

BAN ME THUOT BARB

Remembering the 155 Assault Helicopter Company & all the Ban Me Thuot Guys
Sortie 31 - April '05

SHOT DOWN AT DUC LAP

On August 23, 1968, Falcon 189 was assigned a mission to support a Special Forces camp in Duc Lap, RVN. I usually didn't fly on 189 but volunteered that morning. I don't know if the regular gunner was wounded, on R&R, or just had the day off. Our crew consisted of Mr. Gilbert Terry, LT Fred Pratt, SP4 William Goodness, and myself (SP4 Cary Arney).

After arriving in Duc Lap, we came under fire from several different sources. We could see and hear the small arms fire coming from below. We could also hear the rounds hitting the ship at different times. I don't know how long we were there, but I seem to remember a discussion on the headset that we didn't have enough fuel to make it back to BMT. We were taking a lot of fire from a line of hooches and decided to make another run on them. Again we could hear a great amount of small arms fire, and could hear them hitting the ship.

I felt the ship shudder, and knew that we were in trouble. I could hear Mr. Terry and LT Pratt talking to each other and trying to keep control. I heard a couple of Mayday calls, and knew we were going down. I looked over at Goodness and he looked at me, and we both shrugged and said, "This is it." I remember the ground came upon us awfully fast, and I remember the initial impact. I think my seat belt held because I remember my arms and legs were extended in front of me as I seemed to be floating inside the cabin. That's all I remember about the crash.

I don't remember who came to first. When I got out I remember small arms fire and mortar fire all around us. I found an inoperable M-60 machine gun and pointed it at a group of NVA; I suspect they were several hundred yards away. Goodness had been shot and was pinned under the ship, which was held off him by the gun mount. I think it was Mr. Terry and LT Pratt who pulled Goodness from under the ship. Someone found a piece of cloth (a poncho, I think) and placed Goodness on it. We were still taking small arms and mortar fire while this was going on. LT Pratt and myself started dragging Goodness toward cover in the tall grass. Mr. Terry led the way, he had the only serviceable weapon, his .45 pistol.

I was told later that we crashed near an NVA Command and Control bunker. They were in the grass looking for us. We had to make it to the Special Forces compound, which was a few hundred yards away. We could hear the grass being swished by the NVA while they were looking for us. I remember I had to stuff something in or over Goodness' mouth, because he was moaning. He was loud enough that we were afraid the NVA might hear us.

If my memory serves me correctly, we crawled for about two hours and ended up in a minefield outside the Special Forces compound. One of the personnel on the compound had to come down and lead us through the minefield to the compound. We got Goodness and myself to the medics. I could barely walk, my knee was cut open, and my back hurt. Later, my body looked like one massive bruise. The Dustoff driver that evacuated us was great. I remember the ship was overloaded, and I was wondering if we were going to get off the ground. I left my boots, and I think Mr. Terry left his boots and pistol for the people who needed them.

It has been thirty-seven years since this event occurred. Some of the events are as vivid as if they had happened just yesterday. Some, I had to really jog my memory. Without any embellishment, that is how I remember that day.

Postscript: Looking back, I am amazed at how calm and collected the whole crew was during this event. I think we were all busy enough looking out for each other, so that we did not have time to be afraid. I think we were all professionals who gladly did the job we were assigned. I salute Mr. Terry, one of the best airplane drivers in the Army, and LT Pratt, who always had a big smile and a "Let's go get it done" attitude.

Cary Arney, Falcon ('68)

ELITE GUN PLATOON IS NOW IN OPERATION

BAN ME THUOT, Vietnam Serving the Central Highlands of Vietnam as the only armed helicopter platoon in a wide area around this city, the "Falcons" of the 155th Assault Helicopter Company command country-wide

respect. Participation in many operations from Da Nang to Soc Trang and from Nha Trang to the Vietnamese border has earned the Falcon gun platoon a reputation for conspicuous fire support from any element it flies with in the 52nd Combat Aviation Battalion. Escorting convoys, flying cover for ground units, and providing suppressive fire support for the company's two helicopter airlift platoons are but a few of the Falcon's regular assignments. Occasional dusk patrols - low level reconnaissance missions flown at dusk to spot enemy activity - and detachments away from home base have led the armed helicopters far afield in combat support missions.

Commanding the elite Falcons is MAJ Jack Doyle of Washington, D. C. He has eleven pilots to fly the new UH-1C helicopters in the platoon. Two section leaders assist him in maintaining platoon training and combat status. CPT William Terwilliger of Trenton, N. J., is first section leader with 5 pilots in his section. LT George Harrison of Winfield, La., leads the Falcon's second section with 3 pilots under his command. MAJ Doyle believes that everyone in the platoon should work together as a cohesive team, enlisted men and officers alike. This way "the best possible armed support for our aircraft and suppressive fire for supported troops is possible," he states.

In addition to the new UH-1C helicopters with the flashy Falcon insignia painted on the nose of each, the Falcons are justly proud of two other platoon possessions of considerable value and importance. Consolidating aircraft equipment for the crew chiefs and placing an open work area at their disposal, the Falcon Armament Section building provides adequate space for individual parts from each armed helicopter. A pleasantly-maintained day room in the Falcon's Nest is set aside at one end of the armed platoon officer's billeting area. Briefings can be held here and convenient bull sessions take place over coffee and cokes.

I found this article in my scrapbook, but do not know where it was printed or the date of publication. Thought it might be of interest. I left in, as best I recall, mid-August of 1966, and I made a note on the edge of the article that Lt. Harrison was a slick pilot when I was there. So that may give some idea about when the article was written. I guess the A of the 1st '65-'66 operations in the UH-1B's didn't count.

Jim Askren, Falcon

FAMILY MEMBER SEEKS CONTACTS

Hello to everyone! My dad is Albert "Al" Arredondo, 155 Falcons. I would love to hear from anyone that knew him. He told me so many stories from Vietnam, good and bad, he remembered so many of the guys he was there with. I would love to hear anything from anyone that remembers him.

Amy Arredondo, Monrovia, CA

Ed. - In case you missed the note, Al passed away a few months back. Amy's message was on the Home Page Guest Book, her address is there. Or, contact any 155 officer and we'll pass along her address.

A TOURIST IN VIETNAM

My son and I just returned in January from our journey to Vietnam, we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. As far as an overall impression; there is a lot of new construction, buildings, parks, etc., but when you got down to the street and farm level I did not see much change from memories of 35+ years ago. Plenty of motorbikes and there appeared to be a little more automation on the farms, but still a very poor country.

We had a good guide who grew up on a rice farm in the Delta. His father had been in the South Vietnamese army and he really had a problem with the northerners coming down and taking advantage of their victory. He seemed genuinely disappointed that we pulled out and, in his opinion, let the north take over.

Camp Coryell is history. I drove all around the area where it had been and could not find one thing left. The city has expanded outward and taken over the area. Even the old rubber plantation outside the gate was gone. The facilities we had in Vung Tau (during my second tour) were also long gone. I had thought they might at least hold on to the hangar we had there. Tan Son Nhut still has a lot of the old fighter bunkers and other structures from the war period.

I did not see much evidence of the war at all, every now and then a house with some bullet marks and a few bomb craters beside the roads. There were also some areas that were just starting to grow again after Agent Orange did its thing. The people were very friendly, we did not have any unpleasant experiences of any kind. The weather was nice, even Saigon was not too hot and sticky like I remembered. Dalat is still a nice town, and Nha Trang is beautiful, but very touristy. We saw more westerners there than Saigon or Vung Tau. You still

have to set your sights a little lower, it was the typical Vietnam I remembered in many ways. They have some interesting things to see, but generally speaking they don't take care of them. The "War Remnants" (once called the "War Crimes") museum is a good example. They have a lot of old hardware from the war just sitting around, literally rusting and corroding away. I'll send some photos to Mary for the Home Page.

It was a great experience, I would not mind going back again some day. My son really enjoyed himself, and I was happy for him to see the place I spent 2 1/2 years of my life.

Al Fitzgerald



The caption on this photo from the 155 Photo Page reads, "Kevin Campbell, Calvin Hilton, and Vietnamese Movie Star." There's got to be a story behind this mission, and we'd love to hear it.

Ed. - If the 2nd Platoon had carried pax like this in '69, I might not have gone to fly guns.

VAGABOND 6 REMEMBERS

I just got my Jan *Barb*; great work. I especially enjoyed the articles with respect to a certain Falcon gunship running out of fuel 100 yards short of our fuel pad at Dong Ba Thin. As I recall more than one of our gunnies ran out of fuel on that operation. And as mad as I might have appeared at the time of the butt-chewing those pilots got, in my secret heart-of-hearts the Falcons were special to me. My first gunship missions were as a Falcon in '65. So when I took command of the 10th Battalion "Vagabonds," I was happy to have the 155th as one of my companies. The 155th and Dean Owen were the best I had. One thing that made you so special was your isolation from the rest of the battalion.

And the 155 had some characters that I shall always remember. Four men came to me wanting to denounce their American citizenship. I named them after characters in the Beetle Bailey comic strip. The one I called Beetle got happy when we arranged for him to fly. I understand he became a pretty good gunner or crew chief. Once I grounded a pilot for hopping over cars on Highway One. He was shocked when I pulled alongside, got his number, and told him to return to home base and report to Major Owen. Dean put him in the Motor Pool. One day he came to see me and said he was tired of getting mortared every night in the Motor Pool and would never low level again if he could return to flying. He probably lied.

I also found the website this morning for the first time. I am new at this computer stuff. Missed the last reunion but will try to do better in the future. I am proud to have been associated with you guys from the 155. You still make an old man stand just a little taller for having had the honor of serving with you.

Dave Stanley, Vagabond 6

AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN?

I was present and playing in a Boo-Ray game and witnessed two aces falling out of a certain Falcon RLO's sleeve - right after he had just bragged that he had paid off his mortgage in Oklahoma by playing poker every night there in the Falcon hooch. CW2 Gibson (I think that was the name?), an older Warrant working in Maintenance, who was also playing at this table excused himself, mumbling as he left that he would be right back. He did return a few minutes later - with a cocked and loaded Colt .45, intending to blow the cheater's head off. Three of us sitting at the table tackled Mr. Gibson and took the Colt away from him. The Falcon RLO did not play cards in the Falcon hooch again.

Jeff Schrader, Falcon 7

GREEN STAINS ON THE FALCON PATCH

In early 1967 we were working for the 4th Infantry Division west of Pleiku, because their aviation support had not gotten off of the boat yet. The whole 155th was there, doing an early morning insertion, and we had some help from our sister company in Pleiku. I was brand new to the Falcons. I know that for a fact because I was still using the sight at the mini-gun station. The assault went hot right from the get-go, and I was pleased as punch that I was not in the LZ watching the mortars go off. There were lots of grey uniforms running in a chaotic fashion on the ground, and I was busy getting rid of ordinance - when I picked up lots of green foliage in my peripheral vision out the left door. I looked over at my pilot for the day, Bob Johnson, and saw him leaning out the window emptying his .45 in the direction of four o'clock. I grabbed just enough rear cyclic to get us back out of the trees, and Bob was still looking back and shouting gleefully "I got one of 'em!" Bob had a lot of enthusiasm, and he was an entertainer as well. At night he would pick up a guitar and belt out some songs with so much gusto that a crowd would soon gather. The 155th picked up a lot of medals that day. We lost one good soldier, and my aircraft just had a bunch of green vegetation stains on the Falcon patch at the nose, and some debris hanging from the skids, too. Just another "day at the office" for the 155.

Kelly Fredericksen, Falcon 7

MAIL CALL: Sharing Commo

Joe De La Torre - I served in the 165th for part of 1966, all of 1967, and part of 1968. I started out as a mechanic then a door gunner, and finally the crew chief of the 165th command helicopter, known as "Wrecker 6". I'm sorry to intrude on your web site, but when I came across it, your comments brought back a lot of memories. I remember watching a lot of movies, drinking a lot of beer, dodging a lot of rotors, and especially being with the 155th on every mission. All of you will always be my heroes. I also want to compliment the person(s) responsible for creating this site, you did an "OUTSTANDING" job.

Tommy Rutherford - I was the Orderly Room clerk. There was an orphanage that we used to visit in downtown Ban Me Thuot. There was a little girl there that I always saw. We had a party at the company one Sunday and she came and was running down the street looking for me. Someone took pictures of us as we hugged each other in the street. If anyone has these pictures, would you please let me know?

Tom Maxwell - Was in BMT Jan '67 to Jan '68. I flew most of my tour as a door gunner with LT Davies, Stagecoach 26. Good to see some old familiar names.

Bob Stucke - Good to hear from you. I got my commercial helicopter license in 1977 and have been flying ever since; about 13,000 hours so far. My wife and I are living in Naperville, IL just outside of Chicago, we have been here for the last three years since leaving Hawaii but are getting ready to sell our home and move back out west. Mark Cornwall and I have been friends and fishing buddies ever since we got out of the service, and talk regularly.

Duane Poulin - The other day I had my snowmobile out on the lake, the light was flat and I didn't see a pressure ridge. After I hit it, the sled was back on the ice before I was. I cracked a few ribs, but I figure I'm just lucky there wasn't a rotor system above me.

Howard Wiggs - If anyone sees a TH-55 flying around north central Ohio, it's mine - and I'm flying it!
Anybody want a ride?

John Sarver - Was in BMT '68 to Dec '69 and was the Huey Scheduled Maintenance NCO.

Vince McDonough - Just thinking of all the "Founders" of this organization and wanting to extend my THANKS!!!

Jim Ferris - I finally got my knee operated on. It's an old injury from Vietnam that I lived with for a long time. I somehow made the old injury worse and a new tear appeared. Thank God for the new type of surgery that only leaves three small holes. I hope to be running and biking again. I had a great time at the reunion, and I especially liked the Ken Donovan paragraph in the last newsletter. The words "camaraderie," "esprit de corps," "friendship," and "respect" are descriptions of feelings I saw in faces at the reunion. I hope more 155th personnel who haven't yet attended a reunion decide to attend in the future.

Rick Erickson - GOODBYE IRAQ, I'm back in the good old USA!!!! I have to do some out-processing, and then I'll be out of the Army again. I have lots to do at home and look forward to visiting family and friends. It will be hectic for a while - but I'm looking forward to having some fun.

Mark Cornwall - I had Greg Bundros' e-mail and contact info, but somehow misplaced it. Has anyone been in contact with him? He is a biologist in California. Funny how we both ended up doing biology work. Perhaps it's a payback for all the environmentally unsound practices of our wartime efforts.

Steve Birchall - Just a quick note to let you know we were not affected by the tsunami because we're on the east coast (of Thailand). Sad to say, the tourist business picked up here as a result of the disaster, not a great way to increase business but it happened nevertheless. I enjoy reading the newsletter, keep up the good work. I keep trying to come up with something to contribute, but it's nearly 40 years ago and a little hazy.

Roger Elliot (CSMS Iowa ARNG) - I've been meaning to write. Sometime back there was a *Barb* article about an IG Inspection where we got caught storing a few things over at the Air Force compound. I spent a lot of time preparing for that inspection, but it never happened while I was there. Every time they would be coming up we would tell them great, we needed all the weapons we could get our hands on. Or we got hit the night before and we would be glad for them to join us. The inspection got postponed A LOT, it seemed like. I like to pass the newsletters around, the people I work with seem to enjoy them - especially the aviation guys (Rotor Heads). I do love the articles. They could pertain as much today as when we were "In-Country". Keep up the good work!

Robert Nickle (Falcon 1) - The first thing I want to do is apologize for not answering sooner. You have sent me six copies of the *Barb* and I have never answered. Every time I received one I planned to respond, but by the time I get around to the computer it has slipped my mind. The price for living past 40, I guess, someone told me that. I intend to get with Jeff and pay my dues back to my first *Barb*. One of my memories is the off days we spent building the bunker, I know that all the platoon pilots spent a lot of time on that project.

Brian Bozarth - My uncle, **Mike Bozarth**, was in the 155. We just celebrated his 60th birthday.

Joe Kinder - Just a quick note to wish all a Happy Easter. Now remember, if you eat a lot of boiled eggs, you must also drink some warm beer from a rusty can, that will ensure a good out-come.

Tom Mullen - Just got home from a fantastic vacation in New Orleans with my wonderful partner Caffie. We were able to meet with **Gene Breslin** (Stage Coach '70-'71) and his wife Lilly and we had a great day together showing albums and swapping stories, which was capped off with dinner at a Vietnamese Restaurant and a trip to the Garden District for sightseeing on the Charles Street Streetcar. Honestly, New Orleans needs to be seriously considered for a reunion site in the future. Once again, thanks to Earl and Mary for the best Vietnam Helicopter Company Web Site on the net. Keep up the good work!

Dan Morton - Howdy, I was in BMT from 1965 to 1967 from West-By-GOD Virginia, I drank and raised a little hell from time to time. My gunship had "LITTLE PUFF" on the nose. John Mayfield was my best buddy, we had lots of fun together. Does anyone remember the time someone sounded like a siren and ran every one out of the EM/NCO club, well guess who? We did more tricks but that is another story. I would like to hear from some of the Falcons from that time frame.

MEMO FROM MARY: 155 HOME PAGE NEWS

The 155 AHCA Home Page is at www.geocities.com/Pentagon/Quarters/1517/. The Stars and Stripes article featuring **Rick Erickson** in Iraq has been added, and Ricks' Veteran's Day photos are there, too. The 155 Photo Page is at www.155photos.homestead.com/. Contributions and new pages from **Milo Taylor**, **Jim Ferris**, **Ken Blankenship** are available for all to view. And I've added a new 'Return To Vietnam' category of pictures to the 155 Photo Page. The first contributor is **Al Fitzgerald**. Al's new photo page links feature recent pictures (Dec '04) of Vung Tau, Saigon, Dalat and Nha Trang. Many thanks to all the contributors. Due to the continued support of it's members the 155 Page continues to be a success. The number of page visits is over 37,000 and climbing.

Finally, due to the horrendous level of spam e-mail that comes in via the 155 Web Site, I've opened a new e-mail account exclusively for the Home Page: soxeelady@yahoo.com.

Mary Baldwin, 155 Volunteer Webmaster

VIETNAM READING

Here's some Vietnam books worth reading.

SOG by John Plaster: an excellent book about the Special Forces teams who went into Laos and Cambodia. These guys had big, big, BIG cojones! Lots of helicopter action, but no helicopter names. But there's at least one 155 guy who remembers flying a mission described in the book. Some of you may recognize others.

We Were Soldiers Once . . . and Young by Hal Moore and Joe Galloway: Another excellent book, about the battle of the Ia Drang valley, just up the road from Ban Me Thuot. Recently made into a movie starring Mel Gibson. Moore was the commander of the First Cav unit involved in the battle, and Galloway was a news correspondent; both were on the ground during the battle. (As I understand it, some of you Company A guys started this melee. Sadly, the book makes no mention of your contribution.)

Chickenhawk by Robert Mason: the trials and tribulations of a First Cav slick pilot.

CW2 by Layne Heath: a very good novel about an Army helicopter pilot in Vietnam.

Maverick by Dennis Marvicsin: another good novel about an Army helicopter pilot in Vietnam.

Charlie Mike by Leonard Scott: a good novel about LRRP Rangers in II Corps. In the book, Scott mentions a slick, call sign "Stagecoach."

Ed. - There's about a million books about Vietnam now; most of 'em, the world would be a better place if they were still trees. If you've read something good, let us know and we'll pass the word along. Thanks.

SECOND TOUR

First tour in '66, I had been a 2LT tank platoon leader in Pleiku. When I came back for my second tour in '70, I was a senior CPT and a recent flight school graduate.

My brother in law was in the 92nd, so I had requested assignment to the 10th Battalion. When I arrived at Dong Ba Thin and stepped onto that glaring white sand and felt the blast furnace heat, severe doubts about my choice were taking shape. The fact that I was still dressed in khakis didn't help a damned bit.

I asked the gunner who retrieved my duffel bag where the Officers Club was. He pointed to a wooden building built on a GP medium tent slab with a tin roof and several air conditioners. Two Wobbly Ones (who had been on the same chopper) and I trekked toward that building. As we drew near, my mind's eye conjured bourbon with floating ice cubes, and so much cold air blowing from those machines that I would wish I had brought my flight parka.

In reality the bourbon had ice, and the temp was at least cool enough to stop the torrent of sweat from running down the crack of my butt. The two newly-minted Warrant Officers were just green kids, probably not out of their teens; with wide eyes and awe struck about being in the "combat zone". They saw my few ribbons, and by their demeanor you would think Audie Murphy himself had just bought them drinks.

I was sipping my drink and we were discussing our assignment possibilities and just generally shooting the bull when mortar rounds started impacting all the way over in the Freight Train compound, probably ¼ mile away. The young men started for the floor. Having retained some of my reflexes, I plucked my drink from the heaving table and put my other hand atop it to keep it from being overturned. The two young aviators scrambled to get under what they imagined to be the table's life-saving surface - while I scooted my chair back and took another sip of the recently-rescued ambrosia. The khaki-clad kids reluctantly peeked out from under the table, while I sipped my drink and reminded myself that there were indeed some explosions that required the sacrifice of a glass of Jim Beam. This had just not been one of them.

Chuck Markham, Stagecoach 5, '70

MORE ON THE MORTAR ATTACK

In the Oct '04 *Barb*, Bob Gardner made

reference to 484 having a mortar round land next to the aircraft. I was the crew chief for Falcon 484; let me give you all the details, at least what I can remember after 35 years.

We actually had two mortar attacks that night. Me sleeping in the hooch probable saved the lives of the crew of 484. I never liked to sleep in the TOC, it was always hot and smelly. After the initial attack I ran to the TOC and when the team leader had all of the crews together we started to the aircraft. We had just gotten outside of the TOC when we heard four rounds leave the tube. We hit the ground outside of 484's revetment. That's where we were when the round hit next to 484 - not 4 feet but 4 inches from the left skid, next to the copilot's door. Had I not been in the hooch and had it not taken me 2 to 3 minutes to get to the TOC, we would have left the TOC earlier and would have been inside of the revetment when the round hit. At a minimum the

co-pilot, gunner and I would have been dead. There is no way we could have survived. The right-seater may have lived and that's a big MAY. I have photos.

A postscript to the story is a CH-47 lifted 484 out of BMT, going to the coast. Somewhere west of Nha Trang, 484 started to oscillate and they punched it off. I was told it made a nice fireball when it hit.

Tom Hunt, Falcon Crewchief

ASH & TRASH

ARMY ISSUE, 1968, FORT WOLTERS I've got two grey flight suits (officially, "Coverall, Flying Man's, Very Light, K-28," size Medium Regular). One is well worn (no holes), the other has never been worn. They've been wadded up in an old trunk for 34 years. If you have any ideas for a good home for them, please contact Les Davison.

SWEAT AND SANDBAGS: FROM THE EDITOR'S BUNKER Many, many thanks to the guys who took the time to write up their memories of BMT and share them with the rest of us. If you know any of these guys – or even if you don't – take a couple of minutes from your busy schedule and tell them "thanks."

Joe De La Torre (165th guy), you didn't have to apologize for intruding on "our" website – because it's your website. Our organization, the Home Page, and the newsletter are nominally for the 155th Assault Helicopter Company (and Company A, for the few months before it was redesignated as the 155th). But a better description would be "The Ban Me Thuot Boys." Our organization includes anyone who was stationed at BMT or spent any time there, no matter what unit you were officially assigned to. 185th Pteradactyls, 165th, 8th Med, K-9 guys, USAF guys, MACV – if you were at BMT, you're one of us. BMT East Field, downtown (the Bungalow), Camp Coryell; close enough. We were together over there, a LONG way from other US units, and we're together now. Welcome, Joe, glad to have you with us again.

And second, I encourage each and every one of you to think about taking the time to write (or record) memories of your service in Vietnam. Friendships, lousy food, combat, boredom, company parties, building a better bunker, guard duty, the swimming pool, going home – all of us have memories of BMT. In case you hadn't noticed, it's been 40 years since Company A arrived at BMT. Thirty-five years ago, the last of us packed up and went home. The clock is ticking. I happen to think that it's really important for our stories to get into the files/archives maintained by the 155 Historian. People need to know what we did over there, and the only way they'll find out is if we tell about our tours.

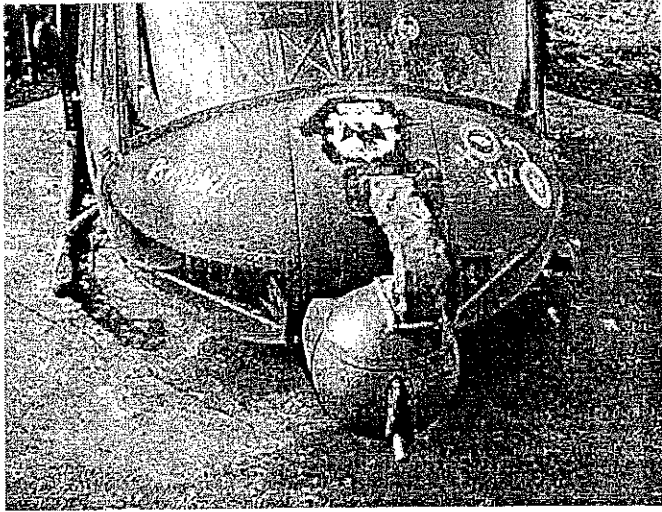
Finally – write for your family. If you're like me, you've never talked much about Vietnam. A couple of years ago, my daughter picked up a *Barb* lying on our kitchen table. Later, she asked me about one of the stories. Well, that question turned into a three hour heart-to-heart talk, about Vietnam . . . and a lot of other stuff, too. A couple of weeks after that, she told me she had never thought about Vietnam, because I had never talked about it. But after our conversation, she said she was really proud that her Dad had served in Vietnam. So, please, write for your family. I'm pretty sure they will be glad you did – and so will you.

Les Davison, Editor

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BAN ME THUOT NOSE ART



The Falcon hog-frog photo was sent in by Lacey Jones; he says that "Psychedelic Sex" was Len Tiner's ship. I think it's a Charlie model, because there's no pitot tube in view. The "Kilgore" radio cover looks like it's on a B model. Sorry, I haven't a clue who sent the photo. If you know anything about this ship, please let us know.

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