

would prove to be nothing but a big bomb we were carrying along with us.

As morning broke we shook off the urge to go back to sleep and started to prepare our usual breakfast of tinned ham and eggs and heat some water for our instant coffee. Then, our radio set started to screech "MAYDAY, MAYDAY, AIRCRAFT DOWN".

A F-105 Thunderchief pilot was down, 35 miles southwest of Hanoi and needed a ride to safety.

This was our call to duty and pandemonium broke out. We all scrambled to our helicopters, trying to get into the air as soon as possible.

After donning our flak vests, survival vests, parachutes and our helmets, we waited while two Skyraiders scouted the crash area. At 10 a.m., another Skyraider was shot down.

This was territory where no U.S. helicopter had ever flown before but we decided to go and give it a try. We got our helicopters into the air and started toward our target. Then fate struck. The second helicopter's pilot reported that they had an engine problem and they could not continue the mission with only one engine operating.

Normally this would have been the end of the mission. We had been instructed that we would "NOT" proceed on a mission if we did not have both helicopters to provide cover for each other. Normal procedure was that other helicopters would be launched from Vietnam or Thailand to perform the rescue, if possible, but we knew that would have caused hours of delay in getting to the pilots assistance.

Upon hearing from the downed pilot's wingman that he had sighted the downed pilot, we decided that we were going to proceed on the mission alone. The C-130 (Crown) communications aircraft relayed to us that the Rescue Center in Vietnam (KING) did not want us to continue on the mission alone. This due to the danger from the numerous concentrations of anti-aircraft batteries and ground fire reported in the target area, but we continued on the course being relayed to us by the Crown aircraft.

Shortly we met up with the two A-1E Skyraiders (Sandies) who were going to be our escorts during the mission and continued onward at 10,000 feet, out of range of ground fire.

While we kept our eyes open, watching for any Sam missiles launched at us, one of the A-1Es proceeded ahead. It was going to check the area where the downed aircraft was supposed to be, to see if he could spot the pilot and see if the area was safe for a rescue attempt.

Immediately upon arriving at the supposed crash site, Enemy gunners raked the A-1E setting it on fire. The pilot bailed out.

Now there were two pilots to find and rescue. I quickly donned my safety harness to the aircraft so I could not fall out the door if wounded, while assisting with the rescue.

Then we and the remaining A-1E escort aircraft dropped through the fluffy white clouds.

Then all hell broke loose! It was as if They were waiting for us! At the 7000 feet of altitude we began to fly into a squall of machine gun bullets and flak. How could that be? We were supposed to be too high for any ground fire. It turned out that the terrain in this area is around 1000 feet above sea

DEFENSE

I feel very fortunate now. My efforts as an American soldier in Vietnam only required a few years from me. Many men gave their lives proudly and unselfishly. We cannot do anything for these men now. We can't even say "Thank you!" But we can honor them by giving time and effort to make ourselves better citizens - and in so doing, make the United States of America an even better country.

Our Country, the U.S.A., is not perfect, and it never will be. But it is the best in the world today. Love it, honor it, work for it, and protect it, and it will reward you many times over.

God bless America

December 1996

Jerry Singleton became a Chaplain after his release. He retired from the United States Air Force as a Lt. Colonel. He and his wife Barbara reside in Texas.

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CORMIER, ARTHUR



Name: Arthur Cormier
 Rank/Branch: E5/United States Air Force
 Unit: DET 1, 38th ARS
 Date of Birth: 24 October 1934
 Home City of Record: West Orange NJ
 Date of Loss: 06 November 1965
 Country of Loss: North Vietnam
 Loss Coordinates: 202000N 1053000E
 Status (in 1973): Returnee
 Category:
 Aircraft/Vehicle/Ground: CH3C

Other Personnel in Incident: Warren Lilly, returnee, pilot; Jerry Singleton, returnee, co-pilot; Sgt. Naugle, flight engineer, (burned, escaped, evaded, rescued)

Source: Compiled by P.O.W. NETWORK March 1997 from one or more of the following: raw data from U.S. Government agency sources, correspondence with POW/MIA families, published sources, interviews.

REMARKS: 021273 RELEASED BY DRV

SOURCE: WE CAME HOME copyright 1977

Captain and Mrs. Frederic A Wyatt (USNR Ret), Barbara Powers Wyatt, Editor
 P.O.W. Publications, 10250 Moorpark St., Toluca Lake, CA 91602

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November 1996 - Edited by request of Capt. Arthur Cormier, USAF RET

ARTHUR CORMIER

S M Sergeant- United States Air Force

Shot down: November 6, 1965

Released: February 12, 1973

I was born in Rumford, Maine on 24 October 1934. I lived there until I was six years old. We then moved to Boston, Massachusetts and New Jersey. I was reared in Lincoln Park, New Jersey, and finished my last two years of high school in West Orange, New Jersey. I graduated in 1953 the eldest of six children (three boys and three girls).

I joined the Air Force in April 1954. I took my basic training at Sampson AFB, New York, followed by a tour in Germany May 1955 to November 1957.

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During my tour at Suffolk County ~~AFB, New York~~, February 1958 to February 1960, I met my wife, Eileen M. Weth, from Bay Shore, New York. We were married 1, January 1960. We had four children Sean 12, Daphne 11, Mercedes 10, Kevin 9.

I spent a year Minot AFB, North Dakota February 1960 to February 1961 then Andrew, AFB, Maryland, August 1961 to March 1963. I joined Rescue in April 1963 as a Para-rescueman. I had two tours in Vietnam and was shot down on my second tour. Our helicopter was shot down 30 miles from Hanoi on 6 November 1965.

I have enrolled this fall (1973) at Long Island University and plan to finish my under graduate degree within the next two years. The future looks very bright to me and it's a good world. Thank you for the prayers and help bestowed so abundantly upon my wife and my family over the years. We especially thank you for the magnificent homecoming.

November 1996

Eileen and Arthur subsequently divorced. Both have remarried. Arthur retired from the United States Air Force as a Captain. He and his wife Merry K. have 2 children and reside in Massachusetts.

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LILLY, WARREN E.

Name: Warren E. Lilly
 Rank/Branch: O3/United States Air Force/pilot
 Unit: DET 1, 38th ARS
 Date of Birth:
 Home City of Record: Dallas, TX
 Date of Loss: 06 November 1965
 Country of Loss: North Vietnam
 Loss Coordinates: 202000N 1053000E
 Status (in 1973): Returnee
 Category:
 Aircraft/Vehicle/Ground: CH3C

Other Personnel in Incident: Jerry Singleton, returnee, co-pilot; Arthur Cormier, returnee, pararescue; S/Sgt. Naugle (escaped, evaded, rescued, badly burned)

Source: Compiled by P.O.W. NETWORK March 1997 from one or more of the following: raw data from U.S. Government agency sources, correspondence with POW/MIA families, published sources, interviews.

REMARKS: 021273 RELEASES BY DRV INJURED

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WARREN R. LILLY
 Lieutenant Colonel - United States Air Force
 Shot Down: November 6, 1965
 Released: February 12, 1973

The statement below was given at Nederland, thanking them for dedicating a Freedom Tree to me during my detention. It sums up how I feel. It's the men who won't or haven't come back that deserve remembering, the rest of us just did our jobs.

MESSAGE

On 14 October 1972 a plaque and flame were dedicated specifically to myself and those who were detained or listed as MIA in the Vietnam conflict. I would like to thank you for the thoughts that you offered that so heavily contributed to my presence here with you today. I consider myself very fortunate and totally inadequate to receive the honors you have bestowed upon me, for I have returned. It is those brave men who have not returned that so rightfully deserve yours and the nation's highest tribute. The men of whom I speak are those who made the ultimate sacrifice in Vietnam, and those whose fate yet remains unknown. Vietnam was perhaps the most difficult, least understood, and least supported military endeavor ever undertaken by our nation. But our KIA's and MIA's did not fail their duty and because of their devotion to their country, PEACE with HONOR, tenuous though it may be, was obtained. Their personal sacrifice must never be forgotten, for they did it for you and for me. At the present time our government is making every effort to account for all those whose fate remains in question in Vietnam. The communists continue to procrastinate in making it possible to accurately conclude this final accounting. It is your continuing concern for these men which will ultimately result in a terminal

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conclusion to Vietnam for it cannot be so until we know as absolutely certain as possible the fate of all who served our country so valiantly, whose families continue to wait. Our country is a far richer place for what these men have sacrificed They did not forget you DO NOT FORGET THEM!

December 1996

Warren Lilly retired from the United States Air Force as a Colonel. He and his wife Gwen reside in Alabama.

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WINS SILVER STAR

NCO Escapes in North

SAIGON (UPI)—Air Force SSgt. Berkley E. Naugle of Gettysburg, Pa., was blown through the open door of his rescue helicopter over north Vietnam.

The flight mechanic opened his parachute and floated down. He landed in a jungle village.

Five truckloads of north Viet-

namese troops closed in on Naugle. Despite injuries, the sergeant dashed into the jungle.

The troops combed the area. But at nightfall, Naugle climbed to a hilltop and signaled for help. He was rescued.

The Air Force announced Thursday Naugle has been presented a Silver Star, the nation's third highest award for valor.

Pacific Stars & Stripes
Saturday, May 14, 1966

Determined Copter Pilot Receives Silver Star

SAIGON (UPI)—Capt. Jerry Jennings of El Paso, Tex., saw the Viet Cong firing at him, but still he lowered his helicopter.

He moved his HH3C helicopter slowly back and forth over the jungle infested with Viet Cong.

Jennings spotted the downed American pilot and set down. Bullets whizzed around his chopper. The communists were closing in.

With the downed pilot picked up Jennings tried to fly off. But

his rotor blades were stuck in trees.

He wiggled them loose and flew off through the communist fire.

Jennings has been presented the Silver Star, the nation's third highest award for valor, for his recent rescue action the Air Force announced Friday.

Silver Stars Won by Two Copter Pilots

SAIGON, Vietnam — Two rescue helicopter crewmen with the 38th Aerospace Rescue and Recovery Sq. have received the Silver Star for duty in Vietnam.

Capt. Jerry Jennings, an HH3C pilot, was cited for his bravery in flying deep into VC-controlled territory to rescue a downed Air Force pilot. With the hoist broken, Jennings had to land to pick up the pilot, navigate around the heavy underbrush and avoid the closing in VC.

SSgt Berkley E. Naugle, a helicopter flight mechanic, was on a rescue mission over North Vietnam when an explosion blew him through the hatch door. He opened his parachute and landed safely in a jungle village. Despite injuries received in the explosion, he evaded five truckloads of enemy troops looking for him. He eventually was rescued.

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Two Airmen Earn Medals For Valor

TAN SON NHUT — Two rescue helicopter crewmen of the 38th Aerospace Rescue and Recovery Squadron have been awarded the Silver Star — the United States' third highest award for valor.

Capt. Jerry Jennings of El Paso, Tex., and SSgt. Berkley E. Naugle of Gettysburg, Pa., were presented the medals recently by Col. Donald T. Smith, commander of the Pacific Air Rescue Center.

Captain Jennings, an HH-3C Helicopter pilot, was cited for bravery when he flew deep into Viet Cong controlled territory last November to rescue a downed Air Force pilot.

Despite intense enemy ground fire, the captain made repeated slow passes over the rescue area before locating the pilot. Because the helicopter hoist was broken he could not lift the pilot to the helicopter and had to land and pick up his man as the VC were closing in.

During the descent the helicopter's rotor blades struck surrounding trees, but Jennings still managed to lift his crew and the pilot to safety.

Sergeant Naugle, a helicopter flight mechanic, was on a rescue mission over North Vietnam last November when enemy gunfire touched off an explosion that blew him through the hatch door. He opened his parachute and landed safely in a jungle village.

Despite injuries suffered in the explosion, the sergeant evaded five truckloads of enemy troops who combed the area searching for him.

At night, he worked his way to a hilltop where he radioed for help and was rescued.

1965

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Saigon -- Two Air Force rescue helicopter crewmen of the 38th Aerospace Rescue and Recovery Squadron have been awarded the Silver Star -- the United States third highest award for valor.

Capt. Jerry Jennings of El Paso, Tex., and S.Sgt. Berkley E. Naugle of Gettysburg, Pa., were presented the medals recently by Col. Donald T. Smith commander of the Pacific Air Rescue Center.

Jennings, an HH-3C helicopter pilot, was cited for bravery when he flew deep into Viet Cong-controlled territory last November to rescue a downed Air Force pilot.

Despite intense enemy groundfire, Jennings made repeated slow passes over the rescue area before locating the pilot. Because the helicopter hoist was broken he could not lift the pilot to the helicopter and had to land and pick up his man as the VC were closing in.

During the descent, the helicopter's rotor blades struck by surrounding trees but Jennings still managed to lift his crew and the pilot to safety.

Naugle, a helicopter flight mechanic, was on a rescue mission over North Viet Nam last November when enemy gunfire touched off an explosion that blew him through the hatch door. He opened his parachute and landed safely in a jungle village.

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At night, he worked his way to a hilltop where he radioed for help and was rescued.

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May 2, 1966

THE NATIONAL OBSERVER

Rescue For the Perishing

When a Flier Jumps Over Vietnam Jolly Green Giants Hurry to Help

Continued From Page One

Vietnam are impressive. Since the raids began on North Vietnam on Feb. 7, 1965, the United States has lost about 215 planes, flown by about 230 crewmen. (Some planes carry more than one man.) But of all these, the air-crew rescue squadrons have picked up more than 116 men, and nearly always under fire.

Inside South Vietnam, the pilot who gets out of his wrecked plane alive and well can almost count on surviving; rarely does the air-crew rescue squadron lose one of these pilots. So far, 177 have been picked up in South Vietnam.

The 'Safest' Spot of All

Bailing out into the Gulf of Tonkin, a 150-mile wide ocean separating North Vietnam and the Red Chinese island of Hainan, is safest of all. Thirty-three pilots have jumped into the Gulf of Tonkin, and 32 have been picked up. The other man drowned.

Pilots call the rescue men the "Jolly Green Giants," partly because their shapeless green helicopters are, after all, pretty big, and because, to the pilot bobbing in the ocean or sitting in terror in the enemy jungle, the air-rescue man's job is the biggest job in all of Vietnam.

Major Haynes, the man whose brown-and-green chopper has picked up more than 20 downed aviators inside North Vietnam, is, himself, a giant of a man. Like a lot of helicopter pilots, he tends to talk too loud, a habit formed from hours of yelling at other crewmen and men on the ground over the noise of the clattering rotor blades.

The gangling choppers, it hardly needs be said, offer fat, slow targets for sniping Viet Cong gunners on the ground. And, once the downed flyer is spotted, the chopper must hover over him for several minutes, presenting a standing target that is laced with oil and fuel lines and hydraulic systems.

Most Dramatic Rescue

Three of these choppers have themselves been knocked down in North Vietnam, and it was one of Baylor Haynes' air crewmen who was the star of one of the service's most dramatic and unlikely rescues.



Staff Sgt. Berkeley E. Naugle, 32, Gettysburg, Pa., rode flight engineer a rescue ship up north one morning before President Johnson ordered the in the bombing of North Vietnam; at time, just before Christmas, U.S. bombs regularly attacked key targets near Hanoi.

It was on one of these flights that Naugle's HH-3C, one of the choppers, was hit hard in a vulnerable spot and burst into flames. The sergeant jumped out, suffering burns so severe he could barely maneuver his parachute. He fell, otherwise unhurt, into the jungle 40 miles southwest of Hanoi—250 miles as another helicopter flies, from Thailand to the nearest safe area.

On his way down, Sergeant Naugle lost all his survival gear except, fortunately, a tiny but powerful transistor transistor—a two-way radio not much bigger than a package of cigarettes. For a long time he had no one to talk to, transceiver not. He spent most of the day, seven hours scrambling through the jungle eluding patrols sent out by Communist North Vietnam officers who had seen him jump from the burning helicopter.

Tiny Light in the Jungle

As night fell a rescue chopper hovered overhead. More in wild hope than expectation of being seen, the sergeant signaled the rescue chopper with the beacon he had—a tiny cigarette lighter. Somehow, a clear-eyed crewman on the chopper saw the flickering lighter beneath the jungle canopy, and within a few minutes the thoroughly astonished sergeant was pulled aboard for the ride home to Thailand.

Most rescues are routine, though routine is anything but undramatic.

When a pilot is hit, whether in North

or South Vietnam, he signals "May Day!" This is the international distress signal the signal that the pilot is ditching. At this instant, a unit of the 3rd Aero Rescue Group starts building a rescue "task force." How big this task force becomes depends on how badly the plane is hit, where the pilot expects to ride his plane down or where he expects to land if he bails out, whether he is himself hit or otherwise hurt.

A huge C-54 transport, flying constantly in an assigned pattern in expectation of just this crisis, immediately finds the wounded plane on radar, makes a quick judgment of how much help is needed, and starts calling it in.

OVER

Aerospace Rescue's Colonel Beall, "and that means it ought to work well in the jungle because we'd only need a 30-foot clearing to get a man out."

The Air Force is experimenting, too, with an infrared flasher for nighttime rescue. But now, anyway, the list of items the Air Force requires its pilots to carry is small: A transceiver (radio), flares and smoke bombs, a mirror (to attract rescue ships during sunlight hours), and an electric vapor-light for night flights.

For all its exotic gear and best-laid plans, some of the most dramatic and all-but-impossible pilot "saves" are made in the best flying-by-the-seat-of-the-pants tradition.

One day not long ago, an Air Force C-130, a giant four-engine transport, picked up a weak distress signal while cruising up the coastline of Vietnam not far north of the growing port city of Cam Ranh Bay.

In Enemy-Held Territory

Capt. Jimmie L. Jay of Stillwater, Texas, turned to follow the signal and a few minutes later spotted an Army helicopter down on the beach, its crew outside waving for help. He tried to call the downed chopper, but by this time the little's bird's weak radio had finally quit for good.

Climbing quickly to a higher altitude

to improve his own radio transmission, Capt. Jay headed back to base at Cam Ranh Bay. But because this area was known for a concentration of Communist Viet Cong, Captain Jay and his crew kept eyes out for something close, something small enough to land on the beach.

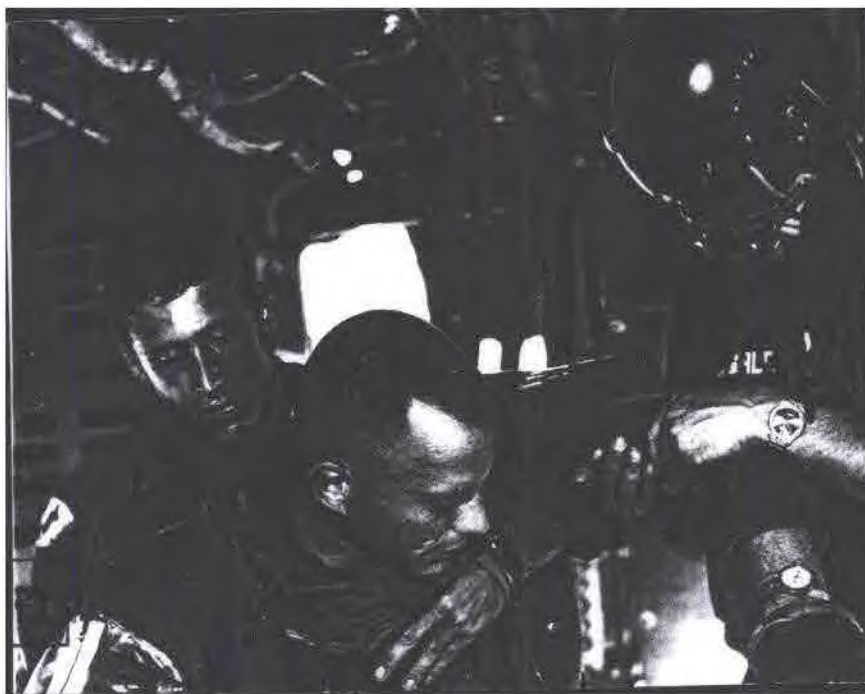
They found them, a formation of Army "Huey" helicopters flying out at sea a few miles away. He tried calling them by radio, but couldn't find their radio channel.

"There wasn't anything else to do," he said, "so I tried some 'sheep-dog tactics.'" Nosing his giant transport to the helicopters' altitude, Captain Jay began circling them, slowly closing his orbit. The little helicopters were quickly convinced they better pay attention; a C-130 is, after all, a lot bigger than a tiny "Huey." The helicopters soon got the idea, headed for the beach and rescued the helicopter crew.

Some of the "saves" are even more daring, and often by men who have no special rescue training. One of the most celebrated was the pick-up of a downed pilot at the Special Forces camp at A Shau in northwest Vietnam last month.

Air Force Maj. Bernard Fischer, who landed his Skyraider under fire on a bombed-out landing strip and waited for his buddy to sprint to the plane, may well have won the Medal of Honor.

Most of the pilot pick-ups are, for Major Haynes and the men like him, a routine day's work. To the man on the ground, though, the Jolly Green Giants are giants indeed. —WESLEY PRUDEN, JR.



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SINGLETON, JERRY ALLEN

Name: Jerry Allen Singleton
 Rank/Branch: O2/United States Air Force
 Unit: DET 1, 38th ARS
 Date of Birth:
 Home City of Record: Oklahoma City OK
 Date of Loss: 06 November 1965
 Country of Loss: North Vietnam
 Loss Coordinates: 202000N 1053000E
 Status (in 1973): Returnee
 Category:
 Aircraft/Vehicle/Ground: CH3C

Other Personnel in Incident: Warren Lilly, returnee, pilot; Arthur Cormier, returnee, pararescue; Sgt. Nagle, flight engineer, (burned, escaped, evaded, rescued)

Source: Compiled by P.O.W. NETWORK March 1997 from one or more of the following: raw data from U.S. Government agency sources, correspondence with POW/MIA families, published sources, interviews.

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JERRY A. SINGLETON
 Captain - United States Air Force
 Shot Down: November 6, 1965
 Released: February 12, 1973

I grew up and attended high school in Oklahoma City. I attended the United States Air Force Academy and graduated in 1962. After pilot training I was assigned to helicopters and in September of 1965, I went to Southeast Asia to fly CH-3C rescue helicopters (Jolly Green). Our mission was to recover American pilots downed over North Vietnam. The Jolly Green in which I was flying was shot down over North Vietnam on November 6, 1965 and I was captured. I was released on February 12, 1973.

My wife, Bonnie, and I have a son, Rick, who was born after I was shot down. Our first meeting was a very happy day for me. We are living in a new home, the bad dream is over, the future is bright, and the three of us are very happy together.

I will be taking about three years extended leave from the Air Force to attend law school. After that I will go back on active duty with the Air Force.

I was very pleased by the wonderfully warm welcome we received when we returned to the United States as free men. I was also very pleased to learn about the many people who supported or participated in efforts to make the North Vietnamese, Viet Cong, and the other communist captors in Southeast Asia treat us according to the Geneva Accords on Prisoners of War, and to obtain our release. I personally believe these efforts saved many lives of American Prisoners of War, and I am eternally grateful for your work, thoughts, and prayers in our behalf.

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