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I will try and talk about interaction with other units.

81. We had attached to our unit a signal detachment (maybe 4th Signal?) and a maintenance detachment (603rd). I do not remember if the medical detachment had their own designation.

82. When we arrived at Da Tieng there were elements of the 4th Infantry Division located there. In what amounted to a swapping of colors they became part of the 25th Division.

83. As you know our unit suffered through a mortar attack that damaged some 24 (9) aircraft. From time to time, I guess based on intelligence sources we (the aircraft) were disbursed at night. Sometimes we would fly to Cu Chi and sleep with our sister unit the 116th Hornets. Several times we were sent to Vung Tau and slept with the Mohawk unit.

Normally, we would not even know until the evening when we came home that we were disbursing. Sometimes we did it in a flight and sometimes-single ship. The quarters were always nicer than ours. We were always treated well and the men were cared for. These units were good to us.

84. While I was there I provided some kind of support for the US Navy, including landing on one of the LS...something, the Air Force, the Marines, the RVN Army and Marines as well as working with Cambodian mercenaries. We supported Army units such as 1st ID, 25th ID, 9th ID, 4th ID, 101st Air Mobile, 199th Light AB, the 82nd and 173rd AB. More about these later.

85. One of the best kinds of support that we got was fuel. There was basically go juice (fuel) at every built up installation. So, if we were in southern III corp. we could go to Vung Tau, Tan An, Black Horse, Bear Cat, or Ham Tan (off the top of my head). Every time but once the stuff was there ready and waiting. Thank you to all those soldiers that had those blivets full of fuel ready for us. We almost always pumped our own, but at least it was there. The exception will be in a future edition.

86. We of course did not do all of our own maintenance. There was depot level maint available. I do not recall down south where that was but up north I think it was at Red Beach.

87. Down south the supply lines went north from Saigon area to Cu Chi. From there they followed the road to Tay Ninh and then we got what was left on that army convoy.

Up north the logistics were different. It was a marine convoy out of Da Nang. Some of the convoys went up to the DMZ so we were not always last on the line.

I had an opportunity to travel on this Marine convoy once myself. When we were up north I was the custodian for the EM and NCO clubs and President of the Board of Governors for the officers club (HMFIC). The club was self-sufficient and was able to provide lots of creature comforts for the troop until the CO changed all that. More on that later, this is about the CONVOY!

In advance of my flying to Da Nang to buy goods for the clubs, we sent three deuce and a half trucks to Marble Mountain. I was flown down and met the trucks that had picked up about a cubic yard of aircraft parts. We proceeded down town to the PX/BX warehousing area and loaded the trucks with 16 pallets of beer and soda. It was a lot of fun watching the fork lift operators' work. A pallet of beer is fairly square and consists of 80 cases stacked on a wooden pallet. The concept of course was for the forklift driver to drop the forks down below the cardboard enclosed cases to the wooden pallet and slip the forks into the wooden pallet and then lift the pallet. As you have probably guess, this drive found it great sport to be a foot high with his forks. He would stand back about 30 feet and charge the pallets impaling them with his forks. Because the soda and beer were all carbonated the pallets would squirt and was interesting to watched the first few times. He must have been an inductee.

Six pallets fit nicely an a truck so we had six on one, six on another and four pallets on the one with aircraft parts. I had tried had to insure that the ones he loaded for us were not dripping. I think we did have some minimal damage.

The soda was easy to buy; the beer was a little more difficult and somewhat restricted. In addition there were brand problems. You may ask for Bud and all they had was PBR. In addition they would make you buy some of the local beer (Philippine or Korean). So we had a pallet of Philippine, PBR, Shiltz and Bud on this trip. The total was almost \$7,000 as I recall.

We had to go to the Marine base next to verify that we were in tomorrows convoy to Sally. Someone had tentatively put us on the list and we had to confirm this along with getting our time to the assembly point and our sequence number in the convoy.

The Marine base looked like something stateside with its permanent buildings/ As true aviators we parked all three trucks right out front of the building we needed to visit.

Well, when we were done and ready to walk back to the trucks some Marine Captain came in

the door and asked whose beer outside. We claimed the beer. We were then asked if we were in tomorrow's convoy. Yes, again was our answer. He then asked if we knew that beer would not be on the convoy. I tried to explain that we had aircraft parts, (that was what the manifest said) however nominal and the soda for the troops also. We were told to wait. Now I will admit that we knew that beer was not supposed to be on that convoy, but we really thought we could get away with it, I mean we had gotten away with so much already. For example the day before we went to the beach after picking up the stuff. There we found a wrecker truck. It was abandon so we procured it and had a ball. We would have brought back to Sally, but ended up returning it to the location we found it. We all wanted to go back to the states, but not to Leavenworth!

Well we were caught with the beer, no buts about it and as the only officer I was the one who had to go talk to the Marine LTC. Of course he chewed for awhile about us breaking the rules knowingly and that we could not go in his convoy, period. He also complained that were we parked out front and accused us of lying by only listing aircraft parts on the manifest of cargo,

I explained that I was a pilot and not a ground pounder and how was I supposed to know that he didn't allow beer on his convoy (I didn't lie, I asked the question). There was no softening so I then started on the morale issue. That didn't work either. He explained that Marines didn't get beer, neither would the Army. He told me the beer had to stay the soda and parts could go. I was making progress, but I wouldn't split the crew and the beer and soda were mixed together, not all on one truck. I told him how we supported his Marines at the Rock Pile, Khe Sahn and Dong Ha. He must have been a true REMF as that didn't seem to work. OK one last shot, if logistics was what he cares about I would try his style.

I again explained that my unit deserved the soda and beer and I would get it to them. He would not let me use his road, OK. I explained that I would return to Marble Mountain and request a Marine CH-46 for the beer. If that didn't work I would call my unit and have them ferry the beer in our own helicopters. Would he rather us do that? Well that was his button. Line up time was about 4:30 AM it was time to see what DaNang night life had to offer.

We lined up on time and waited a couple of hours before we began to roll. Having gone to flight school right out of basic, I had little experience with army trucks let alone the dusty narrow path that lay ahead. I road as shotgun in the first vehicle.

Once we began to move we seldom stopped the entire trip home. Our biggest fear, an ambush did not take place.

We were like number 134, 135 and 136 or some such number in the convoy. Probably three or four miles back from the lead. But we weren't the last ones in line.

We had lined up at the side of the road and once we started moving we were in the right lane

of a two-lane road. From time to time we could see glimpses of the beautiful Da Nang bay prior to climbing the mountains. We passed many civilians doing they daily work, cutting wood, transporting goods etc. There was the occasional bus that was of course was overloaded with people and chickens. This was a great view of what the locals were all about. For miles I just watched the populous. It was quite a different view than flying overhead.

It wasn't an hour before we began our climb up to the pass, which was obscured by clouds. There is where we thought the ambush would be. I had flown the pass before and remembered that there was a small collection of houses in the pass.

The climb was tedious. The road snaked left and right following the contours as we went steadily upward. We could look up ahead and see nothing but convey or down below for more convoy. I was impressed. As we neared the pass I was spending most of my time looking back either through the mirror or by leaning out the window. The view of the bay was so beautiful. I thought when the war is over I need to build a casino right here.

Along the climb there was just uninhabited bush. I did see a railroad tunnel and thought it would be neat to explore. It was probably the home to lots of folks from the other team.

Eventually we got to the pass and to my surprise the buildings there were mostly uninhabited. They were not in good condition either.

After clearing the pass we meandered along the side of the mountain. The road was down to one lane and narrow at that. Our drives, just like the rest did a wonderful job. The road was so narrow that I can remember looking down out the window and looking straight down hundreds of feet. One mistake and it was over. This is why they had a width restriction on the convoy!

We slowed down to a crawl and all of a sudden we had a visitor. The shotgun from the second vehicle had hopped up on the running board on the driver's side and surprised us both. He was out of smokes. He road along there chatting and smoking until we started speeding back up to our 25 mph pace.

Soon the mountains were behind us and it was clear sailing to Hue. We had been told that the convoy was just to Phu Bai. There were a couple of vehicles going to Hue, but we were on our own to Sally. Well, for some reason I had my map and we used our that over 50,000 to navigate the streets of Hue. It was a beautiful city loaded with damage. I couldn't help but wonder what it had been like just a few months before. Too bad.

We were a little itchy in our truck, no more support, just three trucks headed for Sally. Once we cleared Hue it was pedal to the metal. My truck still ion the lead, hoping that the road wasn't mined and if it was hoping we didn't find one. We past a few bikes and some oncoming vehicles, but we were feeling a little vulnerable and if I had had a FM radio I

probably would have asked the Spiders if they were busy. Much of the trip had been laughing and joking but now I seemed to gain some awareness of what other people did on their jobs. I was very glad to be an aviator.

The main race was to beat dark. We just did not want to be out past dark. Bad things happened after dark. (our mothers would have been proud). Well we almost made it pulling into Sally just past full dark. It had been a long day and a thrilling one. My guys did a great job and we all got back safely!

88. One of the people that we did business with on a regular basis was the Navy. That is where we got most of our steaks. Yes our mess hall would cook them, sometimes cook out up north, but we would have to procure them. Now this process was sometimes more difficult than others. Sometimes we could pay for them in cash. Sometimes we would have to barter for them with Booze and or captured weapons. One time we even bartered the name of a certain young lady in Taipei, along with some other items.

89. Our other major trading partner was the CB's. There we got much of our wood to build things. It was about our only source other than ammo crates. With the CB's we traded aircraft favors as well as booze and weapons.

90. The last group that I will list here is the Philippine group that entertained us down south. See the video. It was a traveling troop of four women and a girl as I recall that entertained us at the party. We had just finished the "movie" theater or what ever we called it just before they arrived. That must have been around Oct 1967.

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