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From: [REDACTED] (Richard Green) | [Block Address](#) | [Add to Address Book](#)

To: "Holzheuser, Henry Mr" <[REDACTED]>

CC: [REDACTED] > "Handel Geoff" <[REDACTED]>  
 [REDACTED] > [REDACTED] <[REDACTED]>  
 [REDACTED] > [REDACTED] <[REDACTED]>  
 [REDACTED] > [REDACTED] <[REDACTED]>  
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 [REDACTED] > [REDACTED] <[REDACTED]>  
 [REDACTED] > [REDACTED] <[REDACTED]>

Subject: Re: BWs - Need your help

Date: Wed, 11 Apr 2001 14:12:00 -0400

Henry,

I will get this out by e-mail to those that have addresses for that time frame, and will also schedule it for the next newsletter. If the people you seek are found, we can add an "And that's the rest of the story" to the article.. Okay?

Richard Green

-----Original Message-----

From: Holzheuser, Henry Mr. [REDACTED]

To: [REDACTED]

Date: Wednesday, April 11, 2001 11:40 AM

Subject: RE: BWs - Need your help

>Richard: Great news letter this month, love those personnel stories, super >reading.

>No joy on the incidents below, but here is one I asked Geoff (BW 26) about >and am still looking:

>  
 > -- I have been looking for the name of a W01 & crew that shared a wild ride

>with me during a night extraction of a lost LRP patrol northwest of Saigon.

>I put him and the crew in for an award, but left soon afterward to fly

LRRP / RAINY SEASON RESCUE

> Cobras with 17th CAV and always wondered if they ever got it.  
> It was during the rainy season, not sure of date (fall of 1967), but if  
> they are still around I would like to get a line on them.  
Maybe you could  
> run the event and we might get a some one to admit to it. ----  
>  
> We were returning to Dau Tieng dodging rain squalls after a long day of  
> ash and trash around Saigon when I responded to a call on guard from an Air  
> Force FAC. He had picked up a distress call from a LRP team.  
As soon as we  
> arrived on station the FAC took off, low on fuel, and said there was a guy  
> on the ground that needed help. It was about 20 miles northwest of Sigon  
> over heavy jungle.  
> The LRP team was in a panic, they were being chased by NVA, their radio  
> batteries were about gone, and no light source for us to ID them in the dark  
> jungle. It sounded OK, the guy had a Brooklyn accent that no NVA could have  
> faked. I told them to get to any clearing and start some sort of fire so we  
> could spot them and extract. The rain and darkness was making it tough on  
> both of us, but we were cozy and dry with 1000 lbs of fuel, so we circled  
> and waited. In about 5 minutes the LRP said he was in a clearing an about to  
> start a small fire and gave us steering directions based on the chopper  
> noise. The fire was just a bare flicker in a black hole, but we started in  
> between the rain squalls. The "clearing" was a 100 meters across in the  
> middle of 150 foot tall Teak forests. It was covered with a grove of bamboo  
> about 10 tall. We got lucky and the limber bamboo stalks bent over from  
> the rotor wash as we came to a hover, but the tail rotor was chopping its  
> own little path the crew chief kept mentioning. That worried me some, but  
> it held on. The seven LRPs clamored up the skids and God bless the "H"  
> model and that 1500 HP Lycoming. We took it straight up 200 feet over the  
> canopy tops and home to mama. Didn't bleed off one RMP.  
> On the way back to Sigon, I asked the LRP leader how he kept that fire  
> going in all that rain and he said everything had been wet for days, but he  
> had some letters from home and they burned like dry tinder?  
Makes you  
> wonder. We missed dinner that night, but no one griped.  
> It was a crancy move, but the 7 guys in the patrol thought we were sent  
> from heaven. It was good to be a chopper pilot, you could do those things  
> on you own.