

Specialist Four Thomas Corbin distinguished himself by heroic actions on 1 January 1968, while serving as an ammunition handler with C Battery, 2d Battalion, 77th Artillery at Fire Support Base Burt in the Republic of VietNam. The fire support base came under an intense enemy mortar attack followed by a heavy ground assault. Although serving as a member of the ammunition section, Specialist Corbin positioned himself in front of a howitzer section which was in serious danger of being overrun.

Throughout the ensuing battle he remained in his position and placed devastating machine gun fire upon the assaulting Viet Cong force. When Specialist Corbin's position came under hostile automatic weapons fire from an enemy bunker 30 meters to their front, he maintained his position until ordered to move back to allow the firing of beehive rounds into the enemy forces.

While assisting the gun crew to maneuver their howitzer, Specialist Corbin was mortally wounded by the intense enemy fire. Due to Specialist Corbin's valorous actions, the mission was successfully completed and the enemy attack repulsed. Specialist Corbin's personal bravery, aggressiveness, and devotion to duty are in keeping with the highest traditions of the military service and reflect great credit upon himself, his unit, the 25th Infantry Division, and the United States Army.

After reading the history of the battle you sent, the missing puzzle pieces fell into place.

Thank you for your kindness!

Curtis Hines P. O. Box 1281, Cross City,
FL 32628

Editors Note: SP4 Thomas Corbin's gun emplacement was directly behind the Charlie Company 2/22 - 2nd Platoon Armored Personnel Carrier (APC/Track) that I was on the night of Burt. We were probably no more than 20 meters from each other while the battle raged on, and had possibly shared some laughter earlier that evening, but it took almost 29 years for Thomas' brother, Gregory Hines, to learn the complete details of his brother's death and what actually happened that night. There are thousands and thousands of brothers, mothers, fathers, sisters and children out there still waiting for you to

Hero at Fire Support Base Burt

From: afn39247@afn.org (C. Chad Hines)
To: VIETVET222@JUNO.COM (John J. Eberwine)
Date: Wed, 11 Sep 1996 22:10:45 -0400
Subject: Response to Message Lost & Found Page

Hello John J. Eberwine,

Thanks for responding to my message and for sending information regarding the *Battle of Suoi Cut*. The map helped pinpoint the spot where my brother was killed in action. The detailed reports helped me to envision the action taking place during the attack(s).

Below is a copy of general orders #692 given with his *AWARD OF THE SILVER STAR*.

Date Action: 1 January 1968
Theater: Republic of VietNam
Reason: For gallantry in action:

the reunions has left me with a little more remembrance of the past that I had hidden away inside my sub conscience but there is so much that I just can't piece together. Maybe the next reunion will restore another part of the past and leave us all with peace of mind.

My wife had a real good time and says she'll be going to the next reunion in New Jersey with me. She enjoyed everyone's company she meet and had a good time shopping with Ed Patrick's wife Milly. Ed and I sure missed Arnie Pellerin and hope to see him at the next reunion. Arnie had heart surgery and just wasn't up to the trip this reunion but we hope to see him next time and will keep in touch with him over the next 17 months.

It was good to see all the men I served with and I don't think I have to mention them all because I'd be here for hours. Let me just say, "Welcome Home and Thanks for Being There"

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Editors Note: The following stories were sent in From: William Matz - Medic
<wamatz@hotmail.com>
To: vietvet222@juno.com
Date: Tue, 25 May 1999 11:06:15 PDT
Subject: Newsletter

John J. Eberwine

I got your message requesting stories, and from the newsletter and other e-mails I've received I gather that many of the members are interested in the "early days" of our battalion. The following starts with the earliest day of all: *The Very Beginning!*

What Have I Got Myself Into?

I was drafted into the army on December 8th, 1965 at the Van Buren Street induction center in Chicago. After following the "yellow line" and being sworn in, we were flown down to Fort Polk, LA. We were tested, pushed, prodded, injected, and issued uniforms at Polk before they flew us up to Fort Lewis, WA. I don't remember the exact date we arrived at Fort Lewis, but this was when they filled out the 2/22nd with the troops who would eventually be sent to VietNam.

Houston, Texas for medical corpsman training. Besides myself original members from 2/22 were: Lambert, Farrel, Bergeron, Kells, Hovance, Hollister, Walls, and Reynolds. The other two battalions of the brigade each sent an equal number. Fort Sam, as any former medic will tell you, was known as the "Country Club" of the army. Most of us remember our time there fondly. We were given training classes in various aspects of field and hospital training by doctors and nurse officers.

One day (I think it must have been a Monday, after a particularly busy weekend in San Antonio or Laredo) we had a class in sterile fields in an operating room. The nurse, a Major, conducting the class, gave us a lecture and demonstration; then called on individuals to show how to handle surgical instruments in a sterile field. No one was doing very well. Instruments were dropped or picked up by the wrong end, and the field was *contaminated* repeatedly. Finally the Major stopped the demonstration, and slowly looked over our group. "I see a lot of

made it home alive and have never forgotten our brothers who died beside us in VietNam. I want to especially remember the following members of Bravo Company, 2nd Platoon, Triple Deuce (9/67 - 9/68) who died in VietNam, Anderson Turner, Robert Campbell, Steve Linna, Dan Vannoy, Thomas Ross and Joseph Strippoli.

I hope that this letter has portrayed the fantastic feelings that the Dallas reunion has left in me and encourages all members of the 22nd Infantry Regiment Society and The VietNam Triple Deuce Association to attend our next reunion. Hopefully we'll find many more members to join our society, especially those from Bravo Company of The Triple Deuce, so that our next reunion in Atlantic City is even greater than Dallas.

Thanks again to everyone for their hospitality and friendship. Yours truly,

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A Woman's Viewpoint

by Susan Bellucci

May 28, 1999

Dear John and Cindy,

I had a wonderful time at the Dallas reunion and I enjoyed meeting everyone and making friends. From the minute we arrived, everyone made us feel right at home, and all the ladies made me feel like part of the family. It was a great experience and I am very glad that Bob asked me to join him.

I knew how important this reunion was for Bob because he was going to be with other people who he could relate to and share his stories of VietNam with. I knew it was going to be a very emotional experience for him. Little did I know that it would also be a very emotional experience for me, one filled with tears and laughter, and one that I will never forget.

Bob has always talked to me about what it was like in VietNam. I'm very happy that he is able to share that part of his life with me. I really feel for those who haven't been able to open up and

share because it is all part of the healing process. My brother went to VietNam when I was 10 years old. He came back with no physical scars, but if there are any scars on the inside, that remains a secret to him because he never really talks about it.

Attending this reunion with Bob has given me a better understanding of what he went through. I have always been proud of him, and have great respect for him for doing what his country asked of him and putting his life on the line. This reunion has deepened that sense of pride and respect.

I was very touched by the stories that were shared at the reunion and the display of love and respect you guys have for each other. Listening to and watching the slide presentation was very emotional and a real education. While I can never really know first hand what you experienced over there, I have a better sense of what it must have been like in the jungles of VietNam.

This reunion has confirmed something I already knew: that a lot of men, in spite of what they went through in VietNam, picked up the pieces of their lives when they came home and went on to lead very productive lives.

While I know that Bob had a great time at this reunion, I pray that he will have the opportunity to be reunited with men he served with in Bravo Co., Triple Deuce at the next reunion. He has a lot of work ahead of him, but I have every confidence that he will be able to get in touch with some men and get them to the next reunion, and I intend to help him in any way that I can.

I can't tell you enough what a terrific time I had in Dallas. Thank you again for making me feel welcome and I am looking forward to seeing everyone at the reunion in Atlantic City.

Warm regards, Susan Bellucci
(the future Mrs. Bob Price)
SuzieQ18@aol.com

From: Rudisill1@aol.com

To: vietvet222@juno.com

Date: Tue, 18 May 1999 12:54:09 EDT

John & Cindy:

Wow, what a week-end. It will take me some time to recover. I got back to Portland at 11 am on Sunday morning. Just in time to start celebrating

Desi's birthday with her two sisters, one brother, mom, aunt, and 12 of her friends at a swimming party at our club. The beat just kept on going. I will write back to you with my reflections of the reunion. I am still trying to recover from the fun week-end. It was so great to see and talk to everyone. Love you guys.

Jerry

Jerry Rudisill's Thoughts

Mon, 31 May 1999 17:38:59 -0400

I did a lot of talking and listening at the reunion. A couple of the best stories I heard at the reunion are:

Gordon Kelley was the Charlie 2/22 Company Commander when this story happened.

It seems the company was running along a road when they started receiving fire from a village. Gordon Kelley ordered his men to return fire, and they were replying to the incoming rounds with plenty of outgoing fire. The battalion commander was flying over and called down to Kelley and asked him what he was doing and said, "That village is friendly." There was silence on the radio for a few seconds, and then Gordon Kelley, in that unmistakable baritone voice came back with, "Well sir, they may be friendly to you, but they are shooting at us."

The other story was about one of the guys who had been in VietNam for over six months when he gets a letter from a bill collector about a bill. He wrote the guy back that he was sorry he had not paid the bill. It had slipped by before he was shipped to VietNam. He had the money in cash and would be happy to pay him if he would just come pick it up.

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Borchert Remembering Burt

by Steve Borchert

From: Sjborch51@aol.com

To: vietvet222@juno.com

Date: Wed, 26 May 1999 22:48:24 EDT

Subject: My night at Fire Support Base Burt

First of all I really didn't know it was called Burt until I was found by c3222locate@aol.com (Bill Schwindt C 3/22) and talking on the phone with Bill Allison. All these years I just called it Soui Cut; we were pretty much in the dark about things on the medic track anyway, most of the time anyway.

Our night began when they started to walk mortars across the perimeter of the base camp. We pulled our ramp up and closed the top hatch. About a minute later, we took a direct hit from one of the mortars that blew the antenna off and destroyed my personal radio for listening to Johnny Carson at night. With the antenna gone we had no radio contact with the rest of the company. After the mortars quit and since the track had no way of communicating I (there were 3 other medics; John Connors, myself and 2 more) moved the track behind the front line of tracks down by the road where Charlie Company 2/22 was located. We had no idea at that time just how intense the situation was down along the road.

John and I got out of the track and went to the back doors of the tracks asking if anybody needed help. The very first track happened to be Lt. Kelley's. Fortunately for me I looked enough like a friendly he didn't pull the trigger on the 45 cal. pistol he had pointed at my head as he opened the door. This all happened before Charlie Company, 2nd Platoon lost the 2 tracks by the road.

Not too much later we started receiving men that needed first aid, and even more intensive medical treatment, to the point that we had to move them up to HHC where Doc Coyer was located. From this location, they finally were moved onto medivacs back to a hospital. This was my second chance at being shot. When the helicopters were getting close I had a strobe light to hold up to guide them in to the LZ. (Editors note: Wayne Crash Coe, one of the first helicopter pilots on the scene that night, wrote a story a few years ago about FSB Burt and the extraordinarily brave man who stood out, amidst all the intense enemy fire, with a strobe to guide in the medivac and resupply choppers.) My memory says it was 32 wounded, walking and litter; I later found a note saying it was 32 walking and 17 litter. We also didn't know until later that morning that the VC had penetrated our lines during the night and were behind

us while we were loading the medivac choppers.

Later that morning after we got all our paper work finished up we took the track back down to where we had it parked during most of the firefight. Now, for the first time in 31 years, after attending the reunion in Dallas and seeing the slide show, I have finally realized where all the beehive darts in our c-rations and water cans came from.

Anyway that's my story from what I can remember.

The reunion was great, I was glad I was able to make it. Thanks to the 2 Bills (editors note: Bill Schwindt and Bill Allison), John Eberwine, Norm Nishikubo, and Awb Norris for getting the information to me to make it so.

Thank You.

Steve Borchert HHC 2/22nd Mech Infantry, Medic (mostly Charlie Company) 7/67-7/68 - 6603 Coldstream Dr. Pasadena, TX. 77505 - sjborch51@aol.com 281-487-2923(night) 713-336-5383(day)

Jim Frost Remembers Dallas

John,

I finally picked up my developed pictures of the Dallas reunion. Have to put them into my reunion photo album. As I look at how nice the pictures came out, I cannot forget what a good time Jill and I had at the reunion. The pictures showed so many new faces. I hope I can remember the names in the pictures.

After I completed putting all the pictures into my photo album, I started looking back into my book and stopped to reflect on the Gettysburg reunion, and the Jim Nelson Art show held at the VietNam Art Memorial Gallery in Albany, NY. "What great memories."

Now that the Dallas reunion has come and gone my memories will last a lifetime. I can still remember the excitement flying into the Dallas/Fort Worth airport on Thursday, and arriving by shuttle at the Holiday Inn. Many Triple Deucers and their family members were standing outside and inside the entrance to the Inn. Awb Norris was greeting everyone by hugging or shaking hands. He sure is a great leader. I thought to myself what a great way to start this reunion.

Bill and Martha John Allison were organizing groups of guests to go out to eat like they did in Gettysburg. Jill and

I quickly signed up at the registration room and went up to our room. Arriving back at the lobby Norm Nishikubo told me that my squad leader Joe Dietz (who I finally found after 30 years) was already registered and was in the hospitality room. Once I entered the hospitality room I immediately recognized Joe's smile. We talked briefly, Joe had already eaten, so Jill and I went with the Allison group to a restaurant called Pappadeaus. The food was great and the company was even better. While waiting for our food, I visited with David Milewski, a member of my squad, and his wife Judy and a Bravo Company 2/22 man, Bob Price, and his fiancée Susan. I enjoyed their company very much that evening.

I found out later that three other members of my squad, Ted Angus, Jerry Rudisill, Jim Nelson had somehow ended up some other place to eat. Jerry, I hope, will tell us someday, how that happened.

Friday was a big day, with a meeting in the morning, and group pictures of all the Veterans, WWII and VietNam. During the day Bill Allison showed his (not to be missed) slide show. He gets better every reunion. What can I say about M. C. Toyer. We cannot thank him enough for all his hard work in organizing the reunion, and all of the people that helped him.....a big Thank you!

M. C. Toyer's own family put on a great show on Friday night. We also heard from Cindy Eberwine, John's wife: what a beautiful voice as she sang her songs.

The night continued with groups of slide shows. There was Jerry Dorr's slides, Don Carpenter's 1969 slides; also Joe Dietz displayed his 1966 slides, showing the building of the Dau Tieng base camp. All of the slides were just marvelous. I know many people who would like to see those slides again at the next reunion.

Saturday was a trip to the town of Grapevine, Texas. While in Grapevine there was a special military program displaying the flag colors for all branches of the armed forces. M. C. Toyer was part of this program, and was dressed in authentic garb. This was a must see program, which Jill and I enjoyed.

Saturday evening was a special affair. Everyone entering the Ballroom was dressed up and looked very nice.

Where to begin? I don't know how else to approach this but to start at the beginning and try to remember as I go. I know that I'll leave out some significant actors and events but I'll try to list what were to me memorable experiences. Some of you will hopefully be able to relate to one point or the other. I arrived in-country mid November, 1967. I remember arriving with Loveless, Mock and Hildebran among others. I was immediately assigned to C company and later, to the 2nd platoon and, I think, the 2nd squad. As best as I can recall, Lt Kelly was the platoon leader, David Ditch the platoon Sergeant and Captain Allison the Company Commander (at least that was the triad in place during my early months). During my brief stay back in Dau Tieng (before going to the field) I remember meeting Staff Sergeant Fitzpatrick; he was an "old timer" and someone I remembered as being approachable and helpful (toward us new guys). It was sometime soon thereafter that I learned of his involvement in the ambush that netted 7 enemy dead. (Being new in country I, for a long time, thought that 7 KIA was kind of the norm to shoot for on ambush patrol! I soon learned what a true feat that was).

I'll never forget the helicopter ride to the field. I remember peering out the window and seeing unending jungle cover with a tiny hole cut in it. I initially thought the hole to be one of the bomb craters I'd seen from the plane days before. But as the Chinook descended I could see a pattern inside the hole (APC's on the edge, smoke from small fires) and subtle movement within. It soon became evident that the movement was soldiers. I remember feeling frightened and having the thought that this was "it"; I had been sent to a place that I couldn't--by myself--escape from. I think that that was the only time in my life that I had that awareness. I was stuck. Once on the ground I remember the cat calls of "short" from different directions. I didn't look toward any of the callers.

I do remember looking at other soldiers and being struck with how old, dirty and serious they looked. Next, we were pointed in a direction by someone and I remember a long trek from the chopper to wherever we were sent. We stood out with our pale complexions, new green fatigues and, I think, a tentativeness to our movements. I remember being

greeted by Lt Kelly (I think) who welcomed us in a serious, no nonsense way. He was another reminder of the gravity of the situation.

My next memory was hours later going out on my first ambush patrol. (I think that I was on several ambush patrols out of this laager. Details of each have pretty much gotten mixed together). I do know that on my very first ambush I was tasked with putting out a claymore (*mine*) which I think I did right. (I was later admonished by a soldier who had provided me cover for not taking my weapon with me to the claymore site).

Right after putting my claymore out I looked up and saw the silhouette of a human against the night skyline. I was petrified. This wasn't covered in AIT. The figure moved slowly toward me and I whispered, "Who's that?" No response. The figure kept coming and I asked the same question several more times until our noses were 6 inches apart. It was then that I realized it was a Hispanic soldier who was as "green" as I was. He had put his claymore out and wandered in my direction (or I in his). I don't think that he understood my English very well and, therefore, never answered me. (I am sure that had this happened months or even weeks later one or the other of us would've been shot). (I have to stop...hope to finish later).

Jeff Condit C 2/22 2nd Pltn 11/67-11/68
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From Awb Norris

For those of you who may not know who Awb Norris is, he was the Battalion Commander of the 2nd 22nd Infantry from September 1967 til the end of February 1968. He and Bill Allison bugged me to death in March 1996 to go to my first reunion, so without Awb, I'd probably not be as involved.....Thanks Awb!

I received this short e-mail message from Awb about July 4, 1999, just after the Dallas Reunion.....John Eberwine

.....The newsletter was the same....outstanding. Nicely done for sure. Thanks for all the time and effort you put into the newsletters. A very fine publication. You gentlemen are well

organized now and I know the list of members and new finds will "Triple" this year. Good work.

I fumbled for weeks coming up with something to forward to you for the newsletter. After much rambling, I came up with only a few lines....didn't send, but....You can't imagine the tremendous pride that I felt during the reunion to see such fine gentlemen who proudly served their country in VietNam. You're now 'distinguished' in every respect, both in the military and in your life after VietNam. I looked into those faces....slightly older...but saw the same dedication and enthusiasm now that you had in VietNam. Tremendous as always. Thanks for being the best.

After looking at this, I remembered a part of your newsletter which said one way to honor those who did not return to their families and loved ones was to, "Be the Best you Could Be"....or to that effect. I felt that you gentlemen had definitely done just that. The best....then and now.

My love to all on this great day in history. Hope all is going great. Back later. Awb

Also, my plaque from the Triple Deuce is firmly planted on the wall by my computer. Never fail to view that many times a day. A treasure for me. My sincere appreciation.....Keep charging.

Awbrey G. Norris 2/22 9/67-2/68
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Please visit 22nd Infantry Regiment Web Site at <http://www.22ndinfantry.org>

The Bible Saves

From: "Andrew Alday"

E-mail: alday@ulua.mhpc.af.mil

Date: Thu, 7 Oct 1999

Subject: The Bible as a weapon !

An elderly woman had just returned to her home from an evening of religious service when she was startled by an intruder. As she caught the man in the act of robbing her home of its valuables, she yelled, "Stop! Acts 2:38!" (...turn from your sin...)

The burglar stopped dead in his tracks. Then the woman calmly called the

police and explained what she had done. As the officer cuffed the man to take him in, he asked the burglar, "Why did you just stand there? All the old lady did was yell a scripture at you."

"Scripture?" replied the burglar, "She said she had an AXE and two 38's!"

A Firefight...A Pilot...A Hero!

This next story was sent to me over 2 years ago, and has been published in other publications. This coming January 1, 2000 marks 32 years from the Battle for Fire Support Base Burt - Enjoy!!!

From: "Wayne R. \"Crash\" Coe"

crashcoe@pacbell.net

Sun, 13 Apr 1997 12:51:36 -0400

Received: from blackhawk

To: "John J. Eberwine"

<vietvet222@juno.com>

Date: Sun, 13 Apr 1997 09:48:07 -0700

Subject: New Story Soui Cut (a.k.a. Fire Support Base Burt)

John,

I have wanted to write this story for some time. David Warden kept a journal and this story is right out of the journal. I usually like to make a very rough cut at a story, and then add as much detail as it I can find. I need the ground commanders call sign and I need the radio operators number, and any thing else you can remember. I may also have a picture of the shot down gunship.

You can put this story out and see if we can find the grunt that was guiding us in that night, anything that would be helpful. (Editor's Note: The grunt (hero) was found less than one year ago - Medic Steve Borchert)

I have the aircraft number, because we had to fix the bullet holes, and I have the names of the Stinger crew to add to the story. Doc is going to be here on the 24th so I will get his perspective captured as well.

I think it is about time to go to China town for some dim sum, and of course, some Chinese Beer 85 wish you were here.

Crash

Soui Cut

The Battle for Fire Support Base Burt
- January 1-2, 1968

I loved the view from the top of Nui Ba Dinh. You could see the lights from the far away cities. And I loved the challenge of a perfect pinnacle landing. In the early evening, just as the sun drops below the horizon. It was my last stop, I could go back to Tay Ninh for the nights festivities at the club. It was amazing how fast they could get the cases of Champaign off my helicopter.

Tonight would be great fun, Captain David R. Warden our Flight Surgeon, would be on the courier from Cu Chi, and would be staying in the guest quarters, I loved flying with Doc and we had flown a lot of missions together. Doc is the greatest story teller of all time, and tonight I would get a double dose, staying up late for New Years stand down.

I was the last bird in that night and after fueling and a quick stop at the arming pits for some linked 7.62 for the M-60's, I put my D-model in the revetments, and started the hike to the operations tent, walking right past the mortar watch ships, WO Bill Britt saying something is cooking down at fire support base Burt, and they were on alert. Bill Britt, Frenchy Gibault, what a team.

I find Doc and we start cooking a steak, out on the grill set up behind the Officer's club. I liked it when the army made an attempt during the holidays. Almost anything was better than C-rations. The party had started before Doc and I got there and seemed to be in full swing by the time we sat down to eat our steak. WO Jim Conde could get anything, these steaks were proof. I looked up to Jim, a special forces type that went to flight school, he could speak the local language and he knew people in low places, if you know what I mean.

The party was a success, we watched a movie, heard and told some great stories (all true of course) and I headed off for bed, hoping the tent had cooled down enough to be able to sleep in. I walked over with Doc to find him a Cot in the tent we kept for visiting crews, and on my way back was stopped by the on duty orderly.

Mr. Coe find your Doctor friend and get to operations now. I thought, what kind of silly bull (s.t!) is being pulled now by one of my more than slightly inebriated flying buddies. So rather than wake up the Doc, I walked over to the Operations tent and a very serious Major Bauman looks up

and says "where is your Flight Surgeon." Well. I started to speak and he cut me off, "get him now, and get back here as fast as you can, your crew has been sent for, hurry."

Doc was still awake, he jumped in his boots and grabbed his gear and out the tent flap in one move. For a huge airborne ranger, Doc moves so well, the word would be graceful, if not applying to 250 pounds of raw muscle and brains. My (stuff) is in the tent and we both double time over to it and double time to the operations tent.

Major Bauman looked very unhappy, he was gruff when he was happy, he looked sinister tonight. "Men I have a bad job for you two tonight. Mr. Coe you are my only sober pilot, and Captain Warden, I have to send you as the Co-pilot, I have no one else to send." I looked at Doc and he smiled at me.

I knew he was up to it what ever it was, I think the word is fearless. "the medevac choppers from the 54th are having problems getting in to Fire Support Burt. Our boys need ammo and medevac, I am sending a fire team to cover you in and out, it looks bad down there."

We were taken to the revetment by Jeep and my crew had the bird untied and ready to rock and roll, we were airborne in minutes. First stopping by the ammo bunkers and taking a full load of ordnance. As my heavy helicopter staggered for some altitude, I noticed just how black it could be in VietNam, and started to fly on my instruments, tuning my radios to the Ground FM, the FAC (Forward Air Controller) on VHF and my company UHF. "Blackhawk 54 inbound with a load of ordnance, where do you want it, over." No response. We must be too far out for them to hear us, and I pulled a little more pitch and grabbed some more altitude to help with the radio.

I was busy flying, I could hear the gunships on Victor and I could hear fast movers on Uniform, no grunts on Fox-trot. Doc keys his mike "good night, look at the fire fight going on out there." In the inky darkness was the fountain of horror, a full fledged fire fight, tracers coming in, tracers going out, explosions, fire, it looked like a real mess down there.

Bullets ricocheting at every angle, I knew our Mech men were fighting for their lives down there, and

they would be needing our ammo and medevac now. I ask the FAC for the ground frequency and he gave it to me.

"Ground control Blackhawk 54 over." I could hear the din of battle behind a voice on the radio. "Blackhawk 54 we are under heavy attack and are requesting you stand by, say again ordnance on board." "Roger Ground, I have 105 Beehive and a Doctor." After a moment of silence ground comes back on the radio "it is too hot to land now, but we urgently need your load."

I don't hear the Rat Pack, so I call the Stinger gunships, "Stinger lead, Blackhawk 54, over," "Stinger go ahead" "I have 105 beehive and a Doctor on board can you get us in?" "If you want to go in there we will escort you in, what is your location?" "Blackhawk 54 is North West 5 miles out." "Roger Blackhawk come to the south end of Burt, we will pick you up and escort you in, but there is a lot of fire down there so make it a fast approach." We fly south of Burt and I can see the gunships coming out to get us. I start the 120 Knot approach, at first going past the gun cover, but then as I start to flair they are by my side, mini guns roaring, low level insanity. I can't see a *(expletive deleted)* thing with all the smoke and flares competing with the tracers. I see a lone trooper standing with his arms over his head, guiding me in, exposing himself. **(Editor's Note: the man guiding them in was Combat Medic Steve Borchert)**

The bravery of the men on the ground chokes me up. I am guided to a spot with wounded men, Doc is out of his seat on the ground, doing the much needed triage, so we can take the worst hit out and hope to save them. Men come from the dark and take the Ammo off, the volume of fire in the perimeter is intense, I am taking hits, it will only be a matter of time and this helicopter will never fly again, Doc has his load and is back in the right seat, I call coming out, and look up to see a pair of gunships covering my ass coming out. We are low level in the dark with a load of men, all severely wounded, Doc says "I had better get busy," and jumps over the console and starts taking care of the men.

I fly directly to the 12th evac pad in Cu Chi. I call Bill inbound with wounded. Nice to hear a familiar voice on the radio. I wondered if he ever slept, he was always there when I needed him. He

will expedite the unloading of our wounded. Best Pad Man in VietNam.

Cu Chi tower clears me direct to the Medevac Pad and I come in hot flaring sideways to clear the tail boom, and I am almost down and on jumps Big Bill and he takes charge. Bill strips off the loaded weapons and explosive devices, gently lifting the men on to stretchers waiting by the open door. Bill does his work like a mad man, but every move is practiced. Bam, Bill hits me on top of my helmet to tell me he is jumping off and I can pull pitch. Total time on the pad maybe two minutes, but probably less.

We lift to a high hover and ask tower for permission to go to the ammo bunkers, and they clear us direct. The ammo humpers know what is going on and have our load waiting, we watch them put it on in the aircraft, then a quick call to the tower and we are staggering into the air again. We have enough fuel, and I would like to be light going in, to help with the control of the aircraft down low behind the perimeter of Burt.

Doc and I start to hear the radios first, things are bad...looks like one of the gunships is down, in the dark. *(Expletive deleted!)* I see the fast movers (*jets*) laying down Napalm, lights things up, kind of pretty, and deadly at the same time. I can not see Burt yet, but the fire works were spectacular coming from a concentrated spot on the horizon. As we get nearer we call the ground and ask for status, they wave us off, too hot. *(Expletive deleted)*..... now fuel was a problem.

It took a few minutes to find a gun team, they had one down, and were pissed off big time. I think they would have escorted me into hell if I had ask. They called the fire and I made the approach, we turned this one around in seconds, not one mistake, in and out. I called Big Bill and Doc went to work in the back.

Doc and I flew all night, and in the morning we landed by the shot down stinger gunship so Captain David Royal Warden Jr. MS could perform his duties as a flight surgeon and issue a cause of Death for the crew. The men in the stinger gunship had been burned very badly by the fire, I know it was a shock to Doc, his whole demeanor changed. Fight all night and then in the morning perform autopsies on the men who had been covering your ass all night, is a tough one.

Doc and I flew into Burt numerous times, but what we really remember is the aviators we lost, not the men we saved.

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Fish Tales

From: "Dick Nash"

Date: Tue, 5 Oct 1999 14:41:09 -0500

An atheist went fishing by himself in a small row boat. He was having no luck at all when the Loch Ness Monster explodes out of the water and inhales him, boat and all. Floating around in the monstrous belly the atheist starts calling out:

"Oh Lord God Almighty, save me from this dreadful beast."

Suddenly time and motion freezes, and a booming voice comes down to him:

"I thought you didn't believe in me?"

The atheist replies,

"No sir, I didn't, but until about thirty seconds ago I didn't believe in the Loch Ness Monster either."

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Hanoi Jane to be Honored?

(Editor's Note: This was sent to Dick Nash by a friend of his. Dick e-mailed it to me. I can not vouch for the accuracy and content of what's written...I am just passing it along.)

From: "Dick Nash"

<nash222@netins.net>

Date: Tue, 12 Oct 1999 14:48:09 -0500

Subject: Hanoi Jane

Sorry, but important to 58000+ friends of mine on a Wall in D.C. The info was sent to me by another friend. Dick Nash

Hanoi Jane to be Honored?

I don't usually get cranked up over these things, but this is an exception. Read the stories below and send this to as many people as you can think of. Maybe if it goes around the world, it will have some effect.

Looks like Hanoi Jane may be honored as one of the "100 Women of the Century". JANE FONDA remember? Unfortunately many have forgotten and still countless others have never known how Ms. Fonda betrayed not only the idea of our "country" but the men who served and sacrificed during VietNam. There are few things I have strong visceral reactions to, but Jane Fonda's participation in what I believe to be blatant treason, is one of them.

Part of my conviction comes from exposure to those who suffered her attentions. The first part of this is from an F-4E pilot. The pilot's name is Jerry Driscoll, a River Rat. In 1978, the Commandant of the USAF Survival School was a former POW in Ho Lo Prison-the "Hanoi Hilton". Dragged from a stinking cesspit of a cell, cleaned, fed, and dressed in clean PJ's, he was ordered to describe for a visiting American "Peace Activist" the "lenient and humane treatment" he'd received. He spat at Ms. Fonda, was clubbed, and dragged away. During the subsequent beating, he fell forward upon the camp Commandant's feet, accidentally pulling the man's shoe off- which sent that officer berserk.

In '78, the AF Col still suffered from double vision (which permanently ended his flying days) from the Vietnamese Col's frenzied application of wooden baton. From 1983-85, Col Larry Carrigan was the 347FW/DO (F-4Es). He spent 6 years in the "Hilton"- the first three of which he was "missing in action". His wife lived on faith that he was still alive. His group, too, got the cleaned/fed/clothed routine in preparation for a "peace delegation" visit. They, however, had time and devised a plan to get word to the world that they still survived.

Each man secreted a tiny piece of paper, with his SSN on it, in the palm of his hand. When paraded before Ms. Fonda and a cameraman, she walked the line, shaking each man's hand and asking little encouraging snippets like: "Aren't you sorry you bombed babies?" and "Are you grateful for the humane treatment from

your benevolent captors?" Believing this HAD to be an act, they each palmed her their sliver of paper. She took them all without missing a beat. At the end of the line and once the camera stopped rolling, to the shocked disbelief of the POWs, she turned to the officer in charge...and handed him the little pile.

Three men died from the subsequent beatings. Col Carrigan was almost number four. For years after their release, a group of determined former POWs Including Col Carrigan, tried to bring Ms. Fonda and others up on charges of treason. I don't know that they used it, but the charge of "Negligent Homicide due to Depraved Indifference" would also seem appropriate. Her obvious "granting of aid and comfort to the enemy", alone, should've been sufficient for the treason count.

However, to date, Jane Fonda has never been formally charged with anything and continues to enjoy the privileged life of the rich and famous. I, personally, think that this is shame on us, the American Citizenry. Part of our shortfall is ignorance: most don't know such actions ever took place. Thought you might appreciate the knowledge. Most of you have probably already seen this by now... only addition I might add to these sentiments is to remember the satisfaction of relieving myself into the urinal at some airbase or another where "zaps" of Hanoi Jane's face had been applied.

To whom it may concern: I was a civilian economic development advisor in Viet Nam, and was captured by the North Vietnamese communists in South Viet Nam in 1968, and held for over 5 years. I spent 27 months in solitary confinement, one year in a cage in Cambodia, and one year in a "black box" in Hanoi. My North Vietnamese captors deliberately poisoned and murdered a female missionary, a nurse in a leprosarium in Ban me Thuot, South VietNam, whom I buried in the jungle near the Cambodian border. At one time, I was weighing approximately 90 lbs. (My normal weight is 170 lbs.) We were Jane Fonda's "war criminals." When Jane Fonda was in Hanoi, I was asked by the camp communist political officer if I would be willing to meet with Jane Fonda.

I said yes, for I would like to tell her about the real treatment we POWs were receiving, which was far different from the treatment purported by the North

Vietnamese, and parroted by Jane Fonda, as "humane and lenient." Because of this, I spent three days on a rocky floor on my knees with outstretched arms with a piece of steel placed on my hands, and beaten with a bamboo cane every time my arms dipped. I had the opportunity to meet with Jane Fonda for a couple of hours after I was released. I asked her if she would be willing to debate me on TV. She did not answer me, her former husband, Tom Hayden, answered for her. She was mind controlled by her husband.

This does not exemplify someone who should be honored as "100 Years of Great Women." After I was released, I was asked what I thought of Jane Fonda and the anti-war movement. I said that I held Joan Baez's husband in very high regard, for he thought the war was wrong, burned his draft card and went to prison in protest. If the other anti-war protesters took this same route, it would have brought our judicial system to a halt and ended the war much earlier, and there wouldn't be as many on that somber black granite wall called the VietNam Memorial. This is democracy. This is the American way.

Jane Fonda, on the other hand, chose to be a traitor, and went to Hanoi, wore their uniform, propagandized for the communists, and urged American soldiers to desert. As we were being tortured, and some of the POWs murdered, she called us liars. After her heroes-the North Vietnamese communists-took over South VietNam, they systematically murdered 80,000 South Vietnamese political prisoners. May their souls rest on her head forever. Shame! Shame! (History is a heavy sword in the hands of those who refuse to forget it. Think of this the next time you see Ms. Fonda-Turner at a Braves game).

Please take the time to read and forward to as many people as you possibly can. It will eventually end up on her computer and she needs to know that "we will never forget". Lest we forget..."100 years of great women" Jane Fonda should never be considered.

I'm of the personal opinion that she should have been deported as "Undesirable" for consorting with the enemy. People who act like she did have no business living in the "Land of the Free!" I was too young to have served in Viet Nam, but I have the utmost respect