

Humble Pie

by W. R. "Duke" Windsor, Sgt

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Binh Thuy, 1967

The most humbling experience of my life had to be the time I was waiting for the bus (a 2 1/2 ton truck) at the bus stop on Binh Thuy to go into Can Tho for the afternoon. There were three of us all waiting together and, as usual, not paying too much attention as to what was going on around us. We heard a beep-beep from a jeep horn and the driver asked us if we wanted a ride into town. Well this kind of luxury did not come often so we all jumped in. I ended right behind the driver. Shortly after we left the base the driver asked how we *liked* Vietnam. Being out spoken anyway, I told him *exactly* how much I *liked* Nam. Unfortunately, I did not spare the language that most of us spoke when in a bunker with our M60's. I raved on-and-on while one of my buddies kept elbowing me in the ribs. Finally, I exhausted my feelings about Nam. The rest of the ride went rather quietly. Our driver let us out downtown at our location of request. As I exited the jeep I noticed that small silver cross on his collar. I never even got his name as I was only concerned with making myself as small and invisible as possible by that time.

Later, I wished I could have apologized to the Chaplain but I never saw him around the base again. The weight of that little Bible I carried in my upper left shirt pocket seemed a little heavier for a few days until I finally apologized to the proper deity. Needless to say, from that time on, when ever someone asked how I liked Nam I was a little softer on the description.

W. R. "Duke" Windsor, Sgt
632 SPS
Binh Thuy, Vietnam
1966-1967

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