



THE **VHPPA** NEWSLETTER

Vietnam Helicopter Pilots Association

Spring 1991 Vol. 9 No. 1



*"Dustoff" dropping into a landing zone to evacuate wounded.
Photo courtesy of Squadron/Signal Publications*

President's Roll Call

It was strange this time, being a bystander instead of a participant in yet another war being fought in yet another strange country. From the perspective of at least feeling like I had some control over the situation, I would rather have been a participant.

This time I had to rely on what information I could glean from the limited war coverage on TV, rather than from personal experience, in an attempt to determine in my own mind how things were going. As I watched the news from the Middle East, every now and then, among the Apaches, Blackhawks, and late model Cobras, came a glimpse of a "huey" and I would sit a little straighter in my chair, wipe a tear or two from my eyes, and think, "I used to fly those!!! Damned if they don't still look good and are playing a part in this war too!!!"

The story has yet to be written, just what part helicopters played in "this war". Their colors were different, a sandy brown, not the Vietnam olive drab. Gunship armament systems were far advanced technologically from the ones we flew in Vietnam, literally bordering on Star Wars. The "lift" birds and the Blackhawks, were larger and more ungainly looking than the H-model workhorse of our time. Regardless of "looks" and "technology", their missions still remained the same, carrying ground units into battle, supporting them as they advanced with firepower and resupply, and moving the dead and wounded to the rear.

Everyone of us who flew helicopters in Southeast Asia can take pride in knowing that the helicopters in this war and the tactics used by the pilots that flew them were a result of the lessons we learned in Vietnam. I will venture a guess that this battlefield was safer for helicopter pilots and crews because of what we experienced. When the book is written, I hope that statement will be found to be true.

Let's not forget that a good number of VHPA members participated in the Iraq War. One war was not enough for these guys. They, I'm sure, never doubted our support, and the same goes for all of our fine young men and women who served proudly during this conflict. Let's hope and pray for the quick and safe return of all of our friends and loved ones.

I mentioned in the previous edition of the Newsletter that you would be receiving a questionnaire from the Executive Council. That questionnaire is in this issue. I want to encourage each and every one of you to take the time to fill it out and return it. It has been designed to be removed from the Newsletter, folded, stapled, stamped, and dropped in a mail box. If you do not want to ruin the integrity of your newsletter by removing the questionnaire, then duplicate it and send me the duplicate. We on the Executive Council are trying very hard to operate the VHPA in a manner that is consistent with the viewpoints of the majority of the membership. This is your opportunity for direct input on future decisions affecting the management and operation of the VHPA.

Also in this issue you will find registration information for the Reno Reunion. Take the time to review this information and make plans now to attend. The 1991 Reunion Chairman, Tom Percy, has another block-buster of a reunion planned for us and if it is anything like past reunions, it will probably take about two weeks to recuperate. I've already instructed Tom to put a chalk board and plenty of chalk in all gathering places where VHPA members who are also veterans of Operation Desert Storm will be telling war stories. As I am brain dead as well as no longer flying, these guys will have to not only describe their experiences, but diagram them as well. It's the only way I will have any idea what the hell they are talking about!!!

Please take the time to fill out the questionnaire and return it to me. I'll see you in Reno.

Greg Ross, President

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Mike McDonald, Editor

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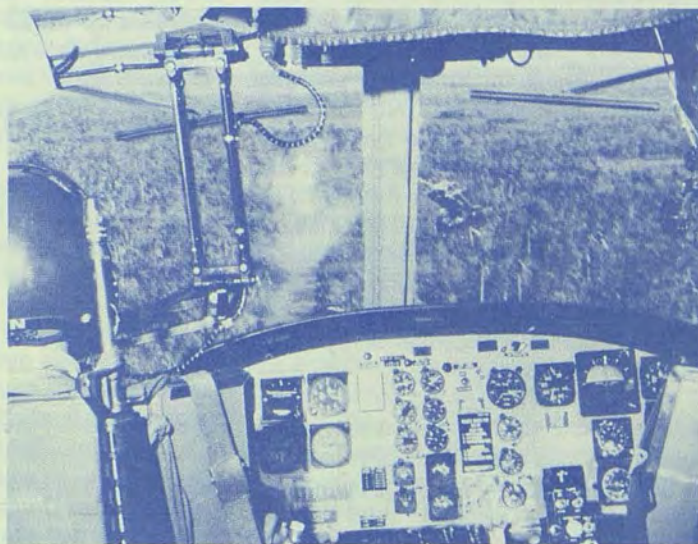
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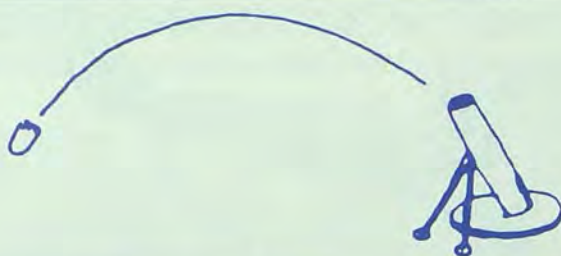
UH-1B of HAL-3 the U.S. Navy "Seawolves", who operated the Huey in the gunship role, beginning in 1966. Note that this B model has been modified with the larger C vertical tail surface. (U.S. Navy)



The Seawolves flew in OPERATION GAME WARDEN, a subdivision of OPERATION MARKET TIME, the Navy campaign to deny the communists the waterborne invasion routes to South Vietnam. HAL-3 maintained 7 Detachments, with a total force strength of 22 aircraft, based on LSTs at various spots in the Delta. The Seawolves usually operated in pairs, supporting PBRs (Patrol Boats, River). They also provided extensive support to the SEALs, the elite Navy commando unit, which carried out clandestine and daring missions throughout the war. The basic aircraft armament for HAL-3 was the XM-16 system, with quad 7.62mm machine guns and a pair of seven shot 2.75 inch rocket pods. Seawolves got their Hueys from the Army, and initial training was provided by Army Aviators. (U.S. Navy)



Photos Courtesy of Squadron/Signal Publications



INCOMING MAIL

THE BROTHERHOOD CONTINUES

Just a thought. In 1967, I volunteered to join the Army as a PV1. I was offered flight school, the only one in my company to finally qualify. I took it. I was not a "natural". I was set back once and had to work doubly hard but did finally graduate. I was assigned to 1FFV and flew my share in late 1969 and early 1970 and did arrive back in CONUS safely. I was never really comfortable flying, really preferring to "pound the ground", so, for the next several years, flew only minimums to keep my rating. Finally one Christmas, in college with a family and a full-time job, focusing on an instrument check ride, I hung it up. I did, however, as did all of you, do my part, and I am still a National Guardsman ready to go when ordered.

We are now on the brink of what will probably be one hell of a conflict. This too, is going to be a helicopter war. We had moisture, fog, rain, mildew and corrosion to deal with 20 years ago. These pilots have drought, sun, wind and sand to deal with now and they are flying a new generation of chopper probably so automated and sophisticated that I wouldn't even know my way around the cockpit. But, they are there, as we were a quarter of a century ago, serving, flying and ready to fight when the call arrives. They are us and we are them. Let's support them. Whether we believe in or agree with the political side of the question or whether we do not. Let's support our new young brothers as we were supported so long ago; for, in 20 years they will be us.

God protect them now and bless you all forever.

Henry C. (Hank) Marshall
Route 6 (Super Coach)
54th SIG BN, IFFV
NAH TRANG

RR3 Box 555
[REDACTED]

I would hope that these new warriors don't wait as long as we did to establish an organization. I can just see some "ole" VHPA member already passing out membership forms to the Desert Storm Helicopter Pilots Association.

THE FAMILY GROWS

This letter is to thank each and every person who worked so hard to make the 7th Annual Reunion what it was. I am sure that New Orleans will never be the same again!

We attended our first reunion at Fort Wolters and this one was even more special for my husband than the one where it all started. My husband Don finally "found" George McHugh at this reunion. Not that George was really lost mind you, he was just "misplaced" in my husband's life. Don had lost track of George twenty years ago after George had saved his life and Don was sent home to recuperate from his wounds.

Words cannot describe the look on my husband's face when he saw George for that first time. That look was worth everything it took for us to make this reunion. We spent most of the time with George and his wife Sylvia and it was a time I will never forget.

I would also like to thank all of the wives for making me feel so welcome into your group. Even though Don and I have only been married for four and a half years, I have been accepted by each and every one of you. I did not have to go through the uncertainty, waiting and anguish you did while your husbands were overseas but I know that I could not be a member of a more distinguished "club".

Thank you so much for everything you have done for our guys and the families. You are all a great group of people and I always knew that helicopter jockeys were in a class by themselves!!!

Debi Spivey

Many "misplaced" friends are found at the reunion each year. These reunions are what makes our organization so special. Welcome to the family.

ORIGINAL 66

At our last annual meeting and again at the banquet, Roger Gould commented on how much we have grown from the "original 66" members the first year, to the thousands we have now.

I suggest that the "original 66" get some sort of special recognition such as either a listing in the directory, a reunion name tag ribbon, or both as a life member receives, or something of your choosing that is unique.

This request may sound self-serving (member #43), but I am proud of it and I'm sure that the other 65 "originals" are too.

Thank you for all the work you have done to make this a great organization.

Fred D. Ferlito

Sounds like a good idea to me. I too, am a member of the "old Rotor Head" roster and hope the other members enjoy being an "original" as much as we do. Just think, we soon will pass 4,000 members!!!

KRIS

In reference to Greg Ross's letter in the June issue about Kris Kristofferson.

Kris, the son of a general officer, was a graduate of USMA, a Rhodes scholar, and a helicopter pilot. I knew him when he was stationed in Germany as a captain. I guess "knew him" is the wrong thing to say, I gave him a Huey check ride, D Troop didn't have an IP at the time, or he was sick, or something.

Johnny Cash helped Kris get his foot in the door of country music after Kris landed a rented helicopter in his (Cash's) front yard. I guess it was the only way at the time to get someone to listen to his music. Cash said that anybody crazy enough to do something like that needed to be listened to. I heard that on

the TNN show Nashville Now.

I can't remember if he flew in Vietnam or not, but considering Kris's Jane Fonda-like views and comments, I'm not sure he would enjoy being a member of our organization. That's not to say that he wouldn't be welcome. His views are his own.

Besides, he is not the only one amongst us who can carry a tune. As a matter of fact we have a member, Beau Jackson, (see directory) who has written some songs and is currently writing more for an album about helicopters and pilots and Vietnam. Beau ain't pretty to look at, (he sort of looks like a young version of Jack Elam) but the boy can pick. I just recently talked with him and told him that Susan and I would give him some financial backing to help with the studio costs. He is hoping to have the project completed and tapes available at Reno. We might even get him to sing one or two, or even all of them out there.

O yeah, thanks Slaughter, I finally did get the back issues that were lost in the mail. I called the VHPA number again on the 2nd of November and got a real live person to talk with, not a beep and a dead line.

I like the addition of color to the newsletter as well, it makes the issue of a center fold girl even more of a possibility. Let me know if any of the ladies want to volunteer, I'll be glad to do the photography work.

Pappy Jones

Kris did fly in Nam, although I don't remember the unit. My first job as a civilian was flying the contract that Kris had recently left. The stories those offshore workers could tell about him are legendary in the Gulf of Mexico. I have a mutual friend of Kris's that invited him to the Houston reunion in 1985 but he was committed to appear at Willie Nelson's 4th of July party in Austin. It indeed would be nice to meet what must be the most famous Vietnam helicopter pilot.

THE SACRED SEIKO

In going through some old papers I came across the following and I thought I'd share it with you. I'm sure everyone has seen this but I still got a kick out of it when I read it again. I still have my sapphire ring and Seiko watch (bought in Bangkok while on R&R in 1970).

AN AVIATOR AS SEEN BY

HEADQUARTERS: A drunken, brawling, jeep-stealing, woman corrupting liar with a star sapphire ring, Seiko watch with GMT and a survival knife.

HIMSELF: A stout, handsome, highly trained professional killer and female idol who wears a star sapphire ring, carries a finely honed survival knife and is always on time due to the reliability of his Seiko watch with GMT.

HIS WIFE: A stinking, gross, crude, foul-mouthed bum who arrives home every 12 months or so with a bag of dirty flight suits, two flight helmets, a huge ugly watch, a survival knife, and only one thing on his mind.

HIS COMMANDER: A fine specimen of a drunken, brawling, jeep-stealing, woman corrupting liar with a ring, a knife, and a fantastically accurate Seiko watch.

DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY: An over-paid, over-ranked, over-rated tax burden who is indispensable since he will volunteer to go anywhere as long as he can drink, brawl, steal jeeps, corrupt women, kick dogs, lie and wear dirty flight suits, star sapphire rings, survival knives and a Seiko watch.

Hope that brings back memories to some of you.

Mike Stratton #2103
Crusader 25

The sapphire is cracked, I lost the knife and I never was smart enough to buy a Seiko. I do, however, have the flight suit, although it won't fit. Yeah, it's too small. Oh the memories!

THE INFANT

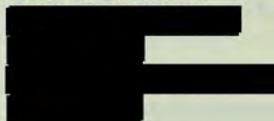
The aircraft shown on the back page of the March 1990 newsletter is an INFANT ship (Iroquois Night Fighter and Night Tracker). The aircraft is equipped with the LLLTV system (Low Light Level Television). The weapons are your basic M-21 armament sub-system. Modifications include strengthening the M-5 mounting brackets to accommodate the AN/ASQ-132 periscope and the installation of the T53-L-13 engine, giving birth to the Mike model Huey. A special dim tracer round was required, since the normal round was bright enough to permanently damage the night vision equipment. The minigun utilized a special flash suppressor to avoid distracting the pilot

when fired.

Three INFANT aircraft arrived in-country at Tan Son Nhut in November of 1969, along with pilots, crew chiefs, aircraft armaments repairmen, television equipment specialists and Hughes tech reps (awarded INFANT contract). INFANT systems were evaluated for three months while op-con to the 1st Inf., 25th Inf. and 1st Avn. Bde. At least one INFANT was lost with the entire crew in 1970.

Yes, I will be at the Phoenix reunion.

Maurice B. Morton



Reference your "what is it?" question, the answer is an UH-1M Interceptor of the INFANT NETT, an attached unit of the 11th AVN BN, 1st AV BDE. The gizmos mounted on the nose in your picture are the periscopes of the low-light detection system.

The system incorporated the M-21 weapons system (2 seven shot pods, 2 flex miniguns). To the left and right of the instrument panel were mounted small TV monitors. These monitors displayed the images garnered by the right periscope on the nose. The periscopes were capable of independent movement and traveled right or left, up and down. The right periscope was operated by the PIC in the right seat using a small joystick with his left hand (the collective was frictioned at cruise power). The left periscope was operated by the CP using a fiber-optics bundle attached to his helmet to which the left periscope and both miniguns were slaved. This slaving of the weapons to a helmet sight is very similar to the sighting systems of the AH-1S and AH-1F of today. When not in use, the bundle was stowed left of the windscreen. The right scope was used for the "big picture" using low-light TV while the left, forerunner of night vision goggles, was used for close in work.

The system functioned at its best with some moonlight but on dark nights there were two high-intensity lights mounted atop and slaved to the miniguns for artificial illumination. These lights had rose-colored lenses to make them invisible to the naked eye although not to another low light detection system. The miniguns used special tracer ammo also invisible save to the system. A lens shutter was synchronized to close when the rockets were fired to prevent scoring of the lens.

The scopes weighed in at about 395 lbs. requiring a counterbalance of 95 lbs. on the

tail stinger. This leads to failure of the tailboom attaching points and mandatory 100 hour boom inspections and changes. With a crew of four, every takeoff was just like a charlie model departure.

The low light TV ships were based in Phu Loi, III Corps, but moved about frequently. A sister unit using IR equipment operated in IV Corps. Both systems were later deployed to Germany until 1976 when they were de-classified and decommissioned. Glad you asked.

Michael Moore
INFANT 55

As I write this I think of the young aviators in the Gulf War who are using night vision devices that fit on their helmets. Progress! Thanks to both of you for your informative letters.

A HOTEL IN NHA TRANG-TET 68

I just received your notice of time to renew my membership, and I do so with much appreciation for what you're doing.

You asked for more information about my tour dates and unit, and since there wasn't room to write it on the envelope, you get a letter. I served with the First Cavalry Division, 11th General Support Aviation Company. We were headquartered at An Khe but we spent most of our time up at Bong Son and LZ English. The 11th General Support Aviation Company had helicopters (Hueys and H-13's) as well as fixed wing (Mohawks). I flew only Huey's in Vietnam. We had all kinds of general miscellaneous missions, from taking hot meals to troops somewhere, to taking engineers out ahead of a troop deployment to make sure the roads and bridges were strong enough to support the equipment. We did a lot of single ship stuff, but were normally at our discretion about flying high or low; and I usually flew high (3000 feet or more).

We flew a lot of actual instrument flight which was unusual for Army types who only had a tactical instrument rating from flight school. A short-time Captain (I don't remember his name) took me out when I first got in country and kept me under the hood or in the clouds for several weeks so I was competent to fly on the gauges when necessary - and it was necessary a lot. We did instrument take-offs out of An Khe routinely with the tops of the trees in the clouds, and less than a quarter mile visibility. Our platoon leader told us we were expected to get the mission accomplished,

but if any of us had an accident doing ITO's, he had not authorized them. CYA!

I came into the unit February 11, 1967 with W.O. Paul Gould and W.O. Joe Sauer, and we all came back in one piece. Later, W.O. Bob Dufus and W.O. Marion (Bennie) Bennett, both of class 66-19, joined us after flying in lift units for part of their tours. We didn't see as much shooting as the lift pilots, but we had a lot more single ship stuff way out in the boonies, and plenty of actual instrument work, which still gave use plenty of war stories.

Bob Dufus and I managed to get ourselves freed up a few days before going home and took a C-130 ride to Nha Trang. Even though we were Army, we always went first to the Air Force for housing because they better understood how people should live. But in Nha Trang that day they were full to capacity and turned us away. So we went to the Army, and they too were full to capacity, but they couldn't turn us away. So they took our guns (in case we planned to get drunk, I guess) and sent us to a hotel downtown - perfect!

That was January 30, 1968, and we had seven days left in country. There were twelve officers assigned to that hotel, eleven of which were rated pilots. Bob and I were assigned separate rooms, but we each had roommates, and I was in the room with a major, but of course don't remember his name. We had a great dinner and were up until about 11:00 p.m. eating ice cream and sitting outside our rooms looking over the tranquil city before finally turning in.

We were brought awake by the sound of gunfire, but because it was the Tet holiday, we assumed it was drunk ARVN's celebrating. At one point I heard glass break in our bathroom - the only glass window in the place, but was still too sleepy to understand what was going on. I even got up to take a leak and stood looking through the broken glass into the darkness outside, then went back to bed. Finally, the grenade launcher that was spitting grenades into the fence outside with shrapnel peppering our door had us awake and talking about the poor judgement of drunk ARVN's who would probably end up hurting someone with their raucous celebration. About that time someone fired into our room with an automatic weapon from right outside (inside the fence). I saw the muzzle flashes and the dancing curtains, and the rounds hit just over our heads in an ascending line going up the wall. There was no glass in the windows, only louvers, so apparently he could hear our voices as we bitched about ARVN's. Had either of us been standing, we would surely have been hit! We both rolled (snap rolled is

more like it) out of our bunks onto the floor expecting the assailant to step through the unlocked (and unlockable) door. He didn't. I'm convinced that if he had known we were Americans, he probably would have made some effort to take us out, especially if he'd known there were eleven rated pilots without weapons!

The automatic weapon changed our opinion of what was going on outside, and we started discussing how we might defend ourselves. All we could think to do was pull the box springs and mattresses into the corner and up on their sides to use them as a barricade; we had no guns. Sometime during the long hours before dawn, a fire started raging outside, and I crawled over and cracked the door to see if it was close enough to endanger us. It was the MAC-V compound across the street which we later learned was overrun, and I returned to our little fabric fort to wait. Awhile after sunrise, I heard American voices so again moved to the door, and was able to talk to Bob Dufus in the room next to ours. He cracked his door, and I darted over quickly into his room. What a mess! It looked like a grenade had exploded inside, and there were shrapnel holes all over the walls; but neither Bob nor the other officer were hurt; they had laid on the floor and pulled their mattresses over the top of them. That was smart, because if the grenade had gone off in our room, our heads would have been sticking up from behind our barricade.

We got out of there in small groups, dodging sniper fire and assisted by a sergeant who had entered the area with a squad of ARVN's. He couldn't believe that all eleven officers had survived the Tet offensive unscathed without weapons right in the main area of battle. Bob and I were too short for such excitement and went directly back to An Khe to quietly await our DEROS in six days (February 6, 1968).

Rick Coonce

I can't top this one. I never thought of An Khe as a place to quietly await DEROS.

A DULL THUD

Here finally, is my membership application and fee. You should thank Lad Vaughan (long-time friend and fellow IP at Wolters) for getting my name in your register, and Roger Stickney (long-lost friend and roommate at Hunter for 68-515) for bugging me.

I had a chance to stop in at the reunion, primarily to see Roger, whom I had not seen since a visit to his hootch in Can Tho in the

summer of 1969. I also got to see Bob Smith, fellow sufferer in basic at Fort Polk and in OH-13's at Wolters, and Mike Deady, who was with Roger and me at Hunter. It was quite an experience.

Now for my War Story, to add to the ones in your newsletter. (I know you have restrictions of space, but if you do print this, I would like to keep it intact.)

On a sultry day in the Delta, we had parked and shut down our lone UH-1D at the pad in My Tho, next to the big canal that feeds into the Mekong. We had about an hour's wait, so of course we immediately tried to get some sleep. The co-pilot and I unbuckled and slouched in our seats, caps over our eyes, prepared to dream about round-eyed women and hamburgers. We were only occasionally bothered by the ARVN's on the other side of the canal, who were "fishing" by tossing grenades in the thick brown water.

We were almost unconscious when an unusual sound, a muffled thud, entered the periphery of our brains. Like almost all helicopter pilots, the Peter P and myself were rather deaf, so we looked over at one another, wondering if there had really been a noise. After a moment's pause, we decided to get out and investigate. We tried not to disturb the crew chief and the gunner, the one asleep on the floor, the other on the ground near the skid.

We walked back along the side of the ship, each scanning slowly and carefully our respective side. Nothing. I got back to the tail boom and rubbed my hand along the skin: I found it. On

the top of the boom was a small circular hole, a bullet hole. I checked the bottom of the boom but found no exit hole. I called the co-pilot over and we started opening inspection panels until we found the round, a still perfectly shaped M-16 bullet. Somewhere, far off in the Delta, someone had fired into the air. By the time it got to us it had just enough energy left to penetrate one, and only one layer of sheet metal skin. Or cloth cap, or plastic helmet, or crew-cut scalp.

I kid you not.

Michael Wegner

I'll bet you still have that bullet. A small relic of war to help illustrate the story and remember when.

OUTLAW 26 (JEFFERSON AIRPLANE)

I would like to contact some of the pilots from the company I served with. I was a crew chief on "Outlaw 26" nicknamed the "Jefferson Airplane". Our unit was the 175th Assault Helicopter Co., 13th Combat Aviation Battalion. We were based at Vinh Long IV Corp Airfield along with the 114th Knights, and later in 1969 an air CAV Unit.

The pilots I remember: W.O. Bill Hunt, who was my AC, Lt. Jim Rath, W.O. Cox, W.O. Smith, Capt. Lusker, W.O. Brown, W.O. Spears, W.O. McBride.

Since my memory is so short I would appreciate

contacting any pilots from the 175th. I would really like to learn more about the history of our unit. I do know the 175th was one of the first aviation companies to serve in Vietnam.

We had a great unit and I was proud to fly with our pilots anywhere. My tour of duty was for 18 months. We did suffer the loss of good friends. The names fade but I can still see their faces. Although you can't know everything that ever happens; I am proud that our guys never committed any abuses. Many times we went out of our way to help civilians.

From the air, Vietnam was a beautiful country. I would like to get copies of photos from any units, at reasonable cost. Thanks for your time.

Peace and health to you.

Tim Hostetler

O.K. If you know any of these guys please contact Tim.

PSYOPS-SCORCHED EARTH POLICY

While idling at a staging area near Qui Nhon, between sorties, we see "CH-47" comes in to sling out another cluster of fugas filled 55 gallon drums to be dropped on hamlets suspected of harboring hostiles.

The hook comes down to a fifteen foot hover, about fifty yards from us. The rigger uses a pole to raise the lanyards and det cord up to a crew man in the belly hole.

As the load gets light, it also, accidentally, gets lit. An arc flashes up the lines, and when the cans are at about 25 feet, fifty feet below the hook, the lidless drums erupt and jellied gas geysers up - impacting the bottom of the hook with such force despite the down wash, that the flames mushroomed out and totally engulfed, from our angle, the Chinook.

Time warp, breathless momentum, images get fried into memory. Lifetimes later, the hook emerges from the fireball, unscathed only singed. Flight of the Phoenix—hook style.

Roger Stockham

I would like to know who that pilot was and how fast he changed his underwear.



L-R: Mike Galahan, Tom Marty, J.B. Hitt
71st AHC, Chu Lai, 1970
Photo By Mike Beaumont

MORE FUN TO COME!



UH-1H of A Company, 25th Aviation Battalion, 25th Infantry Division on a "bombing" mission, employing MAD (Mortar Air Delivery) 23 January, 1969. (U.S. Army)
Photo Courtesy Of Squadron/Signal Publications



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Cincinnati, Ohio 45202

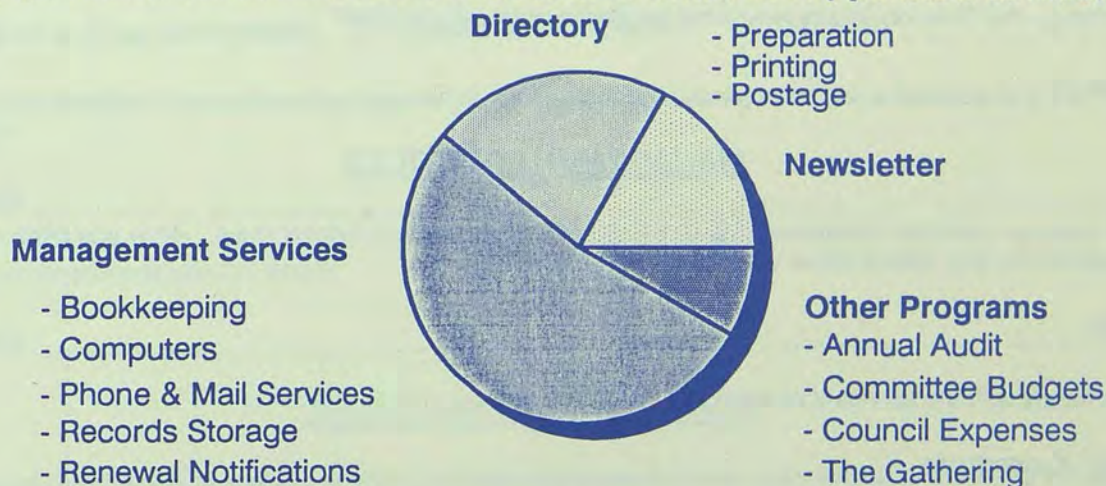
To assist the VHPA Executive Council in making decisions on issues that are not only of importance to the VHPA, but also in a manner that is in accordance with the views of the majority of the membership, we ask that you take the time to complete the following questionnaire.

How many years have you been a member of the VHPA?

>> 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 Years or New Member ___ Months

MEMBERSHIP DUES ALLOCATION

Since it's inception eight years ago the VHPA's annual dues have remained at \$20. This has been made possible only as a result of frugal spending policies by the Executive Council. But, inflation and a continued increase in management fees have caught up with us. This year \$18.35 of the annual dues goes directly to the management company to cover costs involved with the Directory, Newsletters and membership services, up from \$14.20 last year. This diagram illustrates the allocation of the \$20 dues across the services currently provided to the membership.



NEWSLETTER

The VHPA Newsletter currently consumes 17% or \$3.38 of each member's annual dues. It is the primary source of information for the membership and its format should reflect the memberships' viewpoint. Please answer the following:

The Newsletter content to date has been monthly articles from the President, information about the next Reunion, a "Looking For" column, and Incoming Mail. What would you like to see added?

>> Job Opportunities Want Ads Items for Sale Feature Articles No Change Comments __

The establishment of an Advertising Policy and the subsequent selling of advertising space in each issue would generate additional revenues for the VHPA. Would you support open advertising in the VHPA Newsletter?

>> Yes No Comments _____

If open advertising is established, would you favor using the revenues generated to defray some of the expenses of costly but quality Newsletter features such as a color photo on the cover?

>> Yes No Comments _____

Do you consider the Newsletter to be a good value?

>> Yes No Comments _____

DIRECTORY

The Membership Directory currently consumes 22% or \$4.44 of each member's annual dues. The goal has been to make each edition better than its predecessors in terms of print quality, color photos, more information, etc. Do you consider the Directory to be a "good value" to you?

>> **Yes No Comments** _____

The Executive Council has a strict policy not to distribute copies of the Directory to non-members. This policy is to protect the confidentiality of membership information and to prevent the "commercialization" of this information. Do you support this strict policy or would you like to see the Directory distributed to a wider audience?

>> **Strict Distribution More Liberal Distribution Comments** _____

If you could change the Directory in any way, what suggestions would you offer?

>> **Comments** _____

MANAGEMENT SERVICES

Management services currently consumes 53% or \$10.53 of each member's annual dues. Have you personally contacted VHPA Headquarters for any reason since you became a member?

>> **Yes No**

If yes, are you happy with the service you received?

>> **Yes No Comments** _____

DUES

A \$1.65 or 8% of each member's annual dues remains after other expenses have been taken care of. This amount leaves no room financially to provide additional services such as an annual audit, the Gathering, and Council Expenses. Would you support a dues increase?

>> **Yes No Comments** _____

If yes, what amount of annual dues would be acceptable to you?

>> **\$30 \$40 \$50 More \$ _____ Less \$ _____**

ANNUAL REUNION

The annual Reunion is the only time that the membership of the VHPA gets together to socialize, elect officers, and conduct business. It is therefore important to know the memberships' views on the following:

How many Reunions have you attended?

>> **1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 None**