

McCain

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J.P. FLYNN

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... to questions by one of its ... in North Vietnam. He is It Cdr John ... on the True Rich Lake in ... from his place in flames. It was free ... for the last time. Before being ... among the personnel flying from ... the latter sustained considerable ... 1967. McCain could take leave in his ... he could spend only a few days with ... to report urgently to the Oriskany ... he related, his wife and even his ... because a great number of ... had already arrived in the

McCain stated that he was assigned to the Oriskany, ... pilots, which were sustained by this ... (North Vietnam territory) and which ... 12 pilots were transferred like me from the ... had made several sorties, ... North Vietnam."

McCain stated that he participated five or six times in the attacks on the Haiphong sector.

He still clearly remembered the day when he recalled his disastrous sortie on 20 October against Haiphong. "The briefing was held in the morning," he said. "That's right. I remember that it was in the morning that they told me of the situation and the plan of the attack, which should take place about noon. A reconnaissance officer explained that plan to me. They showed me photographs of my target and marked out the paths to be followed by the Oriskany at this point. They pointed out to me a number of obstacles to be avoided near Hanoi and a number of possible rocket positions, the position of our own ships, the radio frequency, the composition of the flight, and so forth. They showed me the target, our formation, with six bombers, would conduct the attack according to the following orders: I would be No three, and the chief of the formation would be. The pilot would have to approach the target from a different direction, the choice of which would be left to him. "While moving toward the target, we entered over a very dense network of fire, a very powerful rigette. A few rockets were seen. Our chief turned to approach the target and I followed him at a distance. At the time when I was preparing to drop my bombs--I did not have another or not I could drop them, because things were happening too fast--I heard a terrible explosion which shook my plane and sent it toward the ground. It was hit so violently that I was thrown on my back and went straight toward the ground in this posture. I tried to pull the direction-stick to reestablish the attitude of my plane but it no longer responded to me.

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"I continued to descend at a dizzy speed. Then, I ejected myself. I do not know at what altitude, but it must have been very low. Naturally I felt buffeting because my balling out was made at the time when the plane was falling too fast. When the parachute opened, I locked down and found out that I was going to fall into a lake. I was really lucky to be able to fall into a lake. All around me bombs were exploding while rockets and antiaircraft shells were streaking through the sky. I hit the lake and went to the bottom. While trying to return to the surface, I was seized by Vietnamese and pushed to the bank of the lake. They disarmed me and brought me to prison."

"What do you think of Hanoi's fire barrage?" asked the NHAN DAN correspondent.

McCain cried out: "Very intense, very accurate. When a fire barrage is so accurate, one has to reckon with it. You are excellent artillerymen. Naturally, I have never seen such a fire network, because it was the first time that I flew over Hanoi."

"Were all the pilots who had flown over Hanoi afraid of the firepower from the ground?"

"Yes, certainly!" McCain said. "How lucky are those who do not have to come often to the Hanoi sector. Very dangerous!

"Because they could very well be shot down, hit, something that no one wants! When I arrived near my target I saw two rockets streaking by my side, and it was terrible to see. They flew very fast, very strongly."

Suddenly the air pirate was silent as if he were still obsessed by the memory of his disastrous sortie. "For me," he concluded, "there is no longer any doubt. Things are taking place in a favorable opinion; the United States at present seems to be standing alone, so much is its isolation."

Peter Flynn Remarks

Hanoi Domestic Service in Vietnamese 1400 GMT 9 Nov 67 S

(Commentary by Corrado Trung Son: "The Old Chap Caught In A Trap")

[Text] People say this piratic pilot from Ohio is very fond of studying history, but it is not known whether he has studied the history of the United States as a whole or only that of the U.S. Air Force. If he confined himself to a study of the history of those who have used air forces as an aggressive instrument, he surely knew the case of [name indistinct], whose plane was recently brought down by one of our valiant young pilots while on a piratic mission over Hanoi. It is a fact, however, that he himself, a hard-core U.S. pilot, added a new ill-fated passage to the gloomy history of the U.S. Air Force. He is U.S. Air Force Col John Peter Flynn who was born on 17 October 1922 and belonged to the U.S. 38th Fighter Wing stationed at Korat in the U.S. satellite of Thailand.

While on a piratic mission over Hanoi on 27 October 1967, his F-105B aircraft was shot to pieces by the mighty air defense firetower of the army and people of the valiant capital, and he was captured, after parachuting, by young boys and girls in the valiant town of Gia Lan, right on top of one of the craters made by his criminal bombs.

This old rogue, Col. John "Old" Flynn, had a reputation for being a "hard" man. His shoulders while looking like an old man's, were not. It was said that he had overly generous shares when given a share of the spoils of war. He was known to maintain his arrogance even in a prison of his own making as he did in the U.S. bases in Japan or Thailand. "Old" Flynn, "Old" Flynn, "Old" Flynn, "Old" Flynn, bloodthirsty Johnson since agent of justice in a political plot in 1950. During the original war waged by the American aggressors in Korea in 1950, he was stationed in Seoul. During six months of fighting, he was shot down. He received blow after blow from the DFR's forces, every one people had heard. He escaped death on many occasions. If or those days, he was captured, he fled to the United States and was stationed at home, collecting money. He lived there with his wife and children in the hope of saving money for his own and his family's missions.

He thought that, in retirement in 1965, he could (and did) live in the civil aviation branch with a lucrative salary. Unfortunately, his government needed many pilots for the aggressive war in Vietnam and he was obliged to return. Exactly three months and three days later, during which he flew 30 dangerous missions, he nearly lost his life and was captured, although before every mission he received the depleted prayers. "Oh God, I do really to be alive," he said to himself and sighed wearily.

Flynn recalls trembling with fear at the prospect of missions to the "sixth and seventh areas." He said that at his base, every newcomer had to attend a two-to-five-day course to learn about the firepower of the north and its various weapons. Even this old rogue was haunted with fear from the beginning, not to mention the young pilots and those who came to replace the veterans who had been captured or lost during hostile actions against North Vietnam.

All the men at Korat, from the commander to airman, trembled with fear when having to carry out missions to the north. He said that on their return, the pilots usually talked excitedly; while in public discussions, they dared not talk much about the firepower of the north for fear of affecting the morale of those who had not yet flown to the north. Generally they confided to one another that rockets almost hit them or they had encountered MIGs.

The old rogue colonel continued: "I once encountered a MIG. It came straight at me from where I didn't expect; shot a burst at the left wing of my plane, and disappeared. It was really a skillful performance." He said: "Because the F-105 (word indistinct), it is easily followed by MIGs. As for your artillery, generally it is very accurate." Closing his dry lips, he continued: "I was shot at on many missions. On returning, nobody dared discuss much because of fear. I was also scared, but in explaining my fear, I would have affected the morale of others."

The pirate commander of the 388th Wing in Korat said that every month in Korat alone each fighter wing lost three pilots who could not be rescued and probably a higher number of planes, mainly over the north, figures that are undoubtedly underestimated. It is known to everybody that the F-105 plane is very modern, but the Americans have lost a large number of them in Vietnam. Production of this type of aircraft has been suspended and the company which produced them has combined with another to manufacture other types.