

Mike Law

From: Gary Roush <[REDACTED]>
To: <claw@vhpa.org>
Sent: Friday, September 24, 1999 6:44 PM
Subject: Change for battle database

Hi Mike,

I have added the following story from the battle database to this helicopter record based on a note from TAJER. You should either delete it from the battle database or reference this helicopter and date. The story was published several days later:

UH-1H 66-16247 on 12/27/1967

Pacific Stars and Stripes information
for 192 AHC

For date 680204

192 AHC was a US Army unit
Primary service involved, US Army
South Vietnam

Description: □4Feb68-A Bird Was Burning As All Hope Fled - Bullets riddled the chopper that was to land Luke Roach in the middle of the war. [file://what](#) follows is a feature story by Bob Cutts// He knew his bird was hit. It started to fall right away. There was nothing he could do but take her in, trying to get out of the way of the ships behind him. Thoughts shot through his mind like the armor-piercing machine-gun bullets that had just perforated his helicopter - "Too low. No Power. Gotta land." Flames whipped from his engine cowling, he wrestled the last few yards out of the dying controls and the ship plopped into a dry rice paddy, never to fly again. And Luke Roach set right in the middle of the war. Radio jargon tumbled into his ears through the helmet headphones, and it was seconds before he could sort the messages out. "You're on fire! Get out!" As he checked off the control systems on the panels before him, Capt. Roach wondered dully whose bird was burning. Firing in the landing zone around him sounded "like rain on a tin roof." The voice of 192nd AHC CO Maj. Ron Baker, his boss, he recognized: "Roach, you're on fire. Get out of the airplane." As his rotor blades ground to a halt above him, Roach finally realized he was here to stay. He looked up. Bullets ploughed through the wispy grass around the ship. The 173d Airborne troopers he had brought in were rapidly disappearing behind nearby paddy dykes. Smoke was pressing in through the open doors. "Get out! Get out!" he yelled to his men. Behind him, door gunner "Knives" Neives and crew chief Keith Johnson scrambled outside. Co-pilot Lenny TAJER dived back over the radio console and disappeared. Roach wondered what he was waiting for. He slid the armor door plate back to get out. It jammed. He swore, forcing it back further, and it