

**A Photo Story Book  
of**

# **TWO BROTHERS**



**Honoring  
Vietnam Helicopter Pilots**

Compiled by  
Major Herbert R. Metoyer, Jr.



A PHOTO STORY  
OF  
**Two Brothers**  
Honoring  
VIETNAM HELICOPTER PILOTS



**1/Lt Bryford G.  
Metoyer  
1938— 1964**

**Maj. Herbert R.  
Metoyer Jr.  
1935— 2015**



**Compiled by Major Herbert R. Metoyer, Jr.**  
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# Brave Men Honoring

[herbmetoyer.com/BraveMen.mp3](http://herbmetoyer.com/BraveMen.mp3) Audio



Brave men come and go  
Like fresh falling snow  
On the battlefield

And I'm told to take my lance  
To make my advance  
With a THIN paper shield

And I wonder who's to blame  
But No one speaks his name  
Every lip is sealed

**Oh Love,**  
do you know the way I feel... today

The big guns they sound  
Like the sky is falling down  
and I run for my hole.

Fire falls like rain  
And I can feel the pain  
Of some unlucky soul

I pray with sorrow  
Lord help me face tomorrow  
If all goes well

**Oh love,**  
I'm lost in a living Hell... today

I dream of flowers  
Building sand towers  
Where the oceans play

I dream of your eyes  
The touch of your thighs  
Loving the night away

And as silly as it may seem  
If I didn't have my dreams  
I wouldn't have much to say

**Oh Love,** there's so much more  
I could tell... today

My buddy, he lies  
Here by my side  
With a cold cold smile

He's holding my hand  
This once proud man  
Like a frightened child

For him the war is over  
For once this drunk is sober  
Bury him in style

**Oh Love,**  
I can hear the church bells toll, this day

**Oh Love,**  
will you forgive me if I cry... today



**ANCESTRAL HOME — Melrose Plantation, Natchitoches, LA.**

Our ancestors ( a mixed race of Creoles) owed this home, but lost it after the Civil War due to illegal and discriminatory Reconstruction Policies. As a result, our ancestors became Share Croppers on their own land.

**Our Mother & Father**



**Ruby Lee Metoyer**



**Herbert Metoyer, Sr.**



Herbert Metoyer, Jr (Born 1935)



Bryford G. Metoyer (Born 1938)

When we were young boys, we always knew that we would be involved in aviation even though negroes were not permitted to fly in those days. Still, we spent the bulk of our time playing War and dog-fighting in make-believe P-40's, P-51's, Jap Zeroes and German ME-109's. That was our make believe world, until one day, I heard some white boys and their father flying a gas-powered model uptown on the white school grounds. I jumped on my bicycle and rushed to see this amazing event., ever watchful, because the young white boys would jump you if they caught a black boy on their school grounds. When I'd see them coming I would hightail it home on our side of the railroad tracks. One day, I was so intent on watching the aircraft, that they caught me. Luckily, the model builder's father, Mr. Farmer, saw them and chased them away. Then, he took me and my bicycle across the fence and kept me with his boys where I was able to get a good view of all the activities. When they finished, Mr. Farmer took me to his house where his wife served us a glass of ice tea and he showed me how to build models. My make-believe era was over. I then exposed all I had learned to my brother and together we built models through high school and college.

Isn't it ironic that it was a white person who gave us the inspiration to pursue our dreams of flying.



Isn't it ironic that it was a white person who gave us the inspiration to pursue our dreams of flying.



Model Airplane Group (ca'56-'57)



Can you believe it?? Our Dear Mother enrolled in college with me part-time. After years of raising 7 children while trying to study, she graduated with my brother Bryford and his wife, Evelyn. My sister , Fay is on far right.



Photo of my Flight Section and our instructor, Mr. Wallace Martin, a marine Air Ace. Our relationship, is a touching story about how a racist, physically abusive instructor and his first Black student came to be the best of friends.



We both joined the R.O.T.C. and graduated from Southern University in Baton Rouge, Louisiana. My wife to be, Geraldine Williams pinned my bars on. My brother had the pleasure of having his Bars pinned on by his wife-to-be and our Mother who graduated Southern at the same time as her son. We were truly proud of her.





My Aircraft Engineering & Maintenance Class, Ft. Eustis, VA 1958



Just finished giving this British General an air tour of the Sahara Desert in Libya, North Africa where I served with a Geodetic Engineer Unit. 1958 to 1960.



Without my knowledge, Bryford completed Flight School in 1961. In 1963, we went to Vietnam together. While he flew Gunships with the UTT Helicopter company, I served with a Field Maintenance unit in Nha Trang

1Lt. Bryford Metoyer and Capt. Herbert Metoyer (above)

1st. Lt. Bryford Metoyer & his Gunship (below)





My Brother's Gunner took this photo while they were flying cover for an assault. I am in one of the H-21's on the ground in the LZ



Vietnam, 1963, returning from a mission. Our flack vests were made of heavy chain mail. One around torso & one we called a diaper that protected your crotch. We, on our own, cut out steel plates to put in our seats.



More photos of 1st Lt. Bryford G. Metoyer



Bryford's wife, Evelyn, holding my brother's baby that was born while he was in Vietnam.





**ACCEPTS ARMY AIR MEDAL.**—During a ceremony held June 12 at the U. S. Army Terminal Command, Gulf in New Orleans, Louisiana, Mrs. Evelyn A. Metoyer (left), of Mount Airy, Louisiana, accepts the Army's Air Medal with 11 oak-leaf clusters in behalf of her husband First Lieutenant Bryford G. Metoyer, Sr., of Mount Airy, La., who was killed in combat action on January 18, 1964, when his helicopter crashed into the South China Sea offshore from the Republic of South Vietnam. Colonel A. J. Cornelison (right), commanding officer of the Gulf Command, made the presentation. The last six oak-leaf clusters were awarded Lieut. Metoyer posthumously. The twelve citations, which accompanied the Air Medal with 11 oak-leaf clusters, run from April 17, 1963, until Lieut. Metoyer's death on Jan. 18, 1964. During this period, as pilot of an armed US-1B helicopter, Lieut. Metoyer actively participated in over 300 combat operational or aerial reconnaissance missions in the combat zone or over hostile territory in support of American counterinsurgency operations. He was a member of the U. S. Army Utility-Tactical Transport Helicopter Company, part of the U. S. Army Support Forces stationed in the Republic of South Vietnam.

## Mt. Olive BC Is Host to



After my brother's death and disillusioned about my civil rights, I became a Folk singing, Songwriting, Civil Rights activist. My 1st LP was recorded for Verve/Folkways label. Because of this, I ran into a little trouble. I was Air Operations Officer for the Special Forces at Ft. Bragg, NC, at the time, when my superior gave me a written order "to cease and desist" playing and singing publicly; that my activities were unbecoming of a Field Grade Officer. I received no more promotions after that episode. I don't cry. A person has to do what he or she has to do. Did you know that the only female to give her life in the civil rights struggle was Viola Luizzo, a white woman from Detroit, MI. Ironical — isn't it.

The photo above of me & my wife, Geraldine, was taken for the album cover of "Something New." On it is a song about Viola titled "Lie Down Young Woman." My way of honoring her sacrifice on my behalf.

**“To Everything There is a Season and  
A Time To Every Purpose Under Heaven.” Ecclesiastics 3:1**

**A Time to Plant (To Live)...**

Herbert graduated Salutatorian from Allen High School in Oakdale, LA at the young age of 16 and went on to graduate from Southern University in Baton Rouge at the age of 19. He was a member of Alpha Phi Alpha Fraternity. He honorably served in the United States Army for 28 years and retired from service as a military officer and pilot of helicopters and fixed wing aircraft. After completing 5 years at Rohm & Haas in Fayetteville, North Carolina, he relocated to Detroit, MI where he served as a Test Engineer for General Motors in GM's Testing Laboratories for 22 years. He was a founding member of the Detroit Writers' Guild, a non-profit literary organization established in 1984, and went on to serve as Senior Editor, Creative Writing Instructor, Executive Editor, Chairman of the Board, and Executive Director. He was an established author of literary works to include, 'The Awakening of Hanna Lee' which won top honors in "The Metro-Times All State Short Fiction Contest". Herbert was instrumental in publishing "Paradise Valley Days" which captured the history of Black Detroit from the 1930s to the 1960s and earned the Detroit Writers' Guild an award from the State of Michigan. God blessed Herbert with the power of mind, and skill of voice and hand to touch the lives of people of all races as an artist, musician, songwriter, poet, lecturer, speaker, teacher, author, researcher and inventor. The smooth, original blend of jazz, country and folk music was his signature sound that has been preserved in recordings for the enjoyment of all. His unending dedication and tireless efforts to discover, embrace and record our family history has provided an invaluable compilation of historical data that evidences our family's lineage and will allow the Metoyer history to be celebrated and endure for generations to come.

**A Time To Love...**

On January 20, 1956 Herbert married his college sweetheart, Geraldine Williams, who survives his death. To their union was birthed 5 children: Herbert, Angelo, Yolanda, Michael, and Jeffrey. Together they traveled the world over enjoying it's splendor. After settling down in Detroit, he and his family placed their membership at Conant Avenue United Methodist Church in 1978. He since served as a member of the choir, Board of Trustees, United Men's Organization, and worked diligently with the Media Ministry.

### **A Time To Laugh...**

Herbert had a big, loving and gentle heart and reached out to help many family members, friends, relatives and strangers. His humble and inviting spirit caused people of every background to gravitate to him, especially children. His love for them was unparalleled. It was no surprise to see him playing with them, flying airplanes, taking them to McDonalds, and sharing his knowledge and wisdom with them. He could look at any child and see their potential for greatness. He had a hearty laugh and a great big beautiful smile





### **A Time To Return...**

On July 24, 2015 after battling health issues, he was called home by his Heavenly Father who said, "Well done my good and faithful servant."  
....a place has been prepared for you.



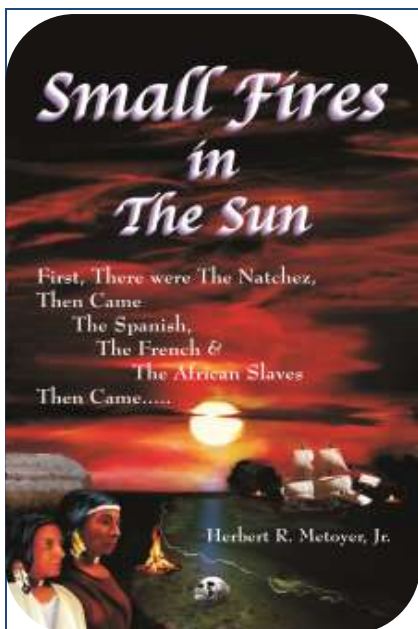
Major and Mrs. Herbert R. Metoyer, Jr. (1967)

Thank you for taking the time to review this short narrative of a life lived well.

We hope you enjoyed this presentation and found it inspirational.

In closing, we would like to invite you to obtain a copy of **'Small Fires in the Sun'**,

Major Metoyer's passionate novel dedicated to the preservation of the creole heritage and birthright.



Download your copy for \$7.99 from  
[store.bookbaby.com/book/Small-Fires-in-the-Sun](http://store.bookbaby.com/book/Small-Fires-in-the-Sun)

## [The Caves of Altamira](#)

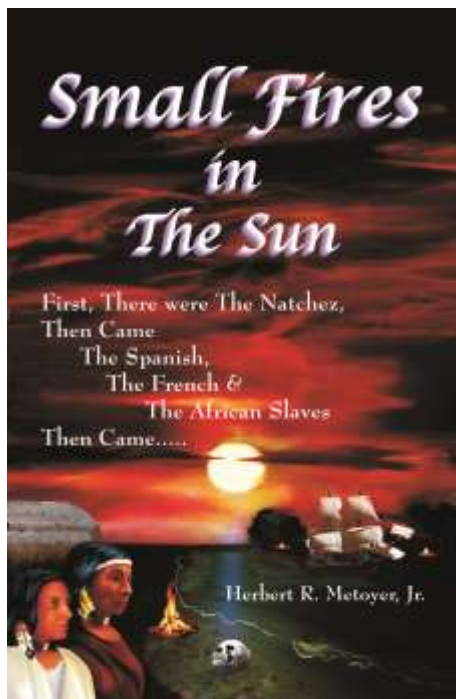
[By Steely Dan](#) [\(Click for YouTube Listening\)](#)

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On the stone, an ancient hand  
In a faded yellow-green  
Made alive, a worldly wonder  
Often told but never seen.  
Now and ever bound to labor,  
On the sea and in the sky.  
Every man and beast appeared ,  
A friend as real as I.

[Chorus]

Before the fall,  
when they wrote it on the wall  
When there wasn't even any Hollywood  
**He heard the call,**  
**And he wrote it on this wall,**  
**For you and me to be understood.**



Herbert R. Metoyer, Jr., Major  
US Army (retired)

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*This book is not recommended for the  
"Squeamish."*

### **A Historical, Romantic Adventure Novel.**

A compelling story centered around the three primary cultures of **Colonial Louisiana**. Each from a different world, each bearing a different cross, each in the service of a different God. All seeking, in their own way, the things craved by men of all creeds – love, respect, peace of mind, and a small measure of prosperity, but finding instead, hardship, deceit, and sometimes... death.

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**(Note: The slaves in this novel are the actual ancestors of the author.)**

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Story is based strongly on actual events and the life of **Louis Juchereau de St. Denis**, founder of Natchitoches, La. the oldest city in Louisiana.

Major Metoyer passionately researched the details and events in this novel over a period of twenty years. '**Small Fires in the Sun**' provides extensive insights into the life and struggles endured by these early colonial American pioneers. **Many creoles, may find this book to be a historic reconstruction of their ancestral history and family heritage worthy of preservation,**