



Ne'er Forget

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TWO HEADS are better than "one" is an oft-used saying. When both heads appear on the same object the saying becomes debatable. Some would say that you really have nothing but a two-headed monster.

Be that as it may, you can add to the problem by making "it" look like a common tropical fruit, designing "it" to operate in the arctic, employing "it" near the equator, and naming "it" after a glutinous animal.

Seemingly, with a beginning such as this, it would be improbable that fame and success could ever be achieved. However, the Hog—two-one (CH-21) not only took part in epochal events, but personally wrote a few chapters for people to ponder. The banana-shaped chopper was known and identified worldwide. Her picture appeared in print from west to east and north to south. Printed boldly across her sides in huge block letters was U. S. ARMY.

Newspapers, television, maga-

zines and radio covered her exploits in Vietnam beginning in December 1961. Even the Viet Cong acknowledged her presence with crude drawings which were distributed to their better gunners and regular units.

Some people, unfortunately, never have the opportunity to face a "moment of truth." Some, unfortunately, have a moment of truth and find they are not capable of handling the situation. They are not prepared: do not have the intestinal fortitude to measure up to the task at hand and must back away from the challenge. To face such a situation and to surmount all obstacles incumbent with a mission is to experience a unique sense of real accomplishment and personal satisfaction.

If just one of her heads had a memory, she could remember 22 December 1961 when she blazed her way to fame during the first U. S. Army heliborne assault in the Republic of Vietnam. She could recall the steaming jungles and elephant grass; the flooded rice lands of the Vietnamese delta area; her personal wounds and the agony of the wounded soldiers she evacuated; names like Pleiku, Da Nang, Na Trang, Ap Bac, Soc Trang, My Tho, Cau Mau, and other strange sounding places.

Fame is short lived and success can only be measured by what remains after you depart. When you are emulated after your departure, or when your accomplishments become a new set of standards, or when your meager successes are building blocks for bigger and better things, then you have been successful.

So call her a two-headed monster if you will, or a gas guzzling Hog, but ne'er forget, ole CH-21 faced her moment of truth, tasted the sweet fruit of success, and paved the way for the future.

