



Vinh Long Outlaws Association (VLOA)

"www.vinhlongoutlaws.com"

## Vinh Long Outlaws Fall/Winter2023 Newsletter

September-December

The VLOA is a 501(c)(19) nonprofit, tax exempt war veterans' organization.

3rd.-4th Quarter 2023

### Inside this Issue:

National Directors Corner.-Reunion .	Pg.1-2
VLOA Treasurers Financial report.	Pg.3
VLOA Treasurers report, pg. 2.	Pg.4
Outlaw -Willard Geo. Maxwell.	Pg.5
Viet Nam memories. Pg.1.	Pg. 6
V.N. Pg.2.	Pg.7
V.N. Pg.3 & Happy Valentines Day.	Pg.8
Heli-Homes, Deluxe!	Pg. 9
Heli-Homes, pg 2.	Pg.10
Home Sweet Heli-Home. Pg.1.	Pg.11
Home Sweet Heli-Home pg.2.	Pg.12
The Back Pew. Chap. Ernie Isbell.	Pg.13
The TET Offensive 1968.	Pg.14
TET-1968 pg.2.	Pg.15
TET-1968 pg.3.	Pg.16
13th. Avn. Bn. Delta readiness.	Pg.17
Obituaries.	Pg.18 /19

## National Director's Corner

By- **Bob Allen**



Hello everyone.

I trust each of you had a warm and wonderful Christmas, or Hanukkah, celebration with family and friends. The Allen's spent family time together and were able to bring in the new year doing the same. As we look forward to what 2024 brings, let us remember the upcoming 60<sup>th</sup> anniversary reunion in September, and the close bond we share with our comrades in arms.

One of my favorite narratives about military culture was written anonymously by a veteran some time ago. Please indulge me as I share it with you now.

"I now know why men who have been to war yearn to reunite. Not to tell stories or look at old pictures. Not to laugh or weep. Comrades gather because they long to be with the men who once acted at their best; men who suffered and sacrificed together, who were stripped of their humanity. I did not pick these men. They were delivered by fate and the military. But I know them in a way I know no other men. I have never given anyone such trust. They were willing to guard something more precious than my life. They would have carried my reputation, the memory of me. It was part of the bargain we all made, the reason we were so willing to die for one another. As long as I have memory, I will think of them all, every day. I am sure that when I leave this world, my last thought will be of my family and my comrades...Such good men."

Now, there is no doubt that some will not share the sentiment of that narrative – and that is fine – but most who are reading this article certainly share an unmistakable bond of activity and accomplishment with the 175<sup>th</sup>. As the first of our remaining four reunions takes place in Nashville, this September 22-26<sup>th</sup>, I implore you to make every effort to attend our 60<sup>th</sup> unit anniversary celebration!

I wrap up this article with a special request: We are in need of a volunteer to assume the role of VLOA treasurer. Frank Estes has done a remarkable job in that capacity, for a number of years, and has asked to retire that responsibility. Who will step up?

The position details are outlined in our operations manual and Frank will certainly help with the transition. Please consider this opportunity to serve. I welcome your responses. Celebrate 60!

Bob Allen National Director.

**OFFICERS & DIRECTORS**

Bob Allen, - National Director  
Columbus, Ohio.

Ivan White- Deputy Director  
French Village, MO.

James Donnelly, -Secretary  
Virginia Beach, Virginia.

James Donnelly-Treasurer  
Virginia Beach, Virginia

Bob Sharp, -Newsletter Editor.  
Albert Lea, MN.

Phil Van Alst, -Web Master  
Hau'ula, HI.

Ernest Isbell, -Chaplain  
Denton, TX..

Doug Wilson, -Historian  
Cosa Mesa, CA.

Ernie Isbell -Mem-At-Lge. (64-65)  
Denton, TX.

Walter Cieslak- Mem-At-Lge (66-67)  
Darian, WI.

Eric Ragsdale, Mem-At-Lge (68-69)  
Mesa, AZ.

Position Open, Mem-At-Lge (70-71)

Fred Rosenberg, Mem-At-Lge (72-75)  
Leesburg, FL.

Lorie Hausenfluke M-At-Lge (03-08)  
Hedenheimer, TX.

Terry Khachadourian, Distaff Adv.  
Lilburn, GA.

Tom Anderson, -Permanent Advisor.  
(1998-2023), Spfld, VA. (Decd.)

Al Iller -Ex. Offico (2000-2002)  
Fayetteville, AR.

Ernie Isbell, -Ex Officio(2002-2004)  
Denton, TX.

Tim Bisch, -Ex Officio (2004-2006)  
Huntsville, AL

Joe Clelan, -Ex Officio (2006-2008)  
Mechanicsburg, PA. (deceased)

Frank Estes, -Ex Officio (2008-2010)  
Ozark, AL.

Bob Koonce, -Ex Officio (2010-2012)  
Tacoma, WA.

Angelo Spelios, -Ex Officio (2012-2014)  
Weatherford, TX.

Larry Jackson, -Ex Officio (2014-2016)  
Hilton Head Island, SC.

James Donnelly, -Ex Officio (2016-2019)  
Virginia Beach, VA..

Bert Rice-Ex-Officio (2019-2022)  
Odenton, MD.

***Celebrate Our 60<sup>th</sup> Year Unit Anniversary!*****The 175<sup>th</sup> Round-Up in Nashville, TN**

Set your calendars for September 22<sup>nd</sup> through the 26<sup>th</sup>, as we gather in Nashville, TN for an exciting time of rejoicing, catching up, social interaction, and celebrating the 60<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the 175<sup>th</sup> AHC, et al. We will be staying at the Inn at Opryland, and a special block of inside and outside rooms are available for the round-up.

As a 60<sup>th</sup> celebration incentive, the first 60 registrations will receive a pricing discount: \$100 per couple, and \$50 per single registration. This discount will be redeemed after the reunion for all awardees. What an exciting opportunity! Take advantage and get registered for this special event at this special price point.

The next newsletter will outline each day's official activities and agenda, but let me share with you the tours and excursions which are already lined up.

**Sunday: Registration**

Hospitality room and Anderson Auction open.

**Welcome Banquet and celebration gathering****Monday: Breakfast Buffet**

9am – 4pm, Visit to the Hermitage, including special

Memorial service and tour of

Nashville Old District.

Hospitality and Anderson Auction open

Dinner on your own.

**Tuesday: Breakfast Buffet**

General Jackson Lunch Cruise & Entertainment.

Hospitality and Anderson Auction open.

Night at the Grand Ole Opry.

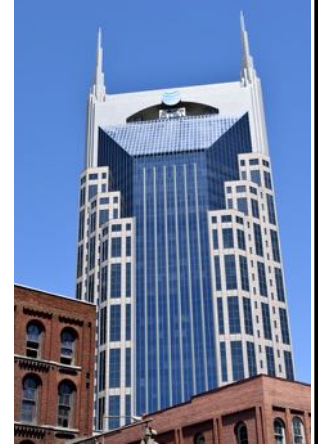
Dinner on your own.



Cont'd. from pg 2.

**Wednesday:** Breakfast Buffet

- 8am Executive Meeting
- 9am Business Meeting/ Ladies Tea
- 11am Anderson Auction Closes
- Hospitality room open
- Lunch on your own
- Closing Banquet and Awards



**Thursday:** Breakfast Buffet

Check out

Obviously, the days for this reunion don't follow the traditional pattern of Thursday through Sunday. We were able to get better housing and tour rates using the current week dates, so the overall cost of attendance was lowered for our benefit.

More and specific information will be included on the Outlaw website. Please review that forum to register and be included in our 60<sup>th</sup> anniversary incentive program.

I, and your officers and Directors have planned a wonderful outing for you! Come Celebrate 60 with us in September. Nashville is waiting for our gathering of comrades and family.

Bob Allen, National Director

<b>VINH LONG OUTLAWS ASSOCIATION (VLOA) Financial Statement - 12/31/2023</b>		
Balance effective 01/01/2022		<b>\$37,130.31</b>
<b>REVENUES:</b>		
Dues - Annual	\$450.00	
Dues - Life	\$200.00	
Bumper sticker sales	\$124.50	
<b>TOTAL:</b>	<b>\$774.50</b>	
<b>EXPENDITURES:</b>		
Newsletter, reunion shirts, reunion management, bank statements, domain names, webhosting, Christmas postcards	\$4,701.97	
<b>TOTAL:</b>		
<b>CASH BALANCE - as of 12/31/2023</b>		<b>\$33,202.84</b>
<b>Details: 12 months period ending 12/31/2023</b>		
<b>Revenues Detail</b>		
Bumper stickers - Tina Lightner	\$24.50	
Donation - Carl Hess	\$100.00	
<b>Sub-Total</b>	<b>\$124.50</b>	<b>Cont. on pg. 4.</b>

Cont. from pg. 3.

**Dues: - 2023****Annual Memberships (AM): - 2023**

John Salzer	\$25.00
Eddie McGuire	\$25.00
George Arnold	\$25.00
John Diamond	\$25.00
David Hicks	\$25.00
Jon Elsea	\$25.00
Bob Sharp for 8 honorary members	\$200.00
Harry Bauman	\$25.00
William Rhodes (by Gregaricus)	\$25.00
William Cothan	\$25.00
Richard Lecinski	\$25.00
<b>Sub-Total</b>	<b>\$450.00</b>

**Lifetime Memberships (LM): - 2023**

Joe Gossom	\$100.00
Roland Ferland	\$100.00
<b>Sub-Total</b>	<b>\$200.00</b>

**Patriot Lifetime Membership (PLM) - 2023**

<b>Sub Total</b>	<b>\$0.00</b>
------------------	---------------

**TOTAL REVENUES - 12 months period 2023****Expenses Details**

Bob Sharp - 4th Qtr 2022 - Newsletter	\$839.72
Bob Sharp - 1st Qtr 2023 - Newsletter	\$843.74
Bob Sharp - 2nd Qtr 2023 - Newsletter	
Bob Sharp - 3rd Qtr 2023 - Newsletter	\$909.40
Reunion shirts - Jim Donnelly	\$628.26
Shipping awards	\$128.10
The Military Reunion Network for reunion management	\$500.00
Harlow Media for annual webhosting fees	\$239.88
Aplus.net domain names renewalls	\$113.90
Christmas Postcards	\$457.12
New bank checks	\$23.85
Paper bank statements	\$18.00
<b><u>TOTAL EXPENSES - 12 months period 2023</u></b>	<b>\$4,701.97</b>

**INCOME (LOSS) - 12 months period ending 12/31/2023** **-\$4,701.97**

This is a letter and pictures that I received from the son-in-law of one of our Outlaws Mr. Willard (George) Maxwell, and I think that it is important that his old friends know how he is getting along in life.

Howdy!

I am the Son in Law of Chief Maxwell. An "ERA" vet who spent time as an observer on an OH58 at Fort Bliss.

I wanted to thank you for the newsletters and to let you know about the Chief. Sadly, he suffers from Dementia, a result of a rotor blade to the top of his head and lack of care. His daughter Gwen and I assumed guardianship in Jan 2018, and he has lived with us since. He's 90 and slowly fading. He remembers very little of his military time, so we keep his photos and such in his room. Because I had some flight time, and was an NCO, I can help jog his memory and we have some funny conversations. I remind him that it is the NCO that keeps him in line.

When your package arrived, I showed him the newsletters and told him we were going to read every word. He smiled and said, "Those were good times."

I don't know how well or if you knew him, sadly he doesn't recall names or even faces... but since you took the time to get these out to him, I felt I should fill you in on how he's doing. His 2nd wife Judy, who went to the reunions with him, Quad A and the Outlaws, passed away several years ago, about 1989.

His health is complicated by the Agent Orange exposure and has suffered from diabetes to prostate cancer to heart issues. The blow to the head didn't help.

Anyway, he and I will digest the newsletters as I knew a couple of the Outlaws at Bliss, though I sure can't recall their names anymore. What I do recall was their insane flying! Apparently live fire range patrol was too boring so they would "spice" it up. I'm sure you know what I'm talking about. A couple times I reminded them that I was in fact armed and right behind them!

I've attached a recent photo for you, and I hope he'll be remembered by his fellow Outlaws. We went on Honor Flight in 2022 which is the photos included.

Respectfully and sincerely,  
Tom, Sgt US Army 73-77





## That's me

By-Gregory Wardman.



Well, okay....Nam memories. I do have some, [probably the](#) same as many who served...what if, wish I [hadn't](#), glad I did, that sort of thing. Some regrets, some proud moments, some memories where I have trouble believing that was me and so many memories that I have not shared with anybody or at least with many. I cannot even begin to wonder what I have forgotten.

My impression is that those who have not [served with](#) me, sometimes, seem to have an inaccurate picture of how I served. It is so difficult to describe accurately and truthfully. especially when my own feelings and perceptions change over time. With family, when questions are asked, I have on occasion responded that it was not as bad as you might [be imagining](#), but some [days](#) were worse. I for sure was not the mature, noble warrior some people might imagine from the movies, but was just a boy with a machine gun and a helicopter that I prayed would stay in the air.

So here is a small memory from a shy, introverted boy, hardly a man, who served 2 tours in Vietnam from late 1969 to early 1971, most (70 & 71) with the 175<sup>th</sup> Assault Helicopter Company as a crew chief on a Huey Slick (Outlaws, 2<sup>nd</sup> platoon) or a Huey Gunship (Mavericks, 3<sup>rd</sup> platoon). As I [recall](#), that time was not spent as the brave warrior that I hoped to be but as a crew chief afraid that my ineptitude as a mechanic would lead to the deaths of my three other crew members and/or passengers. This small tale is mostly for my fellow soldiers who flew with my company and might [possibly know](#) the players but also for my family [who probably](#), [I](#) am almost positive, see me in a certain light as their wise and mature husband, father or 'sib'. I might as well throw in a few friends as well. I hope most will see some humor. I know Hoppy never did.

I was recently telling my wife, Jan, about one evening in Vietnam when soldiers were being, well, boys. It was late evening, dark, and I was staggering down the flight line where our helicopters were parked. I assume that my helicopter was in the hangar for maintenance and so I had a day or two off. Hence, I was intoxicated [and the staggering](#). I assume that I was looking for David "Hoppy" Hopkins my ex-gunner, friend, and now a crew chief. I would like to assume that I thought that he may be pulling a [25 hour](#) inspection on his ship at this late hour and that he may need some ill-timed or annoying advice. [Basically, I](#) may have just been thinking of a little payback....as things went back then.

As memories go, I spotted him and another sitting on the ground at the end of the helicopter revetment, facing the pond, [apparently having](#) a cigarette or talking. I saw them from a distance in some kind of soft light. I have no idea where the light came from, [possibly the](#) moon. Those who served at this location will recall that about 30 to 50 feet from the helicopter flight-line and revetments was a long "[pond](#)" that ran between the flight line where the helicopters were parked and the runway. On the other side of the pond and next to the runway were several Conex's where munitions were stored, my interest being in the 2.75 rockets.

Cont. on pg. 7

Cont. from pg. 6

Unseen by Hoppy, I slid into the water and made my way across the pond in stealth mode with just my nose and head above the water. The pond was not deep, knee to waist deep as I recall and [maybe 100](#) yards across, give or take. It was also not [clean](#) and I now shudder to think of what lived in that pond, both small and large. Once across and totally caught up in playing VC Sapper in my mind, I [low crawled](#) to the Conex and removed a 2.75 rocket. Returning to the water, I headed back across, carrying my little rocket—

— (2 ¾ inches diameter and [maybe about](#) 40 inches long). [Apparently, our](#) guard towers did not have starlight scopes.

I slowly made my way to the edge of the pond until only about 30 or so feet separated me from my unsuspecting targets. ‘Springing’ to my feet, I charged them, screaming as I closed the distance and throwing the rocket at them. The rocket [has to](#) be launched to arm and so it did not detonate which I, of course, am sure I understood when I threw it. Plus, the targets were believed to be unarmed at the time of the attack. The soldiers reacted bravely if not incoherently.

Anyway, I suddenly had two [very excited](#) and angry soldiers to contend with. Hoppy was threatening to beat the hell out of me. What saved me from a deserved beating was that I was laughing so hard I could hardly stand. I do apologize to the innocent soldier who was with Hoppy. Those who [actually served](#) with Hoppy might ask if I at least hit him with the rocket. I do not think so. Hoppy never said.

So, I am laughingly telling my tale to my wife who appears to be on Hoppy’s side and is not laughing. Her first question was whether I was able to take a shower afterwards. Jan also threw out that I sometimes think things are funny that other people do not. I am hoping that Jan likes this more polished version.

This got me to thinking about how or why I had ever decided to get wet in a dirty, filthy pond. Then I remembered that I was already wet! Yes, memories do keep unfolding. And yes, I know we all know this. Earlier that day Huey (his actual name) had stopped by my hootch and had wanted company to help drink a bottle of Rice wine. I cannot remember too much from the drinking in the hootch or even what alcohol followed. I vaguely remember being out on the flight line in the dark and getting into the 1<sup>st</sup> platoon’s truck, some kind of Army pickup truck. To be clear, 1<sup>st</sup> platoon, if that’s whose truck it [actually was](#), had not invited us to borrow their truck. Huey was driving and its operation must have been extremely complicated cause my next memory is being in the pond and floundering to shore.

Huey and I parted ways, Huey heading back toward the hootches and me, wet, heading up the flight line. I remember later being concerned about the discipline that was sure to follow the truck incident, but Command must have decided not to follow up. It could not have been difficult to figure out who the suspects were. In hindsight, maybe the truck was not damaged or maybe someone in command had made an appropriate decision for two stupid acting boys.

Cont. on pg. 8.

Cont. from pg. 7

Back to Hoppy, or Dave as he is now known. I do not think that he ever forgave me for the rocket incident. Not long after that, I was on the flight line doing my preflight before our morning mission when I suddenly became sick with food poisoning or dysentery or some such. No way could I fly. Hoppy was out on the line just working on his ship. It was and still is difficult for me to ask for help, but I asked Hoppy if he could fly for me. After I endured a smirky moment or two he told me to go, and he would take my place. Dave did that day, take my place on my helicopter and took a place in my heart. A few years later I was his best man at his wedding as he was at mine when Jan and I were married. He has never smiled when I have brought up the rocket incident.

Two notes to close.

1) I think my point being for this story is that as young soldiers we did what was demanded or expected of us and quite often more. I also feel that at times, as boys, we might have played a little too hard.

2) I did get in contact with Dave and asked him if he remembered that time that I accidentally dropped that rocket by him and he yelled at me and hurt my feelings. Dave did not remember it that way.

My editor (Jan) approved the story, not the actions so much. As far as sending this in, that must mean a “go” or at least a “clear on the left.”

Thank you Greg.



**Remember!— Everybody is somebody's Sweetheart!!!**





This article was submitted by one of our very own “Outlaw’s”,  
Mr. Daniel Greve, Outlaw 28, 1970-1971. Things our members have and are involved with  
in their lives after their service in Viet Nam. Thanks Daniel for sharing!

## “Heli-Homes, Superdeluxe Cabins in the Sky”

**RV’s for folks Who Can Afford The Very Best.**

(Article from GRIT Magazine —August, 20th, 1978.)

( by James Tallon)



**Frank Gullianelie and Cindy Mulgrew get in a little outdoor recreation minutes before taking off again in the Heli-home.**

Cont. on pg. 10.

Cont. from pg. 9.

Back when couples touched each other while dancing, the title of one song was, "Cabin in the sky." The lyrics went something like this: "I'm going to build a little cabin in the sky, Baby, an acre or two of heavenly blue to plow." Obviously, a daydream. Well, there really are cabins in the sky now and they plow through the heavenly blue.

The song suggest escape from the cares of the world and in this sky cabin you can do just that. You can land your cabin on mountain tops, besides lakes and streams, in meadows and clearings in the forests. And still have all the comforts of home.

These cabins -in-the-sky are called Heli-Homes. They are products of the imaginations of Winnebago Industries in Iowa, which build campers and motorhomes, and Fred Clark, helicopter expert at Orlando (Fla.) Helicopter Airways. (Test crew chosen)

Along with public-relations director Frank Gullianelle, pilot Dan Greve, and model Cindy Mulgrew, I---as photographer---was chosen to participate in the testing of one of these Ultimate RV's (recreational vehicles). It was a head-turning bright orange, delivered to Mesa, Ariz., near Phoenix.

Dan pressed the starter switch and the big rotor blades whirled into life. We hung suspended above the ground for a few seconds, like a giant butterfly, then whisked upward. The airspeed indicator showed 100 miles per hour and Dan leveled off at about 1,000 feet. Below us the streets of Phoenix were clogged with morning rush-hour traffic, but we felt hilariously free. No bumper-to-bumper frazzles for us, and we had everything we needed to sustain us for days.

Our cabin-in-the-sky was a reconstructed Sikorsky S-58, with a 1525-horsepower engine: you felt the power to your toes. In the belly of the machine was a side dinette, which could be made into a bed---a Heli-Home sleeps four, an electric range, refrigerator, air-conditioner, furnace, chemical toilet, shower, and even a TV. No pollution would ever come from this RV. It was totally self-contained.

We flew northwestward to Lake Pleasant, where we floated down to a rock bar to shoot a few pictures. Then on to other locations picked at random. In one remote canyon, we landed and spread-out lunch. Several persons in two Four-wheeled drive vehicles came around the bend. They were astounded, and slack jawed. They learned there was something even better for camping than their off-road vehicles--- and ours left no scars on the landscape, just small wheel imprints that would soon be blown away by the wind.

In a land blessed with abnormal sunshine, skies became gray and put an end to the picture shooting. But the next day we were on another delightful venture with the flying camper. This time we flew north-easterly over Saguaro Lake. "Look," said Frank, "that's a wonderfully peaceful beach below." Pilot Dan Greve settled us down. The world was ours.

Back in Mesa, as experienced campers, we all wanted a personal Heli-Home. Of our group, only Greve will be spending much time in one.

The magnificent flying machine is not in the financial bracket of the average person. The cost is \$300,000.00, a bargain, we're told. New, before use, subsequent re-construction, and addition of RV furnishings, the Sikorsky cost much, much more. Too, it burns more than 70 gallons of fuel an hour.

This luxury obviously belongs to big businessmen and other folks in the upper-income brackets. Some will form Heli-Home Clubs, splitting expenses and taking turns camping in their flying bungalows.

Though Frank, Cindy, and I have written off owning such a cabin-in-the-sky, we can say that we at least worked on its foundation.

(PS: Remember the date: August 20th, 1978. Long time ago. Thanks Dan for sharing.)



## SERIOUSLY, FOLKS

By Roger Holtzmann

Here is an article the was printed in The South Dakota Magazine back in November/December 2022. It was submitted by our Dan Greve, "Outlaw 28," daughter, Amy (Greve) Nelson, a Yankton, S.D. reader. (Old Popular Mechanics Magazine.)

### Home Sweet Heli-Home

**A**S YOU, MY FAITHFUL readers, surely recall, I recently referred to a flying motor home I'd seen in an old *Popular Mechanics* magazine. It was a ludicrous design, a cross between the Spruce Goose and a mobile home, which gave it the aerodynamic characteristics of a brick. This passing reference prompted a letter from Amy (Greve) Nelson, a Yankton reader of *South Dakota Magazine*. Nelson informed us that her father had piloted an actual flying motor home, one which was slightly more practical than the one in my memory.

Daniel Greve was raised in Lemmon, where his father was a Lutheran minister. He grew up with the children of Ray Kolb, the longtime fixed base operator of Lem-



mon's airport. Greve took flying lessons with Kolb while he was in high school, and Kolb later helped him buy his first airplane, a Cessna 140.

Greve graduated from high school in 1967, at the height of the war in Vietnam. He volunteered for Army flight training rather than wait to be drafted; after basic and advanced flight school CWO Greve arrived in Vietnam in January 1970.

Greve was assigned to the 175th Helicopter Assault Company, which operated in the Mekong River delta. He flew the UH-1 helicopter, the famed 'Huey' that became one of the iconic symbols of the Vietnam War. "They were like the Jeep in World War II," Greve says. "They used them for everything."

"Our main missions were combat assaults," he says. Greve carried South Vietnamese troops to and from locations that were already, or were about to be, under fire. Like every combat veteran I have ever talked to, Greve's description of harrowing times are understated; such men feel

no need to impress you or embellish their roles. "[Every pilot in the company] had close calls, took rounds, had combat damage, had to make emergency landings, but I never had an aircraft that was a total loss."

Combat wasn't the only hazard for pilots. Greve and another officer were scheduled for their check flights on the same day. They flipped a coin to see who would fly first. Greve lost. His buddy and the check pilot took off. Within minutes the helicopter crashed, killing the instructor and injuring the other pilot so badly he was sent home.

Pilots were eligible to be discharged after spending a year in country. When Greve got out he went to work for Ralph Storm in Iowa Falls, Iowa, a childhood friend who had grown up on his family's ranch near Thunder Hawk, a Corson County community just east of Lemmon. Greve then moved on to a position flying fixed wing aircraft for Winnebago Industries, the pioneer recreational manufacturer.



Dan Greve in the Heli-Home's cockpit. The machine was hauled to RV shows (above), then reassembled and flown by Greve.

Cont. from pg. 11

Meanwhile, Fred Clark, an ex-Marine Corps pilot from Orlando, Florida, had started a business buying war surplus helicopters; he stripped them down, then adapted the basic machine for various industrial and agricultural uses. Clark hit upon an idea for what he called the Heli-Camper, which was exactly what it sounded like. Someone at Winnebago heard about Clark's creation and a deal was struck. They supplied Clark with all the fittings, from sleeping accommodations for four to a chemical toilet to an awning that rolled out when the campers reached their destination, for their own Heli-Home. His company put it all together and painted it to Winnebago's specs.

Clark chose a Sikorsky S-58 helicopter for the conversion because it was a relatively simple, dependable design, as helicopters go, could carry a good payload, and had a spacious cabin. Greve signed on as the pilot, and it was a reunion of sorts. Like Greve, the machine converted by Clark had seen service in Vietnam and lived to return to the states.

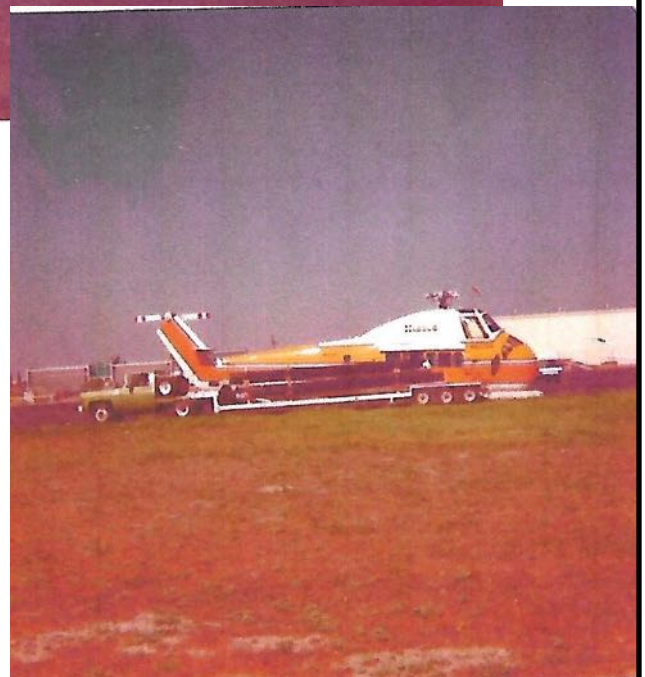
"I'm not sure why they built the thing," Greve says. "I think it was more of an advertising gimmick than a serious product." Clark's version of the smaller Heli-Camper retailed for \$300,000, the equivalent of \$1.5 million today. That was the first problem; others were that you had to be a trained pilot, or hire one, to use your purchase, and the craft got about a mile to the gallon. "That wasn't what most people were interested in," Greve says, with characteristic understatement.

Winnebago never sold a Heli-Home. They hauled it to RV shows around the country on a flatbed truck, then Greve took over, garnering attention and press coverage wherever he landed. An overnight jaunt in Arizona was featured in the September 1977 issue of *Popular Mechanics*, where it fired the imaginations of old men and 10-year-old boys.

"It was a lot of fun," Greve says.

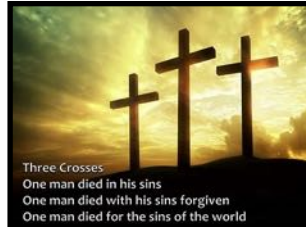
Greve is retired and lives in Madelia, Minnesota. He spent his entire career in aviation, flying roughly 11,000 hours in various kinds of aircraft. And one Heli-Home. 🛩️

*Roger Holtzmann is a contributing editor for South Dakota Magazine. He lives in Yankton with his wife, Carolyn.*





## The Back Pew



Best wishes to all who read this part of the VLOA newsletter. I am devoting this issue to an extraordinary person in my life. That is to say that my wife of 64 years passed away on Christmas Day 2023. She was battling a stroke and gave up the effort at 2:30 in the afternoon Christmas Day 2023.

Linda Minyard Isbell and I were married in Lubbock, Texas on September 5th, 1959. We were classmates at Crawford High School in San Diego, California. She asked me for a date as she was on the annual staff and sat behind me in English class. I am from a family of all boys and she was an only child. I had never dated a girl before.

After graduation, Linda went to college and I came back to Texas to work as a carpenter's apprentice with my father. Linda and I stayed in touch and on September 5th 1959 we were married by a Justice of the Peace in Lubbock.

As usual, construction work ran out in Lubbock and we decided to go back to San Diego. The draft was big in 1959 and knowing that I would probably get drafted I volunteered for the Army. As it happened I was a JROTC leader at Crawford High School and the Army Master Sergeant at that time knew that if you had a high school diploma, were 18 or older you could volunteer for Officer Candidate School. Since I was an Honor graduate in basic training the company commander encouraged me to go to OCS. Consequently, in July 1960 I reported to Infantry OCS and six months later I was a 2LT of Infantry.

Linda joined me at Fort Benning and her experience as a Navy brat turned out to be the main key to our success as an Army officer and family. We have two children. Our son is an attorney and part-time teacher among other things. Our daughter Cheryl is a very successful accountant and is currently recovering from a stroke as I reported in my last Chaplin's Corner.

Linda became an Army civil servant and rose from a GS 5 clerk to the grade of GS 12 as she accompanied me all around the Army. After Viet Nam I was appointed chief of officer procurement in MILPERCEN and held that position for four years.

We retired from the Army on September 1, 1990 and moved to Flower Mound, TX where Linda became an employee of Edward Jones Financial and I took up the same line of work. We built a large office building and maintained a successful business.

Then one day Al Iller contacted us to join in a meeting of Vinh Long Outlaws to discuss having a meeting and send out invitations to all former members that we could locate. The effort was a big success and continues today. I was appointed to be secretary and of course that meant having Linda doing all the paperwork. She handled her tasks in her usual manner— outstanding.

All of this is intended to champion the many people who have worked hard to make the Vinh Long Outlaws, Mavericks, crewmen, electronics, leaders, family members and leaders proud of our organization.

It certainly provides a bit of information about my wife, best friend, hard worker, and recognizes all those who support the VLOA.

**May God bless Linda Lee Isbell, Born 15 January 1941.**



## TET Offensive Feb 1st, 1968.

It's Another Anniversary, yet not one that is welcomed with enthusiasm, but vital to remind us that life's journey is not always celebratory. An annual date on my calendar, and sadly I'm not alone in this unfortunate endeavor to forget a place in time where those of us chosen, Veterans of an unpopular war had the misfortune to experience and witness the happenings of that one unforgettable morning of February 1st, 1968, The TET Lunar New Year Offensive.

It's January 31st, just another weary night in a combat zone, sojourn away from home for all those on the Vinh Long Army Airfield. When the clock struck 3:00 that morning on February 1st, struck we were! All Hell was unleashed on us! another mortar attack, so we thought...NO! ...not on this night! The devil himself must have been awakened that morning, Charlie woke us up to one hell of a hail of bursting alarms! Through the net on my bunk I went, heading to the bunker outside our hutch joining others also looking for safety, two that I've always remembered with me, Steve Brooks (RIP) and Josiah Austin. The mortars were intense! they just kept lobbing them in, we could hear the alert helicopters in a fire fight from the sky, we talked to each other in the darkness of the bunker and decided not to stay, we took our chances through the barrage of mortars Charlie was throwing at us and ran to the flight line to try and get as many Gunships in the air, hoping that our pilots were in the same frame of mind as we were. Pilots were already there, rpms already spinning those blades, crews mounted and into the darkness of the early morning sky to face an unknown. The sky was illuminated and voiced with the sounds and glare from the tracers of 7.62 rounds from the M134 mini guns and M60 machine guns raining downwards, as tracers in counter spiraling upwards from whatever chuck was firing back with. The fiery tails of 2.75 rockets as they left the tubes from XM158 launchers on the combos, and those daring young men in their flying machines, keeping Charlie at bay from the imminent attack that was ensuing. A fireworks extravaganza of extraordinary proportions...only a few awe to witness and images forever etched into our minds. Arriving at the flight line one of our Maverick Gunships landed and forever embedded in my memory, we carried the wounded door gunner off the aircraft onto a jeep and off to the Aid Station, PFC Charles Yeomans, (RIP) and I'll leave that there. The fighting went on into the dawn's early light, and when the dust had settled and all was calm for a while, hence our ears were still tuned and peaked at picking up any unwanted sounds, we were triumphant over this battle, The Battle for the Airfield. All the military and civilian personnel using their skills collectively to thwart Charlie's attempt to overrun our sacred ground, for the most part. There was considerable destruction, but the hurt was, Lives were lost, brothers in arms defending our own in every corner of the airfield and on to the flight line! At the end of the day faces were missing, of friends, comrades and brothers that shared the same environment until that day when they gave their all. Still today we remember and honor them on this, Another Anniversary, that I will never forget.

There are many stories of that day, of the assaults on all strategic military installations and cities throughout Vietnam, tragedies of that early morning attacks. One not particularly remembered by most, but vital to those mostly affected by it, the 3rd platoon guns, Mavericks. The Maverick Armament / Alert (Hero) Hutch was taken out by the second mortar hurdle that morning, a planned and coordinated attempt by Charlie to take out the alert crews and helicopters from getting off the ground in the event of an invasion. (Cont. on pg. 15.)

(Cont. from pg. 14.) particularly this one. As fate played out, it succeeded in most part, the Gunships were airborne in record time, but the hutch suffered another fate, it was reduced to ashes and rubble, a grim reminder of what once was.

The Alert Hutch was the original home of the Maverick Armament Shop, on the Maverick flight line at the east end of the runway. It was where we maintained, fixed, rebuilt, stored supplies and equipment to keep the Maverick Guns up and flying in all aspects of armament, and the storage facility for all the aircraft, crew members and armament equipment when the whirlybirds went into the hangar for PE or Maintenance. An adventure that was proposed by the powers that be, to remodel part of our shop, build a wall, furnish it with 8 bunks, another entrance door and Bang! the creation of the of Alert (Hero) Hutch. Two full crews nightly on alert, two gunships positioned outside, blades untied, doors opened, just jump in, a quick start and out-ta there! which in reality played out to be very successful! Even though it became a primary target.... now just a memory like the airfield itself. The perils of war had forced a new episode on Maverick Armament, we had to make do with whatever was still on the Gunships, and the helping hands and assistance from our sister Assault Helicopter Company the 114th, Knights of Air, Cobras, the 611th Transportation Company, Direct Support, a bit of scrounging, wheeling, and dealing to rebuild. It flourished again, until the Mavericks were no more. In my tenure as Maverick Armament and Door gunner, in a combat-oriented habitat that had limited possibilities, I had the distinct pleasure of learning and working with exceptional and dedicated brothers in arms, Pilots, Crew chiefs, Door gunners, Hangar Rats, and personnel from all units that made up our Vinh Long Family, from March 67- March 68. The Maverick Armament personnel that morning were, WO Mr. Fred Gemeinhardt, Spec. Anthony Law and myself PFC Emilio Alvarado, by reduction. (but that's another story) I was there for another 31 days after TET and rotated out of Vinh Long on March 3rd, 1968. It took 50 years to reunite again with Outlaws and Mavericks brothers a reunion that will last forever.

The accompanying article was published in The Flight Trainer, February 13th, 1969 issue, a base newspaper on my tour of duty with the Attack Helicopter Maintenance Co. at Hunter Army Air Field, Savannah, GA.

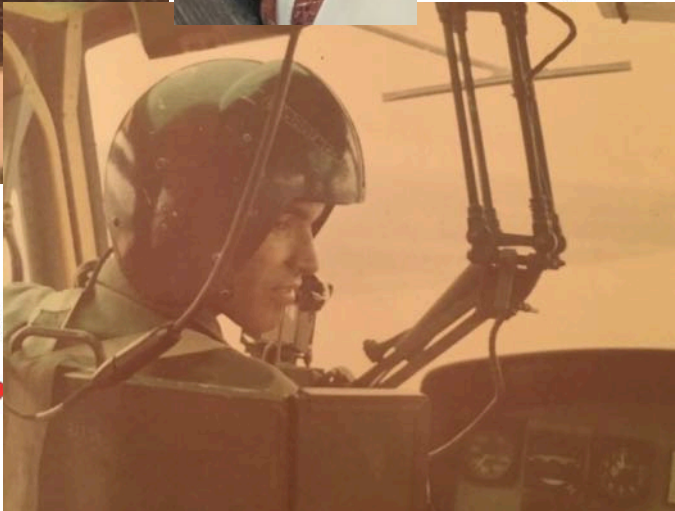
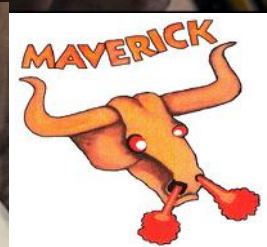
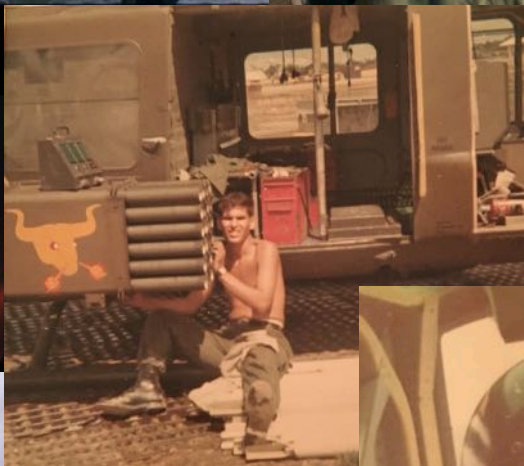
Photos are from my albums, Captain Richard Koenig (Dai-uy) albums and from the Vinh Long Site, also see Doug's post in Outlaws and Mavericks on

Jan 30, 2023.

Emilio Alvarado SGM

USA Retired.







# Mekong Delta's 13th Aviation Battalion Establishes Legend of Readiness, Support

From The Hawk Magazine  
The 13th Combat Aviation Battalion is a legend throughout the rice-rich land of Mekong Delta and reality over the miles of waterways and canals where the Viet Cong guide food and ammunition supply sampans to shore line drop off points.

Commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Richard A. Keilman and with headquarters at Soc Trang, the 13th CAB consists of the 121st and 336th Assault Helicopter Companies and the 221st Reconnaissance Airplane Company. The Battalion is also comprised of the 114th and 175th Assault Helicopter Companies stationed at Vinh Long.

The 164th Combat Aviation Group's "Delta Battalion" furnishes direct aviation support to the ARVN IV Corps by providing tactical air movement of combat troops and supplies within the combat zone and conducting surveillance within the IV Corps Tactical Zone.

The strategic necessity of the Battalion's mission is evident when one considers that the ARVN IV Corps is composed of approximately 40,000 men organized into three infantry divisions and supporting troops and has territorial responsibility for the 15 provinces which comprise the tactical zone. These areas are garrisoned by regional and popular force troops under the command of the sector chief. A third major force in the area is the National Police. Supported by the battalion's aviation strength, these combined elements constitute a combat capability to deal effectively with the Viet Cong at various levels of strength.

With 40 per cent of Vietnam's 16 million inhabitants residing in the Delta area where approximately two-thirds of all food in South Vietnam is grown and where three-quarters of all the rice cultivated is produced, the air-mobile support of 13th Combat Aviation Battalion is of strategic significance.

The Delta Battalion (Provisional) was formed in Can Tho on July 4, 1963 to provide air mobility to the Vietnamese Corps. The provisional headquarters assumed command

over the 114th Aviation Company and the 121st Aviation Company, at that time both airmobile companies. Within a year, the 13th Battalion Headquarters was activated at Fort Bragg, North Carolina. Battalion headquarters left the United States and replaced the Delta Battalion September 29, 1964 at Can Tho, where it remained until its recent move to Soc Trang in October of 1968.

The 121st Assault Helicopter Company at Soc Trang is presently commanded by Major Harold M. Ramey. Arriving at Soc Trang in 1962, the 121st became the first Army Aviation unit in the Mekong Delta.

Aviators of the 121st "Soc Trang Tigers" are believers in "practice makes perfect" and part put this belief into action in their approach to unusual and emergency flying situations. A two-part program composed of instrument flying and emergency phases insures that pilots remain proficient in all procedures is directed by Captain William Reinsner. Each "Tiger" pilot takes a two-hour check ride with the Captain every 90 days. Forced landings, governor failures, power failures and other emergencies are simulated during the ride.

The second part of the program is an instrument phase during which an aviator is further trained in basic instruments, ground control landings and instrument conditions. Proficiency in "blind flying" is a "must" in Vietnam because of its rapidly changing weather conditions.

The 221st Reconnaissance Airplane Company, "The Shotguns," commanded by Major Robert W. Hornaday, arrived in Soc Trang in 1965. Their motto, "Eyes Over the Delta," indicates their mission of visual reconnaissance of the lowlands.

Armed with marking rockets, the Company's "BirdDogs" usually do not work in groups, but generally carry out reconnaissance missions in single ship sorties, serving as radio relay, adjusting artillery and reconnaissance.

On his recon patrols the pilot is visually sensitive to

changes in the landscape. If he notices removal of earth in an area, his report may provide intelligence with vital information pertaining to enemy build up of entrenchments.

When a BirdDog pilot spots a potential target, he radios the sector control and request gunships, artillery or airstrikes. His call for gunship assistance is answered by a gun platoon of one of the assault helicopter companies of the 13th CAB. Representative of these is the 336th Assault Helicopter Company.

The main mission of the 336th, commanded by Major Boswell, is aviation support of the three ARVN DI Division. Usually it supports the 21st Division, but its gunships, the "T-Birds," support everyone they can. The majority of the 336th's lifts are performed south of Can Tho with the 21st "Soc Trang Tigers," but when the "Warriors" of the 336th are called upon to provide the troop lift for special operations, they work throughout the Corps, also frequently supporting the Special Forces outposts throughout the Delta.

An example of the 336th's combat effectiveness occurred recently when Warrant Officer John Kimmell of San Jose, California, walked to the flight line to undertake what he thought would be a "routine" command and control mission for an action 10 miles south of Can Tho. An ARVN cavalry squadron and an infantry battalion were in heavy contact with a VC unit and there was no one in the air to direct the operation.

As WO Kimmell's aircraft flew over the battle area, an ARVN tracked vehicle received a direct hit from a B-40 rocket, killing two and wounding seven. Since a medical evacuation helicopter was not in the immediate vicinity, and further delay might encourage the VC to attack in force, WO Kimmell landed and medevaced the wounded. When he returned to the battle area, he saw that the ARVN's were still engaging the enemy to their front while a VC company was crossing a canal in an attempt to flank and destroy.

WO Kimmell ordered his door gunners Specialist Four James Kennedy and William R. Phillips to open fire as he swept over and at the advancing enemy. Within five minutes, the enemy retreated across the canal and headed for the safety of the tree line. Regrouping, the VC began firing at WO Kimmell's circling helicopter. Again the door gunners decimated the enemy until they broke for cover. With the arrival of gunships, WO Kimmell flew his aircraft to Can Tho to assess aircraft damage and when he learned it was minimal, continued his mission of command and control until darkness and the end of the operation.

The 114th AHC, commanded by Major J.T. Caraballo, and the 175th AHC, commanded by Major H John H. Boysen, are both stationed at Vinh Long and complete the 13th Battalion's airmobile arm.

At the Vinh Long airfield, there is a sandbagged "hutch" where the crews of the gunships from the 114th "Cobras" and



13th CAB sticks refuel at Vi Thanh before another combat assault.

## Vietnam viewpoint

News of Army Aviation In Vietnam



Pathfinder watches intently as troops are boarding in the PZ.

175th "Mavericks" take alternate turns at night vigils providing men and aircraft for the mortar alert standby mission. While guarding the airfield, two gunships are parked in front of the structure dubbed "Hero Hutch." If and when the compound comes under attack, the crews scramble to their aircraft and lift off within minutes. Once airborne, they seek out and destroy the enemy when and where he can be found.

During the Tet Offensive, the hutch was demolished by a direct hit from what is believed to be a mortar round seconds after the crews had run to their gunships. Their aerial efforts for the "Cobras" and the "Mavericks" not only praise from fellow soldiers and the villagers of Vinh Long, but also the unofficial title of "The Angry Men From the Hutch That Was."

The 13th Combat Aviation Battalion has an enviable record of heroism and accomplishments of service. It was awarded the Valorous Unit Citation for the period 4-6 April 1965, the first such citation awarded in the Vietnam war. The Battalion has also received the Outstanding

Army Aviation Unit of 1965 award and the award of the Hughes Command Mobility Trophy.

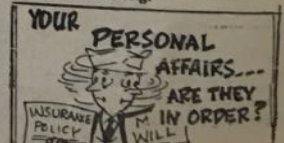
Add to these the numerous awards of valor and meritorious service of the men of the 13th Combat Aviation Battalion and you have an insight into the motivation and professionalism of one of Army Aviation's most representative Battalions.

This spirit of the 13th CAB reflects the courage of Colonel Jack Taylor Dempsey who was commanding officer of the Battalion Easter Sunday, March 26th, 1967. That morning, Colonel Dempsey made a heroic attempt to rescue the crews of two helicopters shot down in a landing zone. His helicopter was less than five feet from touchdown in the LZ when concentrated Viet Cong fire ripped through his aircraft and took his life. His last words, "I am going in after my men" are part of the Battalion's heritage over the Mekong.

### UP COUNTRY



.. NOT BAD CHIEF.. BUT DO ME A FAVOR! DON'T TELL ME WHATS IN IT !!





## Ivey C. Miller Jr.

**8-23-1951—1-14-2024**



BROOKLET, Ga. -- Mr. Ivey C. Miller Jr., age 72, passed away on Sunday, January 14, 2024, at his residence under the care of Ogeechee Area Hospice.

Ivey was born on August 23, 1951, in the Stilson area. He graduated from Southeast Bulloch High School in 1969.

Soon after graduation, he joined the U.S. Army. He served his country in Vietnam from 1971 until 1972, where he was a helicopter crew chief with the 175th Assault Helicopter Company (Outlaws). After returning from Vietnam, he served the rest of his Army career at Fort Carson in Colorado. After returning home, he served four years in the National Guard.

Following his military career, he was self-employed at Port City Machine Corp. as a co-owner for many years until his retirement in 2016.

Upon his retirement, Ivey enjoyed spending time with his family and friends, traveling, gardening and riding his motorcycle.

He is preceded in death by his parents, Ivey Coleman Miller Sr. and Irene Morris Miller Sparks; two sisters, Inez Miller Conner and Peggy Massey McDonald; his daughter, Tina Miller Wilson; and one son, Steven O'Brien Miller.

He is survived by his wife of 48 years, Elaine Pollard Miller; two daughters, Angie (Billy) Mock and Susan Miller; three grandchildren, Crystal Mock, Chandler Mock, and Ashton Smith; and one great-grandchild, Whitley Rogers, all of which are from Brooklet; as well as many nieces and nephews.

The family will receive visitors on Thursday, January 18, from 5 p.m. until 7 p.m. at Joiner-Anderson Funeral Home in Statesboro.

The funeral will be held in the chapel of Joiner-Anderson on Friday, January 19, at 1 p.m. with Chaplain Nick Spletstoser officiating and assisted by Tony Villarruel. George Wayne Pollard will officiate the graveside service. Burial, with military honors, will follow at Lower Lotts Creek Primitive Baptist Church Cemetery.

Pallbearers will be George Wayne Pollard, Emory Pollard, Benny Pollard, Ben Pollard, George David Pollard and Danny Andrews.

The family requests that memorial contributions be made to Ogeechee Area Hospice, P.O. Box 531, Statesboro, GA 30459.

The family would like to express special thanks to the nurses with Ogeechee Area Hospice, and a special caregiver, Skye Marsh, for their loving care given to Mr. Miller.

Friends may sign the online register book at [www.joineranderson.com](http://www.joineranderson.com).

Joiner-Anderson Funeral Home & Crematory of Statesboro is in charge of the arrangements.



James Peter Klink flew with the Outlaws as a pilot with the 1st. Platoon from 1971-1972.



## OBITUARY

*James Peter Klink*

APRIL 26, 1947 - SEPTEMBER 22, 2023

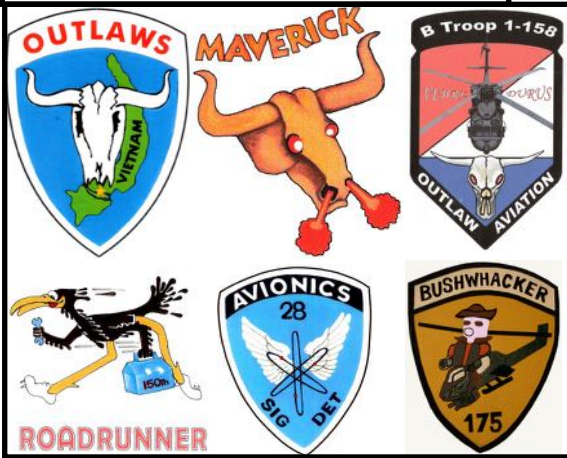
IN THE CARE OF

Schimunek Funeral Home

James Peter Klink, age 76, of Kingsville, MD passed away on September 22, 2023. He was the beloved husband of the late Carolyn E. Klink (nee Bonar); devoted father of Amy Marie Mullen and her husband James; cherished grandfather of Maggie C. Mullen, J. Patrick Mullen, Connor M. Mullen, and Shannon D. Mullen; loving brother of Linda Czyryca and her husband Ernie; dear uncle of Christopher and Stephanie Czyryca.

Relatives and friends are invited to gather at the Schimunek Funeral Home, 9705 Belair RD, Nottingham, MD 21236, on Tuesday, September 26, 2023, from 3-5 P.M. and 7-9 P.M. A Mass of Christian Burial will be celebrated on Wednesday, September 27, 2023, at 11 A.M., at St. Joseph Catholic Church (Fullerton). Interment will follow at Parkwood Cemetery. In lieu of flowers, memorial donations may be made in James' name to the American Heart Association at [www.heart.org](http://www.heart.org).

Vinh Long Outlaws Association (VLOA)  
 c/o Robert J. Sharp, Editor.  
 17489 US Hwy. 65  
 Albert Lea, Minnesota. 56007  
 handybobsharp@gmail.com  
 Cell 507-828-3062 –H.Ph. 507-373-6452



**Fall/Winter—2023**

**Vinh Long Outlaws Association (VLOA)**  
**Membership Application/Renewal Form**

Memberships in the VLOA is open to any person of any rank who served with any lineage unit known as the “Outlaws” (and “Mavericks” and “Bushwhackers” armed platoons) or any affiliated unit at any time between August 1964 and the present. These units include the 62<sup>nd</sup> Aviation Company, A Company 502<sup>nd</sup> Aviation Battalion, 175<sup>th</sup> Aviation Company, B Troop 1-158<sup>th</sup> Aviation Regiment (Iraq), 150<sup>th</sup> Transportation Detachment (“Roadrunners”), 28<sup>th</sup> Signal Detachment, and 25<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division’s “doorgunners.”

Active (with vote) or Associate (without vote) Membership is \$25 annually, payable each January. A Lifetime Membership (with vote) is \$100 one-time dues. A Lifetime Associate Membership (without vote) for spouses and relatives is available for a \$100 one-time donation. A Patriot Lifetime Membership (with vote) is available for a one-time \$500 or more dues. Current Lifetime Members may upgrade to a Patriot Lifetime Membership for a one-time \$400 or more dues. To pay initial or renewal membership dues for this calendar year, please complete and forward this form, with dues payment, to:

**VLOA Treasurer: c/o Jim Donnelly, 2413 General Longstreet Drive, Virginia Beach, VA 23454**

First Name \_\_\_\_\_ MI -- \_\_\_ Nickname \_\_\_\_\_ Last Name \_\_\_\_\_

Telephone # (home) \_\_\_\_\_ (work) \_\_\_\_\_ Spouse’s \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

Rank (while assigned to unit) \_\_\_\_\_ E-Mail address \_\_\_\_\_

Dates assigned in Outlaws/attachments (Mo/Yr to Mo/Yr) \_\_\_\_\_ to \_\_\_\_\_

Unit/platoon/section/position \_\_\_\_\_ Radio Call sign \_\_\_\_\_

- Please initiate \_\_\_\_\_ or renew \_\_\_\_\_ my Active \_\_\_\_\_ Associate \_\_\_\_\_ VLOA membership. **Make \$25 check payable to VLOA.**
- Please initiate my Lifetime \_\_\_\_\_ Lifetime Associate \_\_\_\_\_ VLOA membership. **Make \$100 check payable to VLOA.**
- Please initiate my Patriot Lifetime \_\_\_\_\_ membership. **Make \$500 or more check payable to VLOA. Current Lifetime Members make \$400 or more check payable to VLOA.**

\_\_\_\_\_ Please do not renew my VLOA membership, but keep my name on the VLOA roster. I understand I may not receive any future issues of the VLOA Newsletter unless I am a current dues paying VLOA member.

\_\_\_\_\_ I know a former Outlaw/Maverick/Bushwhacker/Roadrunner or other affiliated unit member and have indicated his/her name, address, and phone number on this form.

Comments: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_