

Getting Shot Down

By [Adolf "Frenchy" Viol](#)

October 22, 1968 - I think it was on a Sunday, we, the crew of the CH-47A 66-00120 had standby duty. A call came for us to go and sling out a Huey in the Bing Duong Province III Corps. Gun Ship cover was denied because it was a friendly and secure Area. Sp5 Jack Alvin Corn was the FE, Greg Trimmel was the Gunner on the left, the rear Gunner was the postal clerk, (name ?) who volunteered for that day, to get some excitement in his life, and me the Crew Chief. The AC was CW2 Fischer and Lt. Sam Taylor the Copilot. It was a beautiful day for flying. I had my Super 8 handy and took a fine scene of the support Huey and Crew on the ground. Then we had to go to work. Jack was lying on the hole and did a great job guiding the Pilot in for the hook up.

Everything went fine. We cleared the trees and were ready to go on the way - than it happened! A big tremendous bang rang thru the Hook. I turned around and there it was, a big hole in the side and my first thought was "O sh.... that is it!!! Then I saw Jack was hanging half out of the hole and the trap-door on top of him. I pulled him inside, he was unconscious. I told Mr. Fischer to drop everything and get the FE to the nearest Hospital, he looks in a bad shape. He said: "I'm doing the best I can, but it looks like the electricity is gone". We did not get far and we had to find a spot to land the Chinook because we lost all the Transmission Fluid and the Rotors where freezing up. Mr. Fischer found us a big Rice paddy and dropped in smack in the middle of it. O boy was that a hard landing. On dry land we most likely would not have survived.

A few minutes later the support crew with their Huey was there to pick up Jack and Lt. Taylor who thought that something had hit him. One Guy from the Huey and the rest of us stayed behind. About ten minutes later the V.C. caught up with us and started shooting at us with there AK's and fired a bunch of Mortars or RPG's at our direction. Those nasty things came so close we heard water splashing on the Aircraft. The Bullets where whistling through the window where the M60 was - some banged thru the walls. Mr. Fischer stood in the little doorway to the pilot cabin and tried the radio. He got shot in the right leg. The rest of us made ourselves as small as we could. I did hear some praying beside me and I felt not to comfortable myself and hoping for the best. Somebody thought we needed help. Artillery rounds where raining down around us. It must have being hundreds of them. When it finally stopped, a big Angel in disguise of a Huey came and picked us up. You won't believe how fast you can climb up a thin steel rope. Charley still was trying to get me - the AK bullets again were buzzing around us like mad hornets. I counted myself lucky four times for that day. From all of us, I came away with the leaches and a small wound on my elbow which was just enough for a bandage and a Purple Heart.

Every time I get to Washington DC, I go to the Wall and pay my Respect to Jack, Gregory and Wayne.