

SCALPHUNTER



MEMORIES

B TROOP 7/17 CAV
1971-1972

H TROOP 17 CAV
1972

AUTHOR UNKNOWN AT
THIS TIME
Mike Law

SCALPHUNTER



MEMORIES

SCALPHUNTER MEMORIES

How do you put into words your experiences with a group of the finest soldiers it was my honor to serve with. They may not have been the best spit and polish group of soldiers, but they were all professionals at what they did. And yes when the job was done they were also the rowdiest group. Drinking and raising hell in the hooch, or at the club to the early hours of the morning. On special occasions we drank a concoction called a Green Mother Fucker if you were lucky it came right back up. But when it came mission time, they were all professional, maybe a little hung-over. I was always amazed that we could function let alone do a mission, after some of those nights. The missions were always accomplished, no matter how we felt.

It may seem like all the Scalphunters did were get drunk and fly. There was times that we did not fly "Ha Ha". There were a lot of nights that all we did is set around and talk and take it easy, but when we partied, we really did party. I think one of the biggest reasons we drank so much was to forget the war, even if it was only for a few hours. It was one way of escaping the reality that the next mission could be your last. Which naturally no would talk about.

One time at the club while talking to a group of grunts, and the question came up as to what we did. Informed them that we were scout observers, and flew in loches just above the trees. The one Sergeant came up with one of the best examples of a scout observer "Adrenalin Junkies" along with the usual one that you guys must be nuts.

I hope that you will enjoy reading these memories, as much as I did writing them. Maybe by reading this it may bring back some of your memories (Good ones I hope).

FIRST MISSION

Captain Gerischer informed me that we would be going to Kontum to replace a crew that had been shot down. The crew had been rescued, and they were fine.

Once we arrived in the Kontum area we were briefed in the air as to the target area. It was the ridge to the east of Kontum that had been firing rockets into the compound at Kontum. We circle just south of the area on top of the ridge. Lt Smith was in the trail bird. Captain Gerischer had a unique way of getting to the area. From 3000 ft above ground we noised over and headed straight down. Captain Gerischer informed Lt Smith to keep power in on the way down. The airspeed indicator was showing 160, but as Gerischer stated we were out of trim and don't believe the airspeed indicator. When we approach the ground, he made an abrupt move and we were leveled out just above the trees. Lt Smith must have done something wrong, because he called to say that he had over torque the aircraft and would be heading back.

It was my first time at trying to identify targets at 80 knots. Captain Gerischer did not slow down the whole time we were working the area. He stated when you slow down you get hit. We did identify three bunkers and mark them for the guns. That was my introduction to Scouting with Captain Gerischer. I did find out later that Captain Gerischer had recommend that I be a lead observer to Captain Finch. I guess I did something right. So after two more flights as a wing observer I was made a lead observer. That was like getting a promotion for an observer, and you flew with lead pilots which had more experience. It was usually the wing aircraft that took the majority of the hits.

Flying with Captain Gerischer was like being in a fast train. You did not get shot at too often, but I'm sure we missed a lot of targets. There was one time where we actually slowed down and were rewarded with seeing three NVA try to get into a spider hole at the same time. After laughing about it for a few seconds we took care of business. The guns were not happy that we did not allow them the opportunity.

As far as the guns were concerned the scouts were there to find targets of opportunity or draw fire, whichever came first. Then it would be their job to take care of business. When a scout started firing up a target, you would always hear. What's going on down there or move off so they could engage. With that said, I'm sure I would not be here today if it wasn't for that gun cover. They saved our bacon more times then I can remember.

FLYING WITH CAPTAIN JIM STEIN (Woodcopper 6)

Flying with Jim Stein was always an adventure, you never knew what would happen. You may get shot at, or hit a few trees. He may even fly the aircraft with no hands to show you by leaning to the left the aircraft will go left. Lean forward and the aircraft would start to nose over. He did have one bad habit. He liked to look out his door when you were on the deck. Which meant that no one was looking forward. You know how the old saying goes, never a dull moment. With Jim Stein you were guaranteed to have an adrenalin rush at least once a day. Here are a few of those missions that I had the honor to be part of.

THE BUNDLE

The mission that day was to work north of Kontum just days before the start of the Battle of Kontum. Working in a valley with sparse bamboo and little cover, following a trail when we came upon a bundle of weapons on the south side of the trail. Woodcopper 6 says let's land and pick it up. I informed him that I didn't feel comfortable doing that. I wasn't about to leave the copper without a weapon and run over and pick that bundle up. It could have been booby trapped or "charlie" could have been waiting in the brush. Woodcopper was not happy. Later that day I found out that the slick went down and dropped off the Blues to pick up the bundle.

THE SINGER FIND

Another normal day of scouting, and was assigned to the area south and west of Polie Kleng after the camp had fallen. Searching the area just south of the road for enemy activity. The area was open with no tree cover. I spotted a trench line running south and then turning west. As we moved closer to the trench, I spotted two items in the trench under a lean-to. Closer look revealed that they were sewing machines, and you could read the word singer on the machine. Information was reported to higher. Never heard if they were picked-up or destroyed.

THE TRUCK WITH MORTAR GEAR IN THE BACK

Mission this day was to work north of Kontum and east of highway 14 closer to Tan Canh than Kontum. Working the south side of a hill, we spotted a road running parallel to the hill. Following the road east we came upon an abandoned 2 ½ Ton truck with mortar gear in the back. After reporting it, the decision was made to mark it for fast movers. Marked target three different times with the same results. Fast movers never did hit the target, which was common.

THE GHOST HALFTRACK (West of the Big Blue)

The mission this day was to work west of the big blue. The big blue was the Krong Puko river that ran from Dak To south past Kontum and Polei Kleng. This area was always an experience as you could always figure that you would be shot at, and if you were lucky it would be small caliber not big caliber rounds.

The area was north of our usual area that we would work in. It was down in the valley just east of where Fire Support Base Charlie had been located before it was abandoned. Had been working the area for a while when we located a road which ran down through the valley. The road had signs of recent truck traffic, and it was decided to follow it north. A few miles up the road it curved to the left and we noticed that there were turn offs. It was a truck park, and then I spotted a vehicle half covered up with only part of the vehicle showing. You could see the distinct slope of the vehicle's front, which is one of the characteristics of a halftrack. You could also see part of one side of the vehicle, and there were tracks where tires should be. The sighting was reported to higher. We were informed later that there were no halftracks, and we must have been mistaken.

Had a mission a few days later that may answer the question? Halftrack or no halftrack. I call that mission the day the sky lit up.

MORNING BDA (West of the Big Blue)

The next day after finding the Ghost Halftrack, we had a mission to BDA that same area. It was a first light mission, and the B52's had dropped at around midnight.

We approached the area from the north going south, and you could see the damage the B52 strike had made. They had hit both the road and the truck park, but no damaged vehicles were spotted in the area.

The amazing thing is that from the time the strike had went in, and the time we did the BDA they had routed the road around the craters. The road had been repaired and there were signs of truck traffic on the road. They had accomplished this in about six hours, no small undertaking for any engineer unit.

RED TOOL BOX

After our BDA at first lite we continue following the road south, the road split and headed south and east. It was decided to follow it east, and see where it went to. The road came to the Big Blue and stopped, but it starts again on the other side. Continued to follow the road east and came to an area that was thick with trees. Doing a through search of the area, we came upon another truck park.

No vehicles were spotted, but found a bright red tool box in one of the pull off areas. Information was passed up, and we continued searching the area. The road final came out onto highway 14 and continued east into the wooded area. Unable to continue on with the search, as it was time for fuel, and were being relieved on station.

HOW TO OUT RUN A B52 STRIKE

A typical day of scouting, were working an area just north of the highway that ran between Polie Kleng and Kontum, This area would later become a bee hive of activity for the NVA, but not today. Had been working the area for a while from the east going west along a ridge. All of a sudden you could hear explosions going off in the distance, and each explosion was getting louder.

Just then the radio came alive with traffic, and the guns where telling us to get out of there. There was an Ark Lite starting in the area we were working. Jim flew us west at a fast rate of speed, but the explosions were getting closer. The gunship that was covering us said, break south you are flying in the direction the strike is going in. After breaking south and starting to gain attitude you could see the strike hitting the area that we would have been flying in.

Someone had forgot to inform us of the planned B52 strike in that area. We found out later that there had been no transmission on guard warning of the strike. At least we had a front row seat to the B52 strike. They are an impressive display of firepower to see.

TANK HUNT (West of the Big Blue)

The mission that day was to work west of the Big Blue looking for where they were crossing the river. Worked along the river heading north, located a road on the west side of the river. It was decided to follow the road. There were signs of truck traffic on the road. Went a few hundred meters up the road when we spotted tank tracks. Turned around and start back toward the river when the tracks just stopped. We figured they had backed it up, and about 100 meters up the road the tracks turned off to the west. It was hard to make out what direction it had went, because they had covered up the tracks. Just to the west of our location there was a thick wooded area, and I could just make out a dark object. As we approached the object there was movement around the object. I opened fire and marked the target area with a WP.

Since there were fast movers on station, the decision was made to use them on the target. After the bomb runs were complete, returned to the area to do a BDA. We came in from the north and west of the target area, and as usual the fast movers had missed the target. Their ordnance was dropped to the west of the target, but by chance they did hit what appeared to be an ammo storage area. There were ammo crates broken open and laying all over. But unable to get a clear picture of all the damage, due to more pressing business. I spotted movement in the wooded area, and before I could say anything the wooded area opened up with small arms firing and a 51 caliber. It was so close to the aircraft that he was firing under the aircraft. While trying to return fire the aircraft made an abrupt movement to the right and start to roll on its side. What happened was Jim had pulled the cyclic hard to the right. A split second later the aircraft smacked into a tree. I seamed like it took forever for the aircraft to roll back to the left and start going forward.

At this time we had another problem, the aircraft start to vibrate violently. We made it across the river, and set the aircraft down in a field. At the time the aircraft landed Jim had to keep the cyclic stick pulled all the way to the back, just to keep the aircraft level. As we unloaded the aircraft and made our way to the second Loch you could see that the rotor blades were almost touch the ground in the front, and you could see that the aft part of the mast was pulled up and forward. This aircraft was never recovered, and we would see it each time we flew over that area. Jim sure did like those trees.

LETS PAUSE
(West of the Big Blue)

The mission this day was going fine with no major problems, when it came down they wanted us to check out the area that we had been shot out of west of the Big Blue. It was asked if there had been any strikes in the area? Like B52 strikes or fast movers, and there reply was no.

We started north of that area and were seeing signs of activity the closer we approach the target area. When all hell broke loose from the east of our position. There were small arms and large caliber rounds coming from the area we'd been shot out of before. I returned fire and marked the area with a WP.

There was a problem, it felt like the aircraft just paused after Jim pulled in the collective. It seemed like a life time before the aircraft responded. I'm sure it was just a few seconds in real time. You have to understand that when you normally pushed the cyclic forward, and pulled the collective up the aircraft responded instantly. The funny thing about that was the enemy had traversed, his fire to where we would have been if the aircraft had responded. He then traversed it back to our location, but by then we were gone. The gods were with us that day.

We cleared the area and Jim said he was taking the aircraft back to Pleiku to have maintenance look at it. Jim was not a happy camper about this, as when we landed at the maintenance area he slammed the collective down and rolled it off and shut everything off right now. There was no cool-down that day.

You have to understand that it was about a 30-40 minute flight to Pleiku from the area. Jim did not cool-down the whole time back. The bright side to this is we made it out of that area with no damage to the aircraft or us.

THE DAY THE SKY LITE UPS (West of the Big Blue)

It was our last flight of the day, and was directed to recon the areas of the B52 strike that had went in a few days before. I guess they wanted to see if they were still using the road, and maybe check on the ghost halftrack. After verifying that the road was still in use, and no vehicles were spotted. They had us continue south toward the area we had been shot out of twice so far.

Now when you know that you are going into an area that you have been shot out of twice, and each time the firing has intensified. And they had not done anything with the area, like B52 strike or fast movers. All kinds of things start going through your mind, like three strikes and your out. It was close to dusk so you knew if you did get shoots down in this area, and they could not get to you right then. You would be on your own until morning. Not the kind of thoughts you really want going through your mind at this time. You want a clear mind, so that you can do the job at hand.

So here we our flying along just above the trees, the hearts pounding and you know what's coming. When all of a sudden we clear the tree line and were in a big open area. You have to understand that this is one of the worst situations to be in, flying out in the open. The enemy has all of the advantage, he can see you but you can't see him. He's inside the tree line undercover looking out at you, and probably saying to himself. Not what fool would fly right into my gun sights, and that's just what we did.

I remember say "ah shit" just about the same time that the tree line opened up, and I do mean the whole tree line. It was like a fourth of July fireworks display, and to top it off there was this massive muzzle flashes come from about 25 meters away. The C&C bird flying way up in the outer atmosphere said, something to the effect of "O my god" do you see all those tracers, thats a quad-fifty shooting at you. I really could not see the tracers, all I could see were the muzzle flashes. It was like the bullets were being fired right there inside the aircraft.

Now remember a few days early when we report a halftrack, and were told we must have been mistaken. How many vehicles mount a quad-fifty, maybe the ghost just appeared?

As luck would have it, they fired in-front and below us. While returning fire as we made our exit, I spotted stacks of crates all lined up in rows. I told Jim what I had seen, and it was reported. A few days later I was informed that there was no ammo pile in that area. I wonder way, maybe because they move it to another location.

By some miracle we made it out of the area, without so much as a scratch. I can't speak for Jim, but I was one shook up individual. I told myself then that I would not go into that area again. The only way I'd go back in there is if they bomb the hell out of it first.

COMMERCIAL AIRCRAFT SEARCH

This was one of a kind mission that we were assigned too. It was to search an area that a commercial aircraft had went down in. The aircraft had exploded at 33 thousand feet, and fell to the ground in pieces.

Our mission the first day was to first scout the area to insure there was no enemy activity. Then find and mark the area where aircraft sections were. The largest section still intact was the section over the wing, and the rest of the aircraft was scattered all over.

It was not hard to find the aircraft section in this area, because the terrain was open with a few trees. Most of the sections were easy to find due to the reflection of the sun of the metal.

The second day was a little different then the first, it was to find and mark the bodies. This day I was flying with another pilot, his name I cannot remember. Worked the area all day, and was glad to get out of there.

I sent Bart Burns down the third day of the mission as the observer, and told him that he would not need the 60 as it only gets in the way. Bart has an interesting story on that, which I'm sure he would be glad to tell.

WATCH-OUT FOR THAT TREE (OR WHY DO THEY CALL ME WOODCOPPER 6)

Flying with Woodcopper 6 north of Kontum and east of highway 14 in a valley with thick bamboo. We were looking for trails or roads that my lead to locating tanks? Tanks had been spotted in the area before, it was one of their routes that they had been using. The day before Lt Smith found a tank in the area and was rewarded by getting shot down. Both crew members were recovered with no injuries.

Due to the thick bamboo we had to hover down into the bamboo to open it up so that we could see down. Was moving forward slowly searching the area? Had been working the area for about 30 minutes when the hairs on the back of my head started to tingle. I looked up and there in front of us was a big tree. I hollered tree. Captain Stein was looking out his door instead of looking forward, which he always did. When he heard tree, he pulled back on the cyclic stick and up on the collective. The loch flared up and went through the tree belly first. The gun cover above us thought we had crashed at first, but then they reported a loch coming out the other side of the tree. Luckily there was no damage to the loch or us. Just some tree branches stuck to the skids. Never even spotted a tank that day, but now you know why Captain Stein was called Woodcopper 6. This was not the first time we had hit a tree.

THE ATTEMPTED RESCUE OF AN ARVN PILOT

Flying with Woodcopper 6 when were notified of an ARVN pilot shot down in the vicinity of Polei Kleng while providing support to Plie Klein. Received information that the pilot had went down east of Polei Kleng. Located pilots chute just off the road to Polei Kleng on the north side in a thick wooded area.

While scanning area we located pilot running toward Polei Kleng with a few individuals running after him. Before I could engage the enemy, we started receiving fire, and heard the familiar sound of bullets hitting sheet-metal. Was unable to return fire, as the enemy-had moved too close to the pilot. We move off to come back around from a different angle. When I looked into the back to see if there was any damage I saw bullet holes in the floor and fuel was coming out. They had hit use through the fuel cell. We had to break off and head back to Kontum where the aircraft was temporary repaired, and then to Pleiku to get another bird. Another aircraft continued the search, but the ARVN pilot was never recovered that we know of.

RESCUE OF DOWN PILOT

After returning from Pleiku with another aircraft that afternoon, and the rest of the day was uneventful. It was just about time to head home when Jim heard on the radio that the Pink Panthers had lost a crew up by Ben Het. The crew had been shot down hours ago, and they were still trying to rescue one of the crewmembers. Why they had not contacted us earlier was never really explained to us. There had been numerous attempts, but they had been unsuccessful.

One thing was for sure, as long as there was an American that needed help then Jim would do whatever it took to help him. Returned to Kontum to refuel, and then we headed up to the Ben Het area.

While in route to Ben Het Jim was on the radio talking with our gunships and the gunships from the Pink Panthers. They were forming a plan so that when we got there it could be put into action. It was getting dark by the time we arrived in the Ben Het area, but you could still see the downed Cobra just north of the tree line. It was decided that we would approach from the west and just north of the tree line going east at low level, and at the same time the guns would roll in from the north. If I'm not mistaken there was either six or eight gunships on line for the gun run.

RESCUE OF DOWN PILOT (Cont)

The crewmember had been spotted in a hole a short distance from the aircraft. You could see the blue lite flash each time we flew over at altitude. We headed west of the area to get in position, and wait for the guns to give us the go sign. Once we received it we started east, and dropped to the deck. Upon entering the general area where the pilot was located, we started our search. Our first pass through the area was unsuccessful. We could not see him anywhere. We turned around and started going west when I spotted a blue flash just south of our location. The pilot was holding up the strobe lite and pointing it toward us, it had the blue cover over the lite so that the enemy could not see it. I informed Jim who turned the aircraft around and headed to where the pilot was.

All during this time that we were on the deck searching for the pilot, the guns had been busy laying down fire on the tree line. The enemy knew that something was up, but unable to do anything about. This was accomplished by all the firepower that the guns were laying down into the tree line.

Once we moved over by where the pilot was it was apparent that the pilot could not get out of the hole. I got of the aircraft and moved to his location and assisted him to the aircraft. Once he was in the aircraft, and I got back in Jim took off heading west. We had just cleared the area, and I looked back to see how he was doing. He must have passed out, because he was starting to slide out of the aircraft. I informed Jim who dropped the aircraft down into a small open area where I got out, and climbed into the back to help him back into the aircraft. I remained in the back for the rest of the flight back to Pleiku. The pilot was complaining about his back and he keep going in and out of consciousness.

When we arrived at the evac hospital at Pleiku and they had moved the pilot into the hospital Jim got out and went in to find out his condition. He was informed that the pilot had not made it, and had been dead for about 20 minutes. That was hard to take because we had done all we could for him.

FLYING WITH CW3 ROGERS (The old man)

LOCATING A ROCKET LAUNCH SITE

While flying with Chief Rogers on a search mission to the east of Kontum I spotted a rocket take off and head toward the vicinity of Kontum. Informed Chief what I spotted and told him I have the location. Chief relayed information to C&C birds, and was told to mark location so gun ships could take it out.

It was decided to come in from the south going north. I directed the Chief to the location and dropped out a WP grenade onto the site. The WP grenade landed right on target and we were rewarded with secondaries. The gun ships rolled in on the target and reported secondaries from the WP grenade. They took out the remainder of the site, and were rewarded with additional secondaries. The site was ~~BAD~~ a short time later and it was reported site destroyed.

BDA

HUGHES TAIL SPIN

The Old Man and I were sent down to an ARVN base south and east of Pleiku along the highway. The mission that day was to search for a body bag that had been dropped from a slick while being slung down from the top of the mountain. There had been a crash of a C47 into the mountain due to bad weather. All persons on the flight had been killed when the aircraft slammed into the mountain.

The mountain was steep and thick with foliage, and there was a deep ravine on the side that the search was being conducted. Had been searching the area for a couple hours, when we had to stop for fuel. There was a fuel truck at the ARVN base so that we could stay in the area, and continue the search.

After a quick break it was back to the search. The wind had started to pick up, and it was a little ruff working up the side of the mountain. About half way up the mountain working in the ravine we spotted what we thought was a bag. The Old Man turned the aircraft around, and we started working down the ravine. All of a sudden the aircraft started to spin, and spin some more. If it wouldn't have been for the Old Mans quick response, we would have been the ones they would be looking for. He dropped the collective and shoved the cyclic forward to pick up some airspeed, and next thing you know were out of there.

Afterwards he was telling that was his first time getting caught in a Hughes tail spin, and that he was glad he remembered how to get out of it. I told him that I was glad that he remembered too. Continued to search the area, but with no results from us or the ground troops.

FLYING WITH LT SMITH (Smithy)

Flying with Lt Smith the bloodhound was always enjoyable, except when there was a possibility that there maybe a tank in the area. Lt Smith took it upon himself to find as many tanks as possible.

Once on the trail of a tank there were only two things that would stop the hunt. First was to get shot out of the area, and the second was for the 20 minute fuel lite to come on. In Lt Smiths mind he had 15 minutes of search time left.

FLIGHT TRAINING 101 BY LT SMITH

It was the second day of fighting in and around Kontum. The guns were providing cover to units in Kontum. The scout platoon was told to stand by at a small airfield on the north westside of Place.

We had been there for a while when Lt Smith decided to check me out on my pilot skills. He came up with a small stick that was to be used to get my attention when I missed up. Smithy said that was what the IP's used in flight school.

At first Lt Smith went into a long list of things he expected me to accomplish and exactly how they were to be executed. It was also stated that he was very good with the stick. I have to state that Lt Smith had a flare for the English language, as long as there were four letter words in each sentence.

My first tap on the head came when I forgot to start the clock, and the second one came when I forgot to say clear. I received two taps after I started the aircraft and I rolled the throttle on to fast. My first take off was fine, and it was decided that I should do at least two take off and landings. After that was done and numerous taps on the head. Thank god for the helmet. Next I would make a simulated tail rotor failure landing. Smithy asked me if I knew how to do that, and I explained that I thought I did. That brought two taps, you either do or don't. I never did get it right to his standards, and it was decided that I would do confined area take off and landings. After the second try and more taps on the head then I could count I'd had enough and during the last take off as Lt Smith was tapping my head I said you got it and let go of the controls. That brought out a flare of cuss words that would make anyone cringe. That was my last pilot skill check out by Lt Smith.

CHIP LITE

I was flying with Lt Smith on a search mission to the north and east of Kontum when a chip lite came on. The aircraft was a series one, which meant that you did not know if it was a tail rotor or transmission.

After returning to Kontum and having the chip detectors check for metal chips with no luck, it was decided to fly back to Pleiku. Smithy decided that we would fly just above the road in case it was the transmission. That way we could put it down fast if the transmission failed. The trip back to Pleiku was uneventful, and after landing at the maintenance area it dawned on use that we had just flown through the rock pile. I guess no one was home that day.

THE OBSERVERS

What a group of misfits, we had everything from Bart the tall one to Richard(ranger) the short one. When Richard sat in the loch it was hard to see him, he was one observer that could hide behind the door armor plating. There was Jimmy Gibson (sunshine) who had the whitest hair, and you could pick him out of any crowd. We had guys from all walks of life, from the highly educated to the high school drop out. We all had one thing in common, and that was we were "Scalphunters" and dam proud of it.

Richard (Ranger) had an interesting thing happen to him in the hooch one night. It would make a good example of what not to do with a pistol. The group was setting around one night, and Richard had his 45 with him. Someone asked to see it, so Richard took out the clip and handed it to them. While he was looking at it, he pulled the trigger, and was rewarded by the pistol discharging a round. The bullet ricocheted off the roof a few times and ended up on the floor. Everyone was looking at Richard and the guy that fired the pistol. Richard made the comment that he forgot that he had cambered a round the night before.

Bart had some interesting missions, which I'm sure he remembers. There was one that I remember that ended with him have a unique scare. The mission was to mark locations of bodies at the commercial jet crash site. It was the third day of this mission, and there had been no enemy spotted in the area. I told Bart that he would not need the M60 on this mission, as it would get in your way. You could just take an M16 with you, and strap it between you and the pilot. The rest of this story will have to be told by Bart.

There is a list of stories about the partying, and the fighting at the club, but that is best discussed in private.

MAD DASH TO THE AIRCRAFT

Was on a break at bikini beach in Kontum a was in the process of cleaning the M60 when we started to receive in-coming. All of a sudden everyone was running to the aircraft. I grabbed up the parts of the M60 and put them inside the chin bubble. Mr Rogers started the aircraft and Pete Peterson jumped into the back and we were out of there. I had the 60 together in record time and ready to rock and roll. After a few minutes we returned to Kontum and drop Pete Peterson off and realized that one of the Corbra's had been hit. After that day the word came down to take cover and not try to get the aircraft into the air.

GUN'S VIRUS SCOUT'S IN MARKSMANSHIP

Was at bikini beach in Kontum during a break in the war and having lunch when CPT Gerischer who was flying with the guns now and another Gun Pilot took the top of a C-Ration can and tossed it out about 10 yards. They took out there 45's and started shooting at the top with no luck. One of the Observers I think it was Robbie Robertson came over with and M60 and shot the hell out top. And said to the Gun jocks that's how a scout does it.

LOCH RECOVERY

Was sent out to recover a downed Loch that had taken fire and crashed. The crew that day was Charlie Boss and the XO. was his observer. Once we arrived at the location and prepped the aircraft for recovery it was determined that there was no bullet holes in the aircraft. Most have been one of those days where the blades had hit bamboo and the crew thought they were taking fire. Later that day we ask Mr Boss about it and he said we were taken hits. I guess the aircraft repaired itself.