

Maverick Journal

1965

As Recorded By
Lt. Dave Logan
June – November 1965

Editors Foreward:

Lt. David W. Logan, wearing new wings and fresh from Army flight training, received his first flying assignment when he was assigned to Co. A/502d Avn Bn in Vinh Long, Vietnam in February 1965. Being a “newby”, as all newly assigned personnel were referred to, he was assigned to the 2d Airlift Platoon of the Outlaws. Platoon leader **Captain Olen D. Thornton** put him in the copilots seat of a UH-1 under the tutelage of Section leader **Captain Bill Sivils**, and in the experienced hands of Instructor Pilot **CWO C.V. Mills** to teach about flying combat missions. This assignment was, as Logan later stated, to teach him “how to fly”.

Logan was a quick learner and within several weeks had earned the designation of Aircraft Commander with the responsibility for the aircraft, it’s safety and crew missions.

Four months later, when a replacement pilot was needed in the third platoon, the gunship platoon known as the Mavericks, Dave Logan wanted the job.

When Dave Logan was assigned to fly with the Mavericks in June 1965, he began keeping a journal of the daily activities of this fabulous bunch of flyers. The officers, warrant officers and enlisted crewmen who flew with the Mavericks were all volunteers for their positions and almost daily faced risks that slick crews encountered less often.

After their arrival in Vietnam in October 1964, the Mavericks quickly began amassing a record of support for the Outlaws that was unrivaled by any other armed helicopter platoon in-country. Maverick gunship crews were selected for their dedication, their combat innovation and their fearlessness as the primary fire support and protection for the unarmed “slick” aircraft of the Outlaw lift platoons.

Dave’s journal, in the following pages, details both high intensity combat actions as well as the mundane, daily routines of the gunship pilots and crews. The reader will see the often-understated views of a young Army Aviator as he records his thoughts and insights during his first tour in Viet Nam as a helicopter gunship pilot on his way to becoming a seasoned combat veteran.

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Lt. Dave Logan

7 June, Monday

Today I was put on orders assigning me to the Mavericks. I've been out with them before to the Range for firing so I'm already a little familiar with the armed platoon now.

We went to the range today for training. Two of the Mavericks are departing tomorrow and they went along for the ride. **WO Morgan**, one of the two, while practicing a firing run drew enemy fire. He immediately set his fire team up for an attack on the area. On his second run his ship took a hit of minor consequences. The hit was insulting so we all hit the target with everything we had, then returned to VLG to refuel and rearm. We went back with a fire team and again expended on the target area. When we left, the area was a mess of burn and shell holes.

June 8, Tuesday

Today we went to Cai Cai to escort a Caribou that was making a low level drop. On previous occasions the Caribou flying the mission had received fire. The idea of the escort was to suppress any fire that may have been planned. During the drop, enemy action was negligible, but the problem was chasing the fast Caribou with the slower Hueys. It was as if two hummingbirds were escorting an eagle.

When the Caribou left, we went into Cai Cai and Maverick Lead picked up an observer (US) to go on a recon of the local area. About 300 meters from the Cambodian border we drew ground fire. It was my first action against a hostile position except for the Range thing. During my first run on the target I couldn't see anything to shoot at so I didn't fire. The next time around **LT Sedam** said, "*Find* something to shoot at!" I did. Later we heard our rockets were tearing up some VC positions in the tree line we fired at. During our third run the ship behind me was hit by some double ought buckshot of all things. Only one ball damaged the aircraft. It put a hole in a window. A chip of plexiglass hit **LT Wren** in the hand. It was only a scratch, but he about jumped through the roof.

We went back for a second uneventful drop then reconned away from the border. We drew fire again, but this time I was ready. I was able to get all the way around and get a pair of rockets on the target before the other two ships had the target sighted. We made another pass and broke off the attack to return home.

At about 2330 we were scrambled to go to Can Tho. There was an operation going on and more gun ships were needed. My ship and one other were returned to VLG so we could fly another mission early the next day.

9 June, Wednesday

We had an early takeoff for an escort mission out of Can Tho. When we got there we found we would have a two hour wait. Eventually we took off escorting a slick D model with some Georgia congressman on board. The mission was uneventful. But the kicker was that there were gunships sitting at Can Tho and several others over the area we were escorting the slick into.

10 June, Thursday

Today we escorted a troop lift into an area near Chi Lang. We were trying a new type of smoke grenade that is fired by a six foot release cord attached inside the aircraft. The CE throws it out, the cord fires it, and 3 seconds later it smokes. Ours didn't fire. The cord didn't detach and the grenade hung up outside the aircraft. The CE cut it free almost immediately, but we were apprehensive of its igniting and possibly catching the ship afire.

11 June, Friday

Today we had a recon mission for an operation south of Sa Dec. Initially we found nothing, but soon we were told of several VC moving away from the objective area. When we checked the area we found a man trying hide in the high grass of a rice paddy. I couldn't see him when I opened fire with my four machine guns, so my first VC blood brought me no ill conscience. A few minutes later we spotted a man in the area walking hurriedly toward a tree line. We didn't have an ARVN observer on board so we couldn't identify him as VC or otherwise, but he was wearing the traditional black pajamas of the VC. **Tony (Clemente)** said, "Put some rounds in front of him." (A civilian will freeze, but VC run figuring an observer has identified him.) I put half a dozen rounds about 8 feet in front of him. We didn't have a chance to see his reactions - the CE didn't understand the instructions and cut the man down. As we turned I saw the man sit up. The ship behind us didn't know our intentions and only saw the fire from our ship. They finished him. Later a ground force found the body and told us of their uncertainty of his identity. Ironically, shortly thereafter, we heard the report of "One VC KIA."

Later today an outpost near the border town of Ben Dinh was attacked and we were scrambled to escort slicks carrying reinforcements into the area. The mission was uneventful. We flew home in the total darkness of an overcast night sky.

12 June, Saturday

At about 3:30 this morning we scrambled to find a C47 that went down somewhere south of us. We found the burning plane then saw a burning hooch a few hundred meters away. We made a careful recon and spotted men in flight suits waving excitedly. We came around again and recognized the VNAF uniforms. We called for Dustoff to pick them up and covered his pickup. Six of the seven on board were picked up. The other had taken off to find an outpost he knew to be nearby. Shortly, we received a call that he was safe. We then went home to breakfast then bed.

This afternoon we went to the range to train the new gunners and to cross train some slick drivers on our weapons systems. We weren't out but twenty minutes when my gunner shot one of my flex kit machine gun barrels half in two. I asked the CE if he

could change the barrels in flight and he said he could. When he leaned out to change them he saw we were losing hydraulic fluid. (Hydraulic fluid under pressure is what powers the machine guns movements.) I had been through hydraulic failure before so I wasn't too concerned. Turning off the hydraulic pump (power steering included), I headed for home. Just prior to touching down I turned the pump back on to make an easier landing. Now my gunner owes me, as AC, a fifth of whiskey for having hit the aircraft.

13 June, Sunday

We had an 0830 takeoff planned for range firing this morning, but at 0810 we were diverted to escort a group of 12 slicks to the Don Xoai area. We first went to Bien Hoa to fuel then on to Phouc Vin, an airfield 20 miles south of Don Xoai. We waited for several hours doing nothing while the airfield filled up with Hueys from all over Viet Nam. The town of Don Xoai had been overrun and several Americans were killed, missing, and wounded as a result of the attack and the ensuing attempt at relief of the town. All the planes there today were for naught. The majority were not used and returned to their bases that evening. We only flew one mission. We went to Don Xoai with five slicks. Two slicks picked up troops and then we headed to a village about 4 miles north. We covered the two troop ships when they landed near the village. The troops then went through the village looking for ARVN dead and wounded. The plan was for the other three slicks to carry out dead and wounded, but none were found. We escorted the slicks back to Don Xoai then to Phouc Vinh. We were released to VLG a few hours later.

While covering the slicks I got a good look at Don Xoai. It was flattened. The acre sized compound was flattened and charred except for one brick building that was completely gutted by fire. There were still some VC bodies outside the wire.

The village to the north had been reported as a VC oriented and occupied town. The Air Force had bombed and strafed the plantation village. Then the ARVN troops had moved in. From the air it appeared as a burning jumbled mess. But three anti-aircraft positions, void of weapons, could easily be seen.

14 June, Monday

Standby today - ready to go at a moment's notice, but we went nowhere.

15 June, Tuesday

I only flew an hour and five minutes today. Thirty being checked on emergency procedures and thirty five on autorotations. The emergency procedure check is hydraulic failure and tail rotor control failure. This and the autorotations are part of a program to maintain our proficiency.

This evening I heard that, as a result of finding that C47 on the morning of the 12th, we are heroes. The Vietnamese put us in for their Silver Cross of Gallantry. Also, we got word that we'll be going to Saigon tomorrow evening at the invitation of VNAF for a party.

16 June, Wednesday

This is the hardest page to write. This morning we put on a little show in the form of a combat assault into an already clear area for some visiting congressmen. To put out such cost as an RF requires, and to take aircraft that other people need, is a stupid and senseless waste. The whole thing was over by 7:30 a.m.

I was given the day off, so I went downtown to do some shopping. When I returned I heard that an American Advisor had been captured across the river. We weren't involved so I went downtown again. **CV Mills** went with me since he too had been given the day off. When we returned, we heard that Maverick Lead had been shot down. All the standby crews were already on station. CV grabbed **John Sedam** and went to the line and took the Hawg to the area. I found **George Karcher** and went for the only other Maverick on the line. We hustled the maintenance crew through the work they were doing and took off without the required test flight. As soon as we departed the traffic pattern I called the C.O. for instructions as was told to return to VLG. I wrote off our flight as the test flight and waited for the word.

The story that came back was that Maverick Lead was leading Maverick One and Three on a recon. Suddenly the aircraft started a rapid descent and dropped off. A forced landing was hopeless since the RPM was too low. The aircraft exploded on impact throwing three of the crew members clear. The CE is believed dead in the wreckage. His body has not been evacuated as of today. After a few close mortar rounds, a slick, covered by the remaining Mavericks recovered the other two and **Capt Sanford's** body. Our platoon commander, **Capt Sanford** has no equal. He was admired, respected, and loved by all of us. He had taken several hits which caused the engine failure and subsequent fire. Needless to say our trip to Saigon has been canceled by mutual consent.

17 June, Thursday

To the range again today. We're training replacement personnel for the people who will be leaving soon. This time the CE shot a hole in my left rocket pod.

The problem of finding volunteers is getting difficult. The two deaths yesterday is a deterrent, and draftees are what the slick platoon leaders don't want.

The flick tonight is "PT 109". It will probably be chopped to pieces as are the majority of the movies here.

The two killed yesterday were the Platoon Commander and the Crew Chief of Maverick 37. The crew chiefs requested that the replacement ship not be called Maverick 37, but 39 instead. And so it shall be.

18 June, Friday

We went to **Capt Sanford's** funeral services in Saigon. The ceremony was impressive, but I hope I don't have to see it again. **John Sedam** and I stayed to pick up Maverick 39. It was taken to Saigon so the armament people could wire it for weapons. We flew it back and found so many minor deficiencies that the aircraft was hardly worth the effort. It only has 136 hours on it but it apparently never had a crew chief. We brought it here for some maintenance and putting the armament on. As soon as we got back we found it has to go back to Vung Tau (from whence it came originally) to be wired for an other armament system.

19 June, Saturday

We did nothing this morning, but we did go to the range this afternoon. I was leading a fire team training new personnel. We were on the range about 30 minutes when my wingman called and said he had received fire and his crew chief had been hit. A sniper had fired a single round. It hit the crew chief's machine gun then ricocheted up and put a dent in **Dale Hoke's** helmet. From there it went through the front windshield. When it hit the machine gun it sent a fragment into the crew chief's leg. Fortunately the injury and the damage were minor.

We also went on a night recon around the compound and then up to Range Bravo. About 5 miles west of our base we found an outpost under attack. We made a few machine gun passes and broke off because we couldn't relocate the enemy positions. We went to the range then, fired a few rockets and then returned to the outpost. This time we could see gun flashes outside the post. We were able to place some pretty good fire on the area then.

20 June, Sunday

Did nothing - went nowhere.

21 June, Monday

Another day of standby.

22 June, Tuesday

We went to the range three times today. First just as a fire team then twice as a platoon. We worked out, but nothing happened - thankfully.

Three ships were scrambled tonight but only because some jumpy observer saw "200 sampans" and hit the panic button.

23 June, Wednesday

We found out today that the sampans were VC after all. Also, one of the ships received and returned fire to the area. Unfortunately, two innocent civilians were killed, a 9 year old boy and a 19 year old man. It's not good, but such are the consequences of a war the people are indifferent to. The sampans were out again tonight and an observer went along with a fire team, but he wouldn't identify them as VC so the ships came home again.

24 June, Thursday

A long working day - at last. We took six Mavericks to Can Tho for an operation. We were working with the Vikings, taking 2 hour reliefs on station. We escorted about 8 different lifts into LZs. We got about 6.2 hours flying and never saw VC one. All we found was foxholes and never a hostile soul. The operation was costing Uncle Sam about \$1,000/hour, and it ran for all of 12 hours. This is cost over and above normal aircraft utilization. The day would have been dull except for our own tidbits of excitement. On our way out once, my copilot had dropped our map forward of his pedals. He couldn't reach it with his harness and belts in place, so he undid them and loosened his chest protector. I didn't see him reach for the map, but when he did, his steel chest protector fell forward and hit the rocket trigger switch. A pair of rockets went soaring off. When

he hit the trigger it moved the cyclic. I pulled the cyclic back and it hit his chest protector again and triggered another pair. The cyclic got tangled in the chest protector and the ship wallowed around like a cannon had hit it. All this happened in a fraction of a second, and, when I looked at **John**, he was doubled over the cyclic. I *knew* he had been hit, but he was actually trying to get the cyclic of his chest protector. I checked my instruments to make sure the engine hadn't been hit and then reached for **John**. He got untangled then and sat up with an embarrassed grin on his reddened face. Not until I saw his face did I realize what had happened. By then the rockets had landed and the radios started blaring. **Joe Moffett** was flying Maverick Lead and called to see if I was OK. I cleared up that, then Viking wanted to know where the rounds had come from. Maverick Lead cut Viking off and in the outcome the Air Force got blamed for the loose rockets. They hadn't hit anything or anyone so all ended OK except **John** and I bore the harassment of the whole platoon all afternoon.

Night recon standby tonight.

25 June, Friday

We only flew 1.8 hours today, but at least it broke up what would have been a real slow day. This morning we had an alert to escort Dustoff into an insecure area to pick up a seriously wounded American, but as we were about to take off the mission was canceled. The man had died.

This afternoon we escorted a lift carrying airfield security troops out to their position. That was an uneventful show of force. Then, a little later, we escorted the slicks into Range Bravo to test a new suppressive fire concept. The idea was for the slicks' door gunners to fire as they came into the LZ. This caused a little problem, since they were firing where we normally flew. So we had to hang back a distance thus defeating the purpose of the armed ships. The idea is still under discussion.

Night recon standby tonight.

26 June, Saturday

Standby today - no flying. Awards ceremony and Change of Command ceremony. Tonight a terrific going away party for **Maj Tom Anderson**.

27 June, Sunday

We supported a search and clear operation today. The Mavericks turned it into a turkey shoot. An airstrike was placed on the proposed objective. Then we escorted the troop carriers into the LZ, which we had reconned and found clear. When the slicks left we started reconning the other areas forward of the friendlies. Maverick 1 and 3 started picking up VC moving out of the area and ducking into the muddy canal water when they would hear our rotor blades. Maverick 1 and 3 strafed the canals and stirred the VC into the open. Then the main armament would be wasted so the show was conducted principally by the door gunners. Their merciless accuracy proved devastating to the VC. Few surrendered, the others received no quarter. When one of the Maverick gunners gets a target there is no escape. It's all over. We accounted for 23 of the 32 VC killed. We flushed only a few of the 27 captured. Most of the others were VC wounded by armed ships that the ground forces pulled out of holes. Quite a few weapons were captured as well as documents indicating it was part of a hard core VC battalion, the 514th. Being a

part of the slaughter didn't really bother me too much, especially realizing what happened to **Capt Sanford and Sp5 Moritz**.

28 June, Monday

We worked a 9th Division operation this morning and were off by 11:00 a.m. The thing was a futile attempt. No VC were found nor were supplies or equipment found.

29 June, Tuesday

Today's operation was in 7th Division, only a few kilometers south of Sunday's operation. This time things were different. We marked two phony LZs and then took the slicks into a planned LZ. While the ships were in the LZ (10 to 15 seconds) the VC started putting mortar fire on them. One mortar shell sent fragments into four different ships. No one was hurt though by mortars. The lead ship's gunner was shot through the heart and died almost instantly. One of the Maverick's crew chiefs received some small fragmentary injuries in his arm but is believed to be OK. All but one of 7 Mavericks received hits. Of the 7, only three are still flyable. The other two of the six hit are only flying because of the speed of the maintenance crews. The others will be flyable by the morning though. We put the first lift in at about 9:00 a.m. When I left the area at 4:00 p.m. they were still pinned down solidly by VC fire. We had expended on the VC positions 4 times, and Navy and Air Force pilots (all US) had been delivering fantastically accurate bombs and still the VC could not be displaced. The Mavericks, Vikings and Thunderbirds flew close support all day, but the tenacity of the VC was not being swayed. The LZs we used all received fire even though an air strike was going on simultaneously. Later the VC were able to launch a counter attack. They succeeded and killed an American Advisor. It wasn't until 8 hours after the ARVN troops were stopped that an American convinced the ARVN to maneuver in a flanking attack that succeeded. If this advice had been heeded earlier the American that had been killed might still be alive. This point of such spinelessness and lack of aggressiveness is what is so sickening about this mess. The more I see of these worthless VN soldiers the more pity I have for the advisors. What I have written here pertains to only a small portion of the operation.

30 June, Wednesday

We heard a little more about the operation we had yesterday. ARVN counted 250 VC bodies and there was one large (2 acre) area which they didn't even go into because it was so badly bombed out. The ARVN was also heavily hit and their casualties were high. We found that due to the type damage we had received only two of 7 ships were flyable.

This afternoon at about 1610 the scramble horn sounded. Two minutes later we were off the ground. The cause was a Navy Crusader pilot down. One of his guns had blown up and caused engine damage. He got clear of the operational area and bailed out. One of his wingmen was flying overhead, and an observer in an L19 was also overhead. As soon as we were airborne we contacted his wingman who had radio equipment in his aircraft that could home on us and vector us to the downed pilot. We spotted the jet overhead first, then the L19, and then I saw his chute. We made a quick recon then dropped in to pick him up. It was 15 minutes and approximately 20 miles from VLG, and about 20 minutes after he had called "May Day" that he was inside our ship and safe.

We then found out he was **Lt Commander Robert Weedon** off the aircraft carrier Bon Homme Richard. We brought him to VLG, gave him some clothes so he could shower and change, then had him doctored up - his parachute harness scratched his neck - and then bought him beer. **LtCol Jack Mackmull** had come up to VLG by then and the CO was there to greet him. He (**Weedon**) gave me his lighter with his unit crest. He gave **CV Mills** his survival packs and **Chuck Dominy** was given his knife. He was all too happy to give us some souvenirs. I gave him my Maverick pin. At about 1830 a plane from the Bon Homme Richard came to pick him up.

This evening two more ships came "up".

1 July, Thursday

Standby today. All I did was worry about getting the armament on Maverick 31 operational. This ship was the one **Bob Berquist** and I were flying when we received a hit on Tuesday. Several wires had been severed and now even the maintenance people at Vung Tau have been unable to find the remaining trouble. The same bullet that cut the wires also cracked the fore and aft cyclic control yoke. We found, after we flew back, that almost any type of over pressure on the controls would have ended us in a ball of bent aluminum at the bottom of an uncontrollable dive. We were so lucky... I know **Sister John** had been praying for us now. The bullet entered about 18 inches below my seat, passed under the seat, up through some wires and terminated after hitting the aforementioned control yoke. It may be true that the Mavericks take more hits but we're not in an LZ being mortared or an LZ for 10 seconds unloading troops that are dying while getting out of the choppers. Many don't agree that the gun ships are safer, and I'm not always convinced. But when out of the heat of a fight I can calmly consider and still prefer the Mavericks.

Local intelligence sources report a possible VC regiment 5 kilometers from the end of our runway. An air strike is going in now and artillery will be firing all night except when our recon ships go out. They'll go at 2330 with another crew standing by.

2 July, Friday

Today started early, at 0015, to be exact. The installation attack alert sounded. We scrambled, but were held from takeoff. Soc Trang had been mortared and a simultaneous attack here was expected. It didn't come, and probably because we flew night recon until 0400, alternating crews. This meant everyone would sleep in since the night was shot anyway. Then, like all good things, we were alerted to take one of Soc Trang's missions. We rose at 0615. The mission, a troop lift escort, was uneventful. We got home at about 1700.

Night recon tonight.

3 July, Saturday

I had night recon last night, so this morning we flew from 0100 till 0230. We were on standby today. Along about 1500 we were scrambled to escort a medivac into pick up a wounded American. It took up 10 minutes to get control of the radio traffic. Then the slick that picked up the medivac never returned to get the second pickup, a wounded ARVN. Tonight the mortar attack panic set in strong. The Mavericks were all sleeping in uniform.

4 July, Sunday

What a day! We were scrambled once to pick up a downed Mohawk pilot. The COC decided the Vikings were closer. Ten minutes late we were scrambled to go to Soc Trang to help the Vikings and T-birds support an operation. Then someone changed his mind. So we went to the range. Almost as soon as we returned we were sent to Soc Trang to support an operation. The operation was so messy it was pitiful. The ground troops didn't have the codes we were given. We had no observers. The mission commander wouldn't listen to the armed platoons recommendations (and got his slicks shot up.) The radios were so full of garbage traffic we couldn't support the ground forces. Later we found some VC in the open and had a field day. We killed 12 of the 12 we saw moving out. I was so damned glad to be able to set up a fire team to kill VC I almost felt sadistic. We finally got home at 1900.

5 July, Monday

To Saigon today. One of our ships had been wired for the new M5. Then we tried to put a rocket system on the ship and found that the M5 wiring interfered with the M3. Then the armament personnel in Saigon couldn't help us. The ship has to go to Vung Tau to be checked out.

The Can Tho road was blown this afternoon and we had to check it out. We flew until a little after dark, then we went out again at 10 p.m..

Standby night recon tonight.

6 July, Tuesday

We took Maverick 39 to Vung Tau and got the wiring straightened out. This afternoon I returned to Vung Tau to start my 3 day R & R.

The presence of the ugly American is more obvious there. The cabbies and xyclo drivers, "Hey Number one girl, I get for you!" The bar girls, "You buy me drink! You have girlfriend tonight?" And so forth. The prices for cokes, trinkets, clothes etc. have all gone up since the 173rd Airborne Brigade came here.

7 July, Wednesday

Today I was talking to **Capt Lehner**, a Psy War advisor in My Tho. He explained how his loudspeakers and leaflets converted more young VC per month than the ARVN in his province would kill or capture. He told me about his counter-terror teams made up of converted VC and how they would go out at night and assassinate VC officials. He had girls as well as men working these teams. He would also take women on an operation to talk to the women and children in the field about the government and what they can do for repatriated VC. They have a program of skill training and rehabilitation for all who return allegiance to the government.

8 July, Thursday

In contrast, I met a Caribou pilot that is convinced that 95% of VN is VC sympathizer.

9 July, Friday

Due to return VLG, but weathered in at Vung Tau.

10 July, Saturday

Returned to VLG and went to range. Uneventful day.
Night recon - sleep in that damned tent on the runway.

11 July, Sunday

We had an administrative move to escort today. The refueling at Moc Hoa was a farce. They have one 1200 gallon tanker that takes 45 minutes to fill. As a result every time we came in for fuel the process took about 2 hours. We expended, before we left, on a VC rest area.

I finally got our night recon crews out of the runway tent.

12 July, Monday

No one flew today except recon tonight from 2130 to 2300.

13 July, Tuesday

We went to the range today twice. We were having trouble with our rockets not firing. The biggest part of our problem is not having good equipment. It's surprising that so much money is being spent here, yet it's not enough. There's a lot of mis-utilization too.

Night Recon standby.

14 July, Wednesday

Range today.

15 July, Thursday

An operation this morning of little consequence and no action. **Maj Irvin** arrived from the States to observe our tactics and evaluate the new M5.

We had a report that VLG was going to be attacked this afternoon. We weren't. The majority of our slicks were sent to Pleiku today for a 4 to 10 day exercise.

16 July, Friday

I took the day off today. I worked as hard as normally only I wasn't on standby and I didn't fly. I got many little jobs taken care of.

17 July, Saturday

Went to the range at 0830, but to Range 3. We were no sooner there than we received fire. We returned fire and received fire again. Our attack was with all 5 ships, but 1 and 3 were receiving fire all the time and when 1 was breaking out of the area **CV Mills** was hit in the arm. The bullet ricocheted off the armor plate at his hip and lodged in his arm a few inches above his elbow. He's in Saigon now and will return in about a week, but it will be 4 to 6 weeks before he'll fly again.

At about 1130 we were sitting in the club discussing the range when the horn sounded. We took off and headed for the given coordinates. Then we were given

different coordinates and turned there. There was an Otter down south of Vi Thanh. While we were en route a slick pulled the crew out. We found the ship OK. It had flipped on landing. We stayed to secure the area while the recovery team got busy. It was in the middle of a huge 20 acre rice paddy. As we reconned out for possible attack positions we received fire. We clobbered the area.. Later, Lead went off alone looking for other position and took a hit through the chin bubble that lodged in the front edge of **Capt Estes** seat. Pieces of the seat splintered and entered **Capt Estes** leg. So he 'll be flying in a few days, but it ' s still 2 Mavericks injured in one day.

18 July, Sunday

0600 takeoff for an operation out of Ca Mau. The mission commander, Tiger 6, asked Mavericks to recon a few areas for him. We did and received fire. We hit the area then reconned some more since the clouds were to low for an Eagle. Tiger 6 went out again and asked Maverick to go again in preference to the Thunderbirds. We received fire again and struck back hard. This time Tiger 6 had us expend and return. Then he mounted an Eagle against the site. A few VC, weapons, and grenades were captured. We left here at 0600 and returned at 1920 having flown 8:50. Only one ship had been hit though, and that wasn' t bad.

19 July, Monday

Mavericks took the day off. Only standby. Good AA@ movies now, A Love is a Ball@ with Glenn Ford and Hope Lang.
Night recon standby.

20 July, Tuesday

Went to Range Bravo and fired the M5 system. It ' s good, but not as good as the makers would like us to believe. We got a mission to escort a VNAF H34 for a medivac. We were given the wrong coordinates but found the place anyway. The H34 didn' t have contact with us and went in without waiting for us to recon. We orbited him and drew fire. When we returned the fire we drew more. We located the source and struck it pretty hard. This afternoon some Navy pilots came for a briefing. We took them to the range and showed them how the VC dig their positions. Later we took Maverick 31 out to test fire in the river. When we returned we were informed of a 10 mile no fire limit.

21 July, Wednesday

We went to the range with the new M5 and it stopped after 8 rounds. When we got back we went to Long Dinh. We were covering the recovery of an L19 that had an engine failure. The pilot and observer had gotten to a compound a quarter of a mile away. When we arrived we received fire and returned fire, but the fire was pretty far from the recovery crew so we left them with a few rockets and returned to the downed aircraft. Then COC told us there was another mission if we felt that the downed aircraft was secure. I told them it wasn' t and stayed. The day got sticky when Delta 11 called me on FM. Then the recovery ship, Tailwind, called on UHF and Backspin called on VHF. Also, my wingman was on VHF. I had a 3-ring circus going for a while with 2 acts in the center ring. All turned out OK.

22 July, Thursday

Standby all day.

23 July, Friday

We worked on an operation out of Soc Trang. We never found anything although we flew all day. We escorted a convoy back to Can Tho. We drew fire a few miles out of Can Tho. My wingman popped a pair of rockets on the area and machine gun fire, but we didn't attack because the convoy was already clear of the area. I had gotten my crew chief airsick earlier, but he reacted fast getting smoke out and returning fire.

24 July, Saturday

Today started early, 0415. We were scrambled because Ghio Duc was under attack. That was called off before we took off. Then a fire team was sent to Soc Trang because it was being mortared. They were sent home after getting halfway there. The Maverick klaxon still has a blast effect on my adrenals.

Today we took 2 new pilots and 2 new crew chiefs to the range. We came over the range and two "farmers" on the edge of the range headed for the safety of the limits of fire. I knew absolutely that they were VC, but the rules of engagement prevented our attacking them. I was angry because their loyalties were so obvious. It's a crazy war.

25 July, Sunday

Twice to the range today.
Night recon standby.

26 July, Monday

This morning we were put on runway alert because COC tried to run an airlift operation with one armed platoon. The mission was planned days ago, but we weren't told anything until this morning when we were alerted. We stayed on standby but never went.

I went on OD at 1730. At 2225 we heard a tremendous explosion. And almost immediately one of my guards said a mortar round landed near his post. I alerted the installation with the siren and started investigating. Three guards said the sound came from the southeast. The other three said northwest. Later we found a huge road-cratering charge had been detonated by the VC northwest of the post. Sounded all clear.

27 July, Tuesday

Standby today for Mavericks. Finished otherwise uneventful OD tour.

28 July, Wednesday

To Vi Thanh at 1030. Supported operation against U Minh elements. **Gary Paxton** was on the ground. Every time I set up to give him support Bullmoose would cut into our radio traffic and I couldn't coordinate our fires. We flew 8.7 hours and got home at 2330. Early in the day 2 slicks had a mid-air. Later, a resupply slick missed being mortared by 40 meters. The night flying was tricky because it got hazy at the same time.

29 July, Thursday

We went back to Vi Than today. We could see some of the VC we'd shot up yesterday. Amongst them were women and kids. It would bother me, but the women feed and care for the VC and the kids are their runners. We were later called to find a crashed F4U Crusader. We found it OK, but it had disintegrated when it hit and the pilot had not gotten out.

30 July, Friday

I gave myself the day off. But the Mavericks were scrambled at 0730 and one man didn't make the line. I was there checking to see the readiness and went, unshaven and half awake. We were scrambled unnecessarily, but we checked the area out. We found too many "farmers" "herding" too few cows. We harassed them, but none of them would try anything. So, about 15 to 20 VC got away because we couldn't make a positive identification on them.

Later today we got a report that a slick received fire off the end of the runway. I took my fire team out to check the area, but they wouldn't fire at us or they left the area.

31 July, Saturday

Today received word at Top Secret briefing we'll be going to Cam Ranh Bay for 2 weeks to support the training of the newly arrived 1st Brigade, 101st Airborne Division. Their mission presently is to secure the Bay area for a projected multi-million dollar port.

1 August, Sunday

Prepared maps and operations equipment and packed.

2 August, Monday

Departed VLG 0900. Three flying hours and 8 hours later we arrived. Set up camp after the slicks arrived with our gear.

3 August, Tuesday

Finished setting up.

4 August, Wednesday

Started training. Escorted slicks around with one fire team and other team stood by.

5 August, Thursday

Same.

6 August, Friday

Same.

7 August, Saturday

Same

8 August, Sunday

Escorted platoon recon to beach landing. Gave suppressive fire almost against their wishes. Expended on suspected target and went back to my tent-home. Later escorted accident board to where Outlaw 14 had a hard landing in a burnt LZ.

9 August, Monday

Same as Wed, Thurs, Fri and Sat.

10 August, Tuesday

Escorted slicks with VIPs from Nha Trang to Cam Ranh Bay. Safe as Hylan Blvd.. Got the word we were needed in Pleiku. When we finished the escort we returned to our gravel strip. The company packed up and in 4 hours were on our way. We stayed the night in Nha Trang.

11 August, Wednesday

We flew to Quin Nhon for fuel then turned inland for Pleiku. Arrived Pleiku at about 1030. At Quin Nhon we heard the 1st Air Cav would be here this month to be placed at An Khe. H13 and CH47s with guns are coming as are many other innovations. Pleiku is a plateau with the main base at Camp Holloway. Holloway's runway has a 12% slope to it. The base sits on and around a knoll on the plateau. From flight school here is **Jim Clary, Don Fite, Jack Budd, Ron Rendleman, Jim McAndrews, Jerry Ritchey and Johnny Guerin**. They hate it. Right now besides the 119th which belongs here, are the 117th, A/1st, A/502nd and guns from the 120th.

12 August, Thursday

We were put on standby today and finally scrambled to escort 2 ships into Duc Co. It was my first time into an area which had heretofore been a bad news area. An outpost had been under attack for several days and not relief force could reach them. That is when they called the other chopper units in here. Our escort was uneventful.

13 August, Friday

We were on standby for one mission, but that was canceled. We went as the third ship in a heavy Crocodile fire team escorting slicks carrying Americans (173rd) on search missions. One patrol leader burned a village, captured some mountain yards and then got word to release them and make friends (after burning their village.) I don't like the escort procedure here. It is about 60% as effective as our way. The mission was uneventful.

14 August, Saturday

Escorted some VNAF H34s here today. They were picking up a patrol that had been out. They are an outstanding bunch of pilots unlike those in the Delta.

15 August, Sunday

Back to Dong Ba Thin (across the bay from Cam Ranh) today. We flew at 7,300 feet over the Mang Yang pass because of its reputation. It was all we could do to stay airborne.

16 -31 August

Those were days of much misery and little action, but I'll recall what I might. We supported a 1/18th Infantry operation and all my fire team did was bore holes in the sky. On the second and final day we stood by at the operational CP. When we went out to escort a slick we were told we were receiving fire, but we couldn't hear it. When the slick left we started cruising to check it out. As we came over some friendlies in two trucks we saw them crouching behind their vehicles firing at the village about 200 yards away. They were the ones receiving fire. We politely obliged and leveled the edge of the village much to the joy and relief of the harassed friendlies.

1 September, Wednesday

Prior to 1 Sep we didn't do too much here, but on the 1st, things began to happen. The night of 1 Sep we went out to support a SF camp under attack.

2 September, Thursday

We escorted a lift in and out.

3 September, Friday

My team covered an operation that rounded up 30 POWs for the ground unit. We escorted a medivac into a spot to pick a wounded US Lt. The medivac crew had to get out and get the litter because the US ground troops had been under fire and wouldn't get up. That evening we escorted a lift in to relieve that unit.

4 September, Saturday

Troop lifts same area.

5 September, Sunday

We escorted another lift into yesterday's area and the LZ was under fire from the entire forward flank. The battalion here doesn't send its gun platoon in to look at an LZ before they use it. They just check it out from altitude then the slicks go in first.

6 September, Monday

We ran into some turbulence today on a lift escort. Some old pilots said it was the worst they'd ever seen. I had my hands full just keeping the aircraft level. The lift was going into a Y shaped valley with 1500 to 2000 foot hills and cliffs on either side.

This morning a US patrol ran into some trouble and were running low on ammo. When we first arrived the patrol marked the VC area and we fired. They said cease fire, we were too close. They marked again (the same area) and we fired again. We were firing 1200 meters from the patrol and they said we were too close. When the Air Force FAC tried to put an air strike in, it took him 20 minutes of pleading to get the patrol to tell him where they were and where the VC were. I finally broke and marked the target

myself. The air strike never did hit the right area because the radio operator couldn't describe his location. When we went back on station later we established the entire operational situation. We found the patrol visually, we located an LZ for their extraction, and we knew the location of the VC that were firing on us. When the 52nd Battalion arrived to make the extraction, their S3 told the Mavericks to break off and then told the 117th's aircraft that there was no enemy fire. When we got back I was angered to a point of blowing my temper at the incompetence of the battalion's personnel.

8 September, Wednesday

Today we escorted resupply runs all day. One mission was to pick up 800 pounds and 2 passengers at 0830. The lift turned out to be 2700 pounds and 4 passengers, i.e., four aircraft loads instead of one.

9 September, Thursday

Standby all day.

10 September, Friday

Escorted 2 lifts and two feint lifts in to an operational area. Then just before dark we escorted a resupply of these troops. The mission went on into darkness and then things got sticky. The clouds were low and the terrain was high and bushy. We had to hold off till morning to complete the resupply.

11 September, Saturday

We finished the resupply, escorted another, then escorted a medivac and then the engine on Outlaw 27 quit. He landed nicely in the trees. The aircraft flipped on its side on landing and started burning after it hit the ground. Everyone got out but **Hal Scott** had a crushed disc. The crew chief had a broken leg and arm but will not be permanently injured.

12 September, Sunday

Standby. One medivac escort.

13 September, Monday

We escorted a medivac into an LZ that was about 4 feet bigger than the rotor disk.

14 September, Tuesday

We escorted a resupply to an area where some 101st people were supposed to be. The only trouble was we had been given the wrong coordinates. So we had to hunt for our LZs. Then standby.

15 September, Wednesday

Standby all day.

16 September, Thursday

Escorted another resupply and standby.

17 September, Friday

We've been trying to find new and better systems for our ships and we may have a system to replace the unreliable pod we've been using. All we have to do is test it, which may take months. The non-availability of materials for trying such things in a using unit is ridiculous. When we have ideas for improvement it seems someone would want to listen, but no one does.

18 September, Saturday

Deep doo-doo today. We took off at about 0600, half an hour before light. We were escorting the Outlaws working with the 117th. We made the first lift into the LZ at first light. We were the second element with a flight of six marine H34s as the 3rd element. The last marine chopper was the first to receive fire. On the second lift 4 of the 117th's slicks were hit and 2 of their gunships, 2 Outlaws, 1 Maverick, 5 marines all got hits. When the slicks came out the 2nd time we were spraying everything in sight with machine guns and rockets. We had to refuel and rearm before the 3rd lift. On the third lift the Outlaws received so much fire they didn't even go in to land. This time 2 117th slicks went down in the LZ, 1 marine went down, 3 more Outlaws were hit, 4 more 117th slicks, 1 Maverick (same crew as 1st time) and 2 117th gunships took hits. Then they decided to hold the operation until the LZ was secure. Of the 170 troops that went into the LZ, 65 became casualties by sundown to include 15 American KIAs. The whole operation was a farce. An error of planning. The LZ was chosen in a valley. It was not reconned. There was no route into the LZ that was positively clear or could be positively made clear. The LZ was under fire from 360 degrees and both ground level and hill side level. There was no place to turn to get safely out. There was no planning for a resupply route or any line of communication. Since all of the slicks were downed because of bullet holes and 2 pilots were hit we had to get help from the 1st Cav. We still had Mavericks to support them so we escorted the first lift in. The formation was so wild, erratic, and spread out it looked like a flight school class. When they went into the LZ they were almost in autorotation. By now a safer LZ had been selected. I took no chances and laid a cover of rockets as close as 50 meters on final. I think I came close enough to scare them since on the way out, my side of the formation was tucked in pretty tight. Fortunately, this LZ was OK. By dark the lift was complete. We came back at 1930, almost an hour after dark. All in all we had 31 aircraft downed by enemy fire. Two air crewmen killed and 6 more wounded.

19 September, Sunday

Even today, the first LZ isn't secured. We were to escort medivac in to the area to bring out the 14 US dead and 21 US wounded, but we had to wait 3 hours while a relief force secured the area.

20 September, Monday

Standby today.

21-30 September

Forgotten

1 October, Friday

Our first mission back in the Delta. We arrived at Vi Thanh half hour after sun up and went to the operational area about 2 hours later. We never found anything besides camouflaged sampans. Once we saw a man trying to hide from us, but we couldn't find anything more suspicious about him so we left him hiding. We were fired on only a few minutes outside the staging area but to no consequence. We were released at 1530 having done almost nothing.

2-12 October

Forgotten

13 October, Wednesday

The second of our major Delta operations brought us to Binh Thuy before the sun saw the land here. We were called on finally to recon some areas. I had been in the area before and knew what to expect, and in a few moments I knew I was right. On about our second pass through the area we started drawing fire. **Dale** was with Lead in the Hawg and made quick work of putting about 4 rockets under my wingman as he broke. The day went that way; about 6 different weapons fired at us each time to be suppressed and not heard from again. We never did find enough fire coming up to make worth putting in troop lift. The second time we went out we ran into less. So we were finally released.

14 October, Thursday

At about 0300 we were called back to Binh Thuy. As soon as we were briefed we went down the canal where Charlie was supposed to be moving out. We found him and proceeded to bring havoc on his departure and scratched between 20 and 30 VC. The effect of steady streams of tracers pouring down was striking since their sources were all but invisible. Four ships each blazing with six machine guns brought Charlie's retreat to an abrupt halt.

We did well. When the sun broke over the Delta, the Mavericks were dutifully waiting on their ships to go out again, but they decided to send us home with the thanks of the colonel.

15 October, Friday

Standby. **Walt Probka** escorted some civilian autos.

16 October, Saturday

Range today. This afternoon an aircraft was reported down so we took a fire team to check it out. The weather was ridiculous. From 300 feet we could hardly see the ground. Dustoff was in the area and a maintenance ship from Soc Trang arrived. We had about 5 ships looking for it and realized the VC had set a trap. We started drawing fire from all over the area. We beat a hasty retreat, but not before several weapons had been silenced. No sooner had we cleared the area than COC had a "definite" report on an aircraft. We went back to find only more fire and a Skyraider that went down about 2 months ago. Meantime, the weather had gotten no better so twice we made low level approaches to VLG.

17 October, Sunday

We had a local troop movement to conduct that ended in near tragedy. One of the aircraft in the LZ had control failure and rolled on its side. Fortunately no one had been hurt. We then had to escort a troop lift in to secure the aircraft for the night.

18 October, Monday

The only thing flown was the cover for the downed ship 's recovery.

19 October, Tuesday

Operation today. We staged out of Tan Hiep. When I marked the LZ, an air strike was going into a canal 800 meters away. As I turned to check my mark I saw about 8 VC running across the proposed LZ. It was good to see the enemy for a change. Between my gunner and my wingman we managed to drop 6 of the 8. Later my gunner saw some more only a few hundred meters from the friendlies. We managed to get quite a few of them too. Once again the weather closed in and flying became almost impossible. We were credited with 17 VC of a total of 43 killed today.

20 October, Wednesday

Standby.

21 October, Thursday

The platoon went to Soc Trang, but I gave myself the day off.

22 October, Friday

Got sent to Tra Vinh to standby in case someone got in trouble at Long Tuan which had been hit a few hours earlier. We stood by then came home.

23 October, Saturday

Standby.

24 October, Sunday

All was quiet 'til 9th Division got an intelligence report of 100 VC 6 miles from here. We reconned the LZ and saw nothing in the area. The troops were no sooner on the ground than they started receiving small arms and automatic weapons fire. An airstrike was brought in and simultaneously we struck the area. The Vikings relieved us on station. When we went back to relieve them, they had gotten two ships hit and a pilot wounded. We were given the location of two BARs by the friendlies. We cut the area apart and silenced both of them. The radios got out of hand when VNAF started putting in uncontrolled air strikes. We left the area to standby at VLG. We found out later that the friendlies all but annihilated the VC force.

25 October, Monday

Standby.

26 October, Tuesday

Standby

27 October, Wednesday

We've changed night recon standby so the Cobras have it for a week then we have it for a week. I don't like it as much. We have black flight suits now for night recon standby. We're wearing the green tabs on the shoulders now too. Soon we'll have Maverick heads on the tabs.

There's a lot of not so pleasant changes coming about. One is the tightening up on the rules of engagement. We can usually tell a VC when you see one by various means, but the only acceptable way is "if fired upon". Any fool knows it may be too late then. We're starting to get regular inspections and so forth. It's really becoming a stateside Army.

28 October, Thursday

Last night we were alerted for a mission at Ca Mau. We were to arrive at 0730 and get briefed and get our maps out there. Later we got a change to arrive at Bac Lieu at 0830. Then we received a change to arrive at Soc Trang at 0730. Then at 0100 this morning Operations was told we would have to bring our own maps. This morning at 0530 we were told to arrive at Soc Trang at 0650. Normally to arrive at Soc Trang at 0650 we get up at 0500, so we were late starting. We arrived in time, but we had to prepare our own maps. The briefing was sketchy and incomplete. We went to the area, escorted the slicks and then worked out of Bac Lieu. The friendlies "swept" into the tree line and walked 4 feet from a bunker with 3 people in it. A few minutes later one of the 3 fired at **Pete Stephens** and hit his blade. We got 'em. The wheels decided this operation was worthless and moved everything to Ca Mau where we went reconning areas for VC. It turned out to be a 6 hour day with nothing solid accomplished.

29 October, Friday

Another early takeoff. This time we worked out of here and went down into an area due south. The Binh Thuy Flying Circus - **Joe Moffett's** name for the Can Tho VNAF Skyraiders - was in the mix today. We made a lift in the morning and an extraction in the afternoon. The troops were extracted 100 meters from a tree line they had just passed through. They were receiving sniper fire from that tree line, but we made the extraction anyway. As a result **Scott Davis** took 2 hits. We were lucky at that.

30 October, Saturday

Back to CA Mau. An early takeoff, of course. This time we had an ordinary day. I took a hit that nearly cut five feet of blade off. I had to have another put on before I could fly home. This was the third operation in a row with over 5 hours flying.

31 October, Sunday

0630 Takeoff for Tra Vinh. We supported an operation on the coast that was prestruck by B52s. The Friendlies on the ground found nothing. But a naval gunfire observer found 30 VC and hit them hard. Then a Cobra fire team went in and policed them up. This was the fourth in a row. When we got back Mavericks and Cobras partied long into the night.

1 November, Monday

We had a resupply escort at 0930 this morning. No action. Standby the rest of the day.

2 November, Tuesday

CV Mills left today. This morning a slick had to go into an outpost to deliver some supplies. The outpost had been hit a few hours earlier so he requested a fire team. That was all we had all day.

3 November, Wednesday

We had an 0830 range takeoff, but at about 0800 Outlaw 22 went down on the other side of Vinh Long so we scrambled. Fortunately, there were no VC around. No one was injured so we just secured the area until the ship was picked up. I left for Vung Tau while the platoon was going to the range.

4 November, Thursday

Went to Tiny Beach for fun in the sun. Camera didn't work.

5 November, Friday

Back to Tiny Beach for a day of climbing and swimming.

6 November, Saturday

Returned to VLG where my Section had prepared the platoon party - delicious barbecued chicken.

7 November, Sunday

Sunday, therefore we have an RF. Back to Tra Vinh. Another B52 strike went in. The target for the B52s and the troop lifts was a bunker complex occupied by 30 or more VC sighted a full week ago. Of course, the result was a few sunk sampans.

8 November, Monday

Another operation today. Cao Lanh this time. There was no lift involved, but Cobra and Mavericks accounted for about 18 VC KIA, 12 VC POW, 14 VC sampans and a few structures.

9 November, Tuesday

We were expecting to return to Cao Lanh today, but at about 1100 we were scrambled to a place SE of Rach Giah. As soon as we arrived Shotgun 10 gave us a target to strike. As soon as my first pair of rockets struck, Shotgun 10 started screaming, "Beautiful, Maverick, beautiful!" He continued to direct our strike and tell us that we were hitting people, bunkers, gun positions, etc. When we expended we heard that advisor say, "My counterpart says he wants it done again." We came back to do it later and the Cobras also had but down an airstrike that made the ground forces quite happy.

10 November, Wednesday

I had a day off. **Ben Benjamin** took a fire team to Tan Hiep and got 19 VC KIA.

11 November, Thursday

Standby till after lunch when we were called out to do an escort for recovery. The downed aircraft had an engine failure. It took about 3 1/2 hours to bring a new engine from Soc Trang and replace the damaged one. At the same time Viking and Cobra were running another operation.

12 November, Friday

Standby today until we were scrambled to cover a convoy under attack near Mo Cay, but before we took off the mission was held. So we stood by. When they decided we wouldn't go (because there wasn't an American with the convoy) we went back to the hooch. About the time I sat down we were scrambled to check out a group of sampans on the river north of the compound. Nothing came of it.

13 November, Saturday

Went to Tra Vinh to escort some slicks into a little outpost. Had to wait 2 hours to get passengers. Nothing ever happened though.

14 November, Sunday

Standby today. Fire team went to Tra Vinh to escort an H34 (VNAF) for a medivac. VC fired a mortar at the 34 and missed by 100 meters. The shell hit the ground below the aircraft and the concussion blew the doors out.

15 November, Monday

Went to Cao Lanh for an awards ceremony for a Cross of Gallantry I didn't really deserve. I gave the medal to **Danny Hudgins**, the crew chief who did the work.

16 November, Tuesday

We went to Tan Hiep to standby to cover a ground operation that was expected to close with 1,000 to 1,600 VC. Nothing materialized so we returned to Vinh Long to standby. A few hours later we were called to escort some VNAF H34s into an outpost in Tra Vinh. Shortly after I took off Delta Center called me to tell me to marry up with the 34s at Binh Thuy where the 34s were waiting for the weather to break. Just for kicks I asked how I was supposed to get into Binh Thuy when the 34s couldn't get out. A few minutes later Delta called that the 34s were off. I circumnavigated weather for a while and made the rendezvous over the outpost. The escort was uneventful.

17 November, Wednesday

An operation out of Cao Lanh today. The troops were never in contact though. At about 1100 a fire team was sent to Muc Hoa to cover resupply of an overrun VN outpost. I was left on station at Cao Lanh. Later, I too went to Muc Hoa. The outpost that had been hit had light casualties and lost 4 heavy weapons. We went looking for heavy weapons but Charlie had long since crossed the border.

18 November, Thursday

Last night we were briefed for a mission to be conducted just across the river. At 0500 we were told the mission was scratched and we were to go to My Tho strip because Tan Hiep had been attacked. When we arrived I escorted some medivac ships into Tan Hiep. The other fire team went to the strip. Later we took off as a platoon to recon forward of the pursuing elements. We put in an airlift also. Someone picked an RP over a hot area so one ship took a hit. He lost oil pressure but went into and out of the LZ anyway. Climbing out his engine quit and he made a nice autorotation. We covered him, his extraction and the aircraft recovery. As we were leaving Cobra had taken our place and found several VC and sampans. We expended on that. We went out a few more times and after it got dark we realized Charlie was throwing 50 caliber stuff at us and we couldn't find the source. The ARVNs had 5 battalions around the VC. During the night Charlie got away leaving 156 bodies several machine guns, packs of ammo and all kinds of weapons etc. My wingman's copilot got hit in the chest protector, but he's OK.

19 November, Friday

We went back to Tan Hiep to help finish up and escort supplies in and medivacs out. Then stood by at My Tho.

20 November, Saturday

We were supposed to have today off, but had to get up early to go to Soc Trang for a mission. We made a recon but found only some one shot Charlies. We recommended against a lift, but it went anyway. The only action all day was a few one shot Charlies that shot at me. Later Lead and a heavy fire team went to Can Tho to assist in a resupply. I went out and made the extraction, and then got released.

21 November, Sunday

Standby. Sent a fire team to Tra On to escort resupply. Walt Probka took a hit in the arm.

22 November, Monday

Operation to Tra On today. All we did was bring in resupplies but the ground operation to secure the area was big. I took a hit not 300 meters from the friendlies. We ran a local dusk patrol because Soc Trang was hit by a 75mm last night - 33 rounds.

23 November, Tuesday

0100 takeoff for night recon. Then an 0830 takeoff for an operation against a mortar shell factory. There were 50 grenades captured at a cost to aviation of \$608 per grenade. Fuel is costly. I had a fire warning light come on over the operational area and had to set down in the LZ. Fortunately, it was only in the wiring.

24 November, Wednesday

Standby

Hits on my aircraft:

29 June - P - Tan Hiep, Under CP seat - Fore and aft cyclic control and M6 control box.
13 October - AC - Can Tho, Under CE. Through feed chute and M6 wiring.
19 October - AC - Tan Hiep, Hit bottom of M60C.
30 October - AC - Ca Mau, 5 feet from end of blade.
22 November - AC - Vinh Long, Top left **Doyle pole** bracket.
28 November - AC - Rach Giah, 4th stringer tail boom, synch elevator push-pull tube, missed
T/R cables.
28 January - AC - Cao Lanh, Radio door latch pitot tube.
31 January - AC - Vinh Long, Scratched on nose.
2 February - AC - My Tho, Ripped 8 inch in right side tail boom.

Maverick Pilots '65-'66

Capt Jack Sanford
Capt Frank Estes
Capt Joe Moffett
Capt Bert Rice
Lt Tony Clemente
Lt John Sedam
Lt Bob Berquist
Lt Charlie Wren
CWO CV Mills
CWO George Karcher
WO Jim Tuttle
WO Paul Lassiter
CWO Dale Hoke
CO Chuck Dominy
WO Bill LaChance
WO Ben Benjamin
WO Pete Stephens
CWO Bob Kinlaw
CWO Ed Reisinger
WO Larry Jackson
WO Bob Hlubin
Lt Walt Probka
CWO Scott Davis
Lt Jack Dejong
WO Andy Anderson
WO John Mullins
CWO Nelson Martin
WO Denny Marvicsin

Platoon Call Signs of various Aviation Companies:

Mavericks	A/502nd	Armed Platoon
Outlaws	A/502nd	Slicks
Cobras	114 th	Armed Platoon
Knights	114 th	Slicks
Vikings	121 st	Armed Platoon
Tigers	121 st	Slicks
Thunderbirds	A/101st	Armed Platoon
Warriors	A/101st	Slicks
Razorbacks	120 th	Armed Platoon
Snoopy	120 th	Slicks
Pack Rats	120 th	Slicks
Firebirds	A/501st	Armed Platoon
Bandits	118 th	Armed Platoon
Falcons	A/82nd	Armed Platoon
Cowboys	A/82nd	Slicks
Rattlers	A/501st	Slicks
Playboys	197 th	Armed Platoon
Raiders	197 th	Armed Platoon
Dragons	52 nd Aviation Battalion	
Dustoff	Medivac	
Green Delta	13 th Aviation Battalion	
Roadrunner	150 th (A/502 nd - Outlaws) Maintenance	
Road Service	544 th (114 th Avn Co) Maintenance	
Smoke Doctor	118 th	
Panthers	7 th AC	
Falcon	Air Force spotter planes - L19	
Beaver	US Pilot on VNAF Skyraiders	
Dolphin	61 st Avn Caribou	
Hawk	73 rd Avn Co - Mohawk	
Wrecker	80 th (121 st) Maintenance	
Falcon	A/1st	Armed Platoon
Stagecoach	A/1st	Slicks
Crocodiles	119 th	Armed Platoon
Alligators	119 th	Slicks
Dragonfly	52 nd Airlift Platoon	
Tailormade	117 th	Slicks
Sidewinder	117 th	Armed Platoon
Baron	USAF FAC at An Khe	
Python	USAF FAC at Pleiku	
Shotgun	Army L19s	

Definitions

AC - Aircraft Commander

ARVN - Army of the Republic of Viet Nam

CA - Combat Assault

Caribou - An Army twin engine cargo and troop transport

CE - Crew Chief

COC - Combat Operations Center

Daisy Chain - The tactic used when a fire team flies an oval pattern with one side of the oval over the friendlies advance.

DZ - Drop Zone

Eagle - An operation where someone goes looking for trouble, finds it, and puts the airlift on it.

FAC - Forward Air Controller (Air Force)

Fire Team - Two gunships working as a team. A heavy Fire Team is 3 ships as a single team.

Flex Kit - and M6 kit

G - Gunner

Gunship - The armed ship that carries 14 rockets and four machine guns.

Hawg - The armed ship that carries only the 48 rocket tubes (M3)

LZ - Landing Zone

M3 kit - the 48 shot rocket system

M5 kit - the nose mounted 40 mm grenade launcher

M6 kit - the set of four M60 machine guns mounted w on each side of the aircraft and controlled and aimed by the copilot.

P - Pilot

RF - Combat Assault

RP - Release Point

SF - Special Forces

Slick - Unarmed Uh-1

VNAF - Vietnamese Air Force

Numbering

1 is always a fire team leader and 3 is his wingman

2 is always a fire team leader and 4 is his wingman