

# **I Still Look Up**

by [Norman \(Norm\) Wallace](#)

B Co 1/69 Armor

RVN 1967-1969

When the air is cold and thin on the high plains of Colorado. When the air is just right. I still look up when I hear the sound of helicopter blades cutting through the air. I guess the pilot has to add pitch when the air is thin.

When the air is crystal clear you can hear them coming for miles, I've stood on the front porch and listened and watched for what seems like hours until they made their slow popping passage over my home. The sound does not bother me anymore. In fact, it gives me comfort of a sort. Those dragon fly like machines saved my life once. They dropped in supplies when they were most needed. They brought letters from home. And yes, they brought hell to the NVA when we thought we least had a chance.

Yes I still look up. Now however, it's for a different reason. Every time I hear one and can look up to see it, I honor the guys who flew them so long ago in a land that time will not soon forget.