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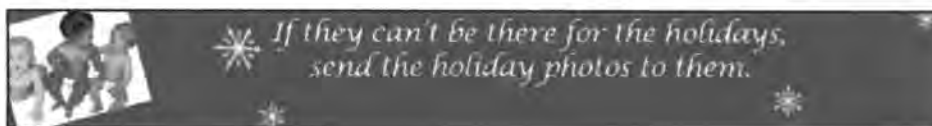
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Date: Tue, 2 Jan 2001 23:00:18 EST

Subject: more of the same

To:

[REDACTED]

31. Sometimes when we were flying along we would encounter other aircraft. I remember one day sitting in POL and a crane flew right over head at maybe 100 feet. WOW

32. One of the typical days would have formation flight. We flew tight, less than the normal two rotor disks, but when we were doing it every day we became proficient. I normally flew trail but sometime flew one or two. Often times when we would come home we would do a break, usually a left break from a right echelon. Sometimes it looked good.

33. I remember one mission up north and we were flying along in formation and a jet flew underneath us. That was interesting.

34. Down south the most please aircraft we would encounter was the freedom bird. Seldom did we work around Long Bihn that we didn't see at least one.

35. One day up north I was on a single ship mission. As you recall there was a ridge line parallel to the coast say 10 miles west of Sally. For grins one day we decided to fly as fast as we could towards the base of the ridge and when we got to the base I would do a cyclic climb up the side of the ridge. Well, all went well and just as we broke over the top, there coming the other way at about 150 knots was an OV-1 Mohawk. I couldn't have gotten a better look at his SLAR if I was on the ground at the ramp. How we did not touch I do not know. It was almost six dead.

36. From time to time we would fly to Marble Mountain in DaNang. It was essential a marine base, but the was some army there (O-1, OV-1, CH-47 and UH-1 units). We would normally stay with the Back Cats, the 282nd Aslt. One night we got rocketed and hit two hooches away, Seven dead.

37. When we flew to and from DaNang we had to fly under the jet traffic, which meant we had to low level down the beach past the end of the runway, neat.

38. We had a tactical emergency up north one time and we had to put more troops in to the LZ. The LX was laid out west to east and we came in from the east. The west and northwest part of the LZ was on fire. There was a fair amount of contact going on. I had no problem getting in, took no hits and was

McWhorter
flyover
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departing as directed by C & C. Just as I broke the tree line something caught my eye to my left and slightly above me. Within a split second I realized there was a jet, a 105 as I recall going perpendicular to my flight. I noticed that below him, but no longer attached to his airplane were two canisters. We were so close that we could see each others faces. His was covered and had his visor down. It was like a series of snapshots from the moment I say him until he was gone. I don't think we missed each other by about 50-60 feet. Then after what seemed five minutes, but was probably 5 seconds the napalm went off. Thankfully ! its momentum had carried it past our aircraft and when it exploded it blew away from us. We only felt a little concussion. I guess that's why there was a fire in the corner of the LZ.

39. We had several aircraft that had art work. **Probably LSD was everyone's favorite.** My airplane was 66-16221. It had a name for a while until the MP's gave me a DR for it. It read FTA. but if you got up close it said Flight to America. The troops loved it. Well, this was my bird from the time I made aircraft commander until she was lost. I missed my first shot at an R & R when I was in the hospital and didn't go until my 10th month. When I returned I got the story. Max Beebe, my then section leader was flying my aircraft and they had either an engine failure or a short shaft failure. Anyway as the story he put it down with only smiling skids. A 47 brought it back to Sally for repair. While there a truck backed into it and knocked the tail boom off. Then another 47 took it in a net headed for depot maintenance. The aircraft started oscillating and they punched it off. All this while I was on R & R. So, then I got! Polish Power as Paul Trurston had left the unit. That was 66-16113. It outlasted me in RVN and I think it was Troll that left it in Laos and the guns had to go in and destroy it.

40. One day I was flying 131. it was a second platoon aircraft and it was the one that both Mudge and Sanchez had had short shaft failures. We were single ship Cooney was my CE that dat and Metcalf was my peter pilot. I was looking for a unit FM homing actually at 150 feet. I could see Sally to the Northeast. Suddenly over nothing but trees we had a loud report from the engine compartment. I looked at the gauges and the engine was fine, but not the rotor, we were going down. My copilot said its OK keep flying. We had few choices. I was on OPS freq so I keyed the mike and said "26 going down." I then enter autorotation. I could see that with nothing but trees we were about to have a real adventure. OPS was very quick to respond and asked for my location. I was kind of busy but responded five miles south off the end of Sally's runway, which was close. Just about the time we were going to have to select the group of trees to hit! the lord provide us an LZ. We were 90 degrees to the long axis, but had no change to change our direction. I zeroed out the airspeed and waited until I could see ground in my chin bubble. When I did I slammed the cyclic forward to level and pulled pitch. We were down safely, although I did bend the left rear cross tube. Cooney ran up and actually kissed me. I guess that was OK because he was from California. Metcalf pulled all the radios except FM and set up the perimeter with the crew. I could talk to OPS and soon Larry Clarke was in the area looking for me. He said, I never knew if he was kidding, that the way he found me was that he saw some men in black pajamas headed in a specific direction and just got ahead of then and there we were. Alex Viegla was in maintenance then and later asked me how I ever got the aircraft into the LX without hitting a tree. I would love to take the credit, but I believe to this day that it was ! divine intervention in that one.