



THE **VHPPA** NEWSLETTER

Vietnam Helicopter Pilots Association

Summer 1991 Vol 9 No. 2



A CH-53 Sea Stallion delivers fresh water.



Mother Rucker Opens Her Arms

Recently, the week of April 15th, I returned to Ft. Rucker. It was my first reunion since graduation over 20 years ago. About the only thing that was the same was the name "Ft. Rucker".

Pappy Jones and I walked into a WOC barracks to obtain the key to the WOC Hall of Fame, and I was sure that I was in the wrong building. There were more females in flight suits than males. Wow, what a shock. I talked with those "teenagers" and found they start flight school in a Huey now. As one girl said, "When you were in flight school, you started in a volkswagen and ended up in an 18-wheeler. Now, we just start off in the 18-wheeler."

While I was there I met with the director of the new Army Aviation Museum and got permission to have displayed in the entrance, our VHPA application flyer. He welcomed our organization and expressed sincere gratitude towards Gary Roush for working graciously with their historical librarian. Thank goodness for the ol' 55's, 13's, and 23's that are in the museum so the new WOC's can see what "real helicopter pilots" trained in.

The true highlight of my trip came Thursday and Friday night. Beau Jackson, a VHPA member, fellow pilot and friend in Nam and most recently a country music star, entertained the troops both young and old. Beau recently recorded an album consisting of mostly Vietnam helicopter pilot songs, to include our own "VHPA song," at which he will sing in Reno. Beau performed at the officer's club with great reception and support from VHPA members. Jack and Betty Lou Gordon even flew in from Dallas to see our own singing helicopter pilot. Beau's album debuted with great success, and he not only captured the new pilots' attention, but when Beau sang the "VHPA song", the younger pilots found out what VHPA camaraderie is all about.

After Beau was through, the deejay took over and a seemingly "teenage night club" came alive. Jack Jordan told me I was on ol' far_; that we did the same twenty years ago. I guess he's right. I'm now an ol' man and the new generation is here with new aircraft, new styles, new music, and new dances. My wife, Lynn, was in heaven. She has never had so many YOUNG, HEALTHY dance partners. I signed up a number of new VHPA members in the officer's club. Most had been procrastinating and seemed relieved to finally have the reason and opportunity to sign up.

The WOC Hall of Fame is in desperate need of funds to preserve our glorious past. With government cut backs, they are forced to ask for private donations. They have asked that I mention this and ask for your support. Please send your donations to me with your check made out to the WOC Hall of Fame fund and I will hand deliver to them. VHPA got a warm welcome at Ft. Rucker, and I sincerely wish every VHPA member the opportunity to visit soon.

Gary Slaughter
Vice President

See photo on page 9 of Beau Jackson and 13 other VHPA members at Fort Rucker.

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Greg Ross, Editor

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President's Roll Call

This will be my last letter to you as the President of the VHPA. In some ways, I feel like I just took office yesterday, and in some ways, I feel like I've been here an eternity. There is a lot of time and work required of those who have been elected to serve on the Executive Council, but it is time well spent. The experience of watching two guys find each other after twenty or so years, knowing that that reunion would not have taken place had it not been for some members volunteering their time and effort to run the VHPA, makes all the lost nights and weekends required to do the job worthwhile.

I love this organization, but that is not to say my association with it has not been bittersweet. The bitter part is having found out through the VHPA that my co-pilot on the day I was shot down, Billy McKenzie, a man I deeply admire for the bravery he displayed day after day in Vietnam, and to whom I owe my own life, died of a heart attack one year prior to the beginning of the VHPA. And another man with whom I worked at Fort Rucker and grew to admire and respect, Bobbie Raulston, was killed while flying a TH-55 for a law enforcement agency. And yet another person whom I met through the VHPA, Paul Almer, and instantly became the best of friends with, died in a helicopter crash doing what everyone of us would do if given the opportunity—trying to rescue two people who were drowning. The bitterness is in knowing that I will never again be able to shake their hands and embrace them, and talk about old times over a cold beer at future reunions. It is one thing to have lost the friends we knew and loved in Vietnam. It is quite another to lose them now, after we have been through so much. Yet though they are gone, I know I am a far better person for having known them, no matter how short the time, than never have been given that opportunity at all.

The sweet part of my association with the VHPA is the continual finding of lost classmates, Vietnam stick buddies, and the making of new friends with whom I have so much in common. If it were not for the VHPA, none of this would be happening. And it is the reason I have been willing to give so freely of my time, to assure that it continues to happen.

This year at the reunion in Reno, two past and present members of the Executive Council who have been directly responsible for the success of this organization will be leaving leadership positions in the VHPA. Virtually everyone who has given of their time is to be commended, but these two have performed herculean tasks above and beyond the call of duty. They are Mike McDonald and Roger Gould.

Mike McDonald took control early on when the organization was in full stall and is the man I personally feel is responsible for making the VHPA what it is today. Mike, over the course of years, served not only as President and Member at Large, but has also been the Newsletter Editor and served as a Reunion Chairman. Some of these tasks were done simultaneously. The time and effort Mike has put into this organization cannot be measured. Mike will be leaving the Newsletter Editor position and will for the first time since the beginning of the VHPA be able to kick back and enjoy old and new acquaintances that he is himself responsible for bringing together.

Roger Gould has also carried more than his fair share of weight for this organization. Roger was the first "Newsletter Editor" and it was his ability to solicit letters from the membership and parley those into even more letters that have made the Newsletters arrival in our mailboxes tantamount to a religious experience. Roger also went on to become President, circumstances dictating that he hold that position longer than any President to date. Roger is also leaving the management of this organization in July and, as Mike, will be able for the first time since the beginning of the VHPA, to enjoy the camaraderie of the many new and old friends his efforts have brought together.

Both of these men are responsible for taking a fledgling VHPA and turning it into the huge success it is today. If in Reno or at any future reunion you have a minute, walk up and say "thank you for a job well done" to both of these gentlemen. For if you have been put back in touch with a long lost friend, the efforts of these two are probably the reason why.

We have many years to go before we will be facing the "last man" situation. Each of the years before that occurs will require the time and effort of a few of our members to assure that the VHPA remains a viable organization that continues to keep putting old buddies in touch with each other. We will lose from the Executive Council over the course of the next couple of years all of those who were responsible initially for getting the VHPA off and running. We are in need of having other members offer their time and talent to keep the VHPA going. There is no secret to managing the VHPA, just a willingness to roll up your sleeves and go for it. If you haven't considered running for office in the VHPA, now is the time. You have enjoyed this organization because of the efforts of other VHPA members. Now it's your turn. Only if we have a continuous line of ready, willing, and eager members at the helm of this organization will it continue to succeed.

I want to thank all of you for your continued support and interest in the VHPA. I hope to see all of you in Reno, and I hope each one of you will take it upon yourself to get involved in the management of the VHPA.

It has truly been an honor and a pleasure to serve you.

Greg Ross, President

STEAD AIR FORCE BASE, THE "FORT RUCKER" OF AIR FORCE ROTARY WING FLIGHT TRAINING

The helicopter has always been a machine of unique qualifications. New uses are continually being found for the ungainly appearing birds.

The "chopper" has really come into its own with the present conflict in Vietnam. The rapid transportation of troops over difficult terrain, the evacuation of sick and wounded and the quick transportation of food and medicine to isolated areas, has made the helicopter an invaluable military tool.

The peacetime role of the helicopter has also grown in importance. Choppers are used to rescue those stranded in inaccessible spots, in fire fighting and for increasing variety of uses. The sight of the helicopters is a familiar one in the Sparks-Reno area. The "birds" have been instrumental in saving the lives of a number of pilots who crashed or were forced down in the Sierras. In one of the larger "mercy missions", 22 helicopters were dispatched to Northern California in 1965 to help evacuate flood victims.

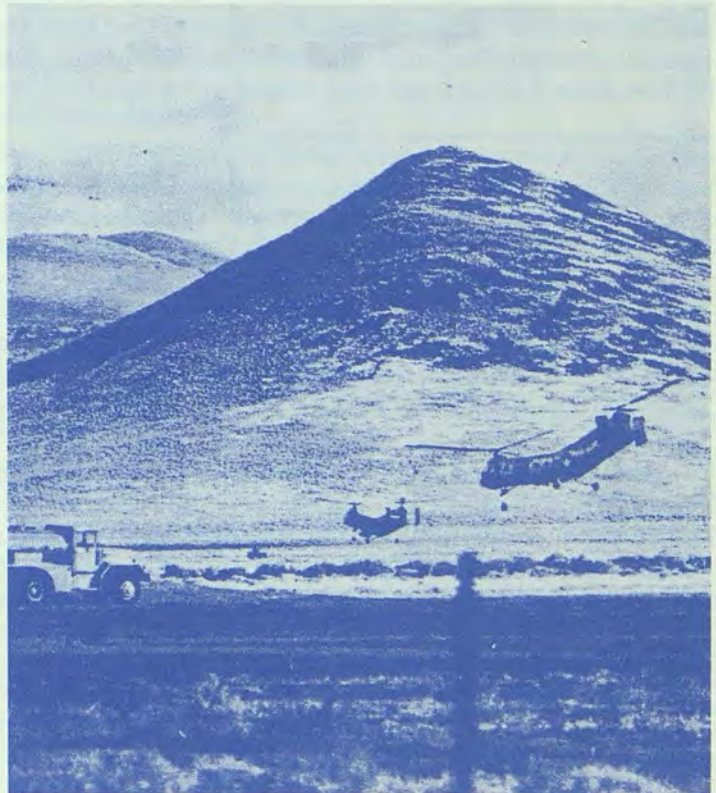
Since its beginning 21 years ago, the Helicopter school has graduated more than 5,000 students from all branches of the U. S. Armed Forces and 25 allied nations.

Born March 10, 1944 the school was first known as the Helicopter detachment, Eastern Air Training command, and was located at Freeman Field, Seymour, Indiana. The United States Air Force Helicopter Pilot Training School at Stead came of age March 10, 1965.

As with all schools, there have been changes. In the past, all students were fully qualified pilots in fixed-wing aircraft prior to entering helicopter training. This is no longer true. Helicopter units began moving to new quarters at Sheppard Air Force Base in Texas last fall. All equipment and the majority of school personnel will vacate Stead by the middle of February. With the departure of the school, a special commendation should be given to the daring work done by school personnel on the many mercy missions flown in Northern Nevada and California.

SPARKS TRIBUNE

Official Newspaper of the City of Sparks
February 9, 1966



Choppers have been a familiar sight in area.

INCOMING MAIL

RENO HOMECOMING

A word from a minority member of the VHPA: an Air Force helicopter pilot. (Det 1, 38th Air Rescue Squadron, Tan Son Nhut AB 1965, HH43B "Huskie," call sign PEDRO) - re: the Reno reunion.

For early USAF helicopter pilots (pre-66), Reno was the home of the USAF's helicopter school. Stead Air Force Base was our Ft. Rucker. Here they took stiff-wing pilots and introduced us to the wonderful world of rotors—a cockpit move that I will never regret.

I want to urge any other USAF/VHPA types to join me at the reunion for a salute to old Stead, now a county airport and home of the annual National Air Races. Many happy hours of flying and off-duty activities will be remembered, the last days of innocence before our war really began.

Stead was incredible duty and a great school then. Many of the civilian academic instructors, such as Mr. William Morris, dated back to the Army Air Corps helicopter days. Our transition aircraft was the venerable H-19 (Sikorsky S-55) whose age and radial reciprocating engine made our left legs strong and our respect for density altitude healthy on hot summer days at Site 8 atop nearby Peavine Mountain (8000' AGL). In a few months, we moved on to the equally venerable H-21 or the wooden bladed - but turbine powered - Huskie. The first H-3's were just appearing, but all of us envied the Army's sleek UH-1's.

Incredible duty! I arrived from undergraduate pilot training in the T-37 and the T-38. Never mind if a month before I had been flying supersonic over Arizona in an aircraft whose DNE taxi speed of 50 kts was now pattern airspeed for the H-19. Now we were pilots, no longer student pilots! We could make decisions on our own! We could fly "solo" together across the Nevada wastelands, landing occasionally mid-cactus to do a hairy "I got the cyclic; no, you got it" high seat change in the H-19. After a year of real soloing in jet trainers, you could really fly with your buddy! No parachutes! No G-suits! No oxygen mask! No positive radar control! Just the door open and the wind threatening to literally blow your flight plan out the window, as you waved to the "girls" below at the world famous Mustang Ranch—a turning point on a standard Stead navigation course.

We were real pilots now! If you were scheduled to fight simulated aircraft fires in the H-43 in the morning, that meant your afternoons were free, and great snow skiing at Squaw Valley was an hour away. And at night there was the glitter of Reno just down the road. This was enhanced with a special Stead "perq".

The Air Base was also the home of the Air Force's Survival School which every aircrew type, enlisted and officer, had to attend (and many sister service types, too). This was the usual military survival school: "escape and evasion, black boxes, POW camps, eat bugs and make jerky and sandals out of parachutes" type of school which proves the premise that if you don't get enough to eat, sleep, and drink, you get real mad!

Anyway, the local merchants wished to reward the survival school graduates who crawled starving out of the week-long trek stage in the Sierras. So, every Wednesday night, Harold's Club—then one of the two top casinos in Reno—would host an "I Survived? Party". If you could get your hands on those easily available ducats from a friend in the Survival School, that meant a two hour orgy of all you could drink and eat and \$10 in chips, compliments of Harold's Club.

The beginning of '65 saw the end of this "best kept secret" in the Air Force and the build up of our war. The first high-time pilots were returning to Stead to learn combat rescue techniques in the beefed up, armored and armed—but completely unsuitable—F model H-43's, the only interim rescue helicopter the Air Force could field until the HH-3 Jolly Green's came on line. The school was to move to Sheppard AFB in Wichita Falls, Texas. I went to an air rescue unit in up-state Michigan and settled into a supposed tour of waiting for a B-52 to crash or a local hunter to get lost. However, in July of 1965, our whole unit of three(!) H-43's was relocated to Saigon to provide local base rescue for the increased air traffic at Tan Son Nhut. The game had become serious.

It is here that this Air Force pilot wishes to thank his tolerant Army readers for having come this far. For this is the part where said Air Force pilot issues his complete and utter thanks to the helicopter pilots of the US Army—especially those of the 173rd and the 101st—for saving my Air Force rotorhead's ass in Vietnam in 1965.

I started this "thank you" mission when I attended the Long Beach reunion in 1987. That was my true homecoming parade from Vietnam, as I found myself surrounded by hundreds of Vietnam war helicopter pilots! Pilots like me who knew what a collective was and that torque was something used, not "did" to a wrench. My only thought was to say that I remembered Vietnam, but not all you old guys! What a hell of a reunion...

I digress. We were a proud but misguided outfit when we went "on alert" two days after our arrival in Saigon. Housed in a borrowed Navy trailer, a hand-cranked crash phone to the tower our only military communication, we went into the business we knew best—"crash and dash" local base rescue and fire suppression with our airborne fire extinguisher (the 1000 pound red "sputnik" that we slung loaded under our belly—and the local VC off the end of the runway known as "One-Shot Charley" is rumored to have thought was a large anti-personnel bomb). We did have a medic and a 200' hoist with a jungle penetrator, but our missions were supposed to be within five miles of the base...until the third day.

Captain Bruce Ware and I were the high-bird on the scramble that day, not carrying the "fire bottle," but backing up the low-bird in case of an off-base ejection. The mission was an F-100 returning to Tan Son Nhut with suspected battle damage. We heard him discuss his situation on Guard ("Lead, I think I'm on fire" - "Rog, concur" - beep, beep, beep). We turned to the UHF homer needle and headed off base, and, of course, (you guys know this ending) some Huey had the 100 jock out of the rice paddy by the time we cleared the runway. However, Saigon's Paris Control had us on radar and we were an "asset". "Pedro 02, turn 340. We have further emergency signal reported, range unknown. Stay this freq."

We were definitely not "local base rescue" anymore. One look at the chart and I could see we were headed for "terra incognita," so I concurred when Bruce mashed the mike button and calmly told Saigon: "Paris Control this is Pedro Zero 2 requesting armed Huey support, repeat, armed Huey support."

Now, my Army buddies, you have got to know that these were B-model Huskies—wooden blades, zip armor, zip armament, except for our 38's and a few M-16's. (Our apocryphal first combat loss was due to a crossbow bolt that drained the unprotected belly fuel tank). Therefore, after a nervous 15 minutes, as we droned north homing in on the beeper signal, you can imagine our utter joy when two of the most beautiful Huey gunships in the world joined on up our right wing (101st/173rd? Wish I had the call sign).

"Hello, Air Force. Can we be of assistance?" Then we proceeded together to the site. No answer on Guard so our new friends took it upon themselves to drag the area, down low. It was hot...and it was a trap! I've never forgotten how you guys took that as an invitation to give us quite a show and put that VC ambush out of action. Not only that, but by that evening back in Saigon, a group of your good crew chiefs jeeped over to our outfit with some armor plating to put under our seats. ("Unauthorized field modifications!" yelled our stateside-flying-safety types. "Come on over and remove 'em" said we). Two days later, we were trading rides with an Army Avionics group at Tan Son Nhut, and I got to find out what a beautiful flying machine you had and a hell of a lot more about combat flying. Thanks, brother rotorheads.

If this mission sounds familiar, I'd like to buy you a drink in Reno. I'll be the one in the AF flight suit with the rescue patch and the Royal Australian Air Force slouch hat (another mission, another story!). Hell, I'd like to buy you all a drink or at least roll the dice for one.

When I got back stateside in '66, before four years of rescue duty in France and England, I had a short TDY at the F-105 "Thud" training base in Kansas. I was a travel-tired troop when I dragged myself into the pilots stag bar that first night. A couple of fighter jocks admonished me that helicopter pilots couldn't buy drinks at the bar. "Goddamn fighter pilots" thought I, as I turned to go, until I saw the sign behind the bar—"Helicopter pilots drink for free here." I knew then we had arrived...

I went on to be a documentary film producer for the last 20 years, and always have a chopper shot in the script! Took a "sabbatical" for a year in '86 and flew the radio traffic reporter in San Francisco, plus a million tourists off of Fisherman's Wharf. You don't forget how to fly, I assure you...See all you good interservice stick buddies in Reno.

Ted Cochran
PEDRO, USAF. 38TH ARS 1965
Tan Son Nhut, Cam Ranh Bay
(San Rafael, California)

VHPA MEMBER IS AMERICA'S LATEST ACE

C5A Pilot destroys 8 hostile GU-11's in air-to-air combat

John Haszard, a VHPA member and a veteran of the 4th Aviation Battalion at Pleiku, intercepted a flight of GU-11's shortly after departing Westover Air Force Base in a C5A Galaxy enroute to the Persian Gulf. This action occurred on 31 JAN 91. The plane was climbing through 200 feet at 130 knots when Maj. Haszard observed the aggressors closing in from the right. According to eyewitness reports, he immediately maneuvered into a position that destroyed the enemy birds with his starboard engines and was credited with eight confirmed kills. (Actually, the condition of the wreckage made it difficult to determine the exact number). The rest of the enemy flight immediately dispersed.

John has logged more than 5,000 hours in the C5A in the last 12 years, but this is the first time he has encountered any enemy action since leaving Vietnam. (He was evacuated to Japan with leg wounds after ten months).

Numerous military and civilian officials gave John and his co-pilot the highest praise for making a safe emergency landing back at Westover despite the fact that one engine lost power immediately and a second was shut down due to damage. Both engines were on the right side.

Those of us who flew with John Haszard in Vietnam are impressed, but not really surprised. We knew he had the right stuff 20 years ago, and it is obvious he still has it. Congratulations, John, on some great flying. With all the publicity that Desert Storm troops are receiving, it's good to see that a Vietnam vet can still get the job done.



John Haszard at the controls of his C5A

POSITIONS ON THE EXECUTIVE COUNCIL

Individuals interested in running for an elected position on the VHPA Executive Council should contact Phil Marshall, acting Midterm Member at Large, (513) 339-3167. Positions available are the Vice Presidency and Junior Member at Large. When an individual is elected to either position, they will serve for three consecutive years on the Executive Council.

CRASH COOPER

I am trying to track down a pilot from Vietnam. While many of the pilots in Nam were outstanding, I owe my life and the lives of those in my company to one particular pilot—Crash Cooper. At least that is what we called him.

Back in May of 1969, my company, Bravo, 1/506th, 101st, was trapped on a ridge leading up to Hill 937 otherwise known as Hamburger Hill. Cooper flew in and out of our position when no one else could. During that period, I went without food for four days, without water for three days, had a grenade land beside me and not go off, was ambushed too many times to count, and fired more M-16 rounds and was shot at more times than I can remember. I had the strange feeling that someone wanted to kill me. Out of a company of roughly one hundred and thirty men, only about twenty of us made it through the whole thing. Had it not been for the heroics of Crash Cooper, not that many of us would have made it.

I owe him a lot more than just thanks, but that is a start. Can anyone tell me how to locate him? Thanks for the help.

Richard R. Freeman
[REDACTED]

LOOKING FOR GREY-HOUNDS & PLAYBOYS

I was not in helicopters while in Vietnam, but was one of the many who benefitted from the services of good pilots. I served 17 months with Co. F, Long Range Patrol, 51st Infantry (Airborne) based out of Bien Hoa.

I am writing a book about Co. F and my own experiences. I would like very much to give credit where it's due and chopper pilots and their crews deserve a lot of that. In particular, I'm trying to get more info on the slick pilots from the "Greyhounds" and gunship pilots from the "Playboys". To the best of our collective memory, these were the people supporting us. Can anyone provide their unit designations or get me in touch with some of their people?

On August 8, 1968, one or both groups lost several people killed and wounded trying to rescue one of our people. I would like very

much to mention them by name in my book.

Any help you can provide will be greatly appreciated. Thank you.

Gary D. Ford
[REDACTED]

A TWENTY-TWO YEAR "WEIGHT"

I'd like to address this letter to the membership at large for the purpose of getting something off my chest that's been bothering me for twenty-two years.

Although I flew 1400 hours with the 25th AVN Battalion in 69-70 in Nam, I have never quite felt like I was part of the "brotherhood" of combat pilots. I think this feeling has a lot to do with the fact that I flew Command and Control (C & C) most of my tour of duty. By the nature of our jobs, C & C pilots didn't fraternize too extensively with the other flight platoons. We never had a chance to fly with them. Sometimes, we had to endure some kidding about how us C & C pilots had the "easy" or "plush" jobs. I was very self-conscious about that fact.

At one time or another, I was the Aircraft Commander for two of the brigade commanders in the 25th Division. I also flew the Division Commander for a short while. It never occurred to me, at the time, that I must have been a pretty good pilot to be performing that job. Although some of our time was spent ferrying the big wigs around, there were many times that we were involved in functions common to what any other pilot would be doing.

Many times the C & C helicopter was the first ship in an area of contact and stayed after most had left. This left us open to responding to emergencies, usually without gun cover. I was shot down, shot at, made quick extractions, and made med evacs too numerous to remember, had hydraulic failures, had the same hazards as any other pilot; yet there still is a part of me that feels guilty about not having to be involved in the dangers of troop insertions. I also envy that feeling of comradeship of having that shared experience. I felt outside the circle of "brotherhood" then and I still do to this day. Perhaps that is why I am hesitant to attend the reunions, afraid that I might again be exposed as one of "those" C & C pilots. I would indeed love to

feel as included as most of you seem to feel; to fully understand in my own heart that like everyone else I, too, did my job to the very best of my ability; and that I, too, faced the same dangers of flying in combat.

Two more things: do any other C & C pilots share these feelings? and secondly, thank you all for letting me share this with you.

Gene C. Trask
Little Bear 33

Anyone who flew 1400 hours in country has nothing to apologize for, and I have never heard one uncomplimentary remark from one pilot to another at a reunion. Your acceptance as part of the "brotherhood" is a forgone conclusion.

PROCRASTINATING?

Hi, y'all. Just a short note to say that I and mine are all still alive and kicking healthy and reasonably happy out here in northern Nevada.

I finally got off my butt and called up an old classmate, outlaw, and running partner from 66-15/17, John McTaggart. Should have done it years ago but didn't.

John's daughter answered, and they still live at the address in Spring, Texas that you have listed. However, John died back in the summer of '89. His daughter said that he had cancer for awhile. Any of you guys been putting off calling or writing a friend? Well, get to it! We're getting too old to put it off any longer.

Larry Logsden
[REDACTED]

Good advice, Larry. We hope our members take heed.

CAPTAIN WALKER

This picture is of the Gunship platoon "Buccaneers" of the 170th Assault Helicopter Company in Pleiku Vietnam, taken sometime in late 1966. The platoon leader was Captain Walker who is squatting left of center. Captain Walker was one of the true heroes that I knew of in Vietnam. I was lucky enough to serve with him with the 170th A.H.C. in Pleiku in 1966-67 and also with the 101st Airborne Division in 1969. I know first hand of two missions he volunteered for that he should

have been decorated for. The first was a time when, after expending all his ammunition, he dumped all his armament and landed a UH-1C Gunship to rescue some ground troops who had been stranded in the jungle. The second was a night flight that he volunteered for, on his second tour, to pull out some wounded that the Med evac had been unable to pick up. It was in some of the worst weather imaginable, but he did manage to get the wounded out.

I recently read a book, *The Aviators* by W.E.B. Griffin, which had some flying experiences that sounded very familiar to me. At the end of the book, credit was given to a Colonel Clifford Merritt Walker, Jr. said to have three Distinguished Flying Crosses. Could this be the same Captain Walker pictured in this photo?

I have looked through our roster and I cannot find his name listed. Does anyone know of his whereabouts? I would be very interested in knowing what he is doing.

Jeff Eick
170th A.H.C. Pleiku 1966-67
101st Airborne Division, Hue 1969

RON WRIGHT, M.M.L., SUFFERS ANEURISM

Ron Wright, Mid Term Member at Large and ardent supporter of the VHPA, suffered a subcranial aneurism in early April.

Ron's wife, Carolyn, has asked that the membership of the VHPA send Ron lots of cards and letters to let him know he is in the thoughts of those that mean so much to him.

Ron was one of the original 66 who first met in Phoenix to get the VHPA off the ground and has not missed a reunion. Let's all hope his healing progresses rapidly enough to allow him to keep an unbroken string of reunion attendance and enjoy Reno with the rest of us.

Take a moment and jot a few lines to Ron. His address is:

Ron Wright
[REDACTED]

I'm sure your thoughts will be greatly appreciated.



*Gunship platoon "Buccaneers"
170th Assault Helicopter Company
Pleiku Vietnam, 1966*



Beau Jackson and 13 other VHPA members at Fort Rucker

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7 West Seventh Street
Suite 1990
Cincinnati, Ohio 45202

ATTENTION...Coming to Reno??!!

Because of the tremendous amount of early registrations, the Nugget is filled on Wednesday, July 3, 1991. May I suggest arriving either on the 4th of July or spending the evening of the 3rd across the street at the Silver Club 1-800-648-1137.

Tom Pearcy
Reunion Chairman

Looking for:

Vic Milford is looking for: William Darling, 240th AHC, 1967-1968

If you can help, write to Vic at [REDACTED]

Tom Offutt is driving to Reno from Louisville, KY

If you would like to be his driving partner, please call or write Tom at [REDACTED]

Timothy Hostetler is looking for: W.O. Bill Hunt, AC on Outlaw 26, 175 AHC

If you can help, write to Timothy at [REDACTED]

Upcoming Events

114th AVIATION COMPANY REUNION

"114th Air Mobile Company, later designated 114th Aviation Company (Air Mobile Light), and still later 114th AHC. Former members who served with this unit in Vietnam contact George J. Young, 700 Dixie Drive, Enterprise, AL 36330, (205) 393-3693. Planning is underway for a reunion on 7, 8, and 9 June, 1991 in Enterprise, AL."

LAWYER-PILOTS BAR ASSOCIATION MEETING

August 21-August 25

The Harbour House Resort, Nantucket Island, MA. Contact David E. Prewitt, [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] [REDACTED]

ATTENTION ALL VULTURES AND COPPERHEADS

Any former member of the 162 AHC interested in having a mini-reunion during the 1991 Reno reunion please contact me ASAP- with ideas and suggestions or if planning to attend. During past VHPA reunions, there have been small flights of us around. Let's get the flock together in Reno.

Bill Greenhalgh
Vulture 28
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

RENO...RENO...RENO...RENO...RENO...RENO

The final countdown is underway for the best reunion of them all...The EIGHTH ANNUAL VHPA REUNION in THE BIGGEST LITTLE CITY...Reno, Nevada.

GETTING THERE...Getting to Reno is the easiest part of the adventure. American Airlines is our "official" airline for the reunion, and with the use of the access number (SO171LX), the fares are very reasonable. Once in our fair city, the trip to the Nugget is FREE. There is a shuttle bus that runs every half hour directly to the hotel. If you would like to catch a cab...call 333-3333 for assistance, and to see our great city, you may want to take advantage of BUDGET Rent-A-Car's discount for our group...Call 1-800-772-3773 and use our code number VAR1VHP. If you are driving from any direction, the Nugget is located in Sparks, Nevada on Interstate Highway 80. Watch for the Nugget turn off (see map).

HOTEL...Reservations can be made by using the registration form or by calling 1-800-648-1177 or 702-356-3000. There is NO charge for parking at the Nugget and for those arriving in a RV. There is parking, but NO hook-ups.

EVENTS...Please use the REUNION REGISTRATION form to make your reunion reservations. This form MUST be returned to VHPA HQ in Cincinnati ASAP to hold your event registrations. A full refund will be given for cancellations prior to June 15, 1991. No exceptions afterwards. Contact VHPA HQ.

BUS TOUR...This is one of the highlights of the reunion. It WILL be a blast. We'll depart the hotel on Friday a.m., tour beautiful Lake Tahoe, and wind up at Virginia City for a western lunch and a "Participation" Rodeo. To make this rodeo work, I need 28 volunteers. I know your Dad told you to never volunteer for anything. But, this is FUN. If you have never had the thrill of undressing a calf or catching a greased piggy (steady men), this may be your last chance. At the conclusion of the rodeo, the US Marines will (try to) conduct Carrier Qualifications for those stout (NOT fat) souls that have never flown from the decks of a Navy vessel.

PHOTOGRAPHER...Throughout the entire affair, a photographer will be snapping away in order to offer a reunion memory book. This will cost \$12 at the time you order it. Last year's book was nicely done. I will also need a couple of folks taking pictures to add to what the photographer doesn't get. See me for FREE film when you get here.

MINI-REUNIONS...Three units have requested time/space to hold their own mini-reunions. If your organization needs space, please let me know and I'll block it for you. Space/time is limited, so please write or call me ASAP.

SHOWS...Some additional acts that are going to be in the area when we are:

Caesar's Palace @ Tahoe.....	Diana Ross
Harrahs @ Tahoe.....	Ziegfield Review
@ Reno.....	Showbiz Review
Nugget.....	Legends in Concert
Bally's.....	Not available

GOLFING...For those golfers, Tim Doreen's golf tournament will be under full "swing" on Friday and registrations need to be indicated on your reunion registration form. Tee times start at 6:16 am and there is a limited number of foursomes available.

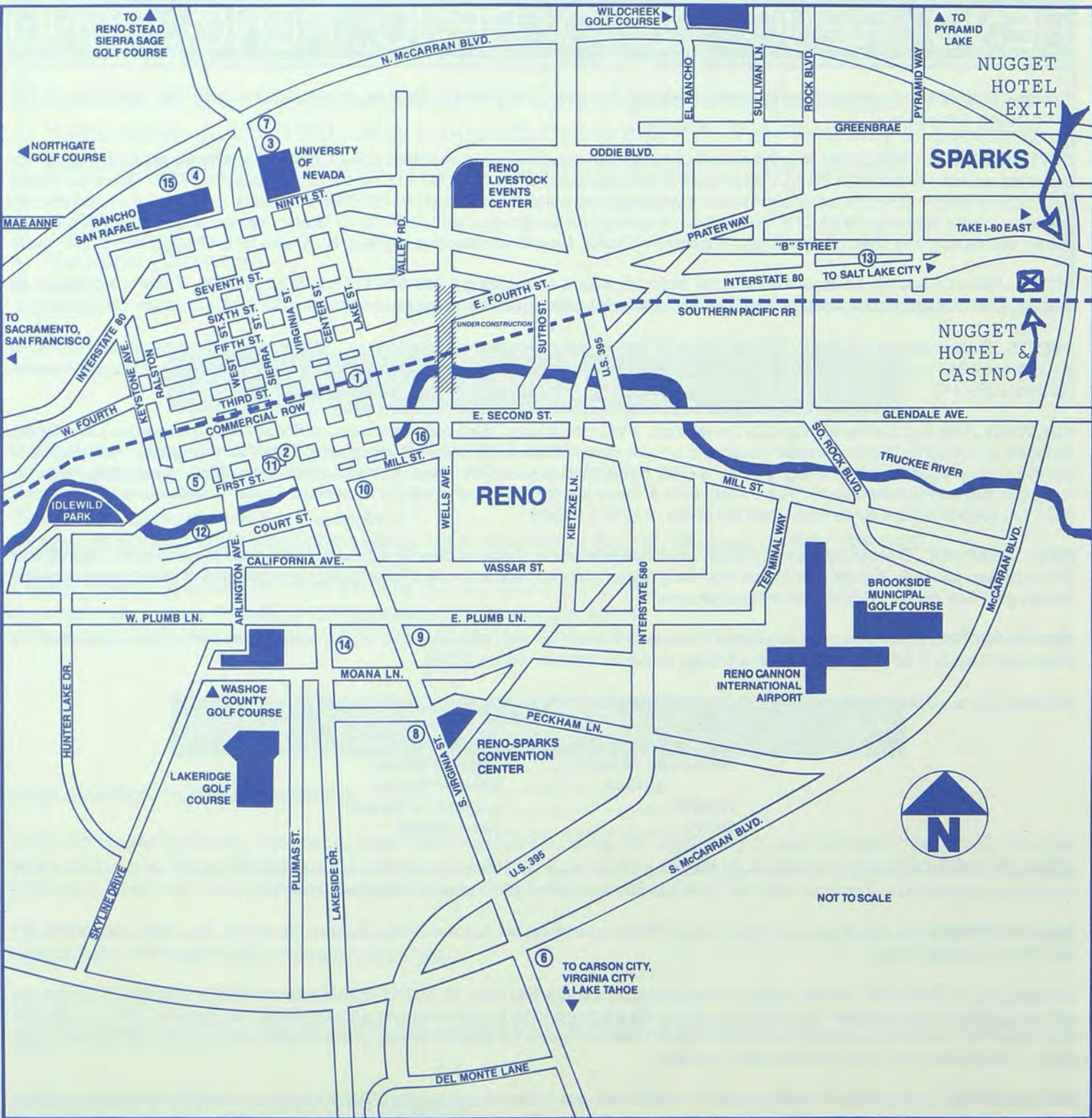
BALLOON RIDES...For those that want to try a real "lifting" experience, contact AeroVision Balloon Co. at P.O. Box 1998, Garnerville, NV 89410 for your reservations.

ATTENTION...ATTENTION...We're going to try something for the very first time...DESIGNATED SEATING FOR THE BANQUET!!! Yes, we are crazy, but after the "crushes" at the other reunions, we are going to try to make this one a little civilized. Starting on Friday, as you sign in at the reunion reservation counter, you will be able to reserve a space for yourself or your group by table number. We don't know if it will work, but who knows, maybe it will save one more life...

FUN, FUN, FUN...This reunion is shaping up to be a great one—full of friends and frivolity. Please check your vacation schedules and plan to attend. Find those other peter pilots out there and get them here. Once you've been to one of these things, you'll never miss another. Remember, the theme for the entire reunion is the WILD WEST. That's what this town and the surrounding area is all about. Let's see what you can come up with.

If I can be of ANY assistance, please call me at (702) 345-6112 between the hours of sunrise and sunrise. Get those reservations and reunion registrations on the way; put a few extra nickels away for the machines; get your western duds out of mothballs, and we'll see you ALL in RENO...THE BIGGEST LITTLE CITY IN THE WORLD...July 4-7, 1991.

T. L. Pearcy, Sr.
"Blueghost 18"
Reunion Chairman



RENO 8TH ANNUAL VHPA REUNION SCHEDULE JULY 4TH - 7TH

DATE	TIME	EVENT	LOCATION
Wednesday July 3rd	Anytime	Early Bird Gathering	Hotel Lobby Bar
Thursday July 4th	9 a.m. - 8 p.m. 1 p.m. - 3 p.m. 1 p.m. - 4 p.m. 1 p.m. - 4 p.m. 7 p.m. - 1 a.m.	Registration Opens Vendors Open Luncheon Young Folks Social Ladies Helicopter Rides Pool Reception	Registration Area 2nd Floor Southern Pacific 3rd Floor Pool Reno Airport Apron Pool
Friday July 5th	6 a.m. - 11 a.m. 9 a.m. - 8 p.m. 9 a.m. - 4 p.m. 9 p.m. - 1 a.m.	Golf Tournament Registration Open Vendors Open Lake Tahoe/Virginia City Bus Tour and Participation Rodeo Dance	Lakeridge Course Registration Area 2nd Floor Bus Tour Rose Ballroom
Saturday July 6th	9 a.m. - 6 p.m. 9 a.m. - Noon 9 a.m. - 1 p.m. 11 a.m. - 1 p.m. Noon - 1 p.m. 1 p.m. - 4 p.m. 2 p.m. - 4 p.m. 2 p.m. - 4 p.m. 6:30 p.m. - 7:30 p.m. 7:30 p.m. - 1 a.m.	Registration Open Vendors Open Open day Aviation Display Mini-Reunions Ladies Helicopter Rides VHPA Official Nap Pilot's Business Meeting Ladies Gathering Young Folk's Social No Host Cocktails Banquet, Dance	Registration Area 2nd Floor Stead Airbase Genoa/Donner Rooms Reno Airport Apron Personal Rooms Ponderosa Room Bonanza Room Pool Rose Ballroom Rose Ballroom
Sunday July 7th	Check With Hotel	Check Out & Prepare for Atlanta, GA	Registration Area

TWO TICKETS TO FLY

One lucky VHPA pilot attending the reunion in Reno will win two round trip tickets on American Airlines good for anywhere American flies in the 48 contiguous states! To be eligible to win, the VHPA member must physically register in Reno and be current on his membership dues.

AMERICAN AIRLINES DISCOUNT ANNOUNCEMENT

The Vietnam Helicopter Pilots Association has designated American Airlines as the official carrier for the 8th Annual VHPA Reunion to be held in Reno, Nevada from July 3-7, 1991. We have negotiated special discount airfares with American to be used solely for our reunion, not available to the general public. To access these discounts, call 1-800-433-1790 and refer to STAR NUMBER SO171LX.

VHPA EIGHTH ANNUAL REUNION
HOTEL REGISTRATION INFORMATION
JOHN ASCUAGA'S NUGGET
P.O. BOX 797
SPARKS, NEVADA 89432-9989
JULY 4-7, 1991

John Ascuaga's NUGGET has asked that if at all possible, VHPA members who are planning to attend the 8th Annual Reunion call the NUGGET to make their reservations (1-800-648-1177 or in NV 702-356-3355) rather than request reservations by mail. Should circumstances dictate the use of mail, complete this form and mail as soon as possible. You may also charge your reservation by completing the information listed below.

VIETNAM HELICOPTER PILOTS ASSOCIATION

Name(s) _____

Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Arrival Date & Time _____ Departure Date _____ No. Nights _____ No. Guests _____ No. Rooms _____

☐ \$75 Single-Tower ☐ \$50 Single-Ctyd ☐ \$30 Single-Roof Garden
☐ \$75 Double-Tower ☐ \$50 Double-Ctyd ☐ Executive level also available *DEPOSIT AMOUNT \$ _____

CHECK-IN TIME IS 3:00 p.m. and CHECK-OUT TIME IS 11:00 a.m.

*One night's deposit or credit card number (Mastercard, Visa, Amer. Express, Diners, Carte Blanche) is required with reservation or reservation will not be accepted. 48 hours notice of cancellation is required for refund of deposit.

RESERVATION REQUESTS RECEIVED AFTER JUNE 3, 1991 WILL BE CONFIRMED SUBJECT TO ROOM AVAILABILITY.

For Credit Card Use:

Card Type: _____ MC _____ VISA _____ AMEX _____ DINERS _____ CRT BL

Credit Card # _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____ Amt. of Deposit _____

If deposit is by check, amount enclosed \$ _____

DO NOT SEND TO VHPA

Mail to:

JOHN ASCUAGA'S NUGGET
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

VIETNAM HELICOPTER PILOTS ASSOCIATION
EIGHTH ANNUAL REUNION
RENO, NEVADA
JULY 4 THROUGH JULY 7, 1991
REUNION REGISTRATION

NAME _____ MEMBER # _____
WIFE/GUEST NAME _____ # CHILDREN _____
ADDITIONAL GUESTS NAMES _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____
DATE OF EXPECTED ARRIVAL _____ IS THIS YOUR FIRST REUNION? _____ HOW MANY? _____

REGISTRATION FEES

	<u># OF PEOPLE</u>	<u>PRICE</u>	<u>TOTAL</u>	<u>DUES PAYMENT</u>
Registration before 6/1/91	_____	@ \$20.00 =	\$ _____	(If you are including your dues in your Grand Total please specify in the space below)
Registration after 6/1/91	_____	@ \$25.00 =	\$ _____	
Luncheon 7/4	_____	@ \$12.50 =	\$ _____	
Bus Tour (Adult)	_____	@ \$27.00 =	\$ _____	
Bus Tour (Child Under 16)	_____	@ \$20.00 =	\$ _____	
Golf Tournament	_____	@ \$48.00 =	\$ _____	\$ _____ 1 Year @ \$20
Banquet	_____	@ \$35.00 =	\$ _____	\$ _____ Life @ \$300

GRAND TOTAL = \$ _____

☐ Enclosed is my check/money order payable to VHPA REUNION '91
☐ Please charge my Master/VISA card
Credit Card No. _____ Expiration Date _____
Signature _____

NAME TAG INFORMATION

NAME DESIRED ON NAME TAG _____
NAME OF WIFE/GUEST _____
FLIGHT SCHOOL CLASS (NO. & YEAR) _____
1st COMBAT UNIT _____ YEAR _____
2nd COMBAT UNIT _____ YEAR _____
3rd COMBAT UNIT _____ YEAR _____
HOMETOWN OR PRESENT RESIDENCE: _____

MAIL TO:
VHPA
7 West Seventh Street
Suite 1990
Cincinnati, OH 45202

VIETNAM HELICOPTER PILOTS ASSOCIATION

7 West Seventh Street, Suite 1990 Cincinnati, Ohio 45202 (513) 721-VHPA

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION OR CHANGE OF ADDRESS

APPLICATION: ☐
ADDRESS CHANGE: ☐

ANNUAL DUES: \$20
LIFE MEMBERSHIP: \$300
SUBSCRIPTION ONLY: \$12*
(*Included in annual dues)

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

CITY: _____ STATE: _____ ZIP: _____

HOME PHONE: () _____ WORK PHONE: () _____

OCCUPATION: _____

_____ Please charge my MasterCard/VISA _____ Enclosed is a check/money order payable to VHPA

Credit Card No.: _____ Expiration Date: _____

Signature: _____

FLIGHT SCHOOL CLASS: _____ SERVICE BRANCH: _____

COMBAT FLIGHT HOURS: _____ SOCIAL SECURITY NO. _____

Information about EACH Vietnam Tour:

DATE		UNIT	LOCATION	CALL SIGN
From	To			

Information about YOU: Helicopters flown, medals/awards, talents, hobbies and anything else.

Note: This form may be used for Directory corrections.