

## TERRE DEEGAN YOUNG



This is Terre at the Broomfield Symposium

Terre Deegan Young was an American Red Cross Recreation Specialist ("Donut Dolly"). She visited us at our chapter meeting in February and made a presentation about her tour in Vietnam.

As you know, thousands of women served in Vietnam. Many of them were Nurses or Medical assistants. If you were lucky you may have met one of the approximately 700 Donut Dolly's during your tour. During the entire conflict that's the total number of Donut Dolly's that served in country. She explained that the Donut Dolly's were there to bring a touch of home to the GI's at isolated camps and air support bases. She arrived in Vietnam in 1970 and spent time in Chu Lai with the American Infantry Division, at Bien Hoa with the 1<sup>st</sup> Cavalry Division, and at Camp Eagle with the 101<sup>st</sup> Airborne Division. She says this of our helicopter pilots; "We could not have seen as many soldiers as we did if it were not for the pilots that were so generous of their time to expedite our mission. You were just fun Great

Guys! It isn't often you get to properly Thank the people that helped you over 50 years ago. You Chapter of the VHPA gave me that opportunity."

She provided this picture of John Steinbeck who described the Army Helicopter Pilot in his book, "Dispatches from War". Terre said that this is how she thinks of us Helicopter Pilots.

**On 7 January 1967, John Steinbeck was at Pleiku, where he flew aboard a UH-1 Huey helicopter with D Troop, 1st Squadron, 10th Cavalry. He wrote the following about the helicopter pilots:**

*"I wish I could tell you about these pilots. They make me sick with envy. They ride their vehicles the way a man controls a fine, well-trained quarter horse. They weave along stream beds, rise like swallows to clear trees, they turn and twist and dip like swifts in the evening. I watch their hands and feet on the controls, the delicacy of the coordination reminds me of the sure and seeming slow hands of (Pablo) Casals on the cello. They are truly musicians' hands and they play their controls like music and they dance them like ballerinas and they make me jealous because I want so much to do it. Remember your child night dream of perfect flight free and wonderful? It's like that, and sadly I know I never can. My hands are too old and forgetful to take orders from the command center, which speaks of updrafts and side winds, of drift and shift, or ground fire indicated by a tiny puff or flash, or a hit and all these commands must be obeyed by the musicians hands instantly and automatically. I must take my longing out in admiration and the joy of seeing it. Sorry about that leak of ecstasy, Alicia, but I had to get it out or burst."*

