



# BAN ME THUOT BARB

*-Remembering the 155<sup>th</sup> Assault Helicopter Company & all the Ban Me Thuot Guys-*

Sortie #64 -----

June 2017

**Nguy Hiem**

*Wes Timmons, Falcon 1*

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There I was at 2000 feet, one was turning, one was burning, flak so thick I could walk on it, SAM missiles so close they looked like wing tanks – oops, wrong aircraft – wrong war. This story starts out like most of Schwarzenegger’s “Conan the Barbarian” movies – a long, long time ago in a land far away . . . I will apologize in advance for the memory, but after 50 years it may be more of an accident if any actual facts are recalled.

According to our standard operating procedures, we had two gunships on standby every night in case we were called to help defend friendly units or outposts/camps due to hostile enemy action. Each evening we would move our gunships to the first two revetments closest to the officer’s club and the hootches. We would do a complete preflight and accomplish the before starting checklist all the way up to and including setting the throttle for starting the aircraft. Our flight helmets were hanging on the hooks by the doors. If called out – all we had to do was hit the battery switch and pull the trigger and in minimum time we would be ready to rock and roll.

On the night of May 4<sup>th</sup>, 1968, I was Falcon 1, aircraft commander in the second ship of a light fire team. Here is one of the memory lapses – I think the Team Lead was either Larry Hanna or Wayne Johnson but I don’t remember for sure. During the very early hours of the morning of May 5<sup>th</sup> our compound came under what I think was the most intense mortar attack that I could remember up to that point in my tour (beginning of September 1967 to the end of August 1968).

I can’t remember if there was a standard procedure, a conscious decision or just a reaction to run to the aircraft, but off I went. I think flight suits were much quicker to get on than jungle fatigues, so I think I was in a flight suit and tennis shoes. I would like you to think I was calm, cool, and collected but with all of the mortar shells hitting I know I jumped into the right seat, and hit the battery and trigger as fast as I could. I realized just one or two seconds into the trigger squeeze, the crew chief had also gotten to the aircraft and was untying the rotor blades – and I remember saying thank you for those guys as the turbine and rotors came alive. I was getting up to operating RPM when my Peter Pilot (I think he was a slender, sandy haired 2<sup>nd</sup> LT with a thin mustache) and the door gunner arrived. Again, I was really glad to see them.

As soon as we got up to RPM I backed the aircraft out of the revetment, did a left pedal turn and started my takeoff from the parking area – something we never did – and was not even sure we would make it this time – but someone was watching out for us. As we cleared the plantation trees at the west end of the revetment area I had managed to bleed the RPM down to 6000 and the large red RPM WARNING light was staring at me. I don’t think I heard the audible alert since I had not put on my helmet yet. I remember nursing the collective down until we regained the RPM, and I gave the

aircraft to my co-pilot while I put on my flight helmet, latched my door, and fastened my shoulder harness.

Immediately to the right I saw three mortar flashes in a line just outside our compound fence in the plantation trees to the northwest of the living area. I gained enough altitude to start a gun run and expended about 50% of my ammo in one pass on these three positions that were located very close to each other. Then I set about finding our lead ship – as second ship we did not turn on our navigation lights but the lead ship had theirs on and once we communicated with them on location we were able to join up and form a light fire team. There were so many mortar flashes. I think we would target one and fire and then turn to point at the next one and fire again – never having time to set up our standard racetrack attack pattern.

The mortar attack ended and we may have refueled and rearmed and gone out again in support of an outpost that was also under attack – I just remember it was a long night. Ground troops went out the next day to assess the damage and I think they found several tubes destroyed, several more damaged, and an enemy body count of approximately 70. I remember with some jubilation as we felt we had dealt Charlie a blow, but again, I think I remember the very next night Ban Me Thuot East came under attack, and they dropped over 400 mortar rounds on that airfield. I remember saying “at least they did not mess with us.”

This was one of those episodes that is stored in my “lucky to still be here” locker because the choices made were not based on good judgement or calculated risk but just turned out to be lucky. I hope there is someone out there who can fill in some of the blanks or correct some of the details that at this point may be more hallucinations than memory.

I was proud to have served with the 155<sup>th</sup> AHC. I saw acts of bravery and going above and beyond what was expected on a daily basis. I have often told people that I would have awarded medals to our guys every single day if I were in charge. I especially want to acknowledge the tremendous job our maintenance folks and our crew chiefs and door gunners did to keep those aircraft in the air and to take care of the crews. It would have been a much different tour without you guys. Thank you.

## **The “FNG”**

*Dave Churilla, Stagecoach 26*

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We can all remember when that term was appropriately applied to each of us. The F\*\*kin’ New Guy! This First Lieutenant (FNG) got in country in mid-January 1969. He can remember seeing Fast Mover air strikes out of the DC-8’s window as the plane was on final approach to Tan Son Nhut Airbase, near Saigon. There really was war going on, and he was heading right into it.

Then there was the assault on his senses as he walked off the plane. I’ll bet just about everyone who was there remembers that smell today. A mixture of JP-4, heat, humidity, burning waste from the “honey buckets”, and the jungle. My guess is that everyone who serves in a war zone has their own version of that odor. One you never forget.

Then he was processed through the 90<sup>th</sup> Replacement Depot (90<sup>th</sup> Repo - Depo). And heard the constant use of the term “FNG”.

Next was a wild ride in the back of a C-130 as it delivered about 75 other replacements from one end of South Vietnam to the other. The replacements were just like loose cargo in the back of the plane as it made terrifying landings and rocket like takeoffs all night, throwing the “cargo” from one end of the plane to the other.

The FNG was hustled through the First Aviation Brigade, and winding up in Dong Ba Thin, home of the 10<sup>th</sup> Battalion. Bewildered, confused, exhausted, and maybe a little hung over, the FNG found his way to the place that would decide which unit he was to spend the next year of his life. He did find it strange to see a “Gambling Wheel” mounted on the wall sectioned off into pie like slices. The slices were marked with the unit designations for all the Aviation companies in the Battalion. It took a while but the FNG finally noticed that one unit was different. It was marked in every other slice.

The FNG asked the sergeant about it. The sergeant grinned and said “That’s the 155<sup>th</sup> Assault Helicopter Company, Sir. It’s up in Ban Me Thuot. Rocket City! They always need replacements.” The FNG lieutenant was a lot quicker putting this information together. The 155<sup>th</sup> seemed to get hit very often.

“Okay lieutenant”. The sergeant said, “Let’s see where you’re going” as he spun the wheel. Yes! The wheel stopped on the 155<sup>th</sup>. The FNG shrugged his shoulders and asked, “How do I get there”?

“No problem sir. There will be a re-supply chopper in here before noon tomorrow, it will leave about 1600 hours.

The flight up to Ban Me Thuot was uneventful and the jungle looked peaceful from 3000 feet in the air. After landing one of the pilots pointed out where the FNG had to go to sign in. The 155<sup>th</sup>’s compound looked very small for an aviation company. He would be very surprised in the coming days when he found out that there was fixed wing company, the 185<sup>th</sup> Pterodactyls, the 8<sup>th</sup> Medical Detachment and several other small units stationed at Ban Me Thuot City Airfield. Ban Me Thuot East Airfield was very nearby and was the civilian airport.

The lieutenant was not surprised when told there was no saluting in camp so as not to give snipers any more help than they needed. He was assigned to the 2<sup>nd</sup> lift platoon, call sign Stagecoach. The gun platoon was known as the Flacons. Being an FNG he was not assigned his own number or call-sign. He would just be known as the Aircraft Commander’s call sign with the addition of the word “Alpha”. So he would be “Stagecoach 23 Alpha”.

He went to supply to draw his combat gear and found that supply was short on just about everything. The big ceramic bullet proof “Chicken Plates” that would stop AK-47 rounds were not available so he was given a “Flack vest” that would not stop AK rounds but might stop minor shrapnel from mortar rounds. They were out of M-16’s so he was issued an M-14. The M-14 was larger, heavier, and only had a 20 round magazine. But, the bullets were much bigger. The standard handgun issued was the .38 special, like the police used back in the states. He was issued an old Colt .45 ACP with 3, 7 round magazines. He asked for 3 more magazines and was shocked when the supply clerk gave him 4. He was happy with weapons he now had. He just had to zero in the M-14 and find out how the old .45 shot.

The FNG was not sure if he was ready for his “in country” check ride. It was almost 2 months since he had flown a D model Huey. As he walked into operations he met his check pilot. CW2 Russ Kogut. The company’s Standardization Instructor Pilot (SIP). Mister Kogut introduced himself, and told the lieutenant that this would just be a normal check-ride, nothing to worry about. The FNG said, “Mr. Kogut, it’s been about 2 months since I last flew anything”. Mr. Kogut hesitated for a moment, then said, “Let’s go pre-flight the aircraft together.”

With Mr. Kogut’s liberal guidance the FNG got the H-Model Huey started. Mr. Kogut called the tower and got a clearance to conduct an “in-country check-ride staying in the traffic pattern. The FNG watched everything his check-pilot did as he took off and entered the traffic pattern that was clear of any other aircraft. Mr. Kogut said,” You have the aircraft, Lieutenant. Keep us at 500 feet, and when you begin your final approach enter a straight in autorotation to the white line that crosses the runway.”

“Roger that.” the FNG said and entered autorotation. Everything went fine as the Huey auto-rotated down. Then there was flurry of activity from Mr. Kogut as he took control of the aircraft, flared, pulled pitch and saved us both from a fiery death.

About 40 years later there was a 155<sup>th</sup> Reunion in Washington, DC. Not having seen most of these guys in such a long time the former lieutenant once again had the feeling of being an FNG all over again. Then he saw what appeared to be a somewhat familiar face. He walked up to the man, stuck out his hand and said, “Hi, you look familiar, my name is David Churilla, Stagecoach 26, in 69 and 70.” Russ Kogut looked at the man and said “You tried to kill me on your in-country check ride!”

## **Pacific Stars and Stripes Article**

*08 Sep 1966*

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### **U.S. Helicopter Pilot ‘Fowl Play’ Wounds**

**NHA TRANG, Vietnam (IO)**- Army chopper pilot George Harrison wants to know if you can get the Purple Heart for a bird wound.

Assigned to the 17th Aviation Group’s 155<sup>th</sup> Assault Helicopter Co., 52<sup>nd</sup> Aviation Bn., the Winnfield, La., lieutenant was in a formation of UH-1D’s at low level over Vietnam’s Central Highlands when he heard a sharp crack and felt a heavy jolt against his leg.

Looking down, Harrison saw broken pieces of his Huey’s plexiglass chin bubble splattered over the cockpit floor. He also noticed blood trickling down his leg. Harrison had been in Vietnam only about a month and said that at the moment he felt certain he’d be taken his first enemy bullet.

“I felt that blow on my leg and saw the blood, and I was sure I’d been shot,” he recalled. “We broke formation to avoid drawing any more fire, then I looked down again.”

Further investigation revealed that it was not a bullet wound the 24-year-old aviator had suffered but a direct bird hit. Crashing through the tough but vulnerable chin bubble on the aircraft, a large bird had been cut by the sharp fragments and had then struck Harrison’s leg.

Harrison couldn’t identify the fowl by species but smiled when he said, “It must have been one of ‘theirs.’”

## **Reminisces**

*Lonnie Schrader, 361<sup>st</sup> Signal Btn.*

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### **GUARD DUTY -**

Worst thing in Vietnam, wasn't the rockets and mortars, although they scared the shit out of me. The first one, was the worst, it was quite an experience. I was a week in at BMT when B40 rockets started going over my hootch, just after dark.

The guys around me jumped up and we grabbed our rifles, and ran toward the bunkers with me following this big husky guy from New York. Shawkey had been in Nam for 8 months and had kind of taken me under his wing. As we ran from the hootch a rocket hit the airstrip close by, (our hootches were right by the airstrip),

and he fell down in front of me, I thought he had been hit, then he jumped up and continued running to the bunker. We had been building a new bunker, and he had tripped over loose sandbags, we had been filling!

When we got in the bunker everyone just opened up shooting out of the rifle slits. Rock and Roll, they called it. I was shaking like Barney Fife, and I asked them what they were shooting at. They just said shoot, dumb FNG, and I opened up on trees, shrubs, bushes, whatever it was in front of me, while shaking like a leaf.

Going back to what was the worst for me was the guard duty. I pulled guard duty once every three days, 90 of them for the 10 months, at Camp Coryell Oct. 68 to Sept. 1969. I know, I kept count along with how many days till DEROS. You would always pull them alone, along the perimeter where I was at. If something would happen you would have a PRC-25, to warn your buddies in the Radio Station, there was too much noise inside, with generators there, or the guys in your unit sleeping in the hootches, although they would wake up on their own when the siren would go off. That's a lot of responsibility for a 19-year-old kid.

I know everyone says, if you weren't a grunt or a door gunner on a chopper, you were a REMF. But everyone I know as an enlisted man pulled guard duty in Vietnam. They were pulled by everyone on any base, jungle or wherever you were. I think everyone who was there experienced their own fears and our little personal hell, wherever they were at.

From 9 to 12 everyone was still up, writing letters home, or partying so it wasn't too bad. Then 12 to 3, we usually got mortared or rocketed or you were just more wide awake, but the worst time was from 3 to 6. From the day's heat and humidity, the mist or fog would come off the ground and everything was real quiet. You would sit in your bunker and cup your cigarette so a sniper, wouldn't put one between your eyes. Sometimes you would see something move and look back and it would look different, and the hair on the back of your neck would stand up. You didn't have somebody to ask "did you see or hear that"? If you called on the radio, to the command post, they would think you were a scared idiot. Then you would realize at dawn, it was a trick of your eyes. Sometimes we got mortared or rocketed. Sometimes we had to sleep in the bunkers because we were on Red Alert, like the 12<sup>th</sup> NVA Battalion was moving through our area. At least during incoming, your buddies would be around if something happened to you. One thing I remember, I never went to sleep on guard duty. I think it was from being alone, that was the worst.

At 6 am you would drive like hell, in our jeep, along the perimeter and the rubber plantation to get over for breakfast. For some reason after guard duty, you would be famished for dehydrated potatoes, dehydrated eggs and pineapple juice. I still love pineapple juice. The best meal they would serve all day at the 155.

#### CHOW -

One of the main interests, of course, was FOOD. It was terrible at these mess halls, whether the 185<sup>th</sup> or the 155<sup>th</sup>. Kool aid in big wooden kettles with a block of ice and no sugar. Or warm water out of a lister bag, with a wee little opening, with a paper cup and malaria pills, warm flat cokes, flat beers, Pabst Blue Ribbon flat. Every-thing was dehydrated. The bread served was always dry and the slices were thick. Every day, it felt like we had roast beef that was very tough. It might have been water buffalo. Whenever I went down to Nha Trang or Cam Ranh Bay they had fresh everything, by the time it got to us, it was all picked over. Sometimes we would eat C-Rations dated I believe from WW2 with, who would not remember, their trusty P-38. The best were the melted candy bars and the fruit, pears, peaches, or my very favorite Beans and Weenies, or the stale Pall Mall's, Winston's, Salem's or Lucky Strikes - 4 in a package.

#### CRAVINGS -

Chicken and cheeseburgers. A year without a cheeseburger – torture.

We are so much luckier than living in a 3<sup>rd</sup> World Country. Americans don't realize how 2/3<sup>rd</sup>s of the rest of the World lives! End of Reminiscing.

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155<sup>th</sup> AHC Association officers recently voted to designate The Vietnam Center & Archive at Texas Tech University (Lubbock, TX) as our official unit repository. Our Unit Historian will be sending copies of all our Vietnam materials to the Vietnam Center & Archive. All those materials will eventually be digitized (there’s a backlog, might take several months) and available on-line. The Center accepts donations from individuals as well as organizations like ours. If you should decide to make a donation directly to the Center, please indicate that you are a member of the 155<sup>th</sup> AHC Association. That will allow them to cross-reference your donation, so it can be found by searching either your name or 155 AHC donations.

The Vietnam Center collects most anything from Vietnam: photographs and slides, movies, recordings, personal letters, official documents (such as unit histories, rosters, citations), and memorabilia (patches, uniforms, etc.). They even have a couple of donated helicopters! But be advised, they don’t take NUTHIN’ that’s digital. For info on donating (or just to see what the Vietnam Center and Archive is about), check their website: ***www.vietnam.ttu.edu***.

*The Old Man sez:* A lot of youse guys have some things from Vietnam hidden away in a box in the attic – which hasn’t been opened in years. If that box is still there when you pass, I can pretty much guarantee that your kids will be asking each other, “Who wants Dad’s Vietnam junk?” I’ll let you figure out the answer to that. Instead, why don’t you consider sending those materials to the Vietnam Center.

**Sharing Commo**

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**Ken Linzemann II** – (*Editor: I want to apologize for not answering your letter of 5-10-15. I had misplaced it until recently finding it. Please call me at the number below under officers.*) Ken spent his time at the 155<sup>th</sup> as a gunner for Stagecoaches and Falcons 1969 and 1970. Ken, please come to the reunion in Reno, Nevada in 2018.

**Howard Humphrey** – Thanks, Rod for a GREAT newsletter. I’m very impressed by the professional newsletter. Thank you very much!! How do you get back issues? Stagecoach 26, 1970 (*Editor: Check the 155 site on the internet.*)

**Joseph N. Thompson** – I served with the 155<sup>th</sup> AHC 1969-1970 in the maintenance platoon. If you have any names, addresses, and phone numbers during my year there, I would like to obtain them.

**Buddy Brueck** – I would like to say THANK YOU to the crews who brought deer out to our A-camps. I was the radio operator at Duc Lap 6/69-5/70, and we received many of these gifts from you guys. We and our CIDG were always hungry, and these treats were very much appreciated. former SSG Buddy Brueck (“Lizard”) 5th Special Forces Group A-239 Duc Lap

**TAPS**  
**Arthur J. Ryan III passed away April 30, 2017. He was one of the first gunners in 1965.**



### **155<sup>th</sup> AHC Association Officers**

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Bob Gardner, *Member-at-Large* ”

Tom Hunt, *Member-at-Large*

Les Davison, *Historian*

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Sortie 64 compiled and edited by Jeff Schrader. Thanks to those who have shared their stories here. Please think of adding a personal story of your own in the near future. Each quarter we send 526 newsletter copies to the guys that were there and interested families of loved ones lost.

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155 <sup>TH</sup> ASSAULT HELICOPTER COMPANY										
FIRST PLATOON										
LOCATION	MAINT. REMARKS	DATE	ATD	ETR	A/C	CDR	PILOT	CREWCHIEF	GUNNER	REMARKS
78		7	085	090	UH-1H		WILSON			
78	Latex No. 100	7	0800	1700	UH-1H		DESER			
78		7	0650	0700	UH-1H		WILSON			
78		7	0700	0710	UH-1H		WILSON			
78		7	0710	0720	UH-1H		WILSON			
78		7	0720	0730	UH-1H		WILSON			
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78		7	0150	0200	UH-1H		WILSON			
78		7	0200	0210	UH-1H		WILSON			
78		7	0210	0220	UH-1H		WILSON			
78		7	0220	0230	UH-1H		WILSON			
78		7	0230	0240	UH-1H		WILSON			
78		7	0240	0250	UH-1H		WILSON			
78		7	0250	0300	UH-1H		WILSON			
78		7	0300	0310	UH-1H		WILSON			
78		7	0310	0320	UH-1H		WILSON			
78		7	0320	0330	UH-1H		WILSON			
78		7	0330	0340	UH-1H		WILSON			
78		7	0340	0350	UH-1H		WILSON			
78		7	0350	0400	UH-1H		WILSON			
78		7	0400	0410	UH-1H		WILSON			
78		7	0410	0420	UH-1H		WILSON			
78		7	0420	0430	UH-1H		WILSON			
78		7	0430	0440	UH-1H		WILSON			
78		7	0440	0450	UH-1H		WILSON			
78		7	0450	0500	UH-1H		WILSON			
78		7	0500	0510	UH-1H		WILSON			
78		7	0510	0520	UH-1H		WILSON			
78		7	0520	0530	UH-1H		WILSON			
78										