

BAN ME THUOT BARB

Remembering the 155 Assault Helicopter Company - Sortie 27 - Apr 04

IN THE BEGINNING

I do have a copy of Movement Order # 4, Ft Riley that sends A Company to RVN. It has an Attachment # 1 with it that has the names of all that went to RVN via the USS Iwo Jima. I don't know if you know how we were selected to go, but here goes: SECDEF McNamara wanted to send 3 AHC's to RVN. He was told he must take existing units, and could not form any new units. So, A Co's of the 1st Div, 82nd Div, and the 101st Div were selected to go as separate AHC's.

A Co of the 1st, left Ft Riley by bus to Kansas City, picked up a Continental flight to San Diego in the middle of the night, and went aboard the USS Iwo. We were joined by the other two companies that night and the next morning. We left San Diego and arrived at Pearl Harbor at dusk about 5 days later. The biggest error the Navy made was to allow us 5 hours shore leave the next day. About 90 pilots hit the Officers Club, and it was never the same again. Some poor Navy LT and his new bride were having a wedding reception that afternoon. I don't think the poor LT ever had a dance with his wife, however about 50 Army aviators did. The bar bell was ringing 8 bells about every 10 minutes. CPT Bobby Spencer took a few hundred dollars from a few Army and Navy folks playing Ship, Captain and Crew. The Club Officer at Pearl said Army aviators would never again be welcome at his club. (EVER!) The Captain of the Iwo said he was very happy that only one pilot fell off the gangplank coming back on board that night. We had Easter Sunrise service on the flight deck on the way over. We pulled into Vung Tau (I believe) on May 1st. Flew to Bao Loc and refueled, after the big cloud of red dust cleared, and then on to BMT.

We went into BMT because the 1st Div was slated to arrive there in November 65. When things got bad down south, they put the Big Red One in the southern location. Rather than move us down, they pulled the 155th from Korea and put them with the 1st Div. At that time, we changed unit designations and became the 155th, and they became A Co, 1st AVN Bn. Some of us did not remove the 1st patch from our uniforms, we just used a red marker and put 155 under the Red One. As soon as a desk pusher from USARV saw it, we had to remove them and put the other patch on.

I saw the photo of the UH-1 that was hit on the ground at BMT by a 2.75" rocket that went off by accident from the A/C behind it. I saw it happen, and the rocket did not have time to arm itself before it hit the A/C in front of it. However the second 2.75 that went off at the same time went a bit farther, and exploded in a field by the Bungalow. One of the Special Forces guys from the C team there asked if we were mad at them and wanted to start a war. It was an electrical malfunction, that when the arm switch was activated, it sent two rockets off.

I have a photo album full of photos of the early days as they were building our compound and ending about 2 days before I was Med Evac'd out 11 months later.

Glen W. Mantoath, CW4, Avn USA Ret.

SEEKING INFORMATION ON THE RESCUE IN LAOS

You might remember this from a recent newsletter: "In late October, 1966, 1LT Richard Silva and WO Stephen B. Birchall of the 155 AHC were dispatched in a UH-1D with two gunships in escort to make the dangerous pickup of an Air Force pilot shot down over the Bolovens Plateau in Laos." Hoping to find out more, I messaged Steve and here's what he had to say. "I remember very little about it other than it took place. We flew from Kontum, and I remember hovering in a hole and the pilot scrambling aboard, but other than that my mind is a blank. We were supposed to get DFC's for the operation, but they didn't have any on hand so they gave us each a bronze star saying the DFC's were to follow - but of course they never did."

If you know anything about this mission, we'd sure appreciate hearing from you. Contact 155 AHCA Historian Bob Alberts or any Association officer.

FRANK MIL – A WARRIOR FRIEND, FOUND AND LOST

Frank (Francis) Mil came to the 155th Assault Helicopter Company in 1970 and was assigned to the Maintenance Platoon shortly before I got there in July. Frank had been a “grunt” and humped an M60 with an infantry unit for the first part of his tour where he received a wound to his left forearm that made carrying an M60 impractical. Frank’s reassignment to the 155 was at his request – he wanted to fly; he wanted to be in an aviation unit where he could apply his expertise with an M60 and learn to be a gunner and possibly a crewchief.

I was the lucky one – when Frank was assigned to the 2nd Flight Platoon and my ship I not only received a good gunner but also a great friend. It seemed odd to me initially, I was a newby school-trained crewchief, a lowly PFC, and Frank was my SP4 gunner – the difference in rank never came up between us. Guys came to refer to us as “Mutt and Jeff” – I only stood about 5’ 9” and weighed about 145 pounds and Frank was probably about 3 to 4 inches taller and another 40 pounds heavier. From the start, we did everything together – I took care of my own M60 (under Frank’s tutelage) and he started learning about the UH-1H while working with me on our aircraft, 68-16293. He wanted to learn; if I had to inspect or work on something in the “Hell Hole” or secondary Hell Hole, Frank wanted to get to where he could see what I was doing; two people can’t occupy a Hell Hole at once and I had to explain where to look and then get out of his way so he could scope it out himself. You only had to show him something once before he could repeat the procedure. “Two Niner Three” was in great shape mechanically and looked good and the guns were in good order – we were a good crew.

Life gave us a nasty kick in the ass on September 3, 1970 – that’s the last day I ever saw Frank Mil. We were part of a Combat Assault into the VC Mountain area. We were the lead ship into the LZ (my Aircraft Commander was Capt. Craig; second Flight Platoon leader) and we were usually first ship in to an LZ. I didn’t see any enemy on the way into the LZ but as soon as we touched down, other aircraft reported they were taking fire. At the same time, Frank’s voice calmly came over the intercom, “I’m hit”, and his announcement was immediately followed by a cloud of blood painting the interior of the aircraft. Frank had taken an AK round just below his right knee that almost tore his leg off and a South Vietnamese Captain was shot in the head and killed immediately – the aircraft wasn’t even nicked. Captain Craig reported our casualties and immediately started to exit the LZ and I left my seat to help Frank. For some reason Frank was not wearing his seatbelt and didn’t have his “Monkey Strap” on and he almost fell out of the aircraft as we were maneuvering out; I had to hold both of us in the aircraft. As soon as we cleared the LZ I started applying pressure bandages to his right leg to stop the flow of blood - I put four bandages on Frank’s leg on the way back to Ban Me Thuot. Frank reached out and banged me on top of the helmet one time and grinned at me before he passed out. We were all doing everything possible to save Frank’s life - Captain Craig pegged the airspeed indicator all the way back to BMT exceeding the recognized “safe” speed for a UH-1H (we ended up replacing the engine the next week). Doc and the medics were waiting for us in the Maintenance area when we arrived and they whisked Frank away in an ambulance – that was the last time I saw or heard from him. We off loaded the Vietnamese Captain’s body and flew “Two Niner Three” down to the wash rack and turned the hose loose on the interior – it was covered in blood. A guy from avionics came out to the wash rack and helped me replace the radios that had gotten wet (I have since learned the avionics person was Tom Ricciuto). They brought me out a new gunner and we went back to flying.

I checked with the Medics that evening and they informed me Frank had been Medivacd to Cam Ranh Bay and was still alive but that was all they could tell me. I didn’t have an address for Frank “back in the World” and he never wrote me or anyone else at the unit. I thought of Frank often while I was in the ‘Nam and after I got home. It wasn’t until the advent of the World Wide Web that I even considered I had a chance to get in touch with him (I didn’t even know what state he was from but I suspected Pennsylvania based on old memories of conversations).

Since I maintain the Database for the 155th AHC Association, I am in contact with several guys and most know who I am. Bruce McInnes called Feb. 17 and during the course of our conversation he mentioned that he had a more or less complete company roster from our time in Ban Me Thuot and I jumped on him like a duck on a junebug and asked if it included Frank Mil. He indicated it did not but that it did have a Francis Mil – BINGO I thought. Armed with Frank’s Social Security Number I enlisted the help of some contacts and came up with an address and phone number in Philadelphia, PA. I called it on Feb. 18 and learned that it was Francis Mil, Jr. During our conversations I learned that Frank had died in 1981 from a massive stroke. I confess I was pretty torn up from the news of Frank’s death – all those many years not knowing. I had a short conversation

with Frank, Jr. and received an open invitation to Philadelphia. Frank and his family will be receiving the *BMT Barb* from now on. He wants to know what his Dad and we did during our time in the 'Nam.

Frank – I still miss you buddy! God willing, we'll get together sometime.

Larry Matthews, Stagecoach Crewchief

MY TOUR; Short Version

When I first got in country, I flew as Door Gunner with Craig Mosher. He taught me how to not hold an M60 up like a rifle and how to induce a speedy departure of our ARVN friends in an LZ. I flew with Greg Bundros from then on, until I went home on R&R for a month and he picked up Rafael Alvarez as a gunner. I then flew with Dave Nachtigall until taking over as Crew Chief of 232. Dave saved our lives at Bu Prang one night. He realized the pilot had vertigo and was flying us sideways into the trees. Dave yelled "TREES!" I looked and saw them in the nav lights, and the ship was righted and pulled out with only a few branches hanging on the skids. Falcon 232 was a great ship; black and white checkered floor painted by *moi*, a siren, and three systems. Greg and I got shot down in 232 one night at Bu Prang when I traded flights with Alvarez and we had to RON at less than an optimum time. Pretty hairy. 232 has been with me for years. I'm sorry to hear it went down. I was in RVN from early 68 to August 70, a total of just over two years.

Mark Cornwall, Falcon 232

MAIL CALL: Sharing Commo

Jim Askren - Falcon 4(?) Aug. 65 to Aug. 66. Enjoy getting the *Barb* and surfing in here on occasions. Thanks for keeping it up to date. Jack Gordon was a Capt. (Falcon 6) while I was there but I don't know anything about him or his family. He was called on the radio in the middle of a mission and told to report back to BMT immed. for evacuation to the States. Some family emergency. Don't recall what happened then.

Mark Hayes - Just dropped by to check out the site. Stagecoach slick driver, Nov 1966 to May 1967.

Joe Kinder - Just found Website yesterday, don't know where to start. How about thanks to Mary and all that wrote the 108 pages I just read. Most off all Mary, thanks. Sorry to say that I can't remember much, have thought much about those days, don't know why. After browsing and reading what I have so far things are coming back and maybe I can get out the slide-projector and look at the hundreds of slides I think I still have. Maybe some kind person can refresh my suppressed memories of those days with the Stagecoaches and Flying Dragons, and of course those Falcons. Just writing this I can remember a whitewash party white bing cherry, Allen Borsella-the Animal-, Danny Clarno-the Spider Man-, John Mayfield, Dave Watersous-Nuc-, and SGT Frank Sweeney. OK all forgive me for not remembering others that day and correct me if I was wrong, but a lot of hot beer was put down that afternoon and the cans being rusty didn't help. Nuff said for this time. Thanks again Mary and all.

George B. Harrison - Falcon 6 during first tour of duty, Jun 1966 thru Jun 1967.

Dan McGettigan - Hello to all. For those who don't know me I was Falcon gunner, later armorer from early 67 to Nov 68. I am presently in the PTSD Program in Miami VA Hospital. I want to recommend this program to all Florida vets who may need it. It's a 3 month program and very intense. But, I'm sure very much worth the efforts. I'm home on weekends. If curious send me an e-mail with a clear subject line so I'll know not to delete and I'll be back to you. Best to all.

Duane Poulin - It's been 34 years now, Paul, Joe, David, and Calvin. Your memories are still fresh with me and you will never be forgotten.

Dave Alessi – Thanks for the newsletter.

Steve Birchall – One memory from when I was flying guns. We got hauled out of the club in BMT quite late at night, I was 3 sheets to the wind. We shot something up quite close to town. I guess we did a good job and saved someone's bacon, because they gave us medals afterward.

Scott Larson (Son of Paul Noble Larson, Stagecoach, Nov.67 - Apr. 19, 1968) - It's been far too long since I have dropped by the site! Looks great as it always has. Glad to see another reunion in the works, got to attend the Vegas one and am seriously considering attending this one. Thank you all so much for the web site, it means a lot not only to myself but also to my children who can see a little of what their Grandpa was a part of. Keep it up!

Jim Brainard - Hi everyone. Received an e-mail from Don Westberry (Sheet Metal shop 69-70). It was nice hearing from a member of the ground crew. Remember the re-building of several tail booms? Can't remember Maint SGT's name who wouldn't let anyone operate the 5 ton wrecker during a 100 hour PE. While lifting out a transmission he forgot to let out the ball causing the cable to snap. Tranny didn't look too good bouncing off the side causing some structural damage and ending on the ground. After a scrounge mission at the Pleiku a/c junk yard we helped ourselves to a section of airframe that we used to rebuild our hurting 'D' model a/c. Let us ground crew not be forgotten.

Bob Gardner - Mary, please allow me to say, one more time, how much we all appreciate the tremendous amount of work you put in to make the 155 Homepage the BEST on the net!

Lynn Chandler - I would like to order two Stagecoach hats (one black, one blue) with "CHANDLER" on the back. I really enjoy the newsletter.

Dick Latimer - I had great and not so great experiences at Ban Me Thout until infused into 240th AHC at Bear Cat in April/May of '67.

Bo Atkinson - Not many get the privilege of bringing your flight helmet home, well I was in the privileged group. You can see my helmet, which has survived all these years, under "Atkinson" in the photos section. You will not believe what you see. I guaaaranntee! My best wishes to all especially Harry Vogler and the rest of the Signal Detachment.

John Ahearn - I had a great day yesterday; I talked via phone for a couple of hours with Mike Butcher. Mike and I had the distinction of going through Ft. Polk together (Basic Training), graduating with Class 68-43 together, and arriving in Dong Ba Thin together. I remember vividly that the scuttlebutt in DBT was that the 10th was a great place, as long as you didn't go to the 155th. With seven new pilots reporting to the battalion for assignment, we were quite comfortable that it was remote that we would go to the 155. We both lost.

I found it quite interesting that one of Mike's vivid memories matches mine - the two of us walking back from the showers one night and we came upon a snake on the sidewalk. I stepped aside and Mike very deftly smacked it on the head with a handy two by four. Mike told me that Doc Blair had it in a jar in the morning and identified it as a Russell's Viper. Not a nice place.

Mayo E. Ryder - I was a member of the original 155th Avn Co in Korea and then shipped to Viet Nam in 1965. Flew as gunner part-time until we got some infantry assigned, worked in operations Call Sign Bull Dog 3 Kilo.

Tom Hunt - What Mike Stark and Gil Terry did for Fred Pratt was outstanding. I only wish I had known about it, I work less than a half of a mile from Pratt Hall. It would have been an honor to be involved.

Doug Whiddon - Our detachment of the 218th M.P. Co. was attached to the 155th for rations & quarters. I was at Ban Me Thuot from April, 1969 to April, 1970. It was my privilege to know most of the guys in the 155th and I even had the chance to fly with them a few times. To 'Pineapple' and Galvez and all the rest, Well Done.

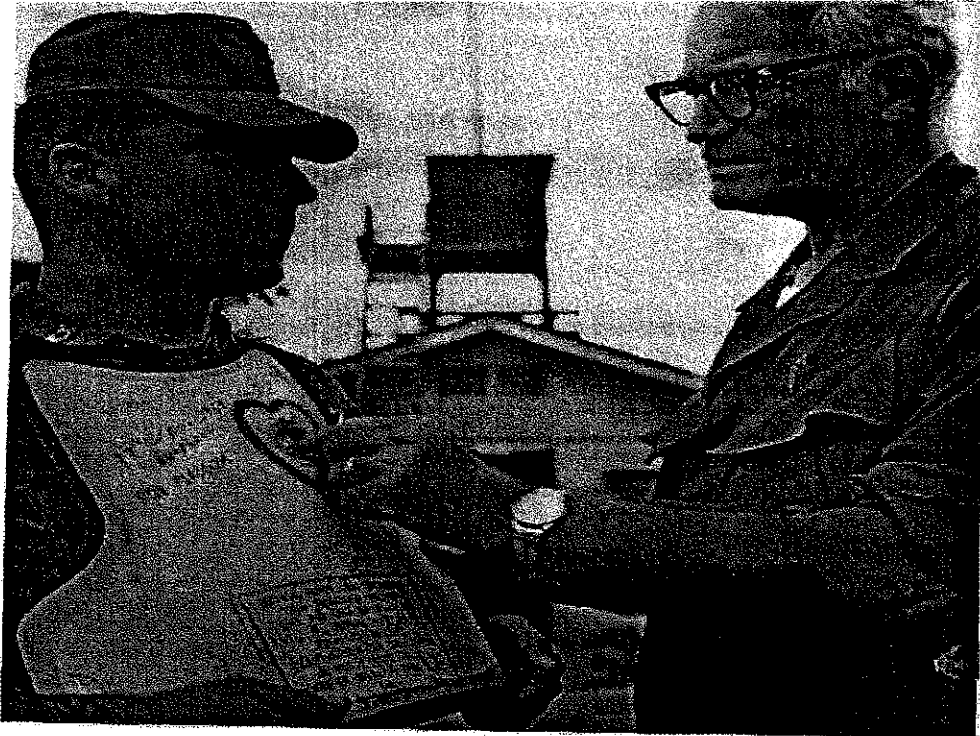
John Houston - Hi Les, thanks for covering my butt all those times all those years ago! Curt Seiler was my last platoon leader before I left. He was a great guy and I always had a lot of respect for him. I think he submitted some pictures that are on the website. Hope someone has been in touch with him. I think Phil Watson is planning on coming to the reunion, and Larry Ingram, too. I still haven't found an e-mail address for Bob Beaudreault. I did have a long conversation with Mike Butcher about a week ago, he's in Springfield, Missouri. I hope to be at the reunion in November.

Steve McCartney - Just thought I would say hello. I was visiting the web site and looking at the Died After Tour list. So many names that I recognize. It makes me sad.

A DAY IN THE 'NAM

For some reason I was thinking about the day Marlin Johnson and Darek Richardson went down. I remember taking a gunship that was down for inspections or something mechanical that day, but we scrambled out in it anyway. The AC might have been Keith Marchbanks or Ken Shriver, but I'm not sure. In fact, I am not even sure we were a flight of two ships. I do remember getting close enough to see the smoke, but then we were ordered to turn back. We flew to Ban Don (I think) to refuel at a bladder pump in the dark or near-dark, while two Special Forces guys watched us. Everyone was worried about the quality of the fuel in the bladder. Most of it is kind of fuzzy by now - but the smoke pyre, the refueling, and the very dark return are vivid.

Geoff Jones, Falcon pilot



“Goldwater got to Ban Me Thuot in South Vietnam’s central highlands by sedan with armored car escort. It perhaps was the most perilous part of his visit. There, left, he probes the bullet hole in an armor vest that saved the life of WO Bob Maddox, an East Texan and pilot of a helicopter gunship.”
From Los Angeles Times West magazine, 1 Feb 70.

We were the lead ship of a light gunship team. Les Davison was AC, I don't remember who was flying in trail. I can still see parts of that day in my mind as if it happened yesterday. Two VN troops slowly walking up the hillside in the open within three feet of each other as if they were on a stroll in the park - and a mortar round lands right between them. The NVA coming out of the tree line and lying prone with tree branches stuck in their helmets for camouflage. If I remember right we were told to cover the troop withdrawal but had no specific target and were not engaging one. Then some idiot decided to pick off an easy target. I think he may have regretted firing that 20 round clip. It was amazing that the first round out of the barrel hit me and all the rest missed. I can almost smell the gunpowder and feel the impact of the round hitting my chicken plate now.

Some weeks later, Barry Goldwater had come to Ban Me Thuot by convoy in a big black limo. I had the day off and had been lying on my bunk taking a nap when over the pager I hear “Mr. Maddox, report to Operations immediately!” When I walked through the front door someone shoved my chicken plate, which had been on display in Ops, in my arms and I was hustled out the back door with no explanation. I had no idea what was going on. When I saw the limo I could not believe my eyes. And when Barry got out and walked over to me I almost fainted. What a surprise! Of course there were reporters everywhere taking pictures. He asked a few questions, which I'm sure I answered, but that few moments in my life some how ended up blank. All I remember is thinking how tall and big he was.

As a footnote, I had not told my family and wife (in Los Angeles) about getting hit, because I felt it would only make them worry more. I had no idea anyone would do a story with my picture in it. As you might imagine, they were quite surprised to see my photo when the article came out in the Times.

Bob Maddox, Falcon 1

HOME PAGE UPDATE

“www.geocities.com/pentagon/quarters/1517”

The 155 Home Page has been very busy this last quarter. Picture submissions for the Photo Page, new information posted on the 155 Merchandise page, and this year's edition of the 155 Reunion Page. There are lots of new pages of pictures. Thanks to the contributors: Bo Atkinson-- Stagecoach 6- 66/67, Jim Dyer-- Maintenance Team Chief 65/66, George Goetz-208th Signal Detachment 67/68, and Les "Lefty" Gaul-Falcon CE 67/68. And there's still plenty of space available on the 155 Photo Page, so send 'em if you got 'em. The photo page is at <http://155photos.homestead.com>.

My thanks to Chuck Markham for his continuing help with the Home Page workload. Chuck responds to all the guest book sign-ins on the Home Page and it's good to have him back. Thanks to Bob Gardner and Chuck for all their help with reunion page details. Log on early and often to check on the very latest Reunion info. If you want your name added to the reunion "I'll Be There" list, want to submit pictures, or would like to discuss the American League East, please contact me at: "baldwin33@adelphia.net."

Mary Baldwin, 155 Volunteer Webmaster

LZ-FTW2 - Y'ALL COME ON!

WHEN: Thursday 11 Nov 2004 thru Sunday 14 Nov 2004

WHERE: Fort Worth Plaza E (Same hotel as last time, just a fancier name)

1701 Commerce Street, Fort Worth, TX 76102

Reservations: 817-882-8888 (Mention 155 AHC for discount rate)

Room Rate: \$69 if you reserve by 29 Oct 04

Transportation: In addition to the normal cabs and rental cars, there is a shuttle from the airport that will bring you to the FTW terminal. You can also take the bus to the Centerport Train Station and then catch the train to FTW for \$3 a head. (Train station is 1/2 block from hotel.) See "www.trinityrailwayexpress.org"

DETAILS, DETAILS, DETAILS

24 hour "Company HQ" suite available from noon Thursday thru noon Sunday

Free beer in the suite; bring your own hard stuff. (We are too cheap to buy your booze.)

Sign-in starts Thursday at noon in the suite!

Registration fee is \$15. (Chuck and I have to make something off this deal!)

Friday is open for now. We'd like to hear your suggestions as to what you want to do.

Saturday is BBQ at Gardners' place - Dead Cow, beer, and other good stuff!

(We ain't doin' no pig! The SPCA found out what Hof did with the apple and carrot last time.)

Gardners' pool will be open. (We gotta have some place to throw the CO's!)

More info to come later - as it gets sorted out!

Questions or suggestions to: "markham@erath.net" or "rgrlv@aol.com"

FROM THE DESK OF THE PREZ

This might have been said before, but I want to be sure y'all know how we handle our roster. First off, we've done a lot of searching. But we've always taken a very low key approach when we find a new address. We send one or two newsletters with a note about the Home Page, the Ass'n, and asking if they want to be added to the roster. Some reply "OK", some don't reply. Quite frankly, there are some Vietnam vets out there that aren't ready to face their memories yet - and some never will be. Those that don't reply are not put on the roster; we just file those addresses, and that's that. They know where to find us if they change their minds, the next step is up to them. In fact, there are a couple of guys who have said OK to be on the roster, and later asked to be deleted. No questions asked, they are immediately deleted. And by the way, we don't share our roster with anyone except other BMT guys.

I am convinced that we still need to be careful not to assume that all BMT vets share our enthusiasm for getting together again 30+ years later. So there's the history, if y'all think it's time to discuss whether we need to do something different, the floor is open.

Chuck Markham, President, 155 AHCA

A DAY IN THE 'NAM

On October 1, 1970, my first assignment with the 155th was to spread concrete on the floor of the pool. It was miserably hot with no breeze inside the pool. They had a little motorized cement mixer which would mix and dump about five gallons at a time. It was a fairly big pool so I was anticipating months of living Hell. Another newbie in the pool with me observed that without re-bar the concrete would crack. Not to mention it was only an inch thick. The sergeant in charge told us to shut up and keep spreading. The next day the concrete we'd spread was cracked.

Work came to a halt while a search for reinforcement was carried out. Luckily for me my sheetmetal MOS became very popular due to a mortar attack in the Corral and some other heavy CA action, so I was pulled off the pool assignment. A Warrant Officer took his slick and stole a huge roll of chain link to use in place of

re-bar, and the pool was completed by some other unlucky "volunteers." They filled it with water and put in a Charlie Model rotor blade diving board. The board was only six feet off the water but it had so much flex and spring it would almost touch the water and on the rebound throw you twelve feet or more into the air, and off at an angle. Yeehaw!

Unfortunately, the concrete didn't hold up to the water pressure and cracked. The pool quickly became muddy. Alga rapidly started blooming. A snake was spotted swimming in the pool and it was closed for good.

Pat Lundquist

ASPIRING AUTHOR ASKS FOR ASSISTANCE - Currently, I am writing a book about the medics at the 155th Assault Helicopter Company (8th Medical Detachment). Would you please put something in the newsletter asking for people if they have any stories that they want to tell about the medics, the colorful dispensary, or Dr. Mirman they would be appreciated. They can be sent either by e-mail to "kerry@quixnet.net" or Kerry Pardue, 1200 W. Alamo Drive, Chandler, AZ, 85224-1807. Thanks.

VETERAN'S HISTORY PROJECT

In 2000, the United States Congress created the Veterans History Project to honor our nation's war veterans for their service and to collect their stories and experiences. As part of that project, folks at the Library of Congress are collecting and preserving audio- and video-taped oral histories, along with documentary materials such as letters, diaries, maps, photographs, and home movies, of America's war veterans and those who served in support of them.

This cuts two ways for BMT guys. As Vietnam vets, the Veterans History Project is looking for our stories. And, the Library of Congress is seeking volunteers to interview vets for the Project. (They're especially interested in getting people to interview WWII veterans; many are gone already.) If you'd like more information about the Veterans History Project, the website is "<http://www.loc.gov/folklife/vets/>".

SWEAT AND SANDBAGS: FROM THE EDITOR'S BUNKER

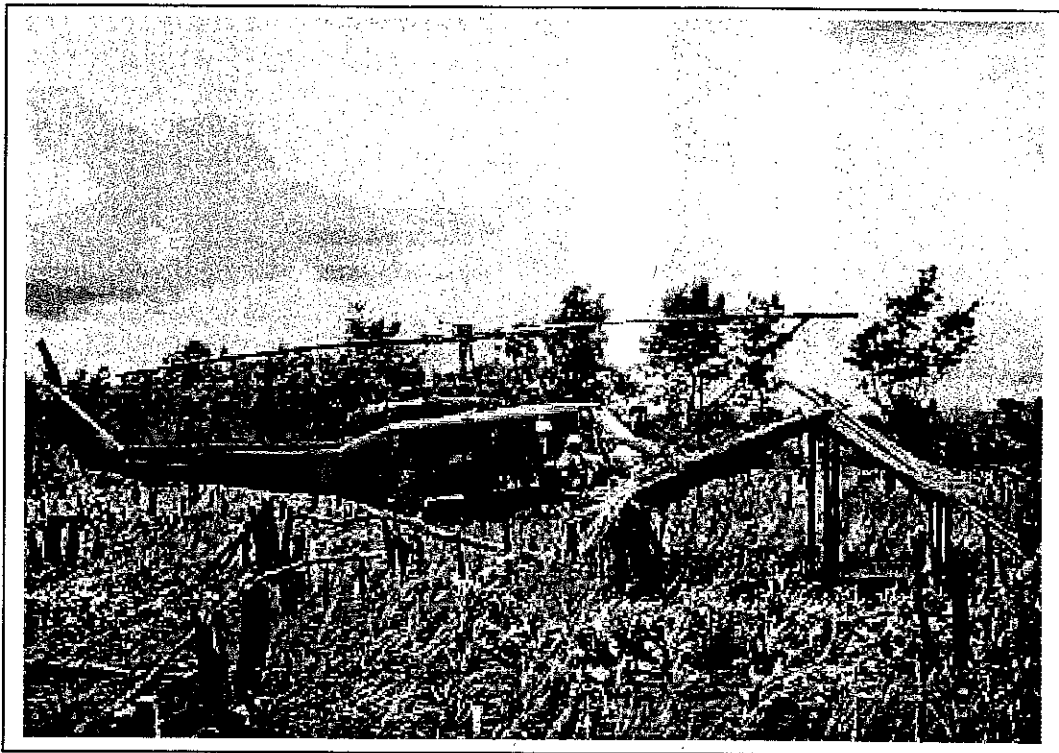
MUCH to say, but very little space. Scott Larson, we'd LOVE to have you come to Fort Worth so we can tell you more about your father. And we'd LOVE to tell your kids about their Grandpa, too. Sam Cruzan, thanks for offering your copy of the Times story with the Goldwater-Maddox photo. Jim Brainard, don't worry; those of us who flew know how important you Maintenance guys were. I know it's way belated, but "Thank you for your long hours and hard work." Many, many thanks to contributors Glen Mantooth, Mark Cornwall, Geoff Jones, Bob Maddox, and Pat Lundquist. And very special thanks to Larry "Matt" Matthews, for sharing his poignant remembrances of Frank Mil. You've written a fitting tribute, Matt; Well Done!

The Barb is still desperately short of material for future issues. Please consider sending something to share. And finally, MAKE PLANS NOW TO ATTEND THE REUNION IN FORT WORTH! Everybody should know, this isn't just a 155 AHC reunion. It's for anybody with any connection to BMT - and all their relatives and friends, too. Families are VERY welcome, so bring everybody. Hope to see you there.

Les Davison, Editor

155 AHC Association Officers are:

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1966, near the Cambodian border: the photo shows a UH-1D rigged to be sling-loaded out. Spec 6 Mullinex of the Wrecker Crew stands near the downed ship. Thanks to Jim Dyer for sending this (and other) photos.

155th AHC Association
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