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SUPPORTING DOCUMENT # 7

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MISSION NARRATIVE 1-3-51, 11 May 1969

(S) At 0105Z, 11 May 1969, Jolly Green 03 and Jolly Green 07 were scrambled from Quang Tri. One survivor from a Marine F-4 had been located on the 260 radial for 47 miles from Channel 103. His call sign was Manual 14. Jolly Green 15 (low) and Jolly Green 28 (high) were on alert at DaNang. The DaNang alert aircraft were scrambled at 0155Z as back up helicopters for the SAR effort. Jolly Green 15 took off at 0200Z followed shortly by Jolly Green (JG) 28. Contact was made with Queen and they were instructed to proceed to the pickup area. The weather was good and the two aircraft proceeded at an enroute altitude of 9000 feet. While enroute, Jolly Green 28 maintained radio contact with Waterboy and the various DACSCs in order to get artillery clearance for the two Jolly Greens. This left Jolly Green 15 free to monitor the entire SAR effort. Jolly Green 15 learned that the area was extremely hostile. Spads 01, 02, 11 and 12 were in the area suppressing ground fire. Spad 01 reported that he had been hit. He had a large hole in his tail section and was going to RTB to Pleiku. At about this time, Jolly Green 03 said that he was running low on fuel and would have to RTB to Quang Tri. He departed the area accompanied by Jolly Green 07. The two aircraft were escorted by Spad 12. Spad 12 then intercepted Jolly Greens 15 and 28 and escorted them into the general area of the survivor. Jolly Greens 15 and 28 arrived in the area at 0315Z and set up an orbit at 9000 feet approximately three miles north of the survivor. Meanwhile, Sandys 1, 2, 3 and 4 had arrived in the area at 0310Z and were assisting Spads 11 and 12 in suppressing the ground fire in the area around the survivor, sometimes striking 10 meters from the survivor. The weather in the area was excellent. Visibility was approximately 15 to 20 miles and cloud coverage consisted of scattered cumuliiform clouds. From the orbit position Jolly Green 15 was in excellent position to observe the entire area around the survivor. The survivor was located in an area approximately ten miles to the southeast of Tchepone. He was positioned near the north bank of the Kepon River and approximately 500 yards south of a major highway (route 9). There was a small road just to the east of the survivor with two hostile bunkers on it. Running east and west from the survivor, along the river bank, were numerous houses or buildings and there was a fairly large hostile bunker complex on the south bank of the river about 50 meters to the west of the survivor. Most of the ground fire was observed on the east and west sides of the survivor. At 0315Z (simultaneous with the arrival of JGs 15 and 28) Hobos 40 and 41 arrived in the area. Hobos 42 and 43 were to follow. At this time Hobos 40 and 41 began expending CBU-19 to the east, north, and northwest of the survivor. The Spads and Sandys continued expending ordnance in and around the bunker complexes to the west of the survivor. JG 15 coordinated fuel and hover weight with JG 28, the crew donned their gas masks and body armor, and performed their hostile area descent checks in preparation for descent into the area. At 0325Z, Spad 11 cleared Jolly Green 15 in to make the pickup. He advised that since the survivor was in a relatively open area

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that it might be possible to make a landing rather than a hoist pickup. The flight engineer (A1C Thibodeau) and the Pararescue Specialist (A1C Palmer) manned the M-60's since a great deal of ground fire had been experienced by the aircraft engaged in fire suppression. They were also prepared to make the pickup from either a landing or by utilizing the hoist. During descent the Pararescue Specialist was manning the left M-60 when he observed ground fire coming from the East. He immediately returned the fire. The approach to the survivor was made on a southerly heading and a 180° tactical approach was made over the survivor to align the aircraft for an expeditious departure to the North and a relatively safer area. The letdown and approach was hampered by fog and condensation on the windshield which restricted forward visibility to almost nothing. (See Remarks) At this time the Aircraft Commander (Capt Hall) determined that the area was unsuitable to make a landing. He advised the Pararescue Specialist to prepare to go down on the penetrator and assist the survivor. The survivor had previously reported that he had a broken left arm. JG 15 came to a hover over the survivor at 0335Z and the Pararescue Specialist was immediately deployed on the penetrator. As soon as the aircraft was in the hover, the Co-pilot (Capt Richert) observed small arms fire coming from a tree line approximately 150 yards to the West. He began returning the fire with his AR-15 in an attempt to suppress it. Meanwhile Spads 11 and 12 and Sandys 3 and 4 set up a "daisy chain" on either side of Jolly Green 15. While he was being lowered on the penetrator, A1C Palmer scanned the area for hostile activity in the immediate vicinity. He heard ground fire but could not determine which direction it was coming from. As soon as he arrived on the ground, the Pararescue Specialist assisted the survivor onto the penetrator, gave a thumbs up signal, and was immediately hoisted aboard JG 15 by A1C Thibodeau. JG 15 departed the area at 0340Z on a northeasterly heading. Approximately 2 miles North of the highway more ground fire was observed coming from the West. The flight engineer and co-pilot returned the fire. JG 15 departed the area at 9000' accompanied by JG 28 and Spad 12. Spad 11 had to RTB for fuel immediately after the survivor was picked up. The survivor seemed in fairly good shape. He had suffered a broken left arm and contusions and abrasions on his left leg. The Aircraft Commander decided to take him to the Naval Support Activities Hospital (NSA) at DaNang. JG 15 landed at NSA at 0455Z and then returned to DaNang AB, landing at 0500Z. After landing at DaNang the crew discovered that the aircraft had sustained minor battle damage. The nose gear tires were flat as they had taken a hit by small arms fire. Also a hit had been taken in the nose gear area on the bottom of the aircraft directly below the pilot's compartment.

(U) Survivor's name: Gary L. Bain, Lt USMCR, VMFA 115, Chu Lai AB

(U) Jolly Green Crewmembers:

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JOLLY GREEN 15

AC Capt Joseph R. Hall Jr.
CP Capt Martin E. Richert
FE ALC James A. Thibodeau
RS ALC Dennis C. Palmer

JOLLY GREEN 28

AC Maj Leo M. Wright
CP LtCol Richard G. Willis
FE SSgt Wilson E. Cavano
RS SSgt John J. Eldridge

(U) Comments:

IAW Interim Operational Supplement T.O. 1-h-3(c) C-2-2 dated 14 July 1967 and changed 15 Aug 1968, Jolly Green 15 (65-12783) had the windshield anti-ice disconnected. During the rapid descent from high to low altitude the windshield fogged over and condensation developed on the windshield. As it was, the pilots had to fly the aircraft under hazardous conditions and keep wiping the fog from the windshield until the temperature stabilized.

The requirement to coordinate the SAR forces route into the SAR area with Waterboy (GCI site) and 2-3 DASC's is illogical, time consuming and difficult. Failure or poor FM radio operation often complicates this procedure plus the unfamiliarity of DASC personnel with TACAN facilities and their complete refusal to issue any clearance except on Army Grid coordinates is a very poor procedure. Recommend that GCI sites obtain all clearances and shut down all artillery fire along SAR forces routes whenever a SAR is in progress.

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RESCUE IN VIETNAM

By: Capt. Gary L. Bain USMC (Ret)



Fighter pilots have no fear,

Jolly Green Giants are always near

NOTE: A "Tribute to William C. Ryan" is in the works and will be presented here when completed

VIDEO 1: Fox 25 Local Television News, Oklahoma City, OK. Thanks to Don Shafer for permission to use the news segment as part of this presentation. This is the reunion of Marty and myself 31 years after my rescue.

VIDEO 2: Toast to Marty and Jollies. This video was taken at the residence of Gary and Barbara Bain during Marty and Suzanne's visit. The champagne bottle we had inscribed inadvertently got the wrong date on it. It should have read May 11, 1969, however the meaning remained the same. The fare for the evening included huge grilled shrimp, filet mignon and all the trimmings. What a great time we had. Oh, and for those that don't know us or if you have

seen us in a long time, Marty is the plump old fellow on the left and I am the young, lean and mean gentleman on the right!!

The First Ejection and Rescue

There I was, a long time ago, in a land far away, and it was a dark and stormy night!! The date was January 12th, 1969 and I was just off the coast of South Vietnam, over the South China Sea was level at 4,000 feet and securely strapped in my Marine Corps F-4 Phantom, as was my RIO (Radar Intercept Officer), Lt. William C. Ryan. I had flown well over a hundred combat missions with VMFA-323 and on this particular night we were attempting to get rid of our ten 500 pound bombs that had malfunctioned and wouldn't come off while conducting a Steel Tiger mission in Laos. Those missions were secret at the time and were designed to interdict and destroy men and equipment transporting weapons of war along the Ho Chi Minh Trail. After diverting to the jettison area out over the water I hit the pickle button to drop the bombs and when I did the instrument panel started lighting up like a Christmas tree. It is theorized that one of the bombs hung up on the aft lug and drove the fins through the underbelly of the aircraft and into the fuel lines causing an immediate and catastrophic fire. First the starboard engine overheat light came on, then a fire light. Almost immediately the port overheat light and fire light came on. I stated rather emphatically to Bill, "Bill, we're going to have to get out of here!!". I then started to make my "Mayday" call and only got one Mayday uttered when an explosion rocked the ill-fated Phantom. I hardly got the word "EJECT" out of my mouth and Bill was gone in a flurry of noise and smoke as the canopy was blown off and his ejection seat rockets fired. I followed shortly thereafter and we both found ourselves floating slowly down into a dark void, punctuated only by the violent impact the pilotless Phantom made as the sea swallowed its flaming mass.

The sudden departure from the sanctity of the cockpit to hanging in a parachute, especially at night, is, to say the least, a humiliating as well as a frightening experience. That feeling was short-lived though as I soon splashed down and survival became the motivating factor. I had never been in an ocean at night and as I popped back to the surface, bioluminescence engulfed me and that was something I had never seen or even heard of!! In my imagination, the harmless plankton that was causing the phenomenon, was some alien creature that was attempting to devour me. That caused me to try even harder to gain the security of the life raft I had deployed on the way down, and the harder I tried the more I churned the water and the more the plankton illuminated. I probably set a record getting into the life raft because as I pulled myself up, the seat pan, which was still attached to me started hitting me in the leg and all I could think of was "Sharks!!". Gaining the security of the raft, I soon got my composure back and somehow, Bill and I found each other in that great expanse of water and rejoiced at our reunion and well being. We started laughing, blowing our whistles and even discussed doing a little night fishing!!

A really heads up air traffic controller out of DaNang heard my one "Mayday" and alerted the Jolly Greens at DaNang, the 37th ARRS. The Jolly Greens are an Air Force rescue team with the primary mission of rescuing downed pilots and the 37th was flying HH3E's at the time. Jolly Green 03 launched from their hot pad, leaving Jolly Green 04 behind with a radio problem, later replaced by Jolly Green 28. This mission for them was their first night rescue at sea and it came off without a hitch. Under the flares dropped by a C-130 Hercules, call sign Basketball 814 (later replaced by basketball 842) the Jolly Green helicopter settled on the water and Bill and I

clambered aboard. Except for a minor electrical fire in the area of the Doppler equipment (caused by water dripping from our flight suits), the ride back to our home base at Marine Corps Air Station Chu-Lai was uneventful. The Jolly Green crew had to depart immediately after letting us off so I didn't have a chance to meet them. Bill and I were back in the air again in a couple of days and we continued flying as a team until I went on R&R (rest and relaxation) a few months later in May of 1969.

My R&R destination was Hong Kong and I took a shuttle flight from Chu-Lai to DaNang to await further routing. I had to spend two days in DaNang waiting for my flight so I decided to look up my Jolly Green rescuers as they were based out of DaNang. It just so happened they were in a festive mood so for two days we consumed massive amounts of booze, told war stories, and I reveled in the camaraderie of my heroes. I got to know one of the pilots real good. His name was "Pete". Little did I know the importance of our meeting, for we were to meet again in a few short days, but in much different circumstances.

The Second Ejection and Rescue

Arriving back in Chu-Lai a week later I once again set about winning the war. By this time I had well over two hundred missions under my belt and Bill and I had flown almost a hundred of those together as a team. Our call sign was "Boomslang" and when we checked in with the FAC (forward air controller) he knew the job was going to get done! We had both been recently transferred to VMFA-115, but were still flying out of Chu-Lai. He was scheduled to go on R&I to meet his wife in Hawaii in a couple of days so when I found out he was scheduled to fly with me twice the next day I insisted he cancel the flights. He wouldn't hear of it but after a lot of discussion, we compromised. He would fly the first mission in the morning and cancel the evening mission. This was, most unfortunately, a truly bad decision on both our parts. Bill, or "Rhino", as we fondly called him, would not return from the mission.

We launched early in the morning on May 11th as a flight of two, our destination, Laos, another Steel Tiger mission. The target was in the area of Tchepone, a heavily defended part of the Ho Chi Minh Trail. I was carrying a load of Zuni's, or 5" rockets, for anti-aircraft fire suppression. As we reached the target area the FAC, Call sign Nail 16, designated the enemy position and rolled in "Hot" (ordnance armed and ready to fire). The delivery method I was using was a 500 knot, 60 degree dive angle run. Bill was calling me fast all the way down, as he read off the altitude, airspeed, and dive angle. Just as the pipper in the gunsight arrived at the target I let loose the full complement of rockets. Just as I had been trained to do and had done hundreds of times before, I repeated the mantra, pickle, pause, pull. Just as I was getting a heavy load of G's on the airplane in the pull-up phase and starting the jinking turn (a high speed turn to avoid anti-aircraft fire) a tremendous explosion rocked the big Phantom. The aircraft rolled over to the inverted position and was heading for the ground, all controls lost. At 500 plus knots, impact was imminent and I told Bill to eject three times, very quickly I might add!! Hearing no response I braced myself and reached for the alternate ejection handle nestled between my legs. With a sharp tug the ejection sequence started and the next few seconds of my life became a blur as my stationary body met with the ferocity of a wind twice that of a force 5 tornado. This was about as traumatic as anything you could imagine. I'll try to slow it down for you. The canopy came off first, then the rockets fired that propelled me and the seat out of the aircraft at an instantaneous

18 G's (one G being the force of gravity). As I left the cockpit the horrendous wind blast ripped off my helmet and oxygen mask, it inflated my MK3C life vest, my left arm got thrown behind my back and snapped it in half between the shoulder and elbow, my pistol that I wore on my right hip was ripped off, and the pockets on my G-suit were torn off. Then from bad to worse, the seat, which is supposed to separate from the pilot as the parachute deploys, malfunctioned and the restraint lanyards tangled on my left leg and broke it and the seat stayed with me all the way down. The parachute deployed and I remember hanging there, and I remember this just as vividly as if it were yesterday, I heard a loud whooshing noise and said to myself, "they are shooting at me already". Then a string of bombs went off underneath me. My wingman had seen the fire from my aircraft impacting the ground, thought it was the target and dropped his bombs. I descended through all the debris and after just a few seconds in the parachute hit the ground like a ton of bricks.

The most amazing part of this is that I never felt any pain. I didn't even know my arm was broken until I tried using it and just the stump would move, not the rest of my arm. I remember every detail of the ejection and events leading up to my rescue. To this day, I don't know how my thinking process remained intact, but it did, and my ability to communicate with the rescue is what saved me. As OIC (Officer-in-charge) of the Safety and Survival shop in my squadron always made it a point to carry two survival radios which if I remember correctly were the newer PRC-90's. It was a good thing I did because the first one I tried wouldn't work! I immediately got in contact with the FAC, call sign Nail 16 (OV-10), on my emergency radio to let them know I had survived. No one ever saw a second chute and most opinions concur that I must have taken a 37mm AAA shell in the area of the rear cockpit. I had landed very close to a huge North Vietnamese bunker complex and within 50 meters of some buildings. The word was they didn't take prisoners in that area!! For the next three hours, I would call on everything I had ever learned about survival to make it through the ordeal. The FAC alerted the Jolly Greens and they were launched from a base North of DaNang, Quang Tri. The Jolly Green choppers are escorted by the famous A-1 Skyraider, a big recip with ten wing stations that carry an assortment of ordnance including cannons, bombs, rockets, gas and other goodies. My wingman was out of ordnance but made dummy passes to keep the bad guys heads down until the FAC got a flight of A-4's to make a couple of drops. In the meantime I had gotten myself oriented, established a clock code for the FAC to reference the drops to and had made a sling for my arm out of parachute cord. I always carried a snub-nosed 38 inside my flight vest and I took it out and laid it on my chest. I seriously doubt that it would have done much good but it sure made me feel better. I could hear hollering, whistling and shooting but never did see any enemy personnel.

Then the A-1's arrived on station. At this point they assumed control of the rescue and queried me about my personal authenticator codes. This was a system devised to prevent the bad guys from luring in our aircraft on a phony rescue. All pilots had to fill out cards with answers to questions like, what is your favorite drink, your favorite football team, etc. and then the cards went to a central location for use by the rescuing entities to verify it was actually the pilot talking. In this case, after answering all the questions correctly, I added, "And besides that, this is the Marine that spent two days with you last week!!". The Jollies out of Quang Tri had to divert because of fuel problems. Jolly Green 15 and 28, from the 37th ARRS out of DaNang were then alerted and they promptly headed my way escorted by the DaNang A-1's, the Spads. While

flying cover for the choppers one of the Spads took a 37 MM hit in the tail and had to RTB (Return to Base). The word was passed along to the Jollies about a Marine pilot being down that had recently visited with them.

What a sight those A-1's were!! They would fly so low I could see them smile when they went by. Every time I heard a noise I would call out the clock code and the Skyraider would devastate the area with deadly accuracy. On one run they made they didn't notify me prior to the drop and it happened to be one of those bombs that opens and drops a bunch of small bomblets. I must have jumped ten feet high when those things started going off, thinking of course, I was taking fire. I thought my number was up for certain. Some of them had to be within 20-30' because debris from the explosions rained down on me like a hail storm. At other times the situation would become very quiet and I created things to do to stay busy and alert as I was feeling very faint. I even noticed that my beloved Seiko watch was still intact however it seemed to have lost about four hours on the ejection!! I also started gathering every different kind of le that was in reach of me and storing them in my survival vest to keep as momentos of my vacation in Laos. Sweat was pouring from every pore in my body and I was thirsty, real thirsty pulled the seat pan close to me and removed the contents of the survival pack looking for water. I found the water in a gray can, but alas, no pull tabs back then!! So I took out my bright orange survival knife and decided to punch a hole in the top of the can so I could drink. Opening the knife one handed presented a problem though and I tried everything, snagging it on my flight suit, with my teeth, and was about to give up when I realized, hey, this is a switch blade. With a quick flick of the button the knife was open. I then propped the can up between my legs and with a quick stab, smartly planted the blade squarely in my leg instead of the can. I actually laughed at myself, oh no, I wasn't shook up!! .

The weather was deteriorating and the Jolly Green chopper was starting to get low on fuel so the Rescue Crew Commander, Capt. Joseph Hall, decided it was then or never. He had been holding in a designated area waiting for the OCS (On Site Commander) to give the all clear and that enemy fire had been suppressed. The A-1's then gassed the area, I popped a smoke flare and with machine guns blazing the Jolly Green HH3E chopper came in and hovered over my position. What an incredible sight, forever etched in my memory, the chopper swooping in, the PJ (para-jumper) coming down the hoist with a gas mask on and the co-pilot, Capt. Martin Richert, laying down suppressing fire from the co-pilot's window with an automatic rifle and the flight mechanic hosing the area down with machine gun fire. They took small arms fire throughout the approach and hover. Capt. Richert said that during the final approach he could hear the slap of small arms fire above the noise of the rotor and knew that we were taking fire. Two rounds went through the cockpit and nose area while I was being picked up which is something I didn't know until much later. As the chopper stabilized over me I hobbled over to the hoist and the PJ strapped me on and away we went. As we departed the area the crew pulled me inside and promptly started attending my needs. They administered morphine, put an air cast on my arm and checked all my vital signs. They also traded me a cigarette lighter for my pistol. That was simply a diplomatic way of taking a weapon from someone that they didn't know what state of mind they were in. I still have that lighter and will always treasure it. About halfway back to DaNang the pilot got up out of his seat and came back to where I was. I looked up and there, standing before me, was "Pete", which is Capt. Joseph Hall's nickname!!.

Crewmembers of the second rescue on May 11, 1969

Capt. Joseph R. Hall Rescue Crew Commander

Capt. Martin E. Richert Pilot

A/C James A. Thibodeau Flight Mechanic

A/C Dennis C. Palmer Pararescue Specialist



Jolly Green 15 crew after my rescue, men in back looking for bullet holes!!

I would also like to recognize the supporting pilots and any others that participated in this rescue. Should anyone know the names of Nail 16 and 18, the Spad drivers, Hobos, Sandys, Playboy, Litter Flight or any other personnel involved please have them contact me. Thank you

UPDATE: I have now located and talked with all four crewmembers of Jolly Green 15 that made the rescue in Laos. On January 30, 2002 I called and talked with Dennis Palmer. He has an excellent recollection of the events and still has my name tag from my flight suit in his scrapbook!! I have also located and talked with Captain Moore and A/C Cassidy of the first rescue. I am still looking for Maj. Herman C. Stafford, Pilot, and SSgt. Ernest R. Cyrus, Flight Mechanic of the first rescue. Anyone that knows their whereabouts may contact me at garybain@telepath.com

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FLASH

* C O N F I D E N T I A L *

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DE RUSVTFB #0082 1311055

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FM OL 1 3ARRGP SON TRA AB RVN

TO RUCIEUA/ARRS/ARCP/SCOTT AFB ILL

RUHHABA/41ARRWG/PROCP/HICKAM AFB HAWAII

RUSQNA/3ARRGP/JSARC/TAN SON NHUT AB RVN

RUEFHQA/CSAF/AFCP/AFXOPFH

INFO RUCIEUA/MAC/MCP/MAOCCA/SCOTT AFB ILL

RUKLAAA/TAV/DCOS LR/LANGLEY AFB VA

RUMTFJA/USAFMPC/AFPMSC/RANDOLPH AFB TEX

RUHEB/CINCPACAF/CC/HICKAM AFB HAWAII

RUCEAAA/USAF ALTERNATE CP/MAXWELL AFB ALA

RUSVB/7AF/DOO/DO/DP/DI/BDPMP/CP/TSN AB RVN

RUEBAAA/ARDC/ABERDEEN PROVING GROUND MARYLAND

RHMSMVA/COMUS MACV ATTN JPRC SAIGON RVN

RHMSMVA/MACV SAIGON RVN

RUHHBRA/CINCPACFLT PEARL HARBOR HAWAII

RUMFSAA/COMDR SEVENTH FLT

RUMFSAA/ALL TF SEVENTH FLT CVA TG COMDRS

RUMFSAA/CTE SEVEN ZERO PT TWO PT ONE PT ONE

RUMFSAA/CTG SEVEN SEVEN PT ZERO

CLASSIFICATION CANCELLED

Or Changed to

By Authority of

By

UNCLAS

CSAF W8310856 Apr 25

M. JAVIS (Date) 30 Apr 25

1-3-051
OPENING & SUSPEND
25 WEST KHESA

PAGE 2 RUSVTFB 0082

RUMFSAA/CTE SEVEN SEVEN PT SIX

RU VDB/MAG 13 CHU LAI AB RVN

RU JSRA/OL 2 3ARRGP UDORN RTAFB THAI

RUSVDF/1ST MAW DANANG AB RVN

RUSVAL/39ARRS TUY HOA AB RVN

RUSVTF/37ARRS DANANG AB RVN

BT

C O N F I D E N T I A L/JOPREP JIFFY/OL-1, 3ARRGP/

RESCUE 051//111036Z MAY 69.

PART ONE OF TWO PARTS.

1. RESCUE OPENING REPORT 11 MAY 69.

2. 1-3-051-11 MAY 69.

3. A. TACTICAL B. CLASSIFIED C. CAMOUFLAGED/NOT AVAILABLE/F-4C

MANUAL-42 D. USA E. UMFA-115, USMC, CHU LAI AB RVN. F. NOT

RELEASEABLE. G. 2 POB. H. USMC STANDARD.

4. NAIL 16 11/0100Z.

5. S/E

6. CROWN-4 ON GUARD 0100Z, JOLLY GREENS 03 AND 07, 0105Z, SPAD 11 AND 12 AT 0103Z.

7. CROWN-4 DIVERTED TO SAR SCENE 0103Z, JOLLY GREENS 03 AND 07 DIVERTED

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TO SCENE AT 0105Z, SPADS 11 AND 12 SCRAMBLED FROM CH-77 AT 0103Z.

8. 1638N - 10621E.

9. A. NOT A FACTOR C. S/E

10. OL-1 3ARRGP, MAJ R.L. KRIDLER, CAPT P. HUBACKER, TSGT L. VANCE,

FLASH

* C O N F I D E N T I A L *

FLASH

FLASH

CONFIDENTIAL

PT 00177

A1C NOWOCZYNSKI.

11. PANAMA GCI, WATERBOY GCI.

19. C. SEE PART TWO. D. SEE PART TWO. H. SEE PART TWO.
PART TWO OF TWO PARTS.

1. RESCUE SUSPENDING REPORT.

2. 1-3-051-11 MAY 69.

9. B. NOT A FACTOR.

12. NAIL-16 AT 0100Z/1638N - 10621E.

13. 37ARRS/HH-3E/JUNGLE PENETRATOR/0338Z.

14. 2/1/1/1/0.

15. S/E

16. 4/11.2/37ARRS/HH-3E, 4/11.5/6SOS/A-1E, 8/27.3/602SOS/A-1E,
2/8.7/39ARRS/HC-130P, 4/8.4/31TFW/F100C, 2/2.7/12TFW/F4C, 2/7.7
/23TACC/OV-2. 17. 0/0/0/0/NOT AVAILABLE/0/NOT AVAILABLE/NOT AVAILABLE.

18. A. ALL OF 37ARRS; RCC CAPT J.R. HALL JR, RCCP CAPT M.E. RICHERT,
FE A1C THIBODEAU, J.A. RS A1C D.C. PALMER.

PAGE 4 RUSVTFB 0082 C O N F I D E N T I A L

B. 1/LT BAIN G.L. USMCR, VMFA-115, CHU LAI AB, RVN.

19. A. 10 N.M. RADIUS OF 1638N - 10621E, 75 PER CENT EFFECTIVE.

B. ONE SURVIVOR LOCATED AND RECOVERED. BACK SEATER AND AIRCRAFT
WRECKAGE WERE NOT LOCATED. F. NO BEEPER OR VOICE CONTACT WITH BACK
SEATER. H. ONE ARRS COMBAT SAVE OF A USMCR AIRCREW MEMBER/NO AIR
REFUELING/NO RS DEPLOYED/NAIL-16 REPORTED SEEING ONE GOOD C UTE FROM
M JEL-42. CRASHED AIRCRAFT OR EVIDENCE OF SECOND SURVIVOR HAS NOT
BEEN DET R I 00 TMEEEZYFYBEZDWAAAAA OWNED BY HOSTILE FIRE. LAST KNOWN HEA
ING OF AIRCRAFT AS REPORTED

BY SURVIVOR WAS 180 DEGREES. SURVIVOR SUFFERED A BROKEN ARM AS RESULT
OF EJECTION, HE STATED THAT HE WAS EXTREMELY LOW WHEN HE BAILED OUT AN
DID NOT BELIEVE THAT THE BACKSEATER MANAGED TO BAIL OUT, SURVIVOR
RETURNED TO NSA HOSPITAL DANANG BY JOLLY GREEN 15. 6P-4.

BT

#0082

NNNN#

Classified by _____
SUBJECT TO GENERAL DECLASSIFICATION
SCHEDULE OF EXECUTIVE ORDER 11652
AUTOMATICALLY DOWNGRADED AT TWO-
YEAR INTERVALS.
DECLASSIFIED ON _____

11.2

8.7

M/K/SUC

FLASH

CONFIDENTIAL

FLASH

2 1.7 FLASH
2 11.5
4 27.3
8

4 8.4
2 2.7
20 57.6

4 11.2
2 8.7
6 19.9