



# The Ban Me Thuot Barb

**Newsletter of the 155th Assault Helicopter Company and All Units Serving at Camp Coryell; Central Highlands, II Corps, South Vietnam 1965–1970**

This newsletter this quarter is comprised of comments received after the 2008 reunion in San Antonio, a few stories that were sent my way (a great big THANK YOU to the guys that took the time to write them down), and 155th AHC Association news of interest to all.

Larry "Matt" Matthews

**155th AHC Association Officer Updates**  
(Matt Matthews)

Problems unforeseen since the selection of officers at the 2008 reunion have required Gil Terry and Joe Kinder to excuse themselves. Bob Gardner is now the Association President and we are seeking someone to take over the Editor's responsibilities. If you feel a calling to accept the Editor's position and would like to "try it on for

size", please contact President Bob Gardner via eMail at [rag\\_ftw-155@yahoo.com](mailto:rag_ftw-155@yahoo.com).

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|-------------------|---------------|
| President         | Bob Gardner   |
| Treasurer         | Jeff Schrader |
| Newsletter Editor |               |
| Sergeant-At-Arms  | Wayne Coward  |
| Member-At-Large   | Bud Henry     |
| Unit Historian    | Les Davison   |
| Roster/Database   | Matt Matthews |

**Another Warrior and Dear Friend Has Passed**  
(Bob Gardner)

I know no other way to say this... with great sorrow I report our much beloved Mary Baldwin passed away November 14, 2009.

One definition of a warrior is "one who is engaged aggressively or energetically in an activity, cause, or conflict"; Mary certainly fit that description. From the 155<sup>th</sup> AHC Association's inception, Mary was the Association. Mary knew more about the 155 than any of us that served in the unit. She was always telling us about things that happened that we had no knowledge of or had forgotten. Mary, Earl, and Tom did the initial ground work to get the group started, but Mary was the one that kept digging and collecting information every year continuing to develop the organization into what it is today.

Mary is the only webmaster the Association has ever had. It was Mary who worked tirelessly build-

ing the award-winning website. It was Mary who cleaned up our old pictures and deciphered all our scribbled stories and made them available to us and countless others who found the 155 online and read our history.

Mary was at every Association reunion keeping all of us straight on our events and unit history – and she always brought her smile and infectious humor with her. She was always the first one to give us a hug when we arrived and gave us our last hug as we left for home each year.

Mary, we will forever be in your debt, especially those of us that have experienced the healing and peace of mind you allowed us to experience through your caring smile, thoughtful nods, and gentle encouragement.

Please pray for Earl, and their daughter Alexandra, and ask for God's comfort and healing for them at this painful time.

### **Reflection on the 2008 Reunion**

(Ken Donovan, Stagecoach 28 1968-1969)

On the plane going back to Florida I took a few minutes to reflect back on the reunion and how things seemed to have worked out beyond seeing a lot of old friends. On Saturday several of us went over to the Menger Hotel to have breakfast, which is next to the Alamo. I would later learn the bar at the Menger was where Teddy Roosevelt recruited the Rough Riders.

After we had breakfast we went across the street to the Alamo where on 6 March 1836, 257 Texans fought to the death for what they believed in and to make a difference. About that time the City of San Antonio started its official Veterans Day celebration, which turned out to be one of the largest Veterans Parades I have ever seen. It seemed for the moment the Alamo was forgotten and we turned to watch the Parade from in front of the Alamo.

Looking back on it now it's funny how things worked out—I had stood on the spot where Teddy Roosevelt had formed the famed Rough Riders and watched with a group of 155th guys the Veterans Parade from in front of the Alamo where 172 years ago men were willing to fight to the death to make a difference. I do not think I could have been in a better spot or stood with better men to share Veterans Day with.

As I was leaving the Hotel on Sunday morning, the clerk handed me a fax that answered another question that I have asked myself on and off over the last 40 years—did what we did in Viet Nam so long ago really make a difference? Reginald Brockwell would help answer that question for me. (His

article about his experience at LZ Kate appeared with my article In the BMT Barb several months ago).

Reg had planned to attend the reunion so we could meet face to face. He was letting me know he was going to be unable to make it because the school where he volunteers had been damaged by Hurricane Ike. He stated "I wanted to pass on a heartfelt thanks for all you guys did to get us in and out of places and to resupply us during our stay. If nobody ever told you how great it was to hear a helicopter let me do it now. It always meant that someone outside knew you were still there and cared" Clearly the 155<sup>th</sup> resupply made a difference to Reg and the other troops at LZ Kate.

I did not fully understand the effort it took to put myself and my crew of aircraft 540 in the air until I would become an operations officer of both an aviation company and later an aviation battalion. While many times the focal point of any aviation unit is the aircraft and the flight crews, the ability of any aviation unit to deploy and fight is the collective effort of all of the unit's members. I believe not matter what you did in the 155<sup>th</sup> your efforts made a difference.

Did we make a difference and change world history like the guys on D-Day, probably not. Did we make a difference to guys like Reg Brockwell—you bet. Funny how things worked out over the years, and where you find answers to questions that you asked yourself forty years ago.

Thanks for a great reunion and hope to see you again in two years.

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### **Another Warrior Passes**

(Matt Matthews)

At the 2006 155<sup>th</sup> AHC Association Reunion in Savannah, GA, we were joined by another couple at the "Low Country Boil" meal at Gil Terry's house - Donald and Pamela Tryon.

Don served in Vietnam from 68-73, at least part of that time with the 5<sup>th</sup> Special Forces and that was his association with the 155<sup>th</sup> AHC. It seems Stagecoach had taken him on a few scenic rides and he wanted to party with us once again.

I received a letter September 1, 2009 from Pamela indicating Donald passed away April 2, 2007 from a Heart Attack. Per Pamela's letter, Sgt. Donald Tryon had been awarded the Silver Star, Bronze Star, 2 Purple Hearts, and Army Commendation medals. Pamela indicated that Don enjoyed reading the "Barb" and she requested the membership be informed of his passing.

Fly high Donald Ray Tryon - I'm sure there's a couple of 155 guys with you now swapping war stories.

**Life at Ban Me Thuot: August 1965 – October 1966** (Lee Wozniak)

I was one of the first replacements to arrive in Ban Me Thuot after the unit arrived in Vietnam from Fort Riley, Kansas. The unit was then known as A Company, 1<sup>st</sup> Aviation, 1<sup>st</sup> Infantry Division; later designated the 155<sup>th</sup> Assault Helicopter Company. (formerly in Korea).

I was assigned as Maintenance Sergeant for the Service Platoon. Later, I took over the duties as Service Platoon Sergeant. The Platoon Leader/Maintenance Officer was Captain Rodney Pementto. The professional maintenance personnel of the Service Platoon maintained 85 – 95% aircraft availability. Also assigned to Service Platoon was a KD team (the POL Handlers Platoon) to handle refueling operations for aircraft in the Ban Me Thuot area.

A civilian construction company had responsibility for building the compound. The Orderly Room, Mess Hall and Service Platoon office were built first. Troop living quarters were tents. Dirt berms for the helicopters were constructed.

Major Joseph L. "Joe" Parlas came to the 155<sup>th</sup> AHC from the First Cavalry Division as the new

commander.

During my time in the unit, the Viet Cong, at numerous times, lobbed 122 MM mortar rounds into the compound – little damage occurred. Attacks usually came between 1:00 and 4:00 AM.

The 155<sup>th</sup> personnel were responsible for inner compound security to include the berm. An infantry platoon from the 25<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division provided security of the outer perimeter.

The city of Ban Me Thuot consisted of a few bars and the compound called "The Bungalow" which housed MACV advisors to the 23<sup>rd</sup> ARVN Division.

My subsequent 2 tours in Vietnam were not as rewarding and challenging as my tour with "Stagecoach".

In October, 1966, I rotated back to "the World" from the 155<sup>th</sup> AHC with an assignment to Fort Knox, Kentucky.

On later visits to the compound in 1967-69, I noticed many improvements; i.e., the pool and troop living quarters.

Leon S. Wozniak  
1<sup>st</sup> Sergeant US Army Retired

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**What A Show** (Mike Temple)

Our detachment arrived at BMT in Oct. 68. Our unit was the 348th ASD. Air traffic controllers for you "wuappa wuappa" guys.

One of our early assignments was to provide lighting for the runway. Our electrical power was unreliable. To remedy this we buried 105 shell transportation canisters at intervals down the runway and filled them with JP-4. At dusk one trooper drove and another

lit the canisters with a torch. The first time a slick pulled pitch over these lit torches the flames were sucked up around and over the top of the Huey. Each torch did its thing as the Huey hovered down the runway. What a light show.

Falcons, Stagecoach, Pterodactyl, Walts and the support groups were sure effective units. It was a pleasure to work with such a good bunch of people.

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**"From This Far Distant Shore"**

(Richard J. Curtin)

I recently had a book published about our unit in Vietnam; although it is a work of fiction I'm sure you'll recognize some of the names, places and events that took place. The title is "From This Far

Distant Shore" and I'm the author.

The book is located on Authorhouse.com, Yahoo, Barnes and Noble, Ingram, Amazon.com and many others. If you have any problems please let me know. I'm located at [tasha35@comcast.net](mailto:tasha35@comcast.net), my phone number is 717-273-7741.

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**The "Old Guy"** (Ken Donovan)

I quietly watched the "old guy" as I strapped into the aircraft. I remained quiet because new guys were to be seen and not heard. You see "new guys" were dumb, ham fisted, and made too many mistakes, not a formula for survival. As I watched the "old guy" his hands moved across the switches with a confident ease born of several hundred hours of flying in a very unforgiving environment against a skilled and determined enemy. His survival stood as a silent testimony of his skill, bravery, and just plain good luck.

Being an "old guy" was not about age or a great passage of time, most of the time 3-4 months was normally long enough to earn the title of "old guy". Being an "old guy" was more about wisdom and experience gained from an untold number of combat assaults, many into HOT Landing Zones.

You see the "old guy's" experience was a gift from another "old guy". How to get an overloaded slick off the ground in formation, how to drag a gunship down the runway with extra rockets and ammo that the engineers back at the factory would say could not be done, but what the "old guy" knew would make a difference if this morning's mission turned into a gun fight. While the "old guy" could really rag on you, he willingly gave you his gift of experience—in the end his gift was

the gift of life, in a place where death willingly killed the stupid or unlucky.

You see it amazed me to watch the "old guy" continue to calmly stay in formation as greenish-white tracers started to slowly float up toward us, or how the gunnies continued to close on the target to get in close for that last pair of rockets.

We are now headed back to home plate; the "old guy" knows exactly how to get back home as the weather starts to get really bad, all I could do is stare at the fuel gauge and wonder if we have enough to get back home. The "old guy" must have seen my concern, he smiles—"not to worry, a piece of cake".

The "old guy" also has wisdom, but this is something we do not talk about, it is a sad wisdom that comes from the weight of the many decisions he has made over the last several months and when your first friend is killed or wounded so badly they are sent back to "the world". It is an experience I hope to avoid, but know in my heart will come in time.

Not too long from now, with a little luck, I will become an "old guy" - if I learn my lessons in survival well. I wonder what it will feel like to be "old" before my 21<sup>st</sup> birthday?

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**Another "Original" Story** (Harry Hall)

Thanks guys for including me in this. I was one of the original WO-1s that transferred from the 52nd Avn Bn to BMT in early 1965 when the 155 first arrived in country. I flew B model guns (new!) as AC and fireteam leader.

We had a great time and still have fond memories of "Dusk Patrol" at twilight trying to find the bad guys sneaking up on us (it was another opportu-

nity to enjoy being a helicopter pilot). I can also remember helping dig the latrine, bunkers, and filling a million sand bags. After another tour and a total of 28 years, I retired as a bottle-top colonel.

I now am a college professor and administrator at Indiana Wesleyan University in Marion, IN (who would ever have believed that I would end up doing that!). I found God and an education. Best wishes and blessings to everyone.

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**Never Too Young** (Ken Blankenship)

I am Ken Blankenship; I was part of the 165<sup>th</sup> recovery crew in 65-66 and have never forgot the time I spent with the troops of the 155<sup>th</sup> and 165<sup>th</sup> who I think made up the best AHC Company in Nam.

On June 6, 2009, I had a chance to jump with the Golden Knights from Fort Bragg, NC it was

one of the most exciting things I have done in a long time—maybe not like the first time into a hot LZ but, it was a thrill. I even dug up a set of jungle fatigues and sewed my old patches on them and wore them for the jump. I dedicated the jump to the 155<sup>th</sup> and 165<sup>th</sup>. We jumped over Cherokee, NC next to The Great Smoky Mountains, what a way to see the Mountains. The following is the link to **You Tube** to see my jump.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WaNlqS29r8o>

## **In the Beginning...**

(Matt Matthews)

*The intent of this story is to give family members a brief glance at what we went through to become members of the brotherhood of the 155<sup>th</sup> AHC at Ban Me Thuot. A sprinkling of humor may show up occasionally.*

"It was a dark and gloomy night"... July 4, 1970, I left the "land of the big PX" for Viet Nam. I processed out through Ft. Lewis, WA. There I received my shots, was given my battalion assignment, and was issued OD jungle fatigues (I did a quick check to make sure there was no bulls-eye pattern stenciled on them). With all preparations completed, they bused us to McCord Air Force Base to catch our flight. The fog was so thick and the air chilly that we were standing around quite miserable in our summer khakis and field jackets though we could occasionally catch a glimpse of Independence Day fireworks as a faint glow through the fog – big whoopee. After what seemed an eternity (remember we were just a little uneasy heading for 'Nam), we finally boarded a civilian airliner (a Northwest Orient flight I believe) for our trip routed via Anchorage, AK to Tokyo to Cam Ranh Bay. The stewardesses (this is when they were still mainly young and attractive) had nothing to do with us on the trip up to Anchorage – no snacks and no drinks (free or purchased); we were already being treated "differently".

Our planned quick stopover in Anchorage was extended; we had to shut down an engine on the leg up and the pilot was pretty adamant about have four functioning power plants for such a long "feet-wet" flight. After what seemed like hours (and in reality was) we finally took off for Tokyo. "Did those mechanics get that little problem with the #3 engine fixed?" What a long and boring flight – some of the guys slept (as evidenced by the snoring) but most of us were just too keyed up (hey, we were going to 'Nam and nasty little people were shooting at GIs wearing OD).

Tokyo amounted to nothing more than a quick stopover – fill the tanks, take a pee break, and don't allow the troops access to any of the stores or civilians. We could not have been on the ground more than an hour before off we go again (all four engines still burning – the one bright spot).

Another boring lifetime flight over the water – a

few snores but most were feeling antsy and awake and talking – about nothing. After another short eternity, the pilot finally came over the intercom and announced we were on final for Cam Ranh Bay. "Ladies (remember the stewardesses) and gentlemen, we are now on final for Cam Ranh Bay, Republic of Viet Nam. There is a possibility the airfield may be under fire when we land; if that is the case, there will be bunkers (what the hell is a bunker?) immediately to the left and right front of the airplane. Head for the bunkers as fast as you can – don't wait for me because I will already be there."

Okay, is this guy a "wannabe" comedian or are the short little assholes with the funny conical hats going to be shooting at us before we can even deplane? The tires barked, the brakes screeched and the plane slowly rolled to a stop in front of the terminal. Looking out through the windows all we could see was concrete and a bunch of airplanes and revetments and large hangars. No bullets, no mortars, no rockets – "thank you God".

The ground crews rolled stairways up to the front and rear exits and cracked open the doors and we deplaned. Noises of a busy airport, heat and humidity like I had never experienced in the good old USA and a horrible stench greeted us – welcome to Viet Nam (note for management: somebody might want to consider relocating that out-house or pig pen downwind).

Owing to the heat, humidity, and fatigue, I recall very little of the processing at Cam Ranh Bay. I remember exchanging my American greenbacks for Military Pay Certificates (MPC); I suspect Milton Bradley printed the stuff for the Feds following their Monopoly money patterns.

I spent one night at Cam Ranh Bay and the next day we were divided up into the battalion areas we would be going to. That afternoon I was loaded onto a deuce and a half with a bunch of other guys and driven north to Nha Trang – home base for the 10<sup>th</sup> Combat Aviation Battalion at that time. Hey, I'm riding around in an open-backed truck down a road filled with locals of whom I'm sure half were VC, "when do I get my M-16?"

Upon arrival at the battalion area, we were greeted by a self-important Spec4 that showed us the transit barracks we would be occupying - complete with holes in the exterior

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walls screens (to make it easier for the mosquitoes?) but without sheets for the bunks. He very officiously selected a couple of guys for KP and told the rest of us, "Dismissed". No air conditioning and no fans -- the heat and humidity were oppressive; I couldn't sleep and I don't think anyone else did either. This was another blur in time - several of us were sick (I'm pretty sure it was the heat and humidity because I hadn't eaten anything since Ft. Lewis) and they did not put us on KP or any other duty the rest of the time we were there. The first night there was some firing out on the berm line; it did manage to make us "newbies" a little uneasy -- when the hell are they going to issue us a weapon?

The second or third afternoon at battalion reception, one of the transit guys came running into the barracks and hollered, "You ain't going to believe this, but there's 500 whores down at the main gate." (Ladies, you might want to stop reading here and move on to the next paragraph.) Being as how I was married, I wasn't interested in any business dealings with the locals but I needed to check out this guy's story -- he couldn't be telling the truth, could he? I and a couple of the others decided to go down and check out the action. While there might not have been 500 "evening flowers" there were quite a few. Vietnamese males -- pimps I guess (father, brother, husband, or whatever) would ride up on their little motorcycles with their ladies behind them. The girls would then bid their ride goodbye and make herself available for whatever business dealing might come her way; while a shock to some of us, this seemed to be an acceptable occupation for these girls (and surprising to me, evidently acceptable to the South Vietnamese and American military because there was MPs from both all over the place). Heck, I don't know for sure that I could tell you that this country boy had even seen a "lady of the evening" before then. I'm sure a lot of MPC changed hands that evening.

The next morning we received our company assignments; by a stroke of good fortune I was assigned to the 155<sup>th</sup> Assault Helicopter Company at a place called Ban Me Thuot. Cadre I talked to at battalion would give me the 'rocket city' story when they found out I was going to Ban Me Thuot -- I was assured I had as much likelihood of getting my butt blown off on the ground as I did in the air at Ban Me Thuot. Suffice it to say, it was

quite unnerving for a 20-year old newbie. In retrospect, I'm sure that most of those guys had never been outside of Nha Trang and they were merely passing on the same BS story they had heard from someone else. That afternoon I was told to grab my gear and get on a jeep for a ride to the flight line -- my ride to Ban Me Thuot was inbound and should be there at any moment.

We had been briefed that Ban Me Thuot was located in the central highlands close to the Cambodian border and was somewhat cooler than the coastal town Nha Trang. I gladly grabbed my duffle bag and went looking for the jeep -- "shoot up in here", a bullet wasn't sounding near as bad as the heat stroke that I was anticipating in the battalion reception barracks.

I'm sure there was at least one other enlisted guy headed to Ban Me Thuot from the reception center at the same time as me. At the flight line we met a newly assigned officer waiting for the same ride out to Ban Me Thuot -- I suspect he had gone through some other reception area as I had not seen an officer during the incoming processing. As we were standing there introducing ourselves we heard the unmistakable "whop-whop-whop" of an incoming Huey. The bird made a crisp approach to the runway and then ground hovered over to the pickup area. "You guys going to Ban Me Thuot?", was the crewchief's greeting. With a nod to the affirmative, he motioned for us to board. Once our gear was loaded and we were strapped in, the pilot called for clearance from the tower, hovered out to the active, and then nosed it over to pick up transitional lift. I was immediately reminded that this was Vietnam and we were in a war zone as the crewchief pulled his M-60 loose from the pintle post retainer bracket and checked his belt feed. Without helmets and with the doors pinned open, we settled in for the noisy and cool ride (aaahhh!) to Ban Me Thuot.

When we got to Ban Me Thuot, the pilot received clearance to land and then hovered over to POL (for you ladies, the fuel pumps). We departed the ship and a five-quarter ton truck was there to pick us up and take us to the orderly room. During the hustle and bustle of arriving at our new home, I did note that it was a heck of a lot more comfortable weather-wise than Nha Trang -- big thanks! When we got to the Orderly Room, the Company Clerk announced our presence to the First Ser-

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geant and he came out to greet us. I can't remember the First Sergeant's name (we had three of them while I was there) but he stuck out his hand, introduced himself, shook our hand, and said something to the effect of "Welcome to the 155<sup>th</sup> Assault Helicopter Company and Ban Me Thuot".

The First Sergeant collected our orders and pointed us toward the Mess Hall – yeah, I was getting hungry. We got a couple of sandwiches and some "Kool-Aid" (at least that was what they called it – it was the right color but that's where any resemblance to the well-known drink parted ways; I learned this was not just a Ban Me Thuot specialty but a common trait throughout the US Army in Vietnam).

A few minutes later Sergeant First Class Maassen walked into the Mess Hall and said, "Matthews, Miller (I'm pretty sure it was Alan Miller) you're with me; get your gear and come on." I was a school-trained UH-1 Helicopter Crewchief, Military Occupational Specialty (MOS) 67N20. SFC Dosie

"Daddy Bear" Maassen was the Second Flight Platoon sergeant and second platoon was in need of additional aircrew.

Daddy Bear took us to second platoon's barracks, assigned us bunks, and then gave us a quick tour of the compound areas we needed to know about - Maintenance, Dispensary, Operations, Supply (YES! – I was finally issued my own M-16 and magazines), Armor, Latrine (yep - that was high on the priority list), the Corral (where second platoon parked their aircraft), the other platoons' aircraft parking areas, and the perimeter berm and bunkers. The sound of aircraft landing and taking off seemed almost constant.

As the day wound down and flight crews returned from their day's missions, second platoon's personnel trickled into the hootch (that's what the barracks were called). By ones and twos I met most of the guys that would be my brothers for my time at Ban Me Thuot. "Hey newbie, welcome to the 'Nam."

The end of the beginning...

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## 2010 155th AHC Association Reunion

(Matt Matthews)

155<sup>th</sup> AHC Association officers have finalized the selection of the 2010 reunion site. We'll "piggy-back" with the 10<sup>th</sup> Combat Aviation Battalion (CAB) "Vagabonds" reunion to be held August 4-8 in St. Louis, MO at the Airport Crowne Plaza Hotel; a 3 Star hotel deemed excellent by those attending in 2009. The planning group has received confirmed rates of \$60 per night per room for up to 3 days before and 3 days after the reunion for those attending. The hotel has 351 rooms so start making your plans now to attend.

(Editor's Note: The 155<sup>th</sup> was part of the 52<sup>nd</sup> CAB until June 1, 1968 when it was transferred to the 10<sup>th</sup> CAB.)

A major bonus of this reunion format is that you might meet up with buddies from other member companies of the 10<sup>th</sup> CAB (48<sup>th</sup> Bluestars, 92<sup>nd</sup> Stallions, 192<sup>nd</sup> Polecats, 243<sup>rd</sup> Freight Train, 281<sup>st</sup> Intruders) and HHC personnel.

For the 10<sup>th</sup> CAB companies, this will be their 2<sup>nd</sup> annual reunion (also held in St. Louis at the same hotel in July, 2009) – last year's reunion was de-

clared a great success with most of the former member companies represented (it was hosted by the 281<sup>st</sup> which will also be the host company in 2010). A question raised at the 2009 reunion was, "Where's the Ban Me Thuot guys?" – come August 2010, they'll know for sure.

The main concern the 155<sup>th</sup> AHC Association officers had before making the decision to join the 10<sup>th</sup> CAB reunion was how the reunion is conducted. We've been assured that, like us, there is no separation of officers vs. enlisted; all are treated as equals regardless of unit, rank, or duty position. While we will have full access to the battalion's hospitality suite, the 155<sup>th</sup> will have its own hospitality suite so we should not lose any of the closeness we have come to expect at our reunions.

Additional information will be distributed via the Barb as it becomes available. For now, the important information is that **the telephone number for hotel reservations is 314-291-6700; ask for "IN-HOUSE RESERVATIONS ONLY"! The ROOM BLOCK CODE for reservations is: VAG.**

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**In Memory of Mike Stark** (Bob Kilpatrick)

Well, folks, it took a while, but our donation (In Memory of James M. "Mike" Stark - Falcon 6 - 155<sup>th</sup> AHC) to the Vinh Son Montagnard Orphanage in Kontum has finally made it to its destination.

We collected a few dollars after Mike's service here in East Hampton last year and the money has been sitting on my desk since then. I finally found the "Friends" web site today and sent them \$200 in Mike's name. He would approve. A little late, but he was always a little late so I don't think he'll mind. Anyone who worked with or had anything to do with the folks we called the "little people" loved them and admired their loyalty and their bravery. One of my vivid memories is the early part of an afternoon squatting around a jug of wine with

some 'Yard' village elders, my high school French getting better every time they passed the straw to me. A couple of hundred in memory of Falcon 6 is the least we can do.

I investigated the "Friends" very carefully; they don't take a penny in compensation or overhead, it all goes to the orphanage. There are good people in the world, still.

I am impressed with the whole operation, and I will probably be sending whatever I can as time goes on. Their web address follows.

<http://www.friendsofvso.org/index.html>

Feel free to pass this along to anyone I may have missed.

Here's to Mike, Falcon 6.

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**Need Input!!!** (Matt Matthews)

Like the robot in the 1986 movie "Short Circuit" we need input.

This newsletter was constructed using the stories and memories that were recorded by some of our guys and shared with me—electronically or in written format. There's no way I could research and

generate these entries but, thanks to those that shared, we have a newsletter.

Please take the time to record your thoughts and memories about your time in the 'Nam and send them to me so everyone can learn and appreciate what you did in an upcoming issue of the "Barb".

155th AHC Association  
c/o L. Matthews

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