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6 November 1965 - 12 February 1973 -- Air Rescue Service CH-3 #63-9685 was hit by ground fire and crashed 40 miles south southwest of Hanoi, North Vietnam, while participating in a SAR mission for a downed A-1F. The crew, who became POWs, were: Captain Warren R. Lilly, pilot; First Lieutenant Jerry A. Singleton, copilot; and *Staff Sergeant Arthur M. Cormier, para-rescueman. The fourth crewman, Staff Sergeant Berkeley Naugle, flight mechanic, was successfully rescued on 7 November 1965.

* While in captivity, SSgt Cormier and A2C Black were offered and accepted battlefield commissions by the senior POW officer for their actions as POWs.

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level. This was what put us in range of the enemy guns.

If we had descended into the area where we were supposed to have been, the terrain would have been almost at sea level. We should have still been out of range of any ground fire.

As it turned out, the navy ship providing us with radar guidance to the downed plane's position was off it's assigned course. This had consequently sent us further North than we should have been, 35 miles southwest of Hanoi, to be exact.

A burst of tracers and armor piercing shells began tearing through the floor around me and up into the engines that were mounted overhead on top of the helicopter. Fuel and oil leaking from the damaged engines poured into the cabin of the helicopter and caught fire. The wind blowing in through the open door and Pilots windows swirled the fire around in a hellish firestorm inside the helicopter. My first reaction was to grab a fire extinguisher.

Just then the pilot yelled over the radio "THERE GOES A ROTOR BLADE", "BAIL OUT".

BAIL OUT? My initial reaction was that of shock. I did not want to bail out but I knew I had no choice.

Reaching the door I hesitated. I had trained on the use of parachutes, but I had never made a real jump, even less, into enemy territory. What if they caught me? I was wearing civilian clothes and we carried no identification except for a Geneva Convention Card That North Vietnam refused to recognize. Would they treat me like a spy? Below me I could see the parachutes of the other crew members already floating down through some puffy clouds over near the enemy camp.

What seemed like an eternity had been only an instant. Then the decision was made for me. The 450 gallon auxiliary fuel tank exploded, spraying me with burning fuel and luckily at the same time, blasting me out the open cargo door.

To my surprise, I found myself dangling under the helicopter, being dragged along with it, in its spiraling death plunge. Miraculously due to the combination of my weight and the force of the explosion, my safety harness's leash had extended to its full length.

Scared and fumbling, I hurried to undo the safety harness's quick release. Where was it? It had pulled up under my survival and flack vests. I clawed it out from under the vests and pulled it open. Then I was finally falling. Free of the fireball that had been my helicopter.

While falling rapidly towards the ground I groped at my parachute's D-ring and waited for the opening shock. Now what? Glancing down at the D-ring I saw I had barely pulled the D-ring. In frustration I yanked the D-ring completely free of the parachute and tossed it as far as I could. Almost immediately I felt the life saving opening shock. Now I was floating down. To what?

I looked around. Just 300 yards away I saw the helicopter's funeral pyre in the rice paddies near a large village. On the other side of the rice paddies, I saw a heavily forested jungle and some large rugged hills. I also saw two crew members canopies dropping into some cloud banks. I never saw them again. It suddenly dawned on me. Due to my getting hung up under the aircraft, I had been carried further away from the enemy than the others and that I would land very close to the jungle.

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Immediately, upon landing in the middle of 10 foot tall brush, just 300 yards away from the copter's funeral pyre I got out of my parachute harness. I noticed that nearby was a paved road and a village, and on that road were five trucks loaded with North Vietnamese soldiers.

I took off running through the brush crawling, and scrambling on my hands and knees. The bushes kept catching on me so I shed everything but my shirt, pants and survival jacket. Behind me I could hear the enemy shouting as they flailed into the brush after me. I had no doubt they knew I was there. I headed for the jungle but the enemy had spotted me and were shooting at me and running in my direction. Upon reaching the cover of the jungle I moved as fast as possible into the jungle not even considering the dangers of snakes and all of the other things I could run into. I did not see the enemy again, but I could still hear them shouting to one another and hacking at the brush.

Upon reaching the base of a steep 1,500 foot hill I had spotted, I decided climbing to the top of one of them would be the best thing I could do. That way the enemy would not be able to follow my footsteps as easily there on the stones and rocks. I knew through my training, that if I was going to get rescued, it would be easier for a rescue aircraft to spot me up on the hill, rather than in the dense jungle.

Finally, after pulling myself up a cliff while the brush continued to claw and scratch my face and arms, I reached the highest point of the hill. Then I realized they had me cornered. I had picked a hill where there was a sheer cliff on the other side.

I could not go any where except back down the hill into the enemy's arms. I finally found a space between a couple of the biggest rocks and crawled in. That was it! All of a sudden, I was exhausted. I just could not go on. I needed to rest and think. I shivered. I couldn't help feeling that I was going to be captured or killed at any time. After a couple of deep breaths I started to consider the situation and take inventory.

The first thing I noticed was my pants were wet. Oh no, I had wet myself without knowing it, but worse, now that I had a moment to think, I found that my right leg was aching, throbbing, swelling and getting stiff. I had burns on the arms and right side of my face, all the areas that were not covered by my short sleeved shirt or flight helmet. The burns were also hurting. The area behind my right knee was getting bigger all the time and turning dark from the internal bleeding caused by a confusion. Something must have hit my leg when the fuel tank exploded.

Above me, I could see Air Force and Navy rescue birds flying over. They were looking for us. They were taking heavy ground fire, and another Skyraider crashed. Finally all aircraft departed the area.

I realized that if I was not rescued, there was no way out. I was surrounded by soldiers and the cliff.

I had no water, food, or medical supplies. My sheath knife had disappeared, either during bailout or while running through the jungle. I had only a few cigarettes and my Zippo lighter. In the survival vest I found a URC-4 survival radio. At least if it works (They were not known to be very dependable) I will be able to call for help if any plane comes into range later.

I settled down between the rocks trying to get comfortable and calm my nerves. I listened to the enemy's shouts and the noises they were making. It dawned on me that they might be using me to lure in more rescue aircraft just so they could shoot them down too? It wouldn't be the first time.

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I could not help think about being a prisoner. We all had heard how they treated flight crew members. I also thought about my wife and kids. What were they going to go through if I didn't return. What would happen when they found out?

The sun set and it got cold. I did not realize it, but I must have dozed off. Suddenly, awaking I thought I heard a siren blowing in the distance. What was going on? Did that mean some of our airplanes were in the area? It did! I spotted two navy jets heading towards the coast. They must be returning from some bombing mission. Hurriedly I got my URC - 4 radio out and began calling for help. One of the planes answered. I could not believe it. The radio worked.

One of the pilots asked me for my recognition code words to make sure it was not an enemy using the radio. I spoke the code words into the radio and waited. After the pilot checked with KING in Saigon to verify my identity, he told me help would be coming. I warned him of the possible enemy trap.

I figured since it was becoming dark any rescue attempt would not be made until the next morning because at this time night flights over North Vietnam were not being authorized.

I could not determine exactly where or how close the enemy was. Every now and then I could still hear some of their voices and noises. My M-16 had gone down with the helicopter so the only weapon I had was a six shot revolver that was useless against a multitude of enemy with AK-47s. It would have been useless to put up any resistance if the enemy soldiers came for me. I prayed to be rescued.

Night fell. I could not tell what time it was. I then realized I had also lost my wrist watch with its expandable band, sometime during the bailout, possibly from the opening shock of the parachute. I was too scared to sleep, but couldn't help nodding off. Why couldn't I just wake up and find this was all just a bad dream and that I was still back at site 36.

Then, off in the direction of the coast I heard familiar rotor blade noises. Yes, there they were some helicopters. Were they ours or Vietnamese? It was still night. I grabbed my URC - 4 radio again and tried to make contact with the helicopters. Success! They were Navy Sea King helicopters. They told me that fighter support was on its way. The fighters would try to surprise the enemy and create a diversion. Then the helicopters would approach my area from the cliff side so the enemy would not see them until the last moment.



The A1-E's, while turning their aircraft landing and position lights off and on to attract attention, proceeded to bomb and strafe the enemy. Tracers were flying in both directions.

When the enemy's attention seemed to be drawn to the A1-Es and the ensuing fire fight, I caught the first sight

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of my rescuers. They were two Navy Sea King helicopters similar to our Jolly Greens, except these were normally equipped

with sonar used by the Navy to search for submarines and had the crew door in the rear.

The Sea King helicopters were heading directly for me but could not see me because of the darkness and the brush. They radioed to me and asked me to give them some type of signal. I remembered my Zippo lighter and told them this was all I had on me. They told me one of them would pop up from behind the cliff just long enough for them to spot my light and hoist me up. They said to hurry because if the enemy spotted us and started firing, they would have to leave because they did not have enough fuel left to remain in the area for a second try.

One of the helicopters eased toward my hideout. I flipped open my Zippo lighter. It lit on the first try! The helicopter positioned itself over me and then I was in the hoist sling being pulled upward while the helicopter pulled back and up, until out of sight of the enemy.

I expected enemy ground fire to come in our direction at any second, but it never came. Finally I was pulled into the helicopter. One of the crew members motioned me to go forward. While limping towards the front of the helicopter, all of a sudden I was looking down at the ground rushing past far below.

Later I found out that to prepare the helicopter for the long flight with its limited fuel capacity, the crew had hurriedly removed the sonar set and the antenna from the floor so as to reduce weight and drag. This had left a large hole, approximately three feet wide in the middle of the helicopter floor into which I almost fell. Once again, I had been saved from possibly falling to my death, by fate.

Upon reaching the front of the helicopter, I found an empty seat and noticed a thermos lying nearby. I strapped myself into the seat, picked up the thermos and found it was full of coffee. I immediately drained it to the last drop. Shortly one of the pilots told me that if I was thirsty he would share his coffee with me. I thanked him and told him I was sorry, but there was no coffee left to share. He turned, looked at me and just smiled.

After a while we finally slipped over the coast line. The pilot told everyone that reaching the aircraft carrier Independence was going to be a close call because they had used more fuel than expected. The aircraft carrier was now heading South bound on its assigned route, moving away from us. The longer we flew the more the crew and I worried. We could not see the carrier and the engines had to be running on fumes.

Suddenly one of the crew spotted a ship in the distance, but it was one of our destroyers not the carrier we needed for landing. The destroyer informed the pilot that they had a diesel refueling hose for small ships but there was no landing pad or other space where we could land on the destroyer. I thought to myself, At least it was there if we had to abandon the helicopter.

All of a sudden someone suggested that they could use the personnel hoist to pull the destroyer's refueling hose up into the helicopter. Then pump enough fuel into the helicopter's fuel tank to allow us to reach the aircraft carrier.

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It was a dangerous risk, but they had no choice. The pilot flew sideways over the fin tail of the destroyer while one of the helicopter's crew members pulled the refueling hose up with the rescue hoist. Then pumped fuel into an opening they had made in a tank.

By opening the windows and door the airflow through the helicopter whisked any dangerous explosive fumes out of the helicopter.

After refueling, we proceeded, without further incident, en-route to the aircraft carrier.

After landing on the carrier, I was thanking the crew of the helicopter when I realized everyone on the deck of the aircraft carrier was staring at me. I was a dirty smelly mess. My clothes were singed and torn, but that was not what they were staring at. It was the fact that they had just rescued a USAF flight crew member out of North Viet Nam dressed in short sleeved civilian shirt and pants.

I was immediately taken to the carrier's sick bay for treatment of my burns and the contusion of my right leg. I was told I could not discuss my mission with anyone and a guard was assigned to make sure I didn't talk to anyone about my mission or why I was dressed in civilian clothes.

Having lost track of time I cannot remember exactly how long I was in sick bay. Sometime later I was summoned to the operations center of the carrier where I was debriefed about the failed rescue attempt and my subsequent rescue. They wanted every last detail, such as, what I saw, what I heard, and everything that had happened from the beginning to when the helicopter finally picked me up.

It was then I found out, about the radar ship being off course and exactly where we were when we were shot down in North Vietnam. Also, that out of a total of eight crew members shot down during that mission, I was the only one rescued.

Finally, after hours of debriefing I was told that I could now start eating in the ship's chow hall. Accompanied by my guard, I arrived at the chow line. I took a tray and got into line with everyone else. I couldn't believe the good smells coming from the galley.

Since arriving in Udorn Thailand I had not had any thing but rations, powdered eggs, and other food prepared so badly you would probably refuse to eat any of it at home.

When it was my turn, the cook plopped the biggest steak I had ever seen on my tray. I must have frozen while staring at it. The cook got my attention by asking "What's the matter, isn't that enough," and before I could reply, he plopped another steak on my tray. Arguing with him was useless, everybody was laughing and he would not take the second steak back.

After getting the rest of my meal, and looking for a place to sit, I was told by a messenger that I was supposed to take my tray and report back to the operations center.

Upon arriving, I was told that while I ate my meal I was going to be debriefed again. They would not even let me eat my meal in peace. They had a thousand new questions. Finally they told me that I was going to be sent by plane to Saigon to be debriefed once again by the Air Force HQs, there.

I anxiously awaited the chance to be catapulted off of a carrier in a plane, but the idea of yet another debriefing took most of the fun out of it.

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Later, a S-2, a two engine, prop driven, Navy courier plane arrived. I was told that it was the plane that was going to take me to Saigon.

When it was time to get on board the S-2, I found that the passenger seats all faced to the rear and when you were told to prepare for launch for safety reasons, you were supposed to put your head between your knees.

All kind of visions of the plane splashing into the sea after being catapulted ran through my head. The plane's crew said no problem this was just routine for them and they had never had a problem with being catapulted off a carrier.

The pilot started the engines. Then he ran them up to full power. The aircraft strained and shook, any second now they were going to catapult us off the carrier. Then all of a sudden the engine outside of my window started to backfire and cough, belching out black smoke. I just knew we were going to wind up in the ocean. I almost lost it!

My nerves were already shot, but thank goodness the pilot shutdown the engines and the catapult crew pulled us off the launcher.

Later the same day, I was flown by helicopter, over to the Oriskany, a smaller aircraft carrier, then subsequently launched in another plane and flown to Saigon.

Upon arrival at Ton Son Nhut air base, Saigon, My plane was met by air policemen who escorted me to the headquarters building where I was told that they were waiting to debrief me again. Upon arrival at the room where the debriefers were waiting, I asked, why don't you just ask the Navy for a copy of their debriefings?

The debriefers explained that every time I had to repeat the experience I could possibly remember something of importance that I had not offered before. So I went through another long drawn out debriefing.

During the time I was being debriefed someone asked me If my family knew I had been rescued. It was then, like a big rush of cold air, that it came to me that no one had even mentioned my family before. With everything happening so fast, I had not asked about notifying them. I knew they would be worried.

I was told that they had immediately sent a telegram to my family. Stating that I had been shot down and was declared Missing in Action, but there was a possibility that I had been rescued and that further word would be forthcoming. No one present at the debriefing knew if my family had been notified that I had been rescued and was in good health.

The 7th Air force Commander asked me to follow him to his office. In his office, he immediately placed a phone call to my parents.

Boy, were they surprised and happy. My wife was not home. She had been having a real bad time of it and had gone to her church to talk with a priest who spoke Spanish. Hoping that he would pray for me with her.

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I can imagine how she reacted when my parents told her of the phone call.

After hours of debriefing I was finally released. I could go where I pleased, the chow hall, post-exchange, any where. I still had an air policeman escorting me so I could not disclose any of the details of what happened or where I was from to any reporters or any one else.

When the information was released to the news services, they were just told the rescue attempt had occurred in North Viet Nam and one crew member had been rescued. Some of the stories even stated it was a pilot that had been rescued.

The next day I was put on a C-130 being used as a courier plane between all the bases in South East Asia area and flown back to my detachment in Udorn Thailand.

There I was given a weekend of rest & relaxation then assigned to a new flight crew for the rest of my tour of duty.

The rest of my crew who were on board with me when we were shot down, spent the next seven years as prisoners in the Hanoi Hilton. They were finally released on April 1, 1973, after the cease fire had been signed in Paris.

Stars & Stripes article referencing the mission.



Return to Rescue Stories

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<u>MISSIONS</u>	<u>NUMBER OF SORTIES(ARS)</u>	<u>OBJECTIVES</u>	<u>TYPES AND NR</u> <u>ARS ACFT LOST</u>	<u>ARS MENWIA ,</u> <u>KIA, MIA</u>
38-1110-6 Nov 65	4	1 F105 Pilot 2 A1E Pilots 4 CH3C crew 4 SH3 crew	1 Ch-3C	3 MIA 1 WIA
38-1111-7 Nov 65	1	1 A4C Pilot		
38-1114-8 Nov 65	71	106 Btl Cas*		
PROV 1-1-14 Nov 65	5	Accid. Vict.		
38-1138-17 Nov 65	2	1 F8E Pilot		
38-1141-18 Nov 65	3	1 F105 Pilot		
7-671-21 Nov 65	2	UNK C-123		
38-1167-26 Nov 65	2	6 UH1B crew		
38-1174-28 Nov 65	2	1 F8E Pilot		
38-1188-2 Dec 65	4	2 F4B crew		
38-1220-15 Dec 65	3	1 F105 Pilot		
38-1236-20 Dec 65	2	1 F105 Pilot		
38-1239-21 Dec 65	3	1 F105 Pilot		

*Battle Field Casualty evacuation.

31. Key personnel assigned. (U) 38th Air Rescue Squadron

Col Arthur W. Beall	Commander 26
Lt Col James L. Blackburn	Operations Officer
Lt Col Donald F. Karschner	Chief JSARC
Maj Franklin H. Roberts	Chief of Maintenance
1st Lt James R. Haug	Supply Officer
CWO W-4 Earl A. Wilson Jr.	Administrative Services Officer

Det Prov First, 38ARS, Cam Ranh Bay AB, RVN Capt Richard C. Pfadenhaur, Cndr 27
Det 2, 38ARS, Takli AB, Thailand, Capt Edwin J. Christy, Cndr 27
Det 3, 38ARS, Ubon AB, Thailand, Capt Henry P. Fogg, Cndr 27
Det 4, 38ARS, Korat AB, Thailand, Capt Jerome R. Luttinger, Cndr 27
Det 5, 38ARS, Udorn AB, Thailand, Major Baylor R. Haynes, Cndr 27
Det 6, 38ARS, Bien Hoa AB, RVN, Major Maurice G. Kessler, Cndr 29
Det 7, 38ARS, Danang AB, RVN, Major Charles E. Hamrick, Cndr 28
Det 9, 38ARS, Pleiku AB, RVN, Capt Richard R. Cowles, Cndr 27
Det 10, 38ARS, Bien Tuy AB, RVN, Capt Ervin L. Schaefer, Cndr 30

26 Atch 1
27 Atch 5
28 Atch 3
29 Atch 8
30 Atch 9

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down by small arms or AW fire. The two A-1's which had been
FROM: 1 Dep Cdr 2ADV. That (20CT) APO US Forces 96307
SUBJECT: SAR Mission, 6 Nov 1965, Oak Lead

TO: Lt. Gen. Joseph Moore, TACC, 23rd AF, Lima 36 to attempt to pick
up the A-1's. The people were of the belief there were
A-1's downed at point D, and the A-1's
APO U.S. Forces 96307
(S) The report you requested on the SAR effort triggered with the
search for Oak Lead on 6 Nov was mistakenly understood by my people to
have been made by a telecon (incl. 2) answering specific questions in a
telecon from your headquarters (incl. 1). Also, the SAR summary message
from this Headquarters (incl. 3) was believed to have been briefed to
you. I have reviewed in Laos, the oprep 4's and other reports for the
period and interviewed by people for the following summary (refer to map
incl. 7) from the 6th AF, the SAR effort on 6 Nov. The SAR effort was
the SAR effort to search for the A-1's. The SAR effort was
the SAR effort to search for the A-1's. The SAR effort was
a. Oak Lead first was reported down at point A. This was later
changed in the flight oprep 4 to point B. Weather prevented an elec-
tronic search on 5 Nov. Col. Carter believed it necessary to run an
electronic search as there was a chance for Oak Lead to have bailed out
unobserved while in the cloud.

b. Major Lou Gang, OIC of the A1B detachment, was in my TACC on
5 Nov, when Oak Lead was downed. He planned his route (map-incl. 7) to
the search area avoiding known and suspected defenses. His search was
planned for the 6th as four sweeps between points A & B was withdrawal
on the penetration route. The search was dependent on an uneventful
completion of his airborne alert at Lima Site 36 on the AM of the 6th
and the weather. If he received a "go", he was instructed to remain
within 1500' AGL in the SAM area. He was passed word from the TACC at
0930 Local that the weather appeared good and the proceed on the search
at 1000 local.

c. On the way into the search area, Maj Gang's wingman was shot
down by AW fire. This was reported by Maj Gang to be at Point C. He
thought he was south of course and had turned more to the north and
descended to 200 feet while crossing a low, flat area (incl. 4). Maj
Gang reported a good chute about 3 miles SE of the AW position and the
pilot OK in a rice paddy. It was to this point, C, that my TACC thought
they were sending the rescue chopper for the A-1 pilot.

d. The HC-54, working as control and radio relay with Maj Gang
on his electronic search, was orbiting in the vicinity of SAM TEU air-
field in Laos. The HC-54 was unable to DME Maj Gang's IPF as he orbited
the downed A-1B, they did "paint" USN F-4's who were orbiting and had
Maj Gang in sight. It was to this point, D, that the HC-54 directed
the CH-3 chopper, A-1 escort and the high cover for the intended rescue
of the downed A1B. (The difference between points C & D was not known
at the TACC at this time. The HC-54 reported only the azimuth and
bearing from his position). It was at point D that the CH-3 was shot

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down by small arms or AW fire. The two USAF A1E's which had been escorting the chopper were joined by USN A1H's. They all reported four good contacts from the chopper, beeper and voice contact, and no ground fire. They gave coordinates which corresponded to point D.

c. By TACC scrambled 2 HH-43's from Lima 36 to attempt to pick-up the CH-3 crew. (The TACC people were of the belief there were not two rescue requirements: The CH-3 crew at point D, and the A1E pilot at point E.) The correlation of the BTA of the HH-43's and the fuel remaining for high-cover and close escort was good. Just a few minutes after the scramble of the HH-43's, the 2AD CP directed the recall of all SAR forces. This was passed to and acknowledged by all the USAF aircraft.

f. The USN, however, through the USAF HU-16 in the gulf, requested assistance for a rescue attempt of the CH-3 chopper crew. The HU-16 contacted our two A1E's, still in the vicinity of the CH-3 crew. With concurrence from the 2AD CP, the A1E's proceeded to the coast to pick-up the USN effort to escort them to the scene. On the way to the coast, the wingman reported ground fire, and pulled up into the clouds. No further contact was ever established with him. His last known position was at point B. The remaining A1E joined the USN chopper and its escort and led them back to the vicinity of the downed CH-3. The A1E departed the area at Bingo fuel and recovered at DaNang. Later the USN chopper recovered one of the CH-3 crew.

g. The plan for further recovery of the USAF CH-3 crew members on 7 Nov was approved by the 2AD CP. This effort was interrupted by the loss of a USN chopper hit by AW on the way for a further attempt for the USAF personnel. Our 2nd CH-3 also going after the crew of our downed CH-3, was diverted by the HC-54 to the USN chopper. This was to pick-up the two USN crew members remaining from a recovery effort cut short by fuel. Our CH-3 had to dump fuel to pick up the USN people and then was unable to proceed for our own personnel. Escort and high-cover forces had insufficient fuel to remain for any further effort at that time. Suspension was recommended and concurred with by the 2AD CP.

2. (U) Carter has told me that he believed the odds were against Oak Lead's survival. But because of the sighting of the canopy, the flight being in cloud, the thickness of the cloud deck and the dispersal and confusion in the flight itself, he believed it possible for Oak Lead to have gotten out successfully without being seen. For these reasons he decided to make the electronic search. Had he not made this decision none of the later events would have taken place.

3. (U) The route planned by the A1E pilots and search area were not known to harbor AW or AAA. It was not considered an unusual risk mission. I agree with this from the known defenses of this area at that time. Perhaps if the route had been flown as planned the unfortunate incidents might not have happened.

4. (U) Had the HC-54 reported the coordinates of point D to the TACC the last leg of the route of the following SAR effort for the first A1E

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would have been from the west rather than the southwest. The effect this variation might have produced would be conjecture. In all probability, if the TACC and the knowledge at that time of the two different positions for the downed A1E (C & D), they would have delayed the dispatch of the CH-3 until resolution of the correct position. Again the change in outcome would be only conjecture.

5. (C) The cancellation by the 2AD-CP of the HH-43's going for the CH-3 crews may have been hasty. This turned out to be the last USAF effort which could have succeeded. It would have reached the area several hours ahead of the USN (6 Nov) effort which was successful at picking up one man and evading ground fire.

6. (C) Two A1E's remained at the scene of the downed CH-3 crew after withdrawal orders were received. They did so while alternately in communication with the HU-16 and in the anticipation of further effort. Had they withdrawn one probably would not have been lost. The element leader was forced later to withdraw alone over proven defenses to recover at Da Nang. His leading of the USN SAR effort to the scene resulted in one man being rescued, however.

7. (C) In reviewing the decisions and actions there are errors and deviations from best and practiced procedures and tactics. Carter's electing to rise the initial electronic search is probably the most controversial - it proved to be the trigger to later events. The known defenses and the amount of planning and briefing for the search gave every chance for a routine mission. As for the remaining events, I cannot see that location or caliber of ground control was a contributor to any malpractice. There may have been a hasty reversal of the HH-43 rescue effort by the 2AD-CP.

8. (U) It is recommended that the SAR mission in this area of responsibility be run completely by single agency.

9. (U) It is requested that the SAR mission for this area be returned to us and without the restrictions recently imposed (incl. 5 & 6).

10. (U) This Headquarters has placed an unusual burden on the Director of Operations, he needs assistance in the manning of his office.

s/John R. Murphy, Brig. Gen., USAF
t/JOHN R. MURPHY, BRIG. GEN., USAF
Deputy Commander
2d Air Division, Thailand

7 Inclosures (S)

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Rescue and SOS SEA Losses

listed in red are KIA/MIA; in blue were POW; in black are survivors.

Losses

Hostile	Operational	Logistical	Unknown
15	5		9
10	4		3
2			
9	9	4	
6	1		
4			
8	4	1	

Jolly Green H-3 SEA Losses

Model	Date	Unit	Location	Call Sign	Pilot	CoPilot	Flight Engineer	Pararescueman	Notes
CH-3E	6 Nov 65	38th ARRS	NVN	Jolly Green	Warren E. Lilly	Jerry Singleton	B. E. Naugle	Arthur Cormier	SAR for SANDY 14 (A-1E Capt McKnight), hit by ground fire. 1st Jolly lost in combat.
HH-3E	15 Jan 68		NVN	Jolly Green 20	Gregory A. Etzel	David E. Holt	Elwood R. Beam	Angus W. Sowell	Acft was flying SAR mission for PREVIEW 01 (EB-66C) when it went below the clouds to look for survivors, acft lost power due to ground fire.
HH-3E	20 Oct 66	38th ARRS		Jolly Green	Youngblood	E. Burford			
HH-3E	6 Feb 67	38th ARRS	NVN	Jolly Green 05	Patrick H. Wood	Richard A. Kibbey	Donald J. Hall	Duane A. Hackney	helo was hit by ground fire while flying SAR for NAIL 65; crash site located atop 900 meter karst.
									While attempting to extract a Special Forces

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