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41. The hooce maids called me "Cool Aid". I had something they had never seen before. I would have my parents send me kool aid packages and I would put them in ice trays and then have pop sicles. They were taken with them and in retrospect I probably should have been more generous.

42. My first hooce maid was named Lon. She was smart and cute. She ended up getting a job at the PX. Well, one day we were at the hooch and got called out on a mission. It was a long way to the aircraft but I hustled. I had forgot that I had been counting my money, over \$100.00 just before getting scrambled. As I strapped in and yelled clear there at my door was Lon with my money. She was afraid someone might take it. She had followed me all the way to the airplane. Sweet gal.

43. I arrived in RVN on Sep 1, 1967. I had been assigned to the 4th Division but was reassigned to 12th Group at the 90th replacement. When I got to the 12th group I was impressed. As I recall there were eight of us, all from my flight class. We were told that this air-conditioned houses and trailers were not where we would be assigned to a Battalion. If we were lucky we would get the 145th Bn, because they were a good one. It took one a few hours. More went to the 145th then elsewhere, but three of us went to the 269th in Cu Chi. Jim Ogle and Paul Thurston picked us up in the courier flight and away the three of us went. We spent the night in Cu Chi, not a bad place, the club was air-conditioned and they had wooden walk ways. The three of us learned that there were the companies and we would go to one of the three. If we were lucky we would stay in Cu Chi and be a Hornet with the 116th. But the Black Hawks, lat! er renamed the crusaders, the 187 or 189th I don't now remember weren't all that bad. The third company, well you don't want to get there. I turned to Elliott, one of my two classmates and said i don't know about you but with my luck I am headed to Dau Tieng. As it turned out Sanchez and I reported the next day to the 188th. Elliott went to Tay Nihn.

44. When I arrived at the unit I was bunked with the gun's until assignment. I remember that the two closest bunks were Alexander and Arp. Arp had this pretty picture of a playboy bunny in his area. Being a hot young jock and wanting to feel accepted as a man I explained to Arp what I would love to do to the Playboy Bunny. Strike one, it was his wife.

45. Alexander was probably the most friendly of the tent mates. I found him to be educated and articulate with a lot of warmth. It was only a few months later he let a few pair of rockets get away from him on a gun run and got three of us sitting in the LZ.

46. The [REDACTED] was coming back from [REDACTED] when I joined them. They had been

SPIDERS

at Phuoc Tuy just outside of Tien Wo (Spelling?). There they had had two bad experiences. First one gunship was down low level and climbed up and set a second killing eight. This was Mr. Davis accident. On the day the guns had been given a pacification mission that did not sit well. The way it was told to me is that the Koreans were told they were not patrolling their area enough and so then went marching down a valley. They drew fire and sent in a Lt. and an NCO to explain that they were ROK troops, not Americans and not to mess with them. The VC in the Vil killed them both. So the ROK troops called in the guns and had them patrol the far side of the village. Anybody that runs, shot them. Then the Koreans marched up and set the village on fire.

MID
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47. It was sometime in the first week that we met the Commander, then Major McWhorter. A very pleasant fellow we all chatted in his office. By then there were other new guys, Rhodes, Watts and Pokorski also. As I left the office the first Sgt., DePalm ask to speak with me. He explained that I was never to sit on the commanders desk again...put a little of the fear of God in me, he did.

48. Remember the monkey the Jones had? Remember his name? We also had the doge Spider and Web. One died down south, I don't recall now. The second, I believe it was Web was killed when because he picked up a bone in the Huey, murder suicide.

49. Every now and then we would go shark hunting. The water was so clear that you could see them as we flew over. I don't recall ever hitting one, however.

50. We were told that if we ever saw an elephant we could shoot them, I never saw one. Some of the fellows would go deer hunting. I recall, do not remember, eating any animal though. One time at Phuoc Tuy there was a Cav aircraft that brought in a larger elephant. A patrol had run across it. It was so big that it extended out both sides of the Huey.

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