

# Aliens in Vietnam

By [Dennis O. Wilson](#)

I work nights every fourth week, and sometimes listen to late-night talk radio. One of my favorite shows is the Art Buell Show. He has some really weird guys on sometimes. Some time back I was listening in, and this fellow was talking about the Space Aliens that supposedly are "exploring" here on Earth. Apparently there are two basic types. One is the "little green men" who are small, have bulbous heads with no nose or ears or mouth, and really big insect-like eyes. They are not our friends. The other kind is basically friendly, and look almost human. They are tall, have really large round eyes, and are a gray color. They come from a light gravity planet, and sometimes have trouble with walking and hand coordination when they first get to Earth. They like to dress in dark suits and wear dark glasses and try to "blend in" with us. When I heard the description of the "Grey Aliens", I was startled I SAW one of these guys in Viet Nam!!

Now this is NO BULL!

We had this one easy fun mission. There was a pipeline along highway 19 from Qui Nhon to Pleiku, and MACV used to send a guy out to inspect the pipeline visually from a low-flying helicopter. Roadrunners flew low, fast, and "stuck" the road. One day I pulled a "Roadrunner" and went down to Qui Nhon and picked up the inspector. It was this really tall, slim 2Lt wearing really dark shades. Not aviator's glasses, but dooper-dark shades. When he got on, he said he hoped I would stay close to the road so he could see the 'line, as the last Huey he flew the inspection in was too high and too far away from the road to see the pipeline good (maybe VNAF?). He was a real jerk about it.

So we head out, and pick up highway 19 and head up towards the An Khe pass. And I stick the north side of the road at 80 knots indicated and about 20 ft AGL. We got the radio tuned in to Armed Forces Radio Saigon, and got good Rock 'n Roll blasting, and we're cruisin'. Now the road here is fairly straight and level. But then we get to the Pass, and I slow down to about 50 knots. About halfway up, there is this one hairpin turn, about 160 degrees of turn, that trucks take at about 15 mph. We're a-ziggin' and a-zaggin' round and about and we come to this hairpin turn. I roll completely over on the side, suck the cyclic in to my belt to spin the 317 on her axis, and pull lots of pitch to stay out of the hillside, and around we go. We pull about 5 g's, get some blade bounce, and dust off some convoy guys who wave at us. (These are demolitions guys. You can tell this when they wave, 'cause they got most of their fingers blown off, and there's usually only one left!) About this time I hear some sounds coming from our pax, and I look back and he's waving his arms in a kinda chopping motion, like he wants to go faster or something. But heck, I'm the AC, and 50 knots is fast enough, this close to the ground, and in these tight quarters.

Then it's out of the Pass and back up to 80 knots indicated. So we go ripping past An Khe and get on into the Mang Yang. Now the road between these two passes is not straight, nor is it level. And this SOB wants to stay low and close to the 'line. So I keep him low and close to the 'line. It's hard work, but I stick the north side of the road (that's because the pipeline is along the ground on the south side of the road, and he's in the well with my CE, Chris). The Mang Yang is actually harder to stick the road than the An Khe, even at 50 knots, 'cause it's more twisty and all. And it is really creepy at the top when you look up to the right and see all those gravestones looking down on you. And the guy is yelling and waving his arms again! When we get to Pleiku, I'm gonna have a talk with this damn butterbar about who's in command of this bird! But then its down down down and back up to 80 and we roar past Blackhawk and then the road gets more level and straighter.

So we get to Holloway, land, and park, and shut down so we can go get some lunch before heading back to Qui Nhon. And this guy's walking away, and staggering back and forth, and I figure --- well, hell. Cut the guy some slack. He's hung over, or drunk, or both! He also needs some breakfast to replace what he just lost. I figure he's got a long tour ahead of him if he can't fly any better than this!

After a while, we all gather back at the 317 and head back to Qui Nhon. The SOB hasn't said a word to me since we got here. Now eastbound, he's in the gunner's well, hanging onto the pole with one hand, and the seat with the other. We're still sticking the road on the north side at 20 ft and 80 indicated. There's a little

rain in the Mang Yang, not too much, it's just holding down the dust some. We bounce a convoy (it's those demolitions guys --- they're really making good time!) and this dang butterbar is yelling again. I can't make out what he's saying, but at least he's not waving his arms anymore.

So now we drop down thru the An Khe. Holding that damn hairpin turn going down is a lot harder, even at 50 knots, 'cause you have to push the nose down, and she tends to accelerate. But we get to the bottom ok, and line out at 80 on the straightaway. I look back to check our observer, and I notice he's a really dark gray color, except for his knuckles, which are dead white. He's dropped his shades, and I see he's got these bugged-out Marty-Feldman-like eyes. Really weird. Well, we get to Qui Nhon and he staggers off, and I figure he's not gonna last long if he can't hold his 3.2 beer any better than that.

Now, of course, after hearing the Art Buell Show, I realize he was really one of those Gray Aliens, probably newly arrived.

Dang. I hope I didn't pi\$\$ him off.