

Many Never Got Medals

By [Barry Grimm](#)

BIG night in 128th AHC in July 67 – during a rocket attack I took a piece of shrapnel in my leg while sprinting for the bunker. After all clear, I went to the med station there by the 128th and they pulled it out, slapped a bandage on it, and I went back to my hooch. Never did hear anything more about it. So there went my Purple Heart!

Not too many years ago while on a visit back home, I went to church and met a lady who had started going to that church. She had been an Army Nurse in 1967 in Bien Hoa. When she heard I had been a helicopter pilot, she started telling me about some patients she had had that kept talking about a crazy helicopter pilot who had landed in a mine field to medivac them out....I cracked up and had to explain to her that I remembered the action very well.....I was the pilot. Looking back, it really might not have been the brightest thing I have ever done, but I remember on the first pickup, guys were trying to help buddies over to the helicopter and they were stepping on mines. After the second one, I had them relay a message that no one was to move and that I would hover around and pick up the rest of the injured where they were. No one was to move till the mine clearing team got there to help the uninjured move out of the area.

I can not remember the officer who was my co-pilot that day, but he was commissioned and getting some flight time on his record to get flight pay. He wanted to do a write up on the mission and put us in for a DFC or Bronze Star. Never heard about that one either.

I have always let it go, since many of our comrades did much more and never made it back.