

# Survival Rounds

By [Michael McCormick](#)

I drew a .38 from supply. It made a fair hammer. Supply gave me six rounds. 3 were snake rounds, 3 were ball. Had to turn in the empty casings to get replacement ammo. I didn't have enough sense to go to the Air Force or Navy to get more ammo.

Three months pass...

I drew a .45 and a m-16 from supply. Went to the rocket bunker and got about a pallet of m-16 ammo and a few cases of WP grenades + a few bags of Arty charges to tape to the WP. They blew up real purty just above ground level if'n I dropped them from 750 feet. Couldn't figure out how to strap the m-16 to my butt while flying. Oh yeah, the .45 was not for yer normal personal protection. The damn thing had been used against the Moros or the Apaches. I slid the belt around when flying so the holster was between my legs.

one month passed..

Got a leather cop shoulder holster for my .38, and green taped my survival knife upside down on it. Added same to my flying arsenal (ensemble??). Threw away the Roy Rogers cowboy belt. The area under my rack in the hooch looked like a divisional arty dump. One mortar round on it would have taken out the entire company officers hooch area. I started flying with my seat all the way down and to the rear.

'nother month passed...

Got rid of all the ordinance. just carried my survival knife and some bandages. Never could hit a damn thing with the m-16 anyway and the .45 kept falling apart every time I took it out of the holster. During that time the m-16 flash guard was replaced with the closed guard so I couldn't even open up a case of "Cs" with it anymore. Worthless toy gun!

... 'nother 2 months passed.

Got a grease gun at Tien Phouc SF Camp, and 4 magazines. Now there was a manly-mans toy gun. Replaced the spring with a m-60 spring. Flew with it strapped to my carcass. Prayed I'd never have to piss off any NVA on the ground with it. Tried to find ways to get the armored seat lower and farther to the rear of the helicopter.

??? time passed.....

Transitioned into the OH-6A. Damn seat doesn't adjust, but I can fly faster than sound, and lower then a snakes belly. I'm immortal. The LOH has a force trim built into the cyclic (stick), so I can shoot the grease gun out the side window with both hands while I'm flying. I kill a lot of paddy dikes. Even shot up a few fishing nets along the coast line.

Last 2 weeks in country.

Turned in all the toys. Sat in the dark in my hooch waiting for a C-123 to get me out of the land of the big boom. Only flew flare drops around the perimeter at night. Dare I think I'm going home? Yosarrian is alive and well in Chu Lai.

366th day....

Landed at Travis with a cat in my helmet bag. People here sure don't like soldiers much.

Pelican 223