Dick

Landing on tank at F.S. B. two choppels were called to resupply ammunition late at night 9:00. 10:00 PM there was no moon it was pitch black night. We flew in at 4,500 ft. five mi ~~from~~ base comp it looked like the fourth of July ~~Okay~~ fore real. We had fifty cal tracers bullets on us. they look like basket balls going by. sure makes you pucker up. the 30 cal looked like fire hoses. there were thousands of rounds in air. I have never seen such fire power display. We just knew we would not make it back. three miles to L.Z. when we had a huge fire ball to the right three o'clock. it turned night into day. it literly lite up the sky. We found out later that F 4 phantom jet & helicoper collided. No one was using running light for obvious reasons. 1/2 mile to L.Z. at 300 FT. I was on spid directing chopper down it was still pitch black except for tracers & 20 mil. 30 ft visibility at best I saw mound that looked like small foot bump. I told the pilot to continue to hover with slow descent 10-15 ft the mound was a tank. Its cannon went off. the noise & concussion was unreal, I thought we bit the dust right then, as did everyone on board.

a quick check of my body parts and the chopper was still flying. I was still on chopper skids. I had chopper move 20 ft to right & set it down. Visibility was 20-25 ft at best. Eight to ten black figures were running at us with weapons. It was the hardest thing in my life not to fire the 30 cal machine gun. If I made a wrong call we would be captured made prisoners. A hard fast choice for a young 23 year old. At eight ft we saw that they were ours. We unloaded the ammo and split we found out later that the V.C. had taken half of the camp. We were lucky to land in right half. With the ammo we delivered they retook the camp the next morning. We were the only ship to make it in. We made it back to our base without a scratch but got a couple bullet holes in the rotor blade

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