



AMERICAL
FALL, 1970

Each

soldier in the Americal Division carries a secret weapon which, when employed frequently and liberally, will have a devastating effect on the enemy and ensure the success of our operations in the First Military Region.

This secret weapon was not issued by supply nor does it carry a federal stock number—nor is its operation described in any tech manual. But by the time he reaches military age, each American possesses this secret weapon in abundant quantity as a result of his heritage and upbringing.

To put it very simply, this secret weapon which each of us possesses is compassion—sympathy for the plight of others.

Compassion for our fellow man—regardless of race, creed, or color—is a distinct trademark of the American character.

Along with the 2D ARVN Division, other allies and U.S. forces, our job in the Americal is the pacification of over ten thousand square-kilometers of the First Military Region of the Republic of Vietnam. The sooner we get this done, the sooner we can all go home without the likelihood of having to come back.

We have a tough job in a tough A0, and, on the whole, we are doing it well. However, we could finish our job faster and much easier by making maximum use of our secret weapon of compassion in our dealings with the local populace.

I cannot emphasize too strongly that each soldier of the Americal is truly an ambassador of goodwill to the people of Vietnam. Thoughtless, inconsiderate acts such as speeding through a hamlet, throwing CS grenades into pacified areas, and careless accidents involving motorbikes and bicycles, literally destroy hundreds of manhours of pacification effort and represent a small victory for the enemy. And make no mistake about this—a victorious battle can turn into a resounding defeat for us if the Vietnamese civilians in the area of operations are dealt with in an irresponsible and inconsiderate manner. It is that kind of war.

On the other hand, where units establish good relations with the local populace, there is a significant record of kindness being returned in kind. There have been many instances where the local citizens have voluntarily come forward to reveal the location of mines and booby-traps, hidden trails, arms caches, and plans to ambush U.S. forces. Compassion for the local populace does pay—not only in assisting the Government of Vietnam to build a nation, but also in terms of reduced casualties for the soldiers of the Americal.

In all your relations with Vietnamese let your inbred light of human decency, which Americans are justly famed for, shine through.



Americal Division
APO San Francisco 96374

MG A. E. Milloy
Commanding General

MAJ William F. Gabella
Information Officer

1LT Leland R. Smith
Officer-In-Charge

Editor:
1LT Joe H. Walker III

Graphics:
SGT Thomas Dreesen
SP4 Joel Andrewjeski

Writers:
SP4 Thomas J. Neville
SP4 Gary Jensen
PFC Dave Chavis
PFC Guy Winkler

Photographers:
1LT J. H. Walker III
1LT. L. R. Smith
1LT Robert Pennington
SSG Tim Palmer
SP4 Ed Breidenbach
PFC John Hunger
PFC Ron Mumford

The AMERICAL is an authorized quarterly publication of the Americal Division. It is published to provide factual and in-depth information of interest to all division units in Vietnam. Articles, photographs and art work of general interest may be submitted for consideration to AMERICAL, Information Office, Americal Division, APO 96374. Views and opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the Department of the Army.

AMERICAL

The Magazine of the Americal Division, Republic of Vietnam

In This Issue

- 2 Looking Back / *PFC Dave Chavis*
- 6 Kham Duc—Revisited / *SP4 Thomas J. Neville*
- 10 13A10 / *SP5 Rush Wood*
- 14 Mo Duc Land Clearing / *PFC John Hunger*
- 18 Wherefore / *Amnesty*
- 20 Band / *SP4 G. J. Smith*
- 22 Grunt / *Excerpt*
- 25 How Do You Explain A Year? / *SP5 Kroft*
- 28 Hai Mon / *SP5 Peter Sorensen*
- 32 Turtle / *CPT David W. Owen*
- 35 Americal Log / *SP4 Gary Jensen*
- 38 Americal Mirth / *SP4 Joel Andrewjeski*
- 40 Toward A Cultural
Understanding / *PFC Guy Winkler*



This September marked the three year anniversary of the Americal's presence in the Republic of Vietnam. This occasion affords the opportunity to look back and see what has been accomplished in those three years.

To appreciate the magnitude of the Americal's achievement during its stay in this war torn country, it is necessary to look back beyond 1967 when the division was given the task of securing one of the strongest Communist infested areas in all of Vietnam.

The roots of the Communist strangle-hold on the two provinces that today makes up the Americal's tactical area of operation (TAO), can be traced back to 1945 and the infantile origins of the Communist movement.

The seeds of the idigenous Communist movement in Quang Ngai and Quang Tin provinces sprouted near the end of World War II. At this time the French colonial regime was disposed by the Japanese who in turn lost control due to their defeat by the Allies. The sudden exit of the Japanese in the two provinces created a political vacuum which was filled by the Viet Minh (Vietnamese Communist).

Basically the Viet Minh was a united front national movement that included within its ranks many nationalistic non-Communist groups. Led by Ho Chi Minh



(who was born in this province) the Viet Minh seemed to have a fairly large popular base among the people, especially those who lived in the rural areas.

The persistent French, however, soon challenged Viet Minh authority and attempted to reassert their former status as the rulers of Vietnam and engaged the Viet Minh in a protracted nine year war.

Throughout the French-Indochina War, as this struggle came to be called, the Viet Minh retained control of the area in which the Americal operates today. In fact the Communist strength in this area was so great that throughout the war Quang Ngai served as the base for Viet Minh operations in the southern half of Vietnam.

The Viet Minh during this period made a deep impression on the people by redistributing land ownership, eliminating some of the inequalities of the tax system

and introducing compulsory education. However, in the course of doing these positive things they systematically indoctrinated the people with their brand of peasant Marxism and eliminated political rivals.

LOOKING BACK

By PFC Dave Chavis





Upon the French defeat and the Geneva Accords of 1954, the Viet Minh agreed to evacuate the area by moving to North Vietnam. Many of the Communist, however did not move north but remained and formed a very strong infrastructure (underground government).

By the late 1950's large numbers of Communist, now dubbed the Viet Cong, who had moved north, started to infiltrate south and initiated small scale guerrilla operations in the nearby isolated portions and the mountainous interior of Quang Ngai and Quang Tin provinces. The strength of the Communist forces from this point grew steadily as more and more Communist returned south, often joined by the North Vietnamese.

The North Vietnamese and Viet Cong throughout the early 1960's waged an intense campaign to circumvent the South Vietnamese government's control in the area which is today Americal's TAO. By the end of 1966 the troops of the South Vietnamese government were confined to the major urban areas with the Communist troops running rampant in the country-side. The stage was now set for the Communist takeover. It seemed that it would be only a matter of time before the entire area would fall into the hands of the Communist.

Something urgent had to be done to stop the Communist surge. This is where the Americal Division entered into the rush of events. The lead units of the division, which took the name of Task Force Oregon, landed at Chu Lai in April of 1967. Five months later the task force officially became the Americal Division, consisting of the 196th, 198th and the 11th Light Infantry Brigades.

The military campaign waged by the Americal against the entrenched Communist of Quang Ngai and Quang Tin provinces is now history. The Americal met the Communist in his own lair and defeated him. Such battles as Lo Giang and Hiep Duc are monuments to the Americal's ability to stop the forces of Communism on the battle field.

But meeting the Communist and defeating him in the field of battle is not enough. It is an acknowledged fact that the success or failure of the Allied cause in Vietnam depends on the people. It is the people in the final analysis who will determine the verdict of this frustrating war. Thus the battle for the support of the people takes precedent over the destruction of the enemy. The people are the key to victory because the Communist depend on them for assistance. Without this assistance the Communist movement would die an unnatural death, for they need the people for manpower, supplies and sanctuary.

It is in this very battle for the support of the people and the protecting of them from Communist terror that the Americal has enjoyed some of its greatest successes. This, however, has not been a simple task, due to the fact of the deeply entrenched Communist movement in these two provinces.

When the Americal first arrived in this area there was hardly any security in the country-side for the people. The Communist controlled the rural areas making it impossible for the people to carry on normal commerce and trade. Four years ago it was nearly impossible to travel down Highway One without being confronted by the Communist. Today, after three years of the



Americal's presence, Highway One has become a normal artery for trade and commerce which the people are free to use without the fear of Communist terror and intimidation.

The Americal has even opened up roads into the hinterlands, a task thought impossible a few years ago. Convoys today travel deep into areas such as Tra Bong and Tien Phoc, which were once almost exclusively controlled by the Communist.

Today, thanks to the efforts of the Americal and government forces, the majority of the people live in relative security, free from the tyranny of the Communist shadow government, the infrastructure. The people are free to grow their crops without the fear of them being levied by the Viet Cong tax collectors. Americal troopers have helped the Vietnamese farmer by providing him with security in the harvest months of March and September, so that he can harvest his crops in peace.

The Americal has played a large role in the past three years in helping the Vietnamese people help themselves. The Americal has accomplished this by training Regional Force officers in leadership classes and by contributing to the upgrading of the Regional Forces and the Popular Force units.

The Americal in three years has won many people to the government's cause by upgrading the standard of health of the people. Americal soldiers have provided medical aid to thousands of people in Americal hospitals and medicamps. Also in regards to the health of the people, the Americal is presently engaged in a program of training Vietnamese nurses, which will allow for the continuation of medical care for the people.

The men of the Americal have built roads, schools and have supplied orphanages for the Vietnamese in this area.

Once the war ends the expanded port facilities and the airport at Chu Lai, built under a military impetus, will substantially contribute to the economic advancement of the area.

Largely through the efforts of the soldiers of the Americal during the past three years, large sections of this area are secure. This security enables the inhabitants of the land to operate their farms, villages, hamlets and towns free from the threat of Communist coercion and terror.

Yes, as we look back over the three years of the Americal in Quang Ngai and Quang Tin provinces, we see some profound changes. A once hard-core area of the Communist insurgency movement has rallied to the cause of the South Vietnamese government.

Strong military units, both VC and regular troops of the North Vietnamese Army, have been defeated and denied the unhampered access to the two provinces. The Communist infrastructure has been substantially weakened and thus consequently has lost much of its grip on the people. Today the majority of the people are able to live their lives in a productive manner, free from the threat of Communist domination.

This is the legacy of the Americal's three year involvement in Vietnam. The division has met the challenge issued to it by time and circumstance. ♣



KHAM DUC REVISITED

By SP4 Thomas J. Neville

KHAM DUC, Vietnam (SPECIAL, May 12, 1968)—Elements of a Special Forces unit and Civilian Irregular Defense Group operating at an American airstrip here were forced to evacuate today as enemy forces overran the base camp.

KHAM DUC, Vietnam (AMERICAL 10, Summer, 1970)—For more than two years this lonely outpost, seven miles east of the Laotian border, lay abandoned in the heartland of enemy-occupied territory. But a massive combat assault, involving an allied task force of Americal Division and ARVN soldiers, turned the tables this summer by reclaiming and renovating the strategic base camp.

The prime mission of the allied takeover was to establish a secure base of operations so that enemy supply routes in the area could be interdicted. Kham Duc has served several purposes since the Americans first occupied the area. The Fifth Special Forces and the Civilian Irregular Defense Group occupied the bastion until May of 1968 when the NVA gained the high ground and waged a massive assault on the camp. Facing superior forces, the Americans were forced to evacuate and the Second Battalion, First Infantry, 196th Brigade, was dispatched to Kham Duc to assist in the extraction of nearly 1,500 persons. Under the cover of 150 airstrikes by U.S. and Vietnamese aircraft, the massive airlift was accomplished in only six hours.

The Second Battalion, First Infantry returned to Kham Duc this summer. Other elements participating in the effort included: Alpha Company, 26th Engineers; 23d Supply and Transport Company; G Company, 75th Rangers; U.S. Air Force Mobility Team; Sea Bee Construction element and the 6th ARVN Regt. Artillery support was provided by the 1st Battalion, 14th Arty and the 1st Battalion, 82d Artillery.

A panorama of scenic beauty, contrasted with stark realities of war, was witnessed by the men who rode the waves of combat assault choppers into Kham Duc. The apprehensive troops viewed bluish-green peaks of the Annam Mountains and the lush green carpeting, which seems to meander through the valleys. But the sight at Kham Duc was not really aesthetically picturesque. The legacy from 1968 was pictured in the form of wrecked airplanes, helicopters and construction equipment, which littered the skirts of the runway. A dozen bomb craters pockmarked the 6,000-foot airstrip and an American jeep, riddled with bullet holes, lay like a skeleton beneath a crust of rust.

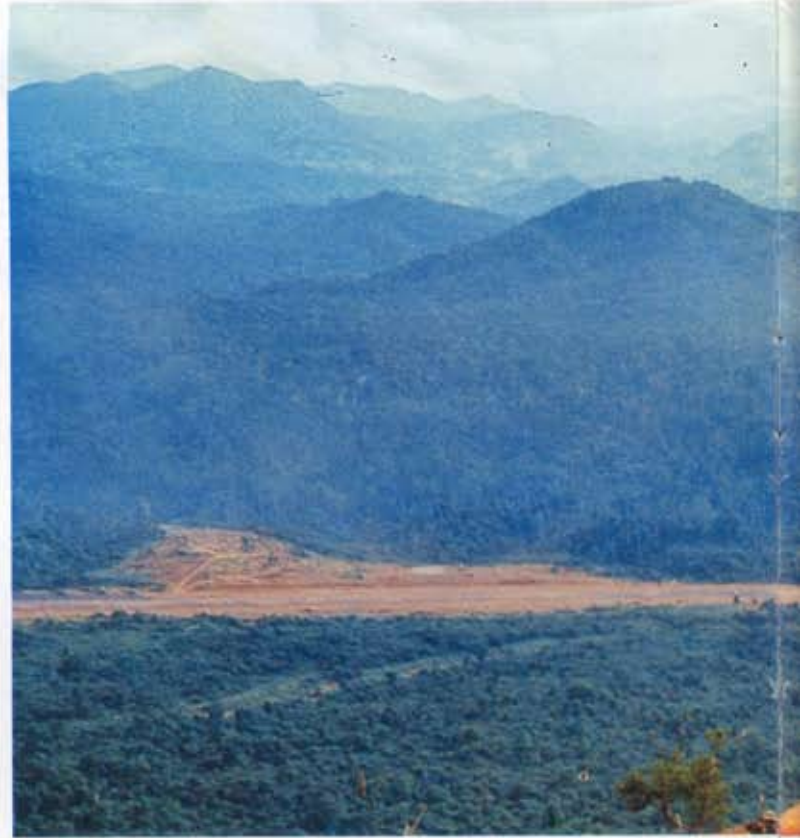
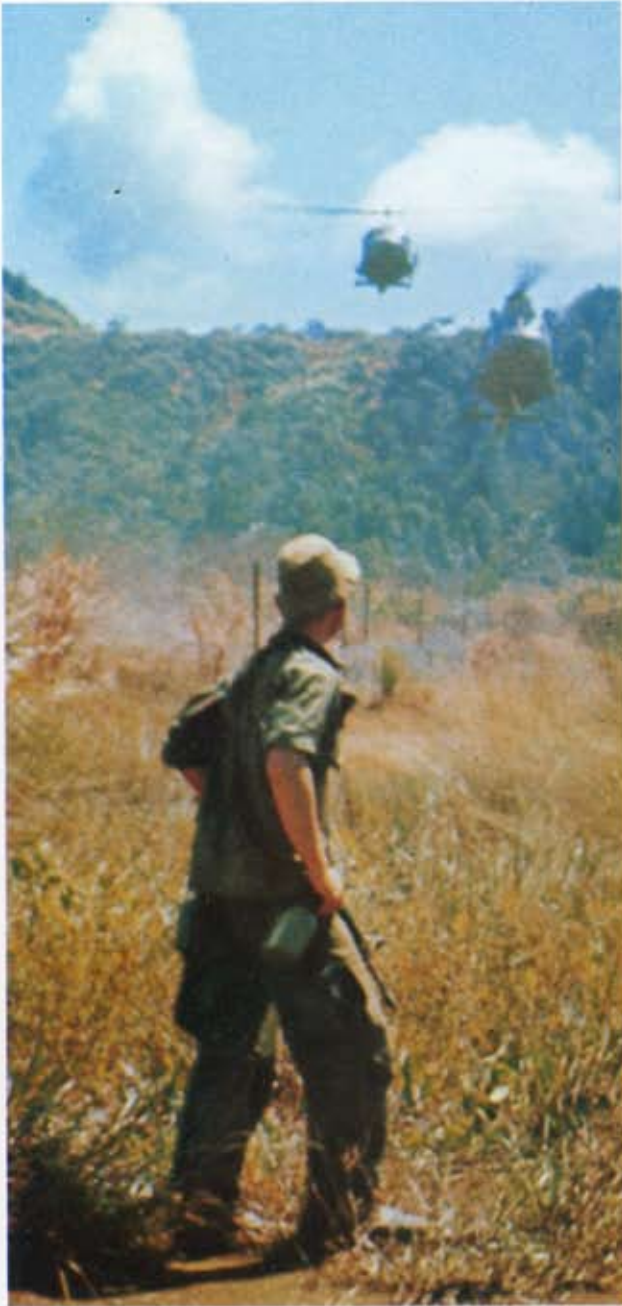
It was blistering hot, barren and depressing when Americal soldiers arrived. The men had nothing to look forward to but tedious, back-breaking work. To complicate matters, the enemy had seeded the airstrip with more than 150 booby-trapped mortar rounds. The 26th Engineers and Explosive Ordnance Disposal teams completed the touchy task of locating and removing the imbedded mines.

The first few hours on the ground were naturally tense. "I didn't know what to expect and believe me I was scared," said PFC Earl McDaniel. But with the 6th ARVN Regt. securing the high ground and American and ARVN forces patrolling the lower terrain, relative security was quickly established.

Aching muscles and beads of sweat were by-products of the hard work being done as the men dug in and rebuilt the outpost. It was essential to repair the airstrip in order that supplies could be airlifted into the base and the 26th Engineers made short work of that. Men reamed out the cavities, filled them with crushed rock and concrete and smoothed the surface with oil. The fruits of their labour blossomed just four days after the recapture when an Air Force 123 cargo plane touched down on the refurbished runway. The men who toiled with picks and shovels gazed with excitement and pride as the craft landed safely.

"It felt pretty good to see him land," beamed Captain Aaren Evans, the commanding officer of Alpha Company, 26th Engineers. Air Force Staff Sergeant Jessie Ritchie, who was aboard the first plane, described the landing as "real good." He noted that similar flight would be capable of transporting nearly 400,000 pounds of ammunition per day.

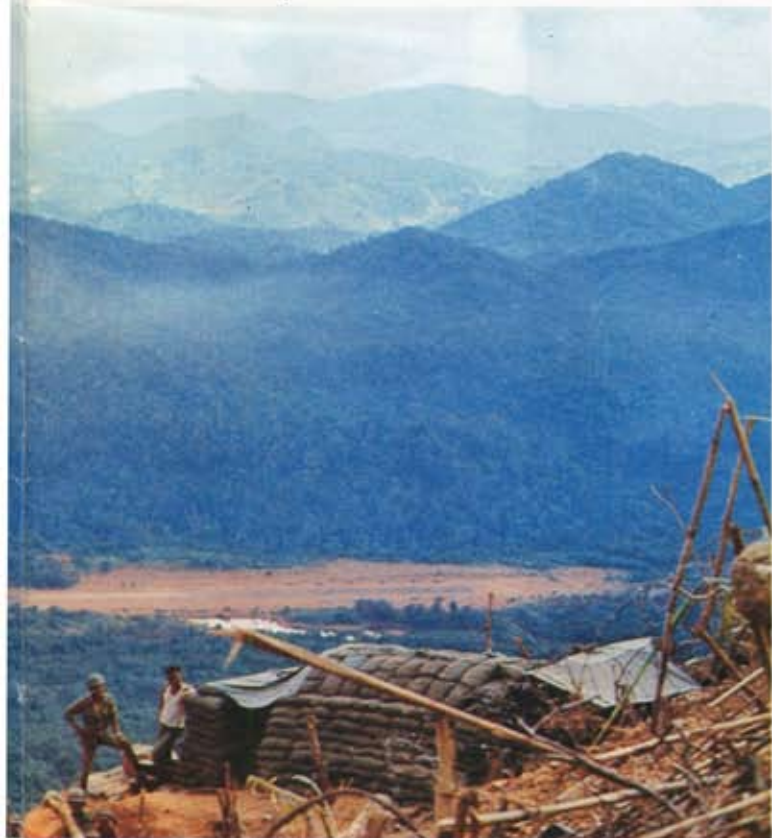




Relative calm prevailed for the first three weeks of the allied occupation. But that calm was shattered by a furious storm of deadly violence during the blackened-pre-dawn hours of August 5. "Sappers in the wire," bellowed PFC Kenneth Pawlak, who was on the bunker line guard duty with the 1/82d Artillery.

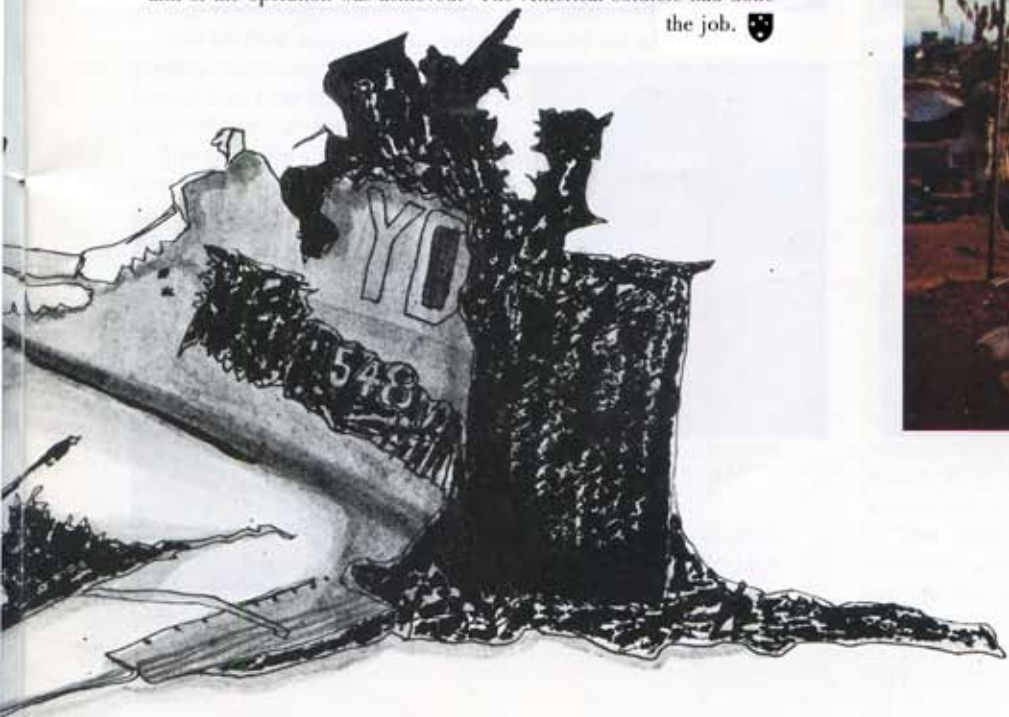
Pawlak described the first few fearful moments, "The first sapper was about eight feet in front of me when I first saw him. I jumped to the left side of my bunker just as he threw a satchel charge. The end of the bunker was blown away." The Redlegs reacted while mortarmen from Company E, 2/1st Infantry fired continuous illumination, despite the fact that their compound was being hit with enemy mortar and rocket fire.

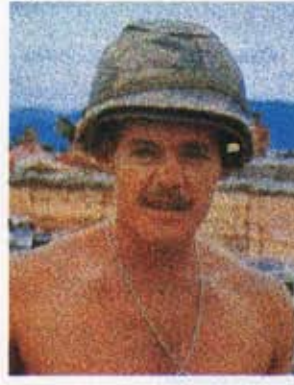
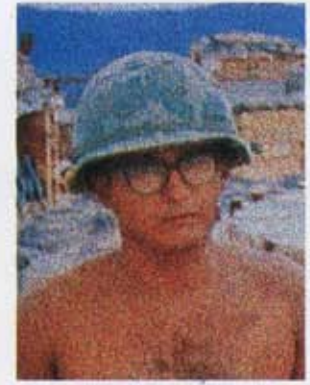




Walker

When the fighting ebbed and the first light of day peeked over the jagged mountains to the east of the desolate firebase, the bodies of 18 sappers, clad only in loin cloths, were found. Ten of the enemy died inside the perimeter while the rest were outside. It was the first serious test of the defenses of the Kham Duc airstrip and it forced the men to perform their daily tasks beneath a heavier cloud of anxiety. The August days and nights passed slowly. The men who had dug in at Kham Duc on July 12th were no longer newcomers or transient travelers. They had made the remote firebase their temporary home and each unit performed its mission well. By the end of August, the aim of the operation was achieved. The American soldiers had done the job. ♣





Mumford

13A10

By SP5 Rush Wood

DIVARTY

When it comes to listing the unsung heroes of war, the cannoneer must certainly rank as one of the least touted of all.

Few people, if anyone, will argue that the majority of the glamour or recognition is saved for the infantryman.

For an analogy, take the 260-pound offensive tackle who opened the gaping hole through which the star running back sped for the 90-yard, game-winning touchdown. Who do you suppose was invited to the post-game radio and television interviews, and whose name do you suppose was streamed across the headlines in the morning papers. Not the 260-pound tackle.

Just as that speedy ball carrier would be almost completely helpless without offensive tackles up front, so would the rifle-toting infantryman be in a world of hurt without the cannoneer.

The life of a cannoneer, to a large degree, is a thankless one. His is a life of hard work, interrupted sleep, ear-ringing noise and a lingering, bothersome frustration. His is a life of being robbed of the opportunity of seeing the actual results of his work.

A Cannoneer, working on a gun crew—whether it be the small .105 mm. howitzer or the larger .175 mm. howitzer—is a vital member of a team very much different from a football team or any athletic squad. The game now is war; the field, the mountainous terrain of South Vietnam; and the object of the game, to provide ample and effective fire support for U.S. and ARVN ground forces.

Probably the best method of studying the events that jell together in making the life of a cannoneer is to talk to and observe one in action. Enter Allan E. Shafer, CPL U.S. Army.

Back in Rio Vista, Calif., a suburb of Sacramento, Allen Shafer was an average type guy. He was the split end—not a star receiver, only an average pass catcher—on the high school football team.

Later, he worked as a partner with his father on the average-size Sacramento Valley farm that produced corn, barley and other feed crops for California cattlemen.

Currently and for the past several months CPL Shafer has been a cannoner. That's about the point at which the averageness of Shafer's life ceases. From there on, it's all above average.

Two words . . . "FIRE MISSION" . . . instinctively send the 22-year-old Shafer into a swirl of activity. Joining him are the other members of his gun section, and only the very ultimate of precision teamwork can enable the crew to accomplish its mission.

Shafer, who at 5-7 and 165 pounds is of only average size, has a king size responsibility; one that is shared by his Bravo Battery, 6th Battalion, 11th Artillery cohorts and by all American cannoners. He must be ready and able to respond to those two magic words at any time, day or night. He is on 24-hour call, seven days a week for his entire stay on San Juan Hill.

At San Juan Hill, a towering peak some nine miles west of Duc Pho and 50 miles southwest of Chu Lai, Shafer works on a .105 mm. howitzer. However, during his extensive artillery training at Ft. Sill, Okla., the cannoner was well-schooled in the operations of both the .155 mm. and .175 mm. howitzers. He became well acquainted with the meaning and applications of such words and terms as azimuth, mils, deflection, quadrants, range, vertical interval, maximum ordinate, trajectory, propellant and muzzle velocity.

Unlike the infantryman, the cannoner is deprived of the opportunity of personally witnessing the destructive capability of his weapon. Once the .105 mm. howitzer is fired, sending its projectile tearing through the atmosphere, the cannoners have accomplished their job. There remains, however, that emptiness of not witnessing the effect in the target area miles away.

"It gets depressing at times, shooting and not knowing for sure if we're hitting anything," admitted Shafer as he stared questioningly out at the mountains in the distance. "But then, when the grunts come back in from out there and tell you that you've been doing a good job, it makes it all worthwhile."

The men at San Juan Hill have devised another method in which they find it easy to develop a lasting pride in their work.

"There is a lot of competition between the different sections," explained Shafer. "The guys on each gun believe that they have the best gun crew on the hill, and they're always working harder to prove it. It makes for a lot of good clean kidding, but when you get down to it, each guy honestly thinks that he is doing a better job than the next guy."

The work of a cannoner does not begin with a fire mission, and likewise, neither does it end there. The actual firing of the gun is only a small part of Shafer's duties.



The ammunition doesn't put itself at the cannoneer's disposal. It has to be uncrated, fused and properly stored. The spent cannisters, left following a fire mission, must be carted away. And the gun, itself, must be cleaned and properly maintained. A cannoneer cares for his gun in the same manner in which he would that brand new, flashy-red sport coupe back home.

It's hard work. But it's a job that's handled with pride and care by the cannoneer. The long hours in the grueling Vietnam sun, the demanding precision and speed required of a fire mission, the deafening roar as the guns answer the call, and the constant strain, all are part of life on the hill. The problems are met and defeated through teamwork.

"When guys are required to work together as closely as we do out here," said Shafer, "it's just like being married. We all have to eat, sleep, work and fight together. There's no room for individuals or individual efforts here."

The life of a cannoneer is anything but tremendous, but at least he realizes he has one up on the grunt. A cannoneer lives in a bunker and sleeps in a bed at night, not to mention some of the other comforts of home he has available on the hill. Life for the cannoneer is hard, but it could be worse.

"Like I've said," repeated Shafer, "it's demanding work, but it also has its rewards, and it definitely beats pounding the bush." ♣





Hunger

MO DUC LAND CLEARING

In the 26th Engineer Battalion, land clearing and C Company are almost synonymous. One of their latest projects was the Mo Duc operation 8 miles east of Quang Ngai City stretching some 16 miles down the seacoast. They were additionally aided by the land clearing platoon of the 39th Engineer Battalion.

Basically, land clearing is, as the name implies, clearing of the land. This means bulldozing the area to be cleared removing all standing foliage and scraping open areas for mines and booby traps. The areas to be cleared are decided on jointly by the local Vietnamese officials and the U. S. Army. The object is to turn enemy sanctuary into friendly byway and resettlement.

The C Company D-7 Caterpillar bulldozers and other heavy equipment were originally brought into the land clearing area by a temporary expedient road which was cut through the vacant, deserted rice paddies and hedgerows leading into the jungle. The base of such an operation is a night laager defensive position. The position is a "double burn" of sand or earth bulldozed into two close concentric circles. The inner area is where the engineers dig in themselves and their equipment. Snuggled between the two circular "burns" is the security force of a platoon of infantry and a platoon of Vietnamese Popular Force. In event of an enemy attack, weapons will be ready and protected.

In land clearing, each day is unique. The terrain will vary from thick jungle to open rice paddy, and it's unpredictable what the men will uncover. Jungle in Vietnam means a growth of green bamboo, small trees, and shrubs all tightly interlaced with vines and more vines. It's like a dark green cloak some 15 feet thick bristling up from the sandy clay earth. It hides enemy

defense enclaves, booby traps and mines, and food sources.

Following is a part of the Mo Duc land clearing operation with C Company. The start of the day's work begins with morning light, and the snort of up to 11 bulldozers. Soon the convoy of dozers, the tank-like combat engineer vehicle (GEV), the armored personnel carrier (APC), and the security force of infantry is off from the night laager position moving back again into the land clearing area where the previous day left the jungle still standing. Dust swirls around the convoy of men and equipment forming an alien tunnel of sun-brightened, light-brown particles.

Soon the bulldozers are attacking the green haven of the enemy as the infantry, the CEV, and the APC stand in protective watch. All through the hot, sultry day, the dozers move in staggered formation from one area to another continuing until the last of the dense green growth is torn down and crawled over by the heavy clanking of undaunted dozer pads.

The dozers aren't allowed to bunch up because of the danger of fragmentation from exploding mines and booby traps which usually explode harmlessly in front of the blade but are a danger to anyone nearby. Coordination and control of the many machines is accomplished by radio. Each of the vehicles is equipped with a radio, and commanding First Lieutenant Neal H. Stadlman totes his own radio. The men greatly respect his readiness to don radio through the long day of dust and sun. The medic, Specialist Four Elroy R. Newberry is always near him. Need for a medic will come over the air.

The afternoon and the following day sees maintenance performed on the 11 dozers to ready them for the next nearby project which will involve a change in night laager. Each operator doubles as mechanic and all pitch in on the repair and everyday maintenance.



Hunger

Land clearing revolves around first the elaborate project planning, deciding what areas will be cleared and organizing the supply of men and equipment to be used. The maintenance of the D-7's is no small task. A new facet of the operation is the addition of the combat vehicle crewman's helmet—the same as is worn by tank operators. A radio is attached to the helmet to allow transmitting and receiving with the lieutenant commanding the operation. Not only does the helmet stop shrapnel and keep the operators coordinated with the commander, it saves the operator from the ear-splitting sound of the detonated explosive. The heavy, tough D-7 blade of Rome plow plus the tractor itself are heavy enough to stop shrapnel from even 5 and 8 inch and 155 mm artillery rounds if they explode in front of the blade.

Says D-7 operator Specialist Four Bush, "You don't run over anything—even a blasting cap—if you can see it first. We found lots of 'em that had a mine like a Chicom grenade on top the ground hooked to a buried 155 mm round so that when you ran over the grenade it set off the round. So now we check 'em out first."

With the completion of this part of the Mo Duc operation, the engineers left destroyed 855 lineal meters of trenches, 114 bunkers, 17 mines and booby traps, 20 ordinance items, and a total of 1060 acres of jungle. The jungle overcome, the haunts of the enemy scathed open, the enemy is disrupted and forced to look for new hiding places.

The men are proud of their work and proud of their individual jobs. "I like it here," says 39th Engineer Bn. operator Specialist Four Frank E. Burton. "You work all day, and before you know it, it's time to go in. You might write a letter to your family, and then its dark, and you go to sleep. The time goes so fast. . . ." 🛡️

BY PFC JOHN HUNGER
26TH ENGINEERS



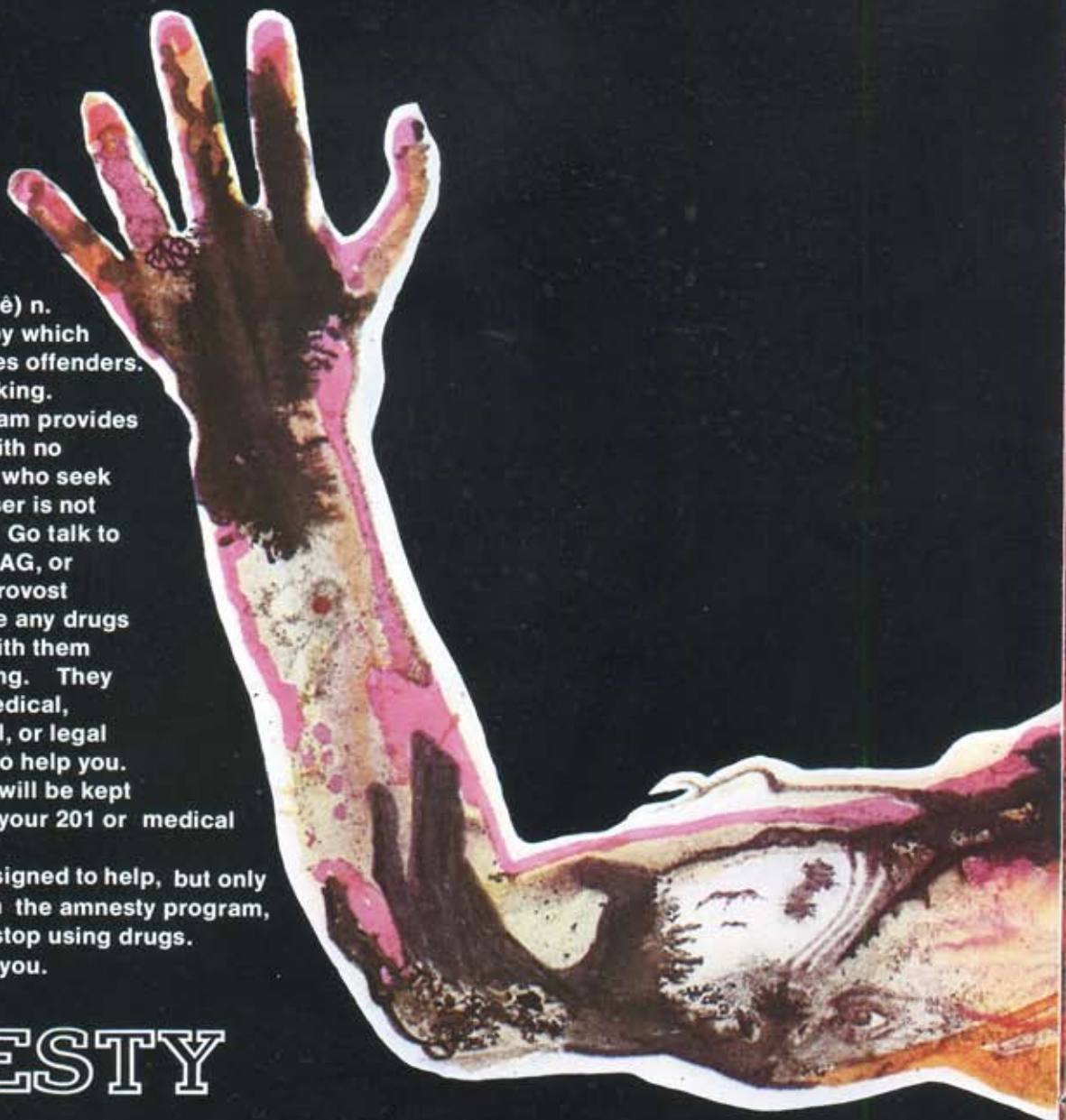
Amnesty (am' nes tē) n.
1. A general pardon by which
a government absolves offenders.
2. Intentional overlooking.

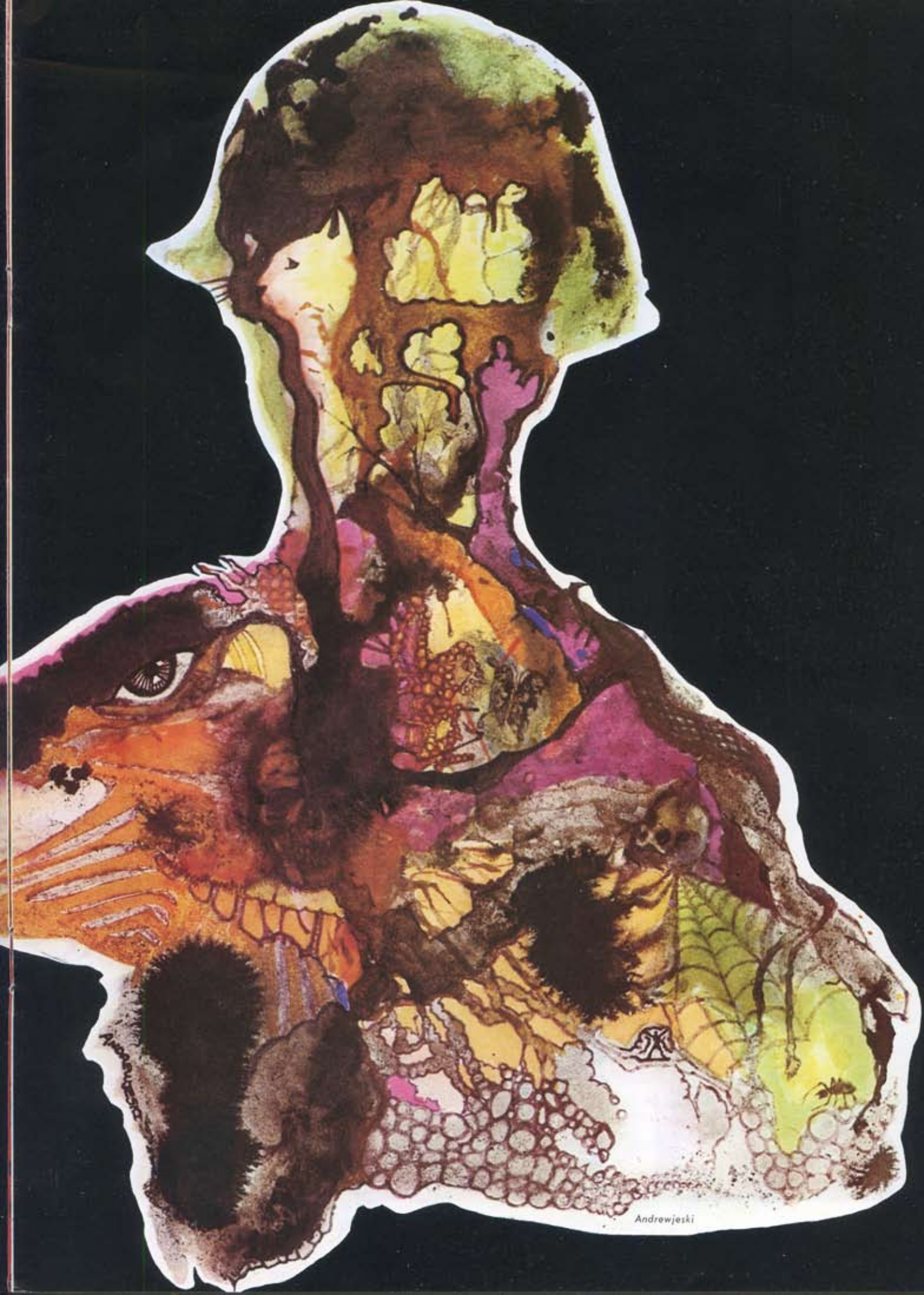
The amnesty program provides help for drug users with no punishment for those who seek help, providing the user is not under investigation. Go talk to the Chaplain, or the JAG, or the Surgeon, or the Provost Marshall. Don't have any drugs with you. Discuss with them your case of drug using. They will provide all the medical, spiritual, psychological, or legal assistance available to help you. Absolutely no record will be kept of the visits, either in your 201 or medical file.

This program is designed to help, but only once. When you join the amnesty program, you are agreeing to stop using drugs.

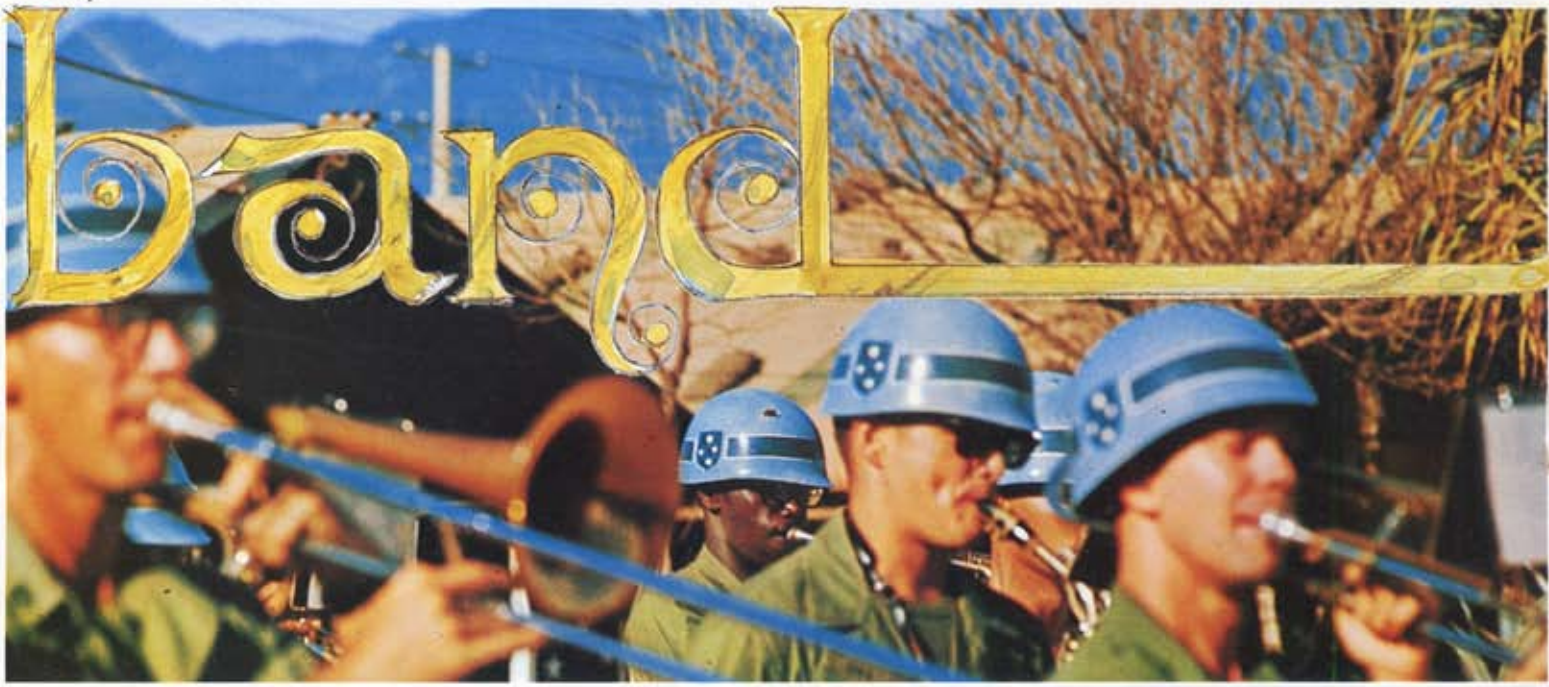
It's up to you.

AMNESTY



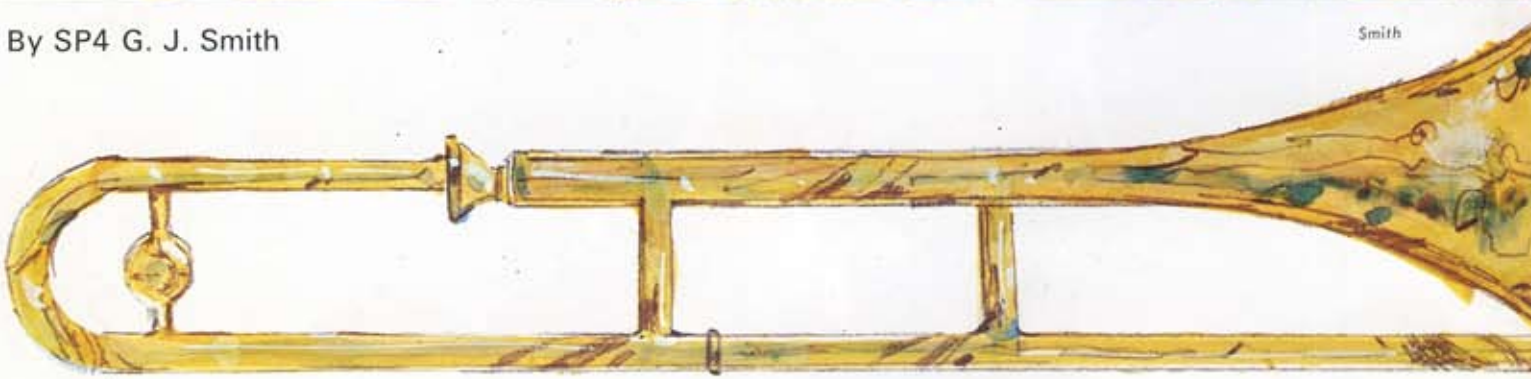


Andrewjeski



By SP4 G. J. Smith

Smith



Pennington



Palmer



*'So let me introduce to you
The Band you've known for all these years*

From the Beatle's songs to military marches, it's the Americal Division Band. Since early 1968, when it became operational as an element of HHC & Band, Support Command, the Americal Division Band has been active in supporting both the Americal Division and its sister service elements of the Navy, Marines and Air Force. In addition to its primary function of providing appropriate military music for ceremonies and official functions, the band has been active in the area of troop entertainment by sending small popular and rock-style groups to the LZs and fire bases. Maintaining morale of the troops in the field is possibly the most important function of the division band.

*We'd love to take you home with us
We'd love to take you home*

Personnel exchanges have taken place between the Americal Band and the Second ARVN Division Band of Quang Ngai Province. These exchanges, for short periods, enable members of both bands to learn more about each others' methods and ideas.

We hope that you enjoy the show

The efforts of the Americal Band have been dedicated to the establishment of good-will and understanding, and to support in every manner possible, the personnel of the Americal Division.



Pennington



Pennington





It's the perpetual, choking dust, the muscle-racking hard ground, the snatched food sitting ill on the stomach, the heat and the flies and dirty feet and the constant roar of engines and the perpetual moving and the never settling down and the go, go, go, night and day, and on through the night again. Eventually it all works itself into an emotional tapestry of one dull, dead pattern—yesterday is tomorrow and Tronina is Randazzo and when will we ever stop and, God, I'm so tired . . .

They were and always had been front-line infantrymen. They survived because the fates were kind to them, certainly—but also because they had become hard and immensely wise in animallike ways of self-preservation. None of them liked war. They all wanted to go home, but they had been at it so long they knew how to take care of themselves and how to lead others. Around a little group like them every company is built.

A dozen times I overheard this same remark: "Well, I don't worry about it because I look at it this way. If your number's up then it's up, and if it isn't you'll come through no matter what." Every single person who expressed himself that way was a liar and knew it, but, hell, a guy has to say something.

How Do You Explain a Year

By

SP5 Kroft

REPRINT FROM THUNDER

"Do you know how long a year takes when it is going away?" Dunbar repeated to Clevinger. "This long." He snapped his fingers. "A second ago you were stepping into college with your lungs full of fresh air. Today you are an old man."

... Catch-22

Traveling time from Oakland to Oakland is a little more than 31 million seconds, each one carefully measured to international standards.

In Vietnam, time is the great equalizer. Every soldier who walks down the boarding ramp at Tan Son Nhut, Cam Rahn, or Bien Hoa begins his own personal 12-month, 365 day race to DEROS. Amid all the unknowns and variables there is one constant: with a little bit of luck he will be getting back on the plane this time next year.





A twelve month tour is one of the truly unique aspects of the Vietnam conflict. Ernie Pyle's dogface of World War II plodded on through nameless towns in Italy, France and Germany not knowing where he would be in a month, a week, or even the next day. All he knew was that he would be going home when the war was over. Whenever he talked about the future he was almost sure to add the disclaimer, "If I make it through this thing all right."

The GI in Vietnam isn't as fatalistic. This is not to say that he isn't just as scared. Everyone knows he is. He simply has too much to live for to admit there is a possibility he might not make that rendezvous with the freedom bird. He can still remember what a hot shower feels like, and he has the months marked off on his camouflage cover to remind him that his discomforts are only temporary. Whenever he talks about the future he will say, "When I get home."

The present holds little promise for the soldier. After a few weeks in-country most GIs begin living either in the past or in the future. Of course there are those times of notable exception, during a fire fight, or mortar attack, as Hemingway said, he will be living in the "very second of the present, with no before and no after." Those will be the longest seconds. But time is relative. It is meaningless without experience. How can you compare an hour filling sandbags with one spent on stand down? Few people begin counting off the days at 365. There is no sense in it. Most prefer to avoid looking at calendars for the first few months. Occasionally a casual glance to mark notable milestones (i.e. the first 90 days, one month to R & R, etc.) is in order. But there is really little difference between having 245 days to go and 238.

Getting short is like growing old. It's best to do it gracefully. It can't be rushed or forced, so why try. Time fades fatigues in much the same way it grays

temples. Take the case of one Harvey O. Andrews, Specialist 5, United States Army. Harvey was a 19 year-old short timer from the Midwest. Although only nineteen, like all short timers, he looked older. The twenty-four year old turtles (those replacements who took so long in arriving) afforded him the respect of an elder statesman.

On a second's notice Harvey could conjure up spirits of those gone before but not forgotten. He could sit back and reflect on the good old days . . . way back in September.

In his final days Harvey would sit on an ammo box in front of the splashwall and talk to the turtles. He would patiently answer their questions one by one. He could rap about the pending Monsoon as if it were some phenomenon of nature that occurred once in a million years. Harvey, you see, had been through one.

As a single digit midget (he had less than 10 days to go), Harvey was in semi-retirement. He spent most of his time catching rays. He could be counted on to do a few small tasks, but nothing that took very much time or required concentration.

He also showed signs of senile dimensia. Gone was the exuberance of his early 60's. He was quiet most of the time, walking around with a freaky grin on his face.

His apathy had an unsettling effect on the turtles. They expected zaniness and crazy antics. Harvey countered with sobriety.

He was still smiling when he slid into the jeep for the short ride to the 8th Aerial Port, where he would embark on his triumphant return to the 90th Replacement Detachment.

DEROSing, in many respects, is like getting married. You can watch it happen to your friends, ask questions about it, but in the end you will have to experience it yourself before your mind can truly comprehend.

Baker 2, Bravo 4, Braniff International departed Bien Hoa at 10:51 three days later with one Harvey O. Andrews aboard.

Twelve days later the following letter arrived.

It was beautiful, a big yellow Braniff bird with good looking stewardesses. We cheered as the turtles sweated their way off the plane, screamed as we got on.

The big plane rumbled down the runway. Faster, faster, almost a sexual experience. TAKE OFF!! Applause.

One stop at an Air Force Base in Japan and then eleven hours flying time to Oakland.

The captain came on the squawk box and said, "Gentlemen we are approaching the California coastiline which you can see in the distance, with the sun rising over the Rocky Mountains in the far distance."

TOUCHDOWN!!! Cleared Travis customs in 10 minutes, Oakland in 16 hours. Took a cab with four others to S.F. Airport. I looked around and tried to remember. Vietnam was 10,000 years ago.

Arrive home. Hugs, Kisses, Tears. Beaucoup yak-yak. Beaucoup questions. How do you explain a year?

HARVEY





HAI MON

Hai Mon, meaning "river's mouth", was a village two miles northwest of Duc Pho. It was blessed and damned for being extremely rich. Lying on the southern bank of the Song Tra Cau, it had access to a natural harbor formed as the river widens and empties into the South China Sea. The river also afforded the villagers fresh-water fishing, a means of transportation, and water for the irrigation of vast rice paddies. Each morning, the village fleet of sampans set out to reap the sea's bountiful harvest of fish, crabs, and other salt-water delicacies.

The waters and fields abounded with activity; the village was alive with marketers seeking and selling the products of the local labor.

Hai Mon died five years ago.

Although it has remained on military maps of the area, until recently it was but a name and a lot of little squares on a piece of paper. The river banks were overgrown with foliage. The only remaining hint of once cultivated fields was a regular square relief of paddy dikes—the actual paddies, discernable as grassy patches and pockets of dust, stirred and forgotten by a transient sea breeze. Barely identifiable trails led to nowhere. Thatched hooches had long since disappeared leaving no record of their former inhabitants. Cement foundations, some with skeletal walls, dot the landscape; now, but a grave marker of an ancestral plot of land.

"The VC come," recalled Mr. Cu, village chief. In 1965, time and history had caught up with the residents of Hai Mon. Recounts Duc Pho District Chief Major Buu Toung, "Those of the village that could afford it left about five years ago. At that time the VC were using terrorism to collect taxes from the people. Some went to Duc Pho, some to Quang Ngai City and some went as far as Saigon to evade the Viet Cong."

Huyna Van Tri, a thirteen year-old Duc Pho student knows the story. "The Viet Cong come and take the people's food and money. The people just leave the village and not come back." Those civilians who lingered at Hai Mon increasingly found themselves in cross-fires between Allied and guerrilla forces. Under these conditions the exodus was completed and the village became a memory.

Today, Viet Cong influence in southern Quang Ngai Province, the 11th Infantry Brigade area of operations, has been on the decline since the withdrawal of NVA regulars into the western mountains and the advent of the Pacification Program.

Simply, "pacification" is the Allied attempt to separate the people from the guerrilla. It is the military and political starvation and suffocation of the enemy. It is a common-sense solution, and it is working.



Major Tuong walks across his Duc Pho office and slides a wall chart aside exposing a local map. The camouflaged-fatigue-clad District Chief smiles and runs his finger north to south along Highway One, "What we have done is relocated the people along the highway where they can best be protected. Where the people can be armed and trained as Regional and Popular Forces to defend themselves and their villages."

The joint pacification effort conducted by the 11th Infantry Brigade and Government of Vietnam, has been so successful that it has come full circle. The program in Duc Pho has been brought to its logical conclusion—the people are being returned to the land. It is fitting that what Major Tuong describes as "Phase II" should be implemented at Hai Mon.

The prime consideration in any pacification effort is the defense of the village. At Hai Mon, these duties fell upon the 11th Brigade's Company B of the 1st Battalion, 20th Infantry; later, Company C of the 4th Battalion, 21st Infantry; and Regional Force 147. Commented First Lieutenant Theodore J. Michelfelder who was involved in the pacification project at Vinh Hien on Highway One, "People who didn't know any better used to say, 'Pacification, wow, you've got it made.' But we who have been involved in the concept have a different vision. Not only did Bravo Company build and man the defenses, but patrols and ambushes covered as many miles and produced as many kills as any infantry company working in the field."

Pacification is hardly the best or the worst of an Americal Division infantryman's possible missions, but it is easily the most rewarding. Commented First Lieutenant Russell W. Dandridge whose 1/20 platoon assumed the first Hai Mon defense responsibilities, "It is a man-to-man, soldier-to-citizen, relationship. The men have no free time because after military duties they voluntarily participate in cleaning wells, clearing land or pitch in to raise a bamboo-framed roof. You slowly get to know the people in a personal way." The Lieutenant likes to recall the story of the elderly Vietnamese woman who lived in Hai Mon five years ago, and has returned to claim her past homestead, "She

says that five years ago she buried a bundle of clothes and personal effects at that same site. Every once in a while I pass her hooch plot and see her poking around the ground probing for her hidden treasures."

Nineteen August 1970 was the re-birthday of Hai Mon village. The official ceremonies were the anti-climax of months of labor. The harbor still has to be dredged to facilitate the return of the village fishing fleet from its exile at the southern sea-side village of Sa Huynh, but for the most part the village exists, the people have returned.

Life began to flow into Hai Mon in March when Company C of the 26th Engineer Battalion cut a road from Highway One to the site of the ghost village. The 11th Bde. and regional forces had searched, cleared, and secured the area. Between March and August, the pioneering families spent the day-light hours working on family living units, clearing land and farming that which had not been cultivated in five years and which now included 28 hectares exposed by the new road. Said First Lieutenant William C. Foster of the Duc Pho Military Assistance Command-Vietnam, "The village will open with about 155 families and we expect the population to grow. The Government of Vietnam, through its Ministry of Social Welfare is distributing tin for roofing and is supplying transportation for the people to make the actual move from their resettlement location to Hai Mon."

Walking down the dirt main street, you pass a group of American and regional force soldiers. They are taking a break, sharing a soda or beer and conversing in their characteristic English-Vietnamese language. "We have a real good working relationship with the Vietnamese," remarked Captain Harrison U. Jack, commanding officer of Company C, 4/21. Adding, "Periodically we have a Medcap team in to treat the people. We share in the people's celebrations and conduct joint U.S.-Vietnamese patrols and ambushes. We've learned from each other."

Commented Sergeant First Class Wade Jackson, "Our men have participated in such construction projects as the village swimming hole, market place, school and aid station."

What problems confront the village&

District chief Tuong listed his concerns; "The harbor has to be dug deeper. Drainage has to be improved and possibly the road black-topped." One is surprised by his quick, explicate reply. What about the VC? "The people worry about the floods, and fishing." The mere presence and reputation of the American and regional forces have removed military fears and turned eyes to domestic and more human problems.

Student Tri was at the loud, crowded celebration in August, "The people are happy. They want to move back here. The land is good and the sea, also. They no longer fear the VC. The Americans and ARVN are here." Tri paused and smiled, "Many VC are gone. They talk much of winning, but all the time they lose. The people know they lie."

A "pacification" patrol is just as dry, tiring and monotonous as any other patrol in the 11th Brigade area of operations, but these Americal Division infantrymen see the fruits of their labors daily. With weapons, radios, and bundles raised high above their heads, the men cross the Song Tra Cau from the northern shore to Hai Mon. Today, they pass a boy washing the family water buffalo, an old man herding his flock of ducks, three women washing clothes. They witness the cyclic planting and harvesting of rice crops. Soon, they will watch a husband and wife team set out yards of fish net, and pull in the family catch. They push through a school of screaming, splashing, bronze-skinned children. Coming ashore, they pass a crowded marketplace on their way to the company command post where they will drop their weapons and packs and grab a soda, and be briefed on ambushes and perimeter guard for the night.

In the future, the 11th Brigaders will be gone. The people, through their own militia, the Regional and Popular Forces, will be equipped, trained and experienced enough to defend Hai Mon. Perhaps too, in the not-so distant future, a time will come when the village will survive in prosperity and peace. ♣

By SP4 PETER SORENSEN

11th Bde





*"There once was a scout named Turtle,
In his LOH over trees he would hurdle.
As was often his luck,
While in pursuit of old 'Chuck,'
He'd end up with holes in his bubble."*

... The Old Blueghost

turtle

Turtle flies helicopters. Light observation helicopters specifically. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hubert V. McRae of Lauringburg, North Carolina call him John, but to the officers of the Americal Division's F Troop 8th Cavalry (Blueghost) WO1 John S. McRae is known affectionately as Turtle. The origin of his nickname is obscure although a turtle is generally the pseudonym for a replacement or new guy in Vietnam.

For the name to have stuck with WO1 McRae over the months is paradoxical since turtles are generally slow moving, passive, defenseless little creatures—everything a LOH pilot isn't. Actually, no turtle in his right mind would fly a LOH. Except the Blueghost's Turtle, of course.

Recently WO1 McRae was interviewed about his job as scout pilot in an Air Cavalry Troop. His answers provide a real insight into the kind of man who flies the small Hughes helicopter at tree top level through enemy infested areas.

"Turtle, what is it that you like about being a scout? Is it the challenge of flying low level over known enemy positions trying to get them to compromise themselves by shooting at you, or is it the classic challenge of the battle of man against man? The matching of wits and cunning with the winner taking all?"

"No. Actually, it's the days off. We scouts get more days off than the other platoon."

"When you're down there low level, Turtle, flying at 100 knots, what are you looking for? Is it trails, hootches, fighting positions, or what?"

"Mostly I'm looking for an excuse to come up to altitude and go back to Chu Lai."

"Turtle, what is the biggest hazard to you while you're down there on the deck? Is it the AK-47 fire, .30 caliber machineguns, or .51 caliber fire? What do you fear the most?"

"Trees. Tall, thin, dead trees. They'll get you every time."

"It's hard to believe that you worry more about trees than NVA."

"Not really. There are more trees out there than NVA."



Dreesen



"Turtle, on your aircraft you also have an observer and a door gunner. Beside their obvious duties of trying to spot the enemy and signs of activity, what are their secondary jobs. Just what else does the observer do for instance?"

"He prays. From the time we take off until we land. And it's not his secondary job either. It's his primary."

"And what about the door gunner?"

"Mostly he just screams stuff like 'Takin' fire! Look out! Watch that tree! We're hit! He prays too."

"Here's a question that will probably require a little thought. To date what has been your most significant sighting as a scout pilot?"

"That's easy. A beautiful girl taking a bath in the Song Ve River."

"No, Turtle. What was your most significant military sighting as a scout?"

"A beautiful girl taking a bath in the Song 'Ve River. She was an NVA nurse."

"Did you capture her?"

"No, I hit a tree and had to go back to Quang Nagai."

"Turtle, do you have any big operations coming up in the near future? What are you looking forward to in the next month or so?"

"The monsoons. We don't fly much in the monsoons."

"Last question, Turtle. What do you remember as your most gratifying experience as a scout?"

"It was during the battle of Hiep Duc. There were .51 cal's all over and beaucoups .30's and AK's. They were even shooting RPG's at choppers. The air mission commander had just told me to go down and do my thing when my high engine oil pressure light came on and I had to go back to Chu Lai. Now *that* was a gratifying experience."

If the whole truth were known, Turtle did go back to Chu Lai but only to get a replacement aircraft in which he returned to Hiep Duc and did his thing much to the dismay of many of the NVA who were roaming the Que Son Valley at the time.

Although they may not be textbook responses, Turtle's answers do reflect one of the qualities a good scout pilot must have in order to survive in his dangerous business. In a moment of serious contemplation Turtle put his finger on it.

"There's old saying among scouts that there's two things you can't afford to lose while you're flying scouts. Your sense of humor and your main rotor."

Turtle's face brightened immediately. "Of course, being a practical man and given a choice, I'd rather lose my sense of humor!" 🍀

By CPT David W. Owen

AMERICAN LOG



Prologue

Action in Southern First Military Region decreased slightly in the second quarter of the year as soldiers of the Americal collected a long overdue debt from the NVA at Kham Duc. Over two years since the Kham Duc operation was lost to the 2nd NVA Division, the remote Special Forces advised CIDG camp was retaken by the same Division units that played a central role in the harrowing evacuation of allied forces in May of 1968.

During June, July and August units of the Division accounted for more than 1700 enemy killed and denied the enemy of his much needed food supply by capturing over 122 tons of rice. The enemy also lost 534 weapons, of which 32 were crew served.

The month of June saw Division soldiers quell a major NVA offensive in the secluded Hiep Duc Valley. In heavy company-sized contacts, the Americans defeated elements of the 1st NVA Regiment, killing 590 of the enemy soldiers.

The month of July saw a decrease in action throughout the area of operations. The Division soldiers accounted for 481 enemy killed in numerous sporadic contacts.

The month of August saw a rise in activity resulting in the deaths of 593 of the enemy in many small vicious firefights.

By

SP4 GARY JENSEN

JUNE

The heaviest action of the quarter took place in the first two weeks of June as "Chargers" of the 196th Infantry Brigade were stopping the last efforts of the NVA's drive into the Hiep Huc Valley.

Early in the month elements of the 3rd Battalion, 21st Infantry had a very successful and profitable day as the infantryman killed 12 enemy soldiers and suffered no friendly casualties. Bravo Company accounted for 11 of the enemy in three separate firefights. The heaviest contact of the three resulted in six of the enemy being killed.

During his next to the last week in Vietnam, Sergeant Richard Anderson, Tacoma, Wash., was much too busy to count days. Within a seventy-two hour period the soldier was instrumental in killing 17 enemy soldiers. Sergeant Anderson, a F0, was stationed with a PF outpost nine miles northwest of Tam Ky.

The first night while on a evening patrol Sergeant Anderson and the PF spotted 35 VC. He immediately

called in mortar fire, killing seven of the enemy. Two nights later the unit spotted a VC company and called in gunships which accounted for three killed. Not more than twenty minutes later the PF patrol discovered 11 VC in a clearing and in the firefight that followed seven of the enemy were killed.

Action flared on June 13 as Company B, 1st Battalion, 46th Infantry killed 33 NVA in close fighting for eight hours.

Company B began taking fire as they neared an enemy basecamp in the Hiep Duc area. The infantrymen retaliated with organic weapons fire killing six NVA. The Americans received a barrage of 82 mm mortar rounds. The men of Company B dug in and called in an air strike. Gunships from the 71st Assault Helicopter Company strafed the NVA positions as the enemy tried to encircle the Americans. Blue Ghost gunships from F Troop, 8th Cavalry spotted another large group of NVA moving towards the company. The choppers raked the area killing three more enemy as another airstrike silenced the enemy mortars. When the fire subsided Company B swept the area finding 23 enemy killed by small arms fire.

On the 19th of June in ceremonies at Duc Pho the Recon Platoon of E Company, 4th Battalion, 3rd Infantry was presented the Presidential Unit Citation for extraordinary heroism by General Creighton W. Abrams. General Abrams decorated the unit for valorous action against a far greater size enemy force near the village of Phou Loc on September 6-7, 1968. The Recon Platoon is credited with averting an enemy attack on the city of Quang-Ngai in the action.

"This award is significant because so much of war depends on teamwork, on each member of the team, on each individual bearing his full share," stated General Abrams. "What this award means in the eyes of the U.S. Army is the same as it should for the individual receiving it, the second highest individual award for bravery," concluded the general.

JULY

July was marked by light sporadic contacts with the enemy, resulting in the quietest month of the quarter, despite the mass Allied assault into the Kham Duc area.

Stepped up psychological operations payed off in numerous ways in the first couple weeks of July for the 198th Infantry Brigade. The results being Vietnamese children turning over 220 mortar rounds, 12 artillery rounds and 22 anti-personal mines to H Troop, 17th Cavalry among other smaller amounts of arms and munitions.

July was also marked as rice month for the 11th Infantry Brigade's "Gimlets" for capturing 100,000 pounds of rice in several days of hard back-breaking work.

The initial find came when Company D and Recon Platoon were combat assaulted into the 'rice bowl' four miles south of Duc Pho. "After two days of looking and digging we found and

bagged 7,300 pounds of rice well concealed and buried several inches below the ground," said Sergeant Bob Davidson, Kansas City, Mo.

Next, Company B moved into the 'bowl' to try their hand at the game. "After a day of tapping floors and walls of huts," commented Specialist Four William Scanlon, Los Banos, Calif., "we found ourselves with 23,000 pounds of rice."

When Company A's turn came, a special method was developed to discover the rice. "The majority of the caches are sealed in plastic and buried several inches below the ground," said Specialist Four Bruce West, Fairburn, Ga., "so we drop a heavy wooden pole and listen for a hollow sound." Using this method Company A found and bagged over 70,000 pounds of rice.

"Finding caches is fairly easy," stated Staff Sergeant Marty Kristo, De Pue, Ill., "the time consuming job is digging them up, bagging and hauling them away."

The 12th of July saw a mass Allied combat assault into Kham Duc to reclaim the Kham Duc Special Forces advised CIDG camp only 14 miles from the Laotian border.

The camp was overrun in the culmination of a siege by some 5,000 troops of the NVA's Second Division, and hundreds of South Vietnamese soldiers and their dependents were rescued in one of the most dramatic evacuation efforts of the Vietnam war.

The object of the operation was the destruction of rear base areas and interdiction on supply routes of the Second NVA Division. The operation's success brought an enormous slow down in the pre-monsoon supply build-up of the NVA forward elements further in the interior of Vietnam. This should bring a welcome relief to such exposed locations as Hiep Duc and other population centers to the northeast of Kham Duc.

The Americans involved in the operations were the same units which





were instrumental in the evacuation. The units, Alpha Battery, 1st Battalion, 82d Artillery and the 2nd Battalion, 1st Infantry played a supporting role for the over 6,000 ARVNs put into the region.

The 2nd Battalion, 1st Infantry was inserted in one of the initial lifts to the airstrip where they quickly cleared the lowland area. Cannoneers from Delta Battery, 3rd Battalion, 82d Artillery and Alpha Battery, 1st Battalion, 82d Artillery were next, and within twenty minutes of their arrival the two batteries were ready to deliver their devastating support.

AUGUST

Action started out slow for the month of August, the heaviest action in the first few days came when "Gimlets" of the 3d Battalion, 21st Infantry killed seven of the enemy in three separate incidents. Three were killed in the biggest action of the day by Delta Company when they discovered a hootch complex northwest of Tam Ky.

Action flared on the 5th of the month as 16 VC were killed by the 174th Aviation Company while they were covering a combat assault in the lowlands northwest of Duc Pho.

The 4th ARVN Regiment's first test of the newly opened Kham Duc came the next day as sappers were spotted in the wire and inside the perimeter. The artillerymen opened up on the sappers with everything they had. During the firefight the American soldiers were receiving an attack of an estimated 60 mortar rounds and unknown amount of B-40 rocket fire.

At day break a sweep of the area was made, 18 sappers were found killed by the artillerymen's fire. All of the sappers were wearing black shorts.

Fifty CHICOM grenades, nine RPG rounds, five RPG launchers and 32 satchel charges were found on the bodies.

Later in the morning Bravo Company, 2nd Battalion, 1st Infantry swept the suspected area of the enemy mortar location and found six bunkers, nineteen 82 mm mortar rounds and four cases of charges.

Allied forces working in the Kham Duc area also found an NVA hospital, complete with operating facilities. Also found in the same area was a half a ton of medical supplies, large quantities of rice and NVA rations. While in the process of searching the area, five VC were spotted.

Later in the week while conducting a search and clear mission in the lowlands south of Duc Pho, Alpha Company, 4th Battalion, 21st Infantry, discovered a rice and potatoe cache near tow huts. The rice was in eleven 55 gallon drums and the potatoes were found in four 55 gallon drums. These finds launched the infantrymen on an intense search of the area which turned up more than eight tons of rice.

Gunships were busy on the 12th of the month when the Nighthawk ships from the 71st Aviation Company were engaged by a undetermined enemy force as they flew along a river. Braving small arms and .30 caliber machinegun fire, the gunships accounted for seven NVA killed.

While flying over a heavily vegetated area west of Quang Ngai, gunships from F Troop, 8th Cavalry received small arms and .30 caliber fire from the ground below. The pilots saturated the area with automatic weapons fire, killing 33 NVA in the ensuing five hour ground to air battle.

As the end of August drew near the American support units at Kham Duc were evacuated after successfully supporting the ARVNs and getting them settled into the job of stopping the enemy's supplies. ♣

AMERICAN LOG

THIS ARMY'S ALL RIGHT

HELP KEEP VIET-NAM BEAUTIFUL



"Tell me again about your Aunt who works at the Draft Board."



"Ah...would you give us a bearing...
Sarge...he says if we hump two clicks north
We can rerupply at the A&P in Hanoi"

"It's not really strong coffee..."



"Another thing I hate about monsoons,
It's hard to keep your boots bloused
with flippers on."

"This Army's all right..."



toward a part IX cultural understanding



Dreesen

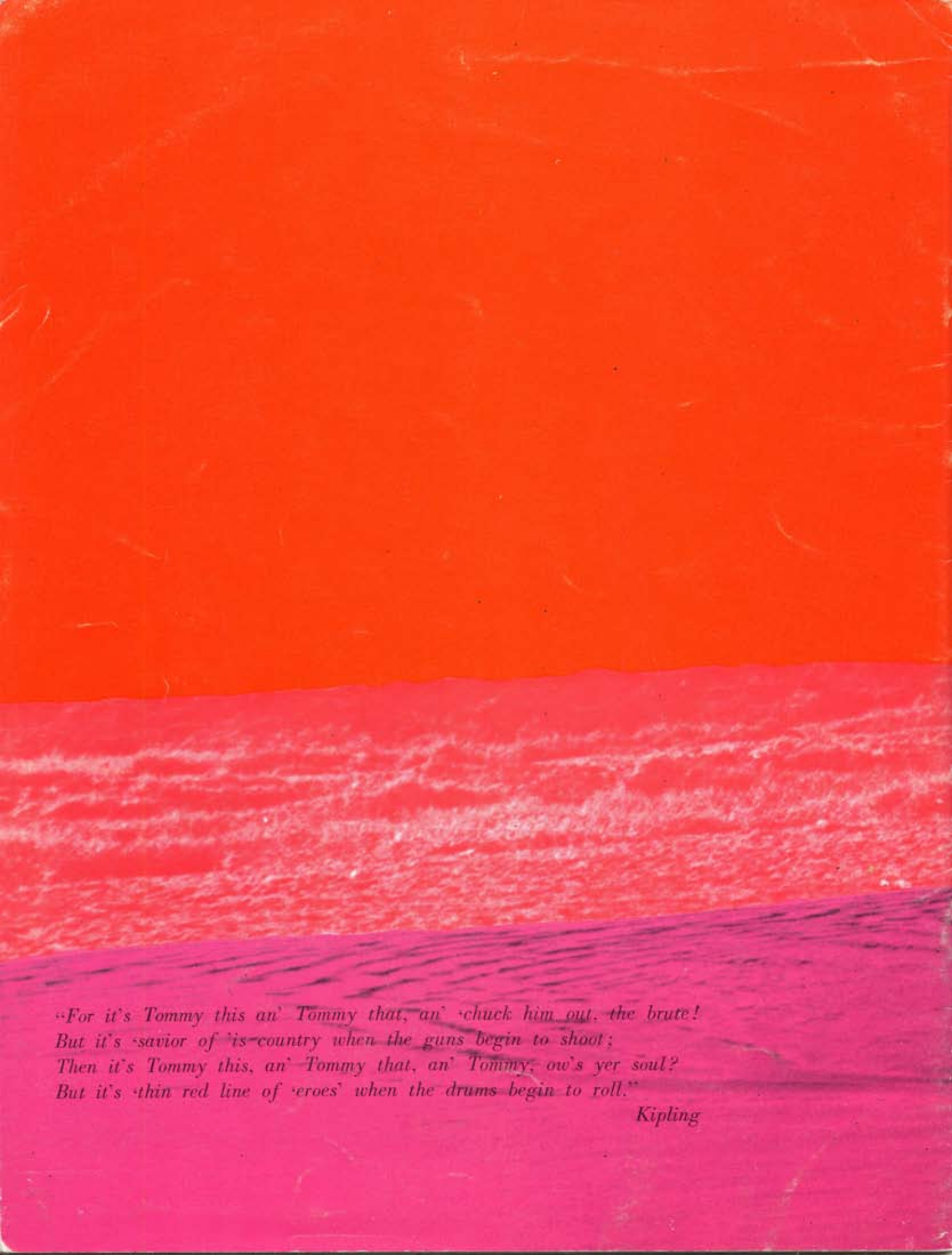
In South Vietnam, as in any country, the foundation for future proliferation lies within its youth. It recognizes that a higher education for its youth is essential in order for the government of a free Vietnam to flourish. No matter how small or underdeveloped a village is in South Vietnam, there are children there who are starving for answers to questions they have long pondered. Answers to questions that can help them make their home and country a better place to live.

Despite the hardships that war can bring to the fulfillment of scholarly goals, institutions for higher learning continue to thrive throughout the Republic of Vietnam. One such institution that continues on the path of a better understanding through the help of the 3rd Battalion, 1st Infantry, 11th Infantry Brigade, is the recently completed high school at Duc My. In June of this year a Vietnamese pastor from Duc My approached the Chaplains office at Duc Pho for assistance to build a high school which was very much needed for over 100 students to continue their education. Under the direction of Chaplain (Cpt.) G. K. Norton, special projects officer for the construction of the school, the Chaplains Fund Council immediately raised the necessary money to help pay the cost of such a project. Donations of material and labor soon made it possible for the completion of the school.

Eager to learn, the children of Duc My now have a place to go with a roof, a floor and walls. A place to learn for themselves in order to help themselves. The language barrier presents no problems when Vietnamese children wish to thank an American for what he has helped give them. The gratefulness is in their eyes. 🇺🇸

By PFC GUY WINKLER





*“For it’s Tommy this an’ Tommy that, an’ chuck him out, the brute!
But it’s savior of ‘is country when the guns begin to shoot;
Then it’s Tommy this, an’ Tommy that, an’ Tommy, ow’s yer soul?
But it’s ‘thin red line of ‘eroes’ when the drums begin to roll.”*

Kipling