



Vietnam Veterans of America "Stanley E. Taylor" Chapter 196 Lynchburg, Virginia



"THE LISTENING POST"

August 1, 2022



Vol 13 Issue 6

President's Comments

Vietnam Quotes

Upcoming Events

August 9, 2022 Monthly VVA Meeting Cancelled

August 9, 2022 Monthly AVVA Meeting Cancelled

August 4
U.S. Coast Guard Birthday

August 7
Purple Heart Day

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To the members and associates of Chapter 196 Due to the heat and humidity, there will not be a meeting in August. Just kidding, but there will not be a meeting. I will be in Greenville, SC, attending the Leadership and Education Conference. Freddie will have had heart surgery. There is not much going on during the summer months. At the end of last months meeting, we decided to cancel the August meeting. At the September meeting, Jim Purdy and I will report on the seminars we attended and how it will impact our chapter.

Last month we held a very nice remembrance ceremony for Mrs. Perry, a Gold Star Mother and our official chapter mom.

One thing to pass along, the AIR Commission has been disbanded. What this means is, we will continue to go to the CBOC here and also the Salem VMAC. If and when they decide to change things, we probably will not be here, as the average age of Vietnam veterans is 75. I will continue to keep you posted when there are changes that affect vets who use the services of the VA.

On July 17, Will Strong, our chapter chaplain, was presented with a Quilt of Valor along with four others. These are beautiful quilts and a lot of work goes into sewing them. The Quilt Guild does an outstanding program. If you have not received a quilt and would like one, get in touch with me and they will put your name on their list.

Enjoy your night off and I hope to see you at the September meeting.

Keeping you informed,
David Stokes, President

*Come you masters of war
You that build all the guns
You that build the death planes
You that build all the bombs
You that hide behind walls
You that hide behind desks
I just want you to know
I can see through your masks.
Singer-songwriter Bob Dylan, lyrics from "Masters of War,"*

"I was too shocked to cry, too confused to take notes or ask questions, too bewildered to even think."

New York Times correspondent David Halberstam, a witness to the self-immolation of a Buddhist monk in Saigon, 1963

"If I left [the war in Vietnam] and let the communists take over South Vietnam, then I would be seen as a coward and my nation would be seen as an appeaser, and we would both find it impossible to accomplish anything for anybody anywhere on the entire globe."

President Lyndon B. Johnson, 1964

"The mark of the immature man is that he wants to die nobly for a cause, while the mark of the mature man is that he wants to live humbly for one."

Time magazine editorial about Roger Allen LaPorte, an American pacifist who set himself on fire in protest of American policies in Vietnam, 1965

"The picture of the world's greatest superpower killing or seriously injuring 1,000 noncombatants a week while trying to pound a tiny backward nation into submission on an issue whose merits are hotly disputed, is not a pretty one."

Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara

Vietnam was the first war ever fought without any censorship. Without censorship, things can get terribly confused in the public mind.
WILLIAM WESTMORELAND, Time Magazine, April 5, 1982



Minutes for July 12, 2022 Membership Meeting

Meeting was called to order at 7:00 PM by President David Stokes followed by the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag, draping of the POW/MIA Banner and opening prayer.

COMMITTEE REPORTS

FINANCIAL

Financial report was given by Chapter President David Stokes

MEMBERSHIP VVA 210 Members AVVA 31 Members

CHAPLIN'S REPORT

Chapter President David Stokes reported for Will Strong. Carl Crawford is in Va Hospital in Salem. Al Thompson is in UVA hospital.

OLD BUSINESS

David thanked Will and Rebecca Strong for their preparation and helping serve food at State

Council meeting. State Council meeting held in Lynchburg in June went well. Next State Council meeting is in Bays, Virginia Oct 21-23. Gathering for Mrs. Perry, our Gold Star Mom went well.

NEW BUSINESS

John Ketwig spoke to the chapter on matters concerning the situation with the VA Hospitals.

David Stokes and Jim Purdy will be attending the upcoming VVA Education & Leadership

Conference. State Council will be paying David's expenses and Jim's expenses will be covered by Chapter 196.

There being no further business the meeting adjourned at 8:15 PM

Respectfully submitted:

Robert Crowder, Secretary VVA Chapter 196



IN-COUNTRY



THE 1,000-YARD MEETS THE TWO-YARD STARE!

National
Purple Heart Day
August 7th



HAPPY BIRTHDAY COAST GUARD






Getting Shot Down *By Adolf "Frenchy" Viol*

October 22, 1968 - I think it was on a Sunday, we, the crew of the CH-47A 66-00120 had standby duty. A call came for us to go and sling out a Huey in the Bing Duong Province III Corps. Gun Ship cover was denied because it was a friendly and secure Area. Sp5 Jack Alvin Corn was the FE, Greg Trimmel was the Gunner on the left, the rear Gunner was the postal clerk, (name ?) who volunteered for that day, to get some excitement in his life, and me the Crew Chief. The AC was CW2 Fischer and Lt. Sam Taylor the Copilot. It was a beautiful day for flying. I had my Super 8 handy and took a fine scene of the support Huey and Crew on the ground. Then we had to go to work. Jack was lying on the hole and did a great job guiding the Pilot in for the hook up.

Everything went fine. We cleared the trees and were ready to go on the way - than it happened! A big tremendous bang rang thru the Hook. I turned around and there it was, a big hole in the side and my first thought was "O sh.... that is it!!! Then I saw Jack was hang-

ing half out of the hole and the trap-door on top of him. I pulled him inside, he was unconscious. I told Mr. Fischer to drop everything and get the FE to the nearest Hospital, he looks in a bad shape. He said: "I'm doing the best I can, but it looks like the electricity is gone". We did not get far and we had to find a spot to land the Chinook because we lost all the Transmission Fluid and the Rotors where freezing up. Mr. Fischer found us a big Rice paddy and dropped in smack in the middle of it. O boy was that a hard landing. On dry land we most likely would not have survived.

A few minutes later the support crew with their Huey was there to pick up Jack and Lt. Taylor who thought that something had hit him. One Guy from the Huey and the rest of us stayed behind. About ten minutes later the V.C. caught up with us and started shooting at us with there AK's and fired a bunch of Mortars or RPG's at our direction. Those nasty things came so close we heard water splashing on the Aircraft. The Bullets where whistling

through the window where the M60 was - some banged thru the walls. Mr. Fischer stood in the little doorway to the pilot cabin and tried the radio. He got shot in the right leg. The rest of us made ourselves as small as we could. I did hear some praying beside me and I felt not to comfortable myself and hoping for the best. Somebody thought we needed help. Artillery rounds where raining down around us. It must have being hundreds of them. When it finally stopped, a big Angel in disguise of a Huey came and picked us up. You won't believe how fast you can climb up a thin steel rope. Charley still was trying to get me - the AK bullets again were buzzing around us like mad hornets. I counted myself lucky four times for that day. From all of us, I came away with the leaches and a small wound on my elbow which was just enough for a bandage and a Purple Heart.

Every time I get to Washington DC, I go to the Wall and pay my Respect to Jack, Gregory and Wayne.



A "Deans" Slick Pilot's Story by Colonel David A. Measels, U.S. Army (Retired)

For then Captain Dave Measels, the "Best of Times in the Worst of Times" as a slick pilot in the 120th Aviation Company, the "Deans" of Army Aviation, was preceded by a few years. After flunking most of my courses at Lamar University in Beaumont, Texas, I enlisted in the Army in August 1961. Several years later, I completed Infantry Officer's Candidate School at Fort Benning and applied for flight school. In 1963, the demand for aerial targets was still fairly low, so it was not until the fall of 1965 that I made it to Fort Wolters with the "Blue Hat" class of 66-6. In June 1966, I arrived in Vietnam on orders to the 1st Cavalry Division, but was diverted to the 117th Aviation Company on the beach at Dong Ba Thin. After several months of flying with the "Beach Bums" in support of the 101st Airborne Division in the Pleiku area, at one of the nightly operations mission briefings, it was announced that a volunteer was needed to go to the 120th Aviation Company "somewhere down south." Against my belief not to volunteer for anything, I said I would go. So much for the myth that only the best pilots were selected to go to the 120th!



When I arrived at Ton San Nhut in August 1966 after one of those

great C-123 flights out of Pleiku, I was put aboard the Dean's ¾ ton cargo truck "shuttle bus" to the Deans slick pilots' villa on Cach Mang street in Saigon. I could hardly believe my good fortune at being delivered from a tent cot in the sand to a villa with running water, clean sheets, and a real bed. I found that missions in the 120th were indeed varied. The Deans supported the Headquarters, United States Military Assistance Command Vietnam (MACV) and flew the Commander (COMUSMACV) who was during my tenure Generals William Westmoreland and Creighton Abrams. When I arrived, the slicks were all UH-1 "B" models except for one "D" model allegedly obtained solely for flying the press, but seldom used for that purpose. I found it strange that any bird and crew could be scheduled to carry General Westmoreland on the theory that if they were sabotaged, it would be tough to figure out the right one. The aircraft were also a stark contrast to those used by other generals in country. The Dean's birds were unpolished and did not have the plush seat cushions favored by most generals.

Other diverse missions included support of the Air Force by flying the beacon used by the B-52 bombers for their final course into the "box" for "Arc Light" missions. The Arc Light missions required two aircraft with one flying a tight orbit at 500 feet above ground level over a known reference point. The second bird was to assume the orbit if the first was shot down. When clouds obscured the reference point, the beacon bird sometimes flew close enough to the box to see the bombs as they passed by the door. After

the strike, the fun part was the low level passes over the box for bomb damage assessment. Those B-52s sure killed a lot of trees! Later in my tour, I took some of the eight engine B-52 pilots out to a box to give them an up close view of their work. As we cranked, I yelled "COMING HOT ON NUMBER ONE", followed by "COMING HOT ON NUMBER TWO" and by the time I got to four, they realized they were being had.

Another fun mission was the SEAL team insertions in the Rung Sat Special Zone between Saigon



and Vung Tau. The Rung Sat took on a much different flavor after Captain Rogers and his Razorback gunship crew was shot down by an RPG. The wingman said they took one up the "hell hole" and the rotor blades stopped turning before it inverted into a ball of flames. I returned to the pad just afterward and Major Ralph Gonzales, the Operations Officer, took the left seat and Captain Ray Sandlin, the Razorback Platoon Leader, climbed into the back. At the crash site, I dropped Ray to the muddy marsh as low as the scrub trees would allow. After a few more low level orbits, Ralph wanted to join Ray on the ground so I dropped in again. **Continued on Page 5**



Ralph jettisoned the door and jumped his 200 plus pounds out into the mud. It took full forward cyclic to get the ship stabilized and gain a little slow airspeed. Those on the ground



were able to locate the remains of one of the crew members and we loaded all on board for the return to Saigon Heliport just before dark, but it was not until the next day before the pilots were found in the seats of that burned out bird and the other crew member was found. I still recall that was a tough and emotional flight to make.

The Deans also flew air assaults to insert ARVN soldiers into LZs around Saigon. On these, the Razorbacks flew the more traditional armed escort. Other slick missions included flying the MACV brass out to the field, flying the Saigon press corps out to get the latest hot story, support to the U.S. Agency for International Development (USAID), and many a "pigs and rice" mission. The best part of the slick missions over a 90 mile radius from Saigon was the "dead time" waiting on our passengers at the Special Forces camps where we would load up the bird for a visit to the local free fire zone. Nothing like letting the door gunners shoot up ammo while the green beret types tossed out grenades, used their M-79 grenade launchers, and fired M-16s at targets of opportunity.

After flying enough that the Huey became an extension of my hands, I

was made an instructor pilot and then the unit standardization IP. I had great fun shooting touch down autorotations to the sod around Saigon and to the runway at Long Thanh. I also recall switching the engine fire warning light with the master caution light, then turning the hydraulics off which caused the red FIRE light to come on, then we ignored the passengers as they panicked trying to get the crew's attention. Slowly but surely, the slick B



models were replaced with D models, then eventually with H models. The Razorbacks kept their B models until I departed in February 1968. Man they had it tough getting out of Saigon heliport with a loaded rocket bird. The Razorback door gunners also pulled the barrels on their flex guns on short final into the heliport. I recall they lost a crew member when he fell out of the bird while removing the barrels on short final and fell onto the road between the heliport and the PX.

Earlier, I mentioned the villa in Saigon where the slick pilots lived. The Razorback villa was a short walk down the street. I recall that one night television reporter Morey Safer visited the Officer's Club bar to film for one of his TV stories and the Razorbacks were being their usual wild bunch. As Morey asked one what he did, he replied "I fly a gunship every day killing Vietnamese.... uh, I mean Viet Cong." Actually, he was right on both! I always wondered how that story went over in the States.

Eventually, I fell for Kim, the villa

club bartender, and we were married in December 1967. As of this writing in October 2003, we have been married for over 35 wonderful years. We had two sons and both served as Army soldiers. We returned to Fort Wolters in February 1968 and I trained as many pilots as possible so I would not have to return to Vietnam. That worked until 1972, when we returned to Vietnam where I was an airmobile advisor to the VNAF helicopter squadrons at Pleiku Air Base. In 1973, I was assigned to Fort Riley, Kansas to command the 335th Aviation Company "Cowboys." At that point, I became dissatisfied with the challenge of Army Aviation. The Cowboys had captains as XO, operations officer, and platoon leaders and the warrant officers were all Vietnam experienced. Flying air assaults on Fort Riley was just too automatic. In Germany, I took my first battalion command as an infantry major and saw the leadership challenge was in other than aviation.

My over 31 years of military service has included command of three companies, two battalions, and the 2d Infantry Division Support Command. I look back on my time with the Deans and wonder about where today finds company commanders Fred Farner, Tom Daly, and Richard Beck; pilots Ralph Gonzales, Frank Hunt, John Jones, Vincent Olson, Ray Sandlin, Ira Greeley, Linc Shibao, Dave Johnson and many others; the myriad of other great warrant officer pilots, and the crew chiefs, door gunners, and maintenance folks who pulled it all together in the "Best of Times in the Worst of Times."

God Bless You All!

**Vietnam Veterans of
America—Chapter 196
Lynchburg , Virginia**



OF AMERICA

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Give This to a Fellow Vietnam Veteran...

The Vietnam Veterans of America association is a "home of our own" - a community of fellowship with people who share your experiences, needs, and hopes for the future. Agent Orange is still with us and our numbers are dwindling, probably at a much faster rate than we would like it. That makes it even more important for Vietnam Veterans to have a viable and strong organization to represent us in Washington

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to him or her. Don't forget that a copy of their DD-214 with their membership application is required.

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New members must submit a copy of their DD-214 along with this application and dues payment.