirman, Lloyd Beemer, Alan Rosenbaum; still trying to find Reyna, Waters, Pishlo, and Wanyo.*

*Kerry "Doc" Pardue*

## WHAT ABOUT THE CREWS?

This is in response to the *Barb* article, "AWARDS OF THE AIR MEDAL for HEROISM." I don't mean to take anything away from the pilots, or pith anybody off. But why were only the 5 officers awarded the Air Medal with V for Heroism? Were they the only ones that were there? NO! In fact, it was the crewchief and gunner that set up in the open doorway and their marksmanship that also contributed to the success of that mission. And what did they get for their part? Why does the Army (all branches, for that matter) have two sets of standards; one for the officers and one for e/m? My understanding is that once that ship left the ground that we were a crew, AIRCREW, with each having a special job to do to complete the mission. When all things went well, we completed the mission. But when all things didn't go well, men were hurt, and when things went very bad the ship and CREW were lost. We were a crew from beginning to end. So when it comes time to get AWARDS, to me, it should be the whole crew, not just the officers.

*Wayne Cranford, Falcon Crew Chief*

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## REMEMBERING CHARLIE MILLARD

I read in the *Barb* that Charlie Millard's body had been recovered; I'm glad he's finally home. I flew my first operational missions in Vietnam in September, 1965, with Charlie. After a few days at Tan Son Nhut, I had made my way to BMT (big story), spent one night in a nearly-empty company compound, and then rode the maintenance ship to join the company back near Saigon. In fact, we were in the Michelin Rubber Plantation.

Once there, I was assigned to Charlie's crew. As night fell, we tried to make ourselves comfortable in the back of our slick. An hour or so later, the perimeter - about ten meters away - opened up, with lots of stuff going both directions. I bailed out one door of the D model and Charlie out the other. We literally ran into each other at the nose of the helicopter, with Charlie brandishing an M60 and screaming, "What's the immediate action on this son of a bitch?" We got it working and he joined the gunner on the perimeter. We flew together, mostly in support of the Royal Australian Regiment and on several GRF's, for the next two weeks, before finally returning to Ban Me Thuot. Charlie was a prickly, loveable guy who lived to fly. He taught me a lot.

*Bill Zierdt, Stagecoach3/Falcon33*

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## MAIL CALL - Sharing Commo Among Friends

**Jim Abbott** - I'll be glad to sign up for the E-mail list to receive the *Barb*. Special thanks to Mary Baldwin for an exceptional Webpage.

**Tom Hunt** - Dear Jeff, I put a check in the mail for the *Barb* today. I added a little extra in case someone can't get you a check; some of our members may not be as fortunate as I have been. Hope everything is OK with your son. I worry about my son as I'm sure you do about yours. He is a SSG at Ft. Campbell. Says he enjoys the infantry and will not do anything else. As I recall, we also thought we were bulletproof.

**Dave Alessi** - Please remember and don't ever forget POW/MIA. I was a SP5 in 2nd Flight Platoon in 1970, I flew ship 352 with Mr. Poast.

**Jim Osborn** - My wife Julie and I really enjoy receiving the *Barb*.

**Cecil McGee** - When I receive my copy of the *Barb*, I drop everything to read the latest news about the "old" unit and the guys we served with. I save every copy. My accountant (the wife) will be sending dues. You guys were - and still are - the greatest!

**Pat Goerig** - Thanks for all your efforts for all of us!

**Frank Floyd** - Enjoyed Sortie 23 of the *Barb*, I was the Ops Sgt at the time of the incident leading to the award of the Air Medal to Langenfeld, McGinnity, Owen, Reyher and Ulakovic. Wish I could have made the Florida meet last year, maybe next time. I'm sending my dues to Mr. Schrader today.

**Jack Coonce** - I moved to Tyler, TX about a year ago. Down here, I've got customers at the industrial park that Fort Wolters evolved into. It's a very strange feeling, walking around the deserted barracks.

**Craig McAvoy** - I enjoy being in the loop with the 155th AHC. Unfortunately my father passed away ten years ago - much too young. He had told me much about the 155th and his experiences. I have a ton of his pictures that I will pass on to you guys via e-mail.

**Howard Wiggs** - I have two Robinson R-22's, I now have 120 hrs of flight time. I am going to have "Stagecoach 392" put on the mast. I flew down to see Pam and Danny Lauer at Crestline (OH), but no one home. I left 2 Stagecoach aviation hats.

**Dale Davis** - Thanks for taking the time to do the *Barb*. Here's my e-mail address.

**Frank Alotta** - Just to let everyone know that I am still alive and kicking - but do drink now at a very slow pace a few times per year. The way I figure, I had my share of the fluids of the Gods.

**Tom Charbonneau** - Pilot (WO) with the 155th in 1969.

**Jack Kottler** - Pass on to Jeff that I intend to send him a couple of years dues this week, I always seem to forget but I definitely will get some \$ out to the unit this week. God Bless and take care!!

**Don Robinson** - Thank you very much. Great bunch of stories.

**Ralph Dietlin** - Sure enjoy the *Barbs*. Thought it was all through, being I didn't receive one in quite a while.

**Ken Blankenship** - Will put \$30.00 check in mail to Mary. Have thought about those years a lot. Thanks for doing the site.

**Randy Northuis** - Just received the latest *Barb*. Great work. The electronic format is a great idea and lot more efficient. Understand the treasury is running low, so here is a little something to keep things going.

**Dale York** - Thanks for the newsletter.

**Jim Ferris** - Thanks for keeping the *Barb* alive!

**Steve Kelley** - Thanks, the *Barb* made my day! Hope to see y'all at the next reunion...depends on how long it takes us to kick butt in Iraq. (Steve is an active duty US Air Force officer - *Ed.*)

**Mike Goldenbee** - I really enjoy the *Barb* and look forward to it in the future.

**Ken Lombardi** - Dear Jeff (seems non-standard calling officers by first names!) Glad I stumbled upon the 155 site, never knew it was there! Good on ya for all of it. Feels good to have all you guys sticking together like this, but I'm not surprised! Our unit was always this way, from start to end!

**Phil Hocking** - Enjoyed reading the latest *Ban Me Thuot Barb*.

**Duane Poulin** - The other night I thought of Mother's Day '70, up west of Kontum. We had gone back to cover an extraction, we had rearmed at some small airfield and on our way back we were told to abort because the team had been lost. We weren't that far away, but the bad guys were closer. It was so late we had to RON up there somewhere. The next day was the last day I flew; I was short, 8 days to ETS. It was a long flight to BMT. I didn't really want to quit flying, but Les (Davison) and Mac (McElveen) convinced me with some words of common sense.

**Kevin Farrington** ('70) - I got the note included in the *Barb* to message you via email so that you can transition the newsletter to electronic mail. Thanks for your time.

**Jari Salo** (from Sweden, who logged on the Home Page and asked for a copy of the *Barb*) - Thank you, Mary, for letting me share the newsletter. It was just brilliant reading. I hope I'd get those in the future also. It was so very interesting to read those stories from the guys who were there. I have read many books, mostly about Special Forces, LRRPs, Seals so this newsletter gives me another view to the war. Give my greetings to those who were there.

**Mike Stark** - Mainly because I couldn't stand long lines - and the longest was the discharge line - I wound up making a career of the Army.

**Sam Schwartz** - I was Pterodactyl 36, the HQ-based recon platoon leader. I remember that I took a number of 155 helo pilots for recon rides. The trick was to not let the back seat shoot a hole in the wing strut. Baaaad thing to do.

**John Betz** ('66)- You're doing an outstanding job with *Barb*!

**John Ahearn** - Wanted to drop a note to all of you and let you know that Dean Owen was on a business trip here and several of us got together for dinner last night. We made a point of inviting all of the 155th AHC people we knew of here in the Phoenix area. So we were able to also get together with Royal Sander, Phil Watson, and Sheldon Reyher and their wives, as well as Mike Stark, whose wife had a prior commitment. We shared stories from several different tours during several different years at Ban Me Thuot.

**Gerald A. "Sandy" Smith, Jr.** - I have been an attorney in Nashville, TN for more than twenty-five years. In another life, I was a young helicopter pilot with the 155th. In fact, I was the aircraft commander of the slick pictured in the *Barb* (Sortie 23), returning from the successful prisoner snatch mission. I had long since forgotten the event until I saw COL Franzyshe's posting on the Home Page last year. As I recall, I was in the second platoon from October 1968 until September 1969. The snatch mission was in mid-September 69. Unfortunately, I do not remember the others flying on my aircraft that day.

**Dave Pollock** - Great lead story in the *Barb*. It was good to see our guys get recognized for a very bad day.

**Bob Gardner** - We went into the Happy Valley southeast of BMT one time in early '69 and got a ton of "Yards" shot to pieces. I'm sure Jeff (Schrader) will remember this day, because he took a round in the tail rotor driveshaft. Also the same day we were taking 50 cal fire from a church tower, and we had a tape recording of what we thought was Russian being spoken over the radio. A VERY exciting day in the neighborhood.

**Wayne Cranford** - I'm on the Web. Thanks to everyone for your work keeping the 155 alive and going; you're doing a dam fine job! PS - My dues are in the mail. "Falcon 9, Over and Out."

**Doug Logan** - I was with the 155th from July 1970 until the unit stood down, in December, if I remember right. I was in the convoy that drove down to Dong Ba Thin to turn in a lot of the gear. I was an Avionics Tech, SP5.

**Herb Hess** - Thanks for sending *Barb*. I still keep in touch with some of the guys; Tom Love, Duane Poulin, Dan Reeves (did I tell you he came out for a visit?), and I can catch up with Bob Gardner from time to time. Seems to me that most of the missions I flew were with you and Bob. Duc Lap usually. Had some good times out there; a few bad ones on the way back, too. I sit around thinking on those days a lot.

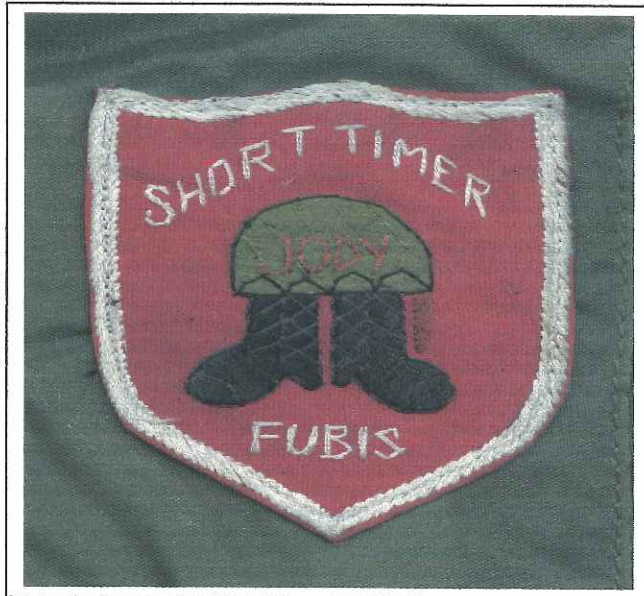
**Gene Steele** - I have many memories of BMT. Regards to all.

**David Groen** (Stagecoach 11, December 1970) - I was the last to leave the 155th when it deactivated. I ended up with the FUBIS badge and I still have it.

**Dave Churilla** - It's great to have the *Barb* back, keep up the good work!

**Ken de Russy** - I was one of the USAF Security Police at BMT in late '69. At Camp Coryell, you 155 guys took care of the outer perimeter, while we kicked back about 100 meters from the Plantation! On the other hand the enemy seemed to feel our observation tower, which may have been the highest structure in the compound, was an important target. I distinctly remember one night atop the tower, when we heard and saw an RPG leave the launcher in the Plantation and come directly at our position. We watched it intently as it went by us - at eye level, about 30 or 40 feet away. Talk about time slowing down!!! The round impacted near our back gate next to the runway. WOW! Thank you for letting this USAF guy be part of your group. I am immensely proud to be associated with such an amazing group of soldiers and airmen.

**Rein Hofgesang** - We went to a wedding a couple weeks ago, the groom is a Special Forces E-7 platoon leader medic. He's in Afghanistan by now. I met some of his friends, and they reminded me of us when we were young - gung ho and no fear.



The FUBIS patch, which was passed along to be worn by the shortest 155 officer. The last part of "FUBIS" stands for "Buddy, I'm Short."

*Thanks to David Groen.*

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**SECRET AGENT MAN - IN THE 'O' CLUB**

In late '70, there was a black SP/4 who worked in the BMT Officers' Club. One night when everybody had left the club but me and him, he started talking and complaining about his job. I reminded him that he had a pretty safe job - considering he was in a combat zone. He looked at me and said, "This is not my real job. I work for and answer only to a CID General in Saigon."

I thought he was just talking goofy, so I started laughing. He then said that at any time he wished, he could make one call and a plane would be at 155 in 2 hours to pick him up - and there would be no records that he ever existed in 155. I tried to calm him down from what I thought was "crazy" talk from a disgruntled Grunt. The next thing he did was open his wallet and pull out two military ID's, one showing his name and rank as a Spec 4, the other with a different name (his real name) and a rank of Captain. I still did not believe him, so he went on to say that his mission in 155 was an undercover drug investigation only, and had nothing to do with the PX/Club System. I brushed off the rest of what he had to say that night.

The next morning, I had to see MAJ Steele (155 CO) in his office about another matter. When we finished discussing whatever it was and I was about to leave, I said to MAJ Steele in a laughing way, "You will never believe what Spec 4 (Name Forgotten) told me last night." The smile went off the major's face and he said, "What did he tell you?"

I started telling him, and the next thing I knew, MAJ Steele got up from his desk, circled around behind me, closed the door, sat back down, looked sternly into my face and said, "I want to know exactly every word he said to you!" I asked, "What was the problem?" He said, "Never mind, just tell me."

After I finished telling him, he sent somebody to get the Spec 4/Captain and had him brought to his office. MAJ Steele then "went hot" on him for talking to me about highly classified information. You can imagine how dumbfounded I was at that time. MAJ Steele then told me that only he, the Spec 4, and a CID General in Saigon knew about the Spec 4 and his assignment. I was told that I'd better not say a word to anybody about the matter, which I never did because I was also told that the Spec 4's life had already been threatened. (After I was medevaced back to the States, I saw Fred Williams and told him about it – but I never told anybody else until my e-mail yesterday.)

MAJ Steele made a phone call, and within 24 hours, that Spec 4 was gone from 155 - and so were all the records showing he was ever there. Right before he left, I asked him why he had told me, and he said, "Because I liked you for always showing me respect, and more importantly, I WAS READY TO GET BACK TO SAIGON." Thinking about this whole matter after he left, I was impressed at how well the Spec 4/Captain had worked his way into the confidence of all the other enlisted men, while putting up with a lot of crap from subordinate officers. And he never let it show how much he hated the other details he had to do (such as the weekly "shirt" burning, hooch maids, and other thankless details.) I never heard any more about him or the incident after he left, and I sure never mentioned it to anyone. In fact, in 30+ years, this is only the second time I've told this story to anyone.

*Bob Goolsby, Stagecoach, '70*

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## WELCOME TO THE NEW 155<sup>th</sup> AHC ASSOCIATION DATABASE GUY

Gentlemen and ladies, I've assumed the responsibility for maintaining the 155<sup>th</sup> AHC, and co-located units, roster information (e.g., names, addresses, phone numbers, e-mail addresses, tour dates, etc.). To simplify this activity, I've created a database that will make data update and retrieval easier. This will greatly simplify our newsletter distribution both by e-mail (for those with that capability) and by postal distribution. Another benefit of the database is the ability to identify who lives close to whom, if you would like to organize "mini-reunions" in your immediate area to stay in close communication with your old Ban Me Thuot buddies. Just send a request to me (addresses are shown below), indicating your intent and what state(s) or cities you would like to have contact information for and I'll send you the names of the folks that live in that area with their e-mail address, mailing address, and phone numbers (some members might choose not to be included in additional contact activities and their names will be withheld).

The success of the database is dependent on **YOU!** We need you to help keep the information in the database current. If you move, change your e-mail address, phone number, etc., please keep me informed. You can e-mail or "snail mail" changes to me at the following addresses:

E-mail: [lmattthews11@nc.rr.com](mailto:lmattthews11@nc.rr.com)

Larry Matthews  
711 Walsenburg Drive  
Durham, NC 27712

If you've got any questions, or there's anything I might be able to help with, please make contact. Until then, stay safe, stay healthy, and please . . . stay in touch!

*Larry Matthews, Stagecoach 293 CE, 2<sup>nd</sup> Flt. Plt., '70*

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## HOME PAGE HIGHLIGHTS

It's been a busy few months for the 155 Home Page. There have been more than 3,000 visitors to the page since the last edition of the newsletter. Updates include 'Looking For.....' and the 'On-Line Roster'- including all members "found" during the last quarter, and guest book sign-ins. Additions to 'In-Country Publications' include an excerpt from the 52nd BN Dragon News sent in by Bo Atkinson, and an article excerpted from Stars and Stripes sent in by Leonard Orr. There also are two new current events pages: one tells about Mike Stark's Vietnam era Huey Cobra Restoration Project in Hartford, CT; the second features pictures from Texas Motor Speedway late last month. It seems that three former 155 guys "dropped in" on Bob and Jaynee Gardner in Ft. Worth, Texas – and it just happened to be NASCAR weekend. Even so, the Gardners treated them cordially.

Over the last three months, over 300 Vietnam photos have been sent in for posting on the Home Page. Many, many thanks to 155 Photo Page contributors Mike Trux, Ken Blankenship, Ken de Russy, Tom Ricciuto, Kerry Pardue, Leonard Orr, Johnny Gann, and Bruce Chido. I've added about 150 of the new pictures and hope to have the remainder added soon. The *155 Photo Page* has been redesigned in an effort to make the page load faster. PLEASE take a look; there's a very good chance you'll see a good friend there somewhere. In fact, you might even see a younger, thinner version of YOURSELF! The on-line address for the 155 Photo Pages is: <http://155photos.homestead.com/> (Incidentally, if you spot any name/photo page linking errors, please message me so I can make corrections.)

Thanks also to Robert Leahey for sending in copies of his orders to the Ass'n. And "welcome" to new roster/database guy Larry "Matt" Matthews. It's real obvious that he's way more organized than I am. He's going to be a big asset to the unit. Again, thanks to all the Home Page contributors! Please send your pictures, stories, corrections, and/or complaints to me at [baldwin@intercape.com](mailto:baldwin@intercape.com)

*Mary Baldwin, 155 Volunteer Webmaster*  
(and card carryin' member of Red Sox Nation)

The 155 AHC Home Page is at: <http://www.geocities.com/pentagon/quarters/1517>

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## **STOP THE WAR, WE'RE HAVING AN INSPECTION**

If you were in Vietnam, it will not be a news flash that the Army did some pretty stupid things over there. During my time as the 155 XO in '70, one of the dumbest things I saw was a full-scale IG inspection of the unit. An IG inspection . . . *in a combat zone*? Yep, I was there when it happened. And, as the saying goes, it wasn't pretty.

We had been preparing for this inspection for weeks. Company administration, ops, maintenance, and supply were in tiptop shape. However, as isolated as we were, we had a major problem with procurement. Since it was next to impossible to get anything through the official supply system, the company had over the years "acquired" surplus everything. Unfortunately, surplus during an IG inspection is a definite no-no. All the units on Camp Coryell had the same problem, so we had a standing agreement that any excess material would be stored in neighboring unit areas until the inspectors departed. This particular time the Pterodactyls volunteered to store the Falcon's excess weaponry. Before the inspection, our gunnies dutifully hauled all their spare miniguns, ammo, rocket pods, and other miscellaneous high explosives and armament to a shed in the Pterodactyl company area.

When the IG team arrived, the members spread out in the company area. I was wandering between sections checking to see how things were going while Major Steele (155 CO) escorted the chief of the team around. The early feedback was all positive. I was confident that early in the afternoon we would receive an exemplary rating and this bunch of REMF's would get their class B rear ends on their birds and whop, whop, whop, off into the sunset.

During the inspection, our slicks were out flying their regular missions, and the Falcons were on runway standby somewhere out near the border. But all the platoon leaders remained in the compound to help with the inspection. I was getting rave reviews from supply, orderly room and even mess and motor pool inspectors. Aircraft Maintenance was acing everything, and it looked like we were on a roll. I was in with the guy inspecting the MPC accountability and unit fund, when the Old Man walked in with the chief and SMG of the team. They proceeded directly to his office. I was asked to summon the Falcon platoon leader, but was not asked to sit in on the conversation.

When Falcon 6 left the office a few minutes later, he looked a little perturbed, and that was not like him. If ever anyone was self-assured and confident he was it. He and I usually shared a cup of coffee and told tall tales when he was in the orderly room, but not this time. I credited the ongoing inspection and went back to the MPC account.

As the Exit Briefing began, I was sure we had this one in the bag. Mentally, I was already in the club, hoisting a cold one - when I heard the team leader announce that our overall rating was UNSATISFACTORY. I was so shocked, I almost choked on my imaginary beer. The briefing continued and I was again amazed as we received "Outstanding" ratings in area after area. I remember thinking, "How in the hell can we fail with these ratings?" Then the briefer dropped his bombshell. It seems that the IG team Sergeant Major had been "wandering around" (I've often wondered if someone snitched) and found himself in the Pterodactyl area. When he saw a shed full of miniguns and rocket pods there - neither of which were carried on the Pterodactyl's Bird Dogs - our goose was cooked. So the IG team did fly off into the sunset, but we had a problem.

Luckily, our CO and the battalion CO were two officers with their heads on straight. MAJ Steele and LTC Walker both understood the necessity for the excesses. And both, I think, understood how ludicrous it was for a bunch of khaki-clad desk jockeys to come out to Indian country and tell us how to *efficiently* conduct a war. So, officially, the company passed the inspection. There were no repercussions that I remember. Much of the next day was spent dragging all the excess rotor blades, engines, miniguns, rocket pods - and most everything else in the Army inventory - back to the company area. Every part of the unit had hidden stuff, but it was the Falcons that had been caught. It actually became a sort of running joke that the Falcons, famed for their chicanery, were the only ones caught with their hands in the cookie jar.

*Chuck Markham, Stagecoach 5 ('70)*

## ASH & TRASH

### NEXT 155 AHC/BAN ME THUOT REUNION

When we started getting together some years back, the group voted to have a reunion every other year. The next 155 AHC/Ban Me Thuot reunion is tentatively planned for November '04 (Veterans Day weekend) in the Fort Worth area. If you've got ideas, suggestions, or comments, please contact any 155 AHCA officer. More info will be available as the time draws nearer.

### 155 HISTORIAN NEEDS A BREATHER

After years of yeoman service, History Bob Alberts - the only Historian the 155 AHC has ever had - says he needs a break. (Truth be told, he's taking a break right now. As I draft this, he's in the Caribbean. Unsubstantiated rumors have it that he's in the US Virgin Islands - searching for virgins.) Anyhow, he's looking for someone who would be interested in taking over the Historian role for a time. To discuss the duties, salary, and perks (I'll tell you right now, there ain't no bizjet), give History Bob a call, or contact him at the addresses shown below.

### FROM THE EDITOR'S BUNKER

A big "BAN ME THUOT WELL DONE" goes out to contributors Kerry Pardue, Wayne Cranford, Bill Zierdt, Bob Goolsby, and Chuck Markham. Thank you for taking the time to put your stories to paper, so we could all share them. Those are some great memories. You've probably noticed, the "Mail Call" portion of this Sortie has a lot of messages. I tried hard to include all the messages, but there were just too many. (I love it when that happens.) So, my apologies to those who didn't get mentioned. Please don't let that stop you from writing again.

Many, many, many thanks to all who said nice things about the return of the *Barb*. Being the editor of the newsletter doesn't pay real well - but those "thank you's" make the effort worthwhile. You guys, and your gals, are the best.

On a personal note, this Sortie of the *Barb* will be my last - at least for a while. I'll be headed to the wilds again, even further away than last year; I somehow managed to snare a summer job working in Wrangell-St. Elias Nat'l Park in Alaska. Fortunately for the *Barb*, Stagecoach 6 Bo Atkinson was kind enough to volunteer to take over as Editor. Knowing Bo, I'd bet the farm that the next Sortie of the *Ban Me Thuot Barb* will be way better than this one. But even Bo will need your help. If you've got a BMT memory, please pass it along to him.

Well, I've said enough. If your summer travels take you anywhere near McCarthy, AK, please drop in and I'll buy you a cup of coffee - or something. (Incidentally, I'll probably not have access to e-mail up there, so send 155 stuff to other officers.) If the grizzlies don't get me, I'll be in touch sometime this fall.

*Les Davison, Occasional Editor - Falcon 2, '69-'70*

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