

## Recollections of Vietnam, Second Tour, continued.

regular job of RTO, and his part-time job with the club. He was scheduled to leave after I, and I'm sure he was sorely missed.

### **Civic Improvements**

Another improvement to the club during my tenure, was the acquisition of two window air conditioners for the main club. For those, I traveled down to Saigon, staying with my buddy Walt Steele at his hotel, the Five Oceans. I didn't like Saigon; I wasn't comfortable there, so I stayed the minimum time possible. The A/C units were available from PA&E (Pacific Architects & Engineers, a Filipino company), and paid for with proceeds from the club. (Among many who dealt with them, PA&E also stood for "Promises, Alibis and Excuses.") I arranged for the A/C units to be flown back to Phu Bon by the good old USAF. I was very concerned they would be ripped off in transit, but in what we thought was a remarkably short time - a week or so, I think - they arrived at the air field. We hurriedly got them installed, and running. They made quite an improvement!

The A/C units were just in time for our New Year's Eve party. It was paid for from club profits, and God, what a party that was! It got *terribly* drunk outside that night, but there were no disagreements, no fights, no bashed noses, or broken bones. Just a lot of *really* bad heads the next day. If the VC had chosen that night for an attack, I'm afraid they would have taken the compound, because we were in no condition to defend it.

### **Resupplying The Club And PX**

Because they were not "mission essential" (most of the team would have argued that point), the PX and club did not get their supplies through the normal supply channels, nor could we use the regular resupply means, i.e., Army convoy, or Air Force aircraft. Instead, we had to ask the A&DSL company to run a convoy for us to Pleiku and return. There was an AAFES (Army-Air Force Exchange System) depot on Camp Holloway, and so every couple of months, we would take a convoy up to Pleiku for beer, soda, liquor, and PX supplies. It was pretty much an all-day proposition, and if there was any delay, that would throw us late getting back, i.e., after dark. That, of course, was not good. Even in the sleepy province of Phu Bon, it was not wise to be on the roads after dark. We did not own the night - the VC did. I went as club officer, and SFC Stephens went as the PX manager.

### **Robbed!**

I think it was on my second trip that a most unusual thing happened. We wuz robbed! We had made the trip to Camp Holloway successfully, and were waiting for the PX people to make up our cargo. For some reason, SFC Stephens looked for his briefcase, which contained the money (not regular American currency, but Military Payment Certificates, or MPC) for both the club and the PX. It was probably a couple of thousand dollars, or maybe more. You can imagine his surprise when he couldn't locate his briefcase. He called the Military Police immediately, and the CID came on the double. They questioned all the Americans with the convoy (there were two other guys I think); we all wrote out statements, and that was it. To my knowledge, neither the money nor the culprits were ever found. Very strange.

But now the problem was the investigation had taken several hours, and it was late afternoon before we left Camp Holloway. We knew it would be sometime after dark before we got back to Cheo Reo. This was not good. This was not good at all. The trucks were loaded - AAFES trusting

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our credit to pay them in the future - and we got rolling. We barreled down QL 14, made the split where QL 7B goes to Phu Bon, and QL 14 continues on to Ban Me Thuot. We passed the Engineer camp at Waite Davis, and continued through and down Chu Tse pass, and on toward Phu Thien. By the time we got to Phu Thien, and about fifteen miles from home, it was nearly dark. Another few miles, and it was dark, and we weren't at all close to the front gates. But we kept going. All we could do was look out and hope. We made it finally, and congratulated ourselves for doing it. We were safe, the cargo was safe, and all was right with the world, except that our next two months' profits were spoken-for by the Camp Holloway PX depot. Well, that was OK, our profits were more than we could handily spend anyway.

My last convoy, my third I think, was made less than a week before my scheduled departure from Cheo Reo. I guess a lot of people would have tried to find someone else to take the convoy, but for a variety of reasons, I took it. I guess the biggest reason to me was that I had come to really like Team 21. They had given me a home, I had made a lot of good friends, and I just considered it another duty day. Nothing odd or bad happened, and the whole thing, to and from Pleiku, was uneventful. A few days later, I was on the province chopper, on a one-way trip to Pleiku.

### **An Accident, Or A Self-Inflicted Wound?**

Sometime during my assignment to Team 21, there was a shooting on the compound. One of my assistant advisors to the A&DSL Company, Specialist Four Washington, shot himself right through his calf one night. His story was, and I think there was a witness, that he was looking at someone else's .45 Cal pistol, and not being familiar with it, had accidentally shot himself through the fleshy part of his calf. It is entirely possible - in fact probable - it was an accident. I prefer to believe it was.

Intending to unload the weapon, he could have very well gotten the procedure reversed, pulling back on the slide to ensure there was no round in the chamber, and then releasing and removing the magazine (instead of first removing the magazine, and then pulling back the slide to clear the chamber). What that would have done (if that is what happened), was that he inadvertently chambered a round when he pulled back the slide with the magazine still in the weapon.

At any rate, he blew a hole in his leg and had to be med-evaced. (Although it was around nine o'clock at night when it happened, and we had a team medic - Doc White - to look after him, when we radioed for a "dustoff," they flew in and evacuated him to somewhere. It may have been Pleiku, or may have been somewhere else.) Even though the exit wound was about big enough to stick your fist into, he missed both bones. He was, in that regard, very fortunate. With a .45 caliber round, at a range of perhaps one inch, had the round hit bone, it would have shattered it, and although he probably still has a slight limp, and can feel approaching rain, the wound was not nearly as bad as it might have been.

It wasn't until years after, recalling it again, that it dawned on me his wound might not have been accidental. Certainly Specialist Washington was not in any danger by having to go out on patrols. That was not his job. His position was supply advisor to the A&DSL Company. There were two other enlisted advisors to the Company, a German who was a Staff Sergeant when I arrived, and was promoted to SFC while I was there. He was the Ordnance (vehicle maintenance) advisor. The other guy was an SFC Jerry Steel, who was the finance advisor. So Washington, like the rest of us, was not slated to go out into the woods, looking for VC. But you never know. As I described, we were

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rather isolated. And you never know what secret fears he may have been harboring. I'd like to think that his "accident" was just that, and no more; certainly not a self-inflicted wound to get him evacuated from the province, and from Vietnam. It was certainly not an uncommon mistake for someone to release the magazine *after* having "cleared" the weapon by pulling back on the slide.

### Leaving

When it came time for me to leave, it just didn't seem real. I had been in Vietnam for fifteen months, since late January of the previous year. I completed all the paperwork necessary for the team, got my Bronze Star pinned on, gathered up all my personal stuff and my field gear, and it was time to go. I think Doc took me to the air field, to catch the province chopper on its return flight to Pleiku. Flying up, sitting at the open door of the Huey as I had done many other times, it just felt like another ride. Once I got to Pleiku, I cleared Finance, and then thumbed a ride to Pleiku Air Base to catch another ride on a C-130 to Tan Son Nhut. By this time, with civilian flights out of both Da Nang to the north, and Cam Ranh Bay, there weren't very many people flying out of Tan Son Naut., just MACV advisors, and some others. When I was on the 130, bound for Saigon, it hit me I was really leaving; I wasn't going back to Phu Bon, I was going home.

Once at Tan Son Naut., I turned in my M-16 and field gear to the MACV issue facility, where I'd drawn it fifteen months before. Then I checked into the 21st Replacement Battalion (GIs called the "twenty worst rappel depot"), signed up for my flight, and got a bunk. The next day or two passed pretty slowly. I missed my buddies at Team 21. I wasn't about to go downtown into Saigon, so I just read a paperback, and ate in the mess hall. The food was pretty sorry after that of Team 21.

Late on the second night, about 10:00 o'clock, I was supposed to get on my "Freedom Bird," but as nearly everything else went, it was delayed, and I think we finally boarded around 1:00 the next morning. Waiting those three or four hours, all I had to do was watch the civilian airliners, DC-8s and 707s, pull up to the ramp, load about 250 GIs, and pull away to take off. It was a pretty steady procession, about one an hour.

### My Turn

Finally it was our turn - my turn. It was just like my last time, in September 1965. Outside it was hot and humid, even in the middle of the night. Inside the airplane, it was cool. There was very little noise, very little talking. Everyone got a seat, the manifest was checked again, the door closed, and we taxied out to the end of the runway. The plane gave a big roar, threw itself down the runway, and into the air. Like all takeoffs and landings at Tan Son Nhut, it was a no-nonsense affair. Maximum throttle, to get as high, as fast as possible. I don't know that a sniper ever downed one of the civilian airliners, but none of the pilots ever took that chance. We banked around for our heading out to the South China Sea, and we could see lights below. I don't know if we were looking at Saigon, or Bien Hoa, or what, but it looked just like most other big cities, except that out on the horizon you could see flares in the sky, and tracers. That was different from most big cities.

After we got several thousand feet in the air, and slowed the rate of climb, a shout and a cheer went up. We were on our way back to "*The World!*" Everyone on the plane, from clerk to grunt, including advisors, had made it. Most had done the obligatory twelve months, some less, some more, but we were all going home.

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After a couple of hours we landed at Kadena Air Base on Okinawa for refueling. I guess they limited the amount of fuel on board at Tan Son Nhut so they could take off and climb rapidly. Okinawa was still hot and humid even if it was the middle of the night. After taking off again, it was another ten or more hours to California, but it was non-stop. Finally, after reversing through a bunch of time zones, it was still the middle of the night, but this time when we saw the lights of a city, we knew it was America. There were no flares or tracers in the air.

We quickly went through out-processing - virtually all of that had been done in 'Nam. Now all anyone wanted to do was catch the next flight out, but for that, most of us would have to wait until the real civilian airline ticket counters opened. I spent part of the time writing a letter to Doc White. I guess I told him about the flight, and maybe that I sort of missed everyone on the team. He never sent a reply.

If there were any anti-war protestors around, I never saw them. I still had my uniform on, and flew to Nashville, Tennessee in it. Having gotten to Travis in the middle of the night, and then having had to wait for several hours before I could catch another plane out, I must have arrived in Nashville in daylight although I have no recollection of it. I think my mom, my aunt, and my uncle met me, and then we drove back to Bowling Green.

My second and last tour in Vietnam was truly over.

### After word

So . . . better than a quarter century later, what? After April 1970, I spent almost another nine years wearing a green suit. I was separated from the Army in January 1979 for failing to make a promotion to RA major. The efficiency report I'd gotten as a result of the forklift incident, and another one from a wimpy battalion commander in Germany who didn't support his company commanders, spelled the end of my Army career. And that was probably just as well, because in retrospect, I don't think I had the "right stuff" to be an Army officer.

I worked for and with some terrific officers and NCOs while in the Army. The ones who were truly good had enough self-confidence to realize juniors made mistakes, and wanted guidance rather than condemnation. In fear that if I begin naming them, I'd forget one or two, I'll let them remain anonymous. But I owe them all a debt of gratitude for what they taught me, and for the honor and pleasure of knowing them.

After I got out, electing to stay in Germany, I went to work as an "overseas limited" civilian, and stayed in Germany for almost ten years. Jimmy Carter was president, and the economy had, if you recall, gone to hell in a hand basket. We used to live in fear of his speeches, because it seemed every time he made one, the exchange rate between the dollar and the German Deutsch Mark became worse for us. So it was a choice of going home, getting off the plane looking for two jobs, or staying in Germany, where my wife was already working, and looking for one job. Shortly thereafter, Reagan was elected, and although he would also wind up ruining the economy, his Defense budget went way up, and we were pretty much assured of jobs for as long as we wanted them. Again, during my years in Germany as a civilian, I worked with and for a jerk or two, and some more mighty fine people. The Army is full of good people. Too bad about the insecure jerks.

A son was born in April of 1980, and we eventually came to the realization we should try to get back to the States. In 1985 I bought a round trip ticket on Condor (the charter branch of Lufthansa), a 30-day standby ticket on Delta from the *Deutsche Reise Büro* (German travel office), and spent a month traveling around the eastern part of the US, looking for a job. I had one offer from a lieutenant colonel in D.C., but after spending about two weeks in and around there, I decided I wanted no part of it. So I flew back to Germany, and kept looking - without success.

After two and a half years, a friend offered my wife a job in Alexandria, Virginia, and this time we knew we'd better take it. In the intervening years, she was converted to career civil service status, so it was possible for her to be officially reassigned from Germany to the US. So husband, wife, son of now eight and a half years, two cats, and one Volvo station wagon, eventually left Germany to take up residence in a rented townhouse in Springfield, Virginia. I found a job at Ft. Belvoir, we bought our first house (after seventeen years of marriage), and tried to adapt. After so many years in Germany (12 ½), it was really strange at first. I found few things to my liking. The best part of all, and it continued to be that way, was our proximity to the Smithsonian museums, and the National Gallery. But the drivers were an undisciplined bunch of anarchists. I hated I-95 and the Capitol Beltway; I was put in fear of my life nearly every time I set wheel on one or the other.

A year after we returned - November 1989 - an event occurred that I think no one on the planet foresaw. The border between East and West Germany opened, and the Berlin Wall came down. We

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stood in the living room of our townhouse, and watched the first pictures of it on the evening news. We stood there hugging each other, with tears streaming down our faces, and could not believe it. It was just too incredible. Of course we had read of the unrest in East Germany, and seen reports of it, but it was just too fantastic for us to accept. We had lived in the free part of a divided Germany, contributing in some measure to its defense, always aware of the Warsaw Pact forces which we were told could charge across the border, breach the Fulda Gap, and be in Frankfurt in a day or so, if not a matter of hours.

After becoming an honest-to-God career civilian for the first time, and buying back the preceding twenty-five years of Army and non-career civilian service, I retired from federal service in April 1996 with thirty-one years and change. All in all, it was a good thirty-one years. There were lumps and bumps, but as one or another of P. G. Wodehouse's characters have often said, 'you have to take the rough with the smooth.' Also from the Wodehouse store of sayings (paraphrased) is this gem: 'it is inadvisable to offer apologies; the right sort of people don't require them, and the wrong sort will hold them against you.' Sage advice, I think.

## Army (in Vietnam) Terms, Abbreviations & Acronyms

The military has many abbreviations and acronyms. Those appearing in these memoirs are defined here, as well as descriptions of Vietnamese place names.

|                           |  |
|---------------------------|--|
| AFB                       | Air Force Base   |
| Air America               | A cargo and passenger 'airline' covertly owned and operated by the CIA   |
| Air Assault               | Refers to helicopter-borne soldiers who were landed on an "LZ" as the initial phase of a combat operation; term coined when the 11 <sup>th</sup> Airborne Division was reactivated as the 11 <sup>th</sup> Air Assault Division (Test) at Fort Benning, Georgia, to test the new concept of delivering large numbers of combat troops onto the battlefield by helicopter |
| Airborne; ABN             | Refers to parachutists who were dropped on a "DZ" as the initial phase of a combat operation   |
| An Khê Pass               | Major terrain feature through which QL 19 passed between An Khê and Pleiku. This area was the sites of two major battles (ambushes) between the French <i>Groupement Mobile 100</i> (G.M. 100) and the Viet Minh. Battles took place just before and after Dien Bien Phu; discribed in Bernard Fall's book, <u>Street Without Joy</u> .                                  |
| An Khê, aka An Túc        | A town located on QL 19 (National Route 19) approximately half way between Qui Nhon and Pleiku, in II Corps. It was the site of brigade base camps of the 1 <sup>st</sup> Cavalry and later, the 4 <sup>th</sup> Infantry Divisions. Shown on Sheet 6736 IV, USGS Series L-7014.   |
| APC (also M-113)          | An armored personnel carrier; a lightly armored, tracked vehicle   |
| ARVN                      | Army of the Republic of (South) Vietnam.   |
| Battalion; BN; Bn         | An army element consisting of a headquarters element and several assigned or attached companys; normally commanded by a lieutenant colonel; smallest element which has a "staff." As a cavalry element, called a squadron  |
| BOQ                       | Bachelor Officer Quarters  |
| Buôn Blech, aka Ban Blech | Former Special Forces camp near the border of Phu Bon and Pleiku Provinces, in II Corps. Had a PSP runway adjacent. Turned over to MACV. Shown on Sheet 6635 III, USGS Series L-7014.  |
| C-124                     | A large four-engine (piston engines) cargo aircraft; aka, "Globemaster;" nicknamed "Shaky"   |

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|                            |  |
|----------------------------|--|
| C-130                      | A medium four-engine (turbo-prop engines) cargo aircraft, aka, "Hercules"  |
| Cheo Reo, aka Hau Bon      | Capitol city of Phu Bon Province, in II Corps. Team headquarters for MACV Team 31. Shown on Sheet 6635 I, USGS Series L-7014.  |
| Camp Enari/Dragon Mountain | Location of 4 <sup>th</sup> Infantry Division HQ and one brigade. Dragon Mtn was a prominent terrain feature and a U.S. signal site.   |
| Cam Ranh Bay               | A major logistical base on the South China Sea. Initially French, with Vietnamese Navy; later (1965 and later) U.S. Said to be the second best deepwater port in Asia after Yokohama, Japan. Contained both an Army depot, on the southern part of the peninsula, and an air base on the northern part. Because of its excellent harbor, both deep and spacious, it was used by the French in the 19 <sup>th</sup> Century, Russians during the Russo-Japanese War, Japanese during WW II, Americans during the Vietnam War, and later, after our departure, the Soviet Union. Shown on Sheets 6832 I, 6832 IV and 6833 III, USGS Series L-7014. |
| AC of S, G3                | Assistant Chief of Staff, G3 (a general officer-level staff office dealing with operations, plans and training)  |
| CIDG                       | Civilian Irregular Defense Group (Vietnamese)  |
| Company; CO; Co            | An army or Marine Corps element consisting of platoons; normally commanded by a captain. Similarly sized artillery units are called a Battery; cavalry units are Troops  |
| CONEX                      | A corrugated steel cargo container; made in two sizes: "full" approx 6' wide, 6' high, 12' deep, and "half" approx 6' wide, 6' high, 6' deep   |
| CONUS                      | Continental United States, i.e., the 48 contiguous states  |
| CORDS                      | Civil Operations and Revolutionary Development Support. Essentially, the "half" of MACV that controlled the advisory effort of US forces (USARV being the other "half" of MACV).   |
| Corps                      | A military geographic area. Abbrev: CTZ, for Corps Tactical Zone. Later changed to Military Region or MR.  |
| DEROS                      | Date Eligible to Return from Overseas  |
| Deuce and a half           | A cargo truck with a rated capacity of 2½ tons   |

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|                             |  |
|-----------------------------|--|
| District                    | A political geographic division within a Province, roughly equivalent to our counties. The number of Districts varied from Province to Province, some Provinces having as few as three, some as many as 8 or 10. Military term for a District was Sub-Sector.  |
| Dong Ba Thin                | Location of Special Forces B-52 Detachment, and Vietnamese Special Forces (LLDB) Airborne training facility. Located across the bay from Cam Ranh, in II Corps.  |
| DZ                          | Drop Zone (see also "Airborne")  |
| EOD                         | Explosive Ordnance Disposal (disarmament or [controlled] demolition of mines, bombs, rockets, etc.)  |
| fire base, FB, FSB          | [Usually] a temporary site for emplacement of artillery and/or mortars to support one operation or ongoing operations in a specific area; aka, fire support base   |
| gun truck                   | An improvised, initially unauthorized, modification of a standard 2½ or 5-ton cargo truck by the addition of armor plating and any of several types of machine guns; used for convoy escort service along some of the major highways such as QL-1, QL-7 and QL-19. Usually operated and maintained by one team of 4-5 soldiers in Transportation units |
| Hau Bon                     | see Cheo Reo   |
| Huey                        | Nickname for a UH-1 helicopter   |
| I Corps (pron. "Eye" Corps) | I Corps was the northernmost military zone in South Vietnam. Five Provinces were within the I Corps borders, which bordered Laos.  |
| IFFV                        | I Field Force, Vietnam. A corps-level headquarters acting as headquarters for U.S. Military forces operating in the II CTZ. Located in Nha Trang.  |
| II Corps (Two Corps)        | Largest in area of the four Corps areas, encompassing most of the Central Highlands, and bordering both Laos and Cambodia to the west. There were 12 Provinces within the borders of II Corps.   |
| IIFFV                       | II Field Force, Vietnam. A corps-level headquarters acting as headquarters for U.S. Military forces operating in the IV CTZ. Initially located in Bien Hoa and later, Long Binh.   |

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|                         |  |
|-------------------------|--|
| III Corps (Three Corps) | The area surrounding the capital city of Saigon. There were 11 Provinces in III Corps. III Corps bordered Cambodia to its west.  |
| IV Corps (Four Corps)   | The "Delta" region of South Vietnam; mostly flat except for the northwestern portion. It was said the Delta was two feet above sea level during the dry season, and two feet below it during the Monsoon season. IV Corps was comprised of 16 provinces. |
| Kontum                  | A small city north of Pleiku; the capital of Kontum Province. In proximity to Dak To, Ben Het and other battle locations, especially during the closing days of the NVA takeover of South Vietnam. Shown on Sheet 6637 IV, USGS Series L-7014.           |
| LARC                    | Lighter, Amphibious Resupply, Cargo. In appearance, a flat bottomed boat with wheels. Built in several models and capacities, models V (5 ton), XV (15 ton) and LX (60 ton)  |
| Liberty Ship            | A relatively small cargo or troop ship built in large numbers during WW II   |
| LLDB                    | Lac Luong Dac Biet (Vietnamese Special Forces); pejorative (SF) slang: "lily-livered dirty bastards"   |
| LZ                      | Landing Zone (see also "Air Assault")  |
| M-14                    | Individual weapon, a semi-automatic/automatic rifle firing a 7.62mm cartridge  |
| M-16; M-16A1            | Individual weapon, a semi-automatic/automatic rifle firing a 5.56mm cartridge  |
| M-60                    | Crew-served machine gun firing a 7.62mm round  |
| M-79                    | Grenade launcher firing a 40mm round   |
| M-88                    | Full tracked, armored vehicle used as a heavy vehicle (tank) retriever   |
| M-113                   | Armored Personnel Carrier (APC)  |
| Mang Yang Pass          | Similar to the An Khê Pass, also on QL-19, between Qui Nhon and An Khê. Like the An Khê Pass, it was an ideal site for ambushes.   |
| MAT                     | Military Assistance Team; usually 12 soldiers, somewhat equivalent to a Special Forces "A" Team  |

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|               |   |
|---------------|---|
| MATA          | Military Assistance Training Advisory course taught at the John F. Kennedy Center for Special Warfare at Fort Bragg, NC   |
| MEDCAP        | Medical   |
| Montagnard    | Member of any of several tribes of hill people, e.g., Anari, Rhade, etc, who populated the highland areas of Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia   |
| MOS           | Military Occupational Specialty; a numeric, later alpha-numeric, system of job classifications in the military  |
| MTOE (TOE)    | Modified Table of Organization & Equipment; document specifying the personnel rank structure, quantity and MOSs for personnel, and quantity and type equipment authorized for a specific organization   |
| My Linh       | Former Special Forces camp near Cheo Reo; closed and abandoned in 1968.   |
| NCO           | Non Commissioned Officer; grades E-1 thru E-9   |
| Nha Trang     | Large coastal city on the South China Sea, north of Cam Ranh Bay. Location of HQ, IFFV (a U.S. Corps-level HQ) and 5 <sup>th</sup> Special Forces, among other U.S. organizations.  |
| NLF           | National Liberation Front; North Vietnamese Communist Party   |
| NVA           | North Vietnamese Army, formerly known as PAVN, or Peoples Army of Vietnam   |
| OBV           | Obligated Volunteer; [Army] officers who were committed to a six-month or two-year tour of active duty.   |
| OP            | Observation Post.   |
| Ordnance; ORD | a. Branch of the Army for management of munitions and maintenance; b. general name for ammunition, bombs, rockets, etc.   |
| Phu Thien     | One of three Districts in Phu Bon Province.   |
| Pleiku        | Large city in the Central Highlands of Vietnam; location of ARVN II Corps headquarters. A U.S. depot (army), USAF Pleiku Air Base and (army) Camp Holloway were all located in Pleiku. Pleiku and environs shown on Sheets 6536 III, 6537 II, 6636 IV and 6637 III, USGS Series L-7014. |

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|                   |  |
|-------------------|--|
| Plei Me           | Former Special Forces camp, turned over to MACV in 1968. Located west of Pleiku.   |
| PLF               | parachute landing fall   |
| POL               | petroleum, oil and lubricant   |
| Province          | A political geographic division roughly equivalent to our states. There were 44 Provinces in South Vietnam. Each Province was divided into Districts. Military term for a Province was Sector.   |
| PSP               | Pierced Steel Planking. Used mainly for aircraft runways, taxiways and parking in lieu of concrete. Usually laid over a prepared base of dirt or sand. Consisted of 6' and 12' long "planks" that interlocked to provide a stable surface. |
| Quartermaster; QM | Branch of the Army for logistics management  |
| Qui Nhon          | Major U.S. facility on the coast of northern II Corps. Home to a medium-sized airfield, an Army hospital, a U.S. logistical command and other U.S. organizations. Shown on Sheets 6836 I, III and IV, USGS Series L-7014.                  |
| Red Horse         | Nickname for construction engineer units of the US Air Force   |
| REMFs             | rear echelon mother fucker, pejorative slang for non-combat troops   |
| RF/PF             | (South Vietnamese) Regional Forces/Popular Forces. Rfs were controlled by the Province Chief; Popular Forces were controlled by the District Chief.  |
| Rigger            | A specialist in aerial delivery and parachute maintenance; recognizable by their red baseball caps   |
| ROK               | Republic of Korea (armed forces)   |
| SFC               | Sergeant First Class   |
| Tuy Hoa           | Small coastal city in II Corps; Capital city of Phu Yen Province.  |
| USARPAC           | U.S. Army, Pacific; the headquarters of all Army elements in the Pacific area, which included Vietnam, Korea, the Philippines, Japan and other locations.  |
| USARV             | US Army, Vietnam. Subordinate to MACV, controlling all Army elements in Vietnam.   |

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|                  |   |
|------------------|---|
| USMACV, aka MACV | Military Assistance Command, Vietnam. Successor to the Military Assistance Advisory Group, Indochina. The "in-country" headquarters for all military forces (Army, Navy, Marines, Air Force). |
| Viet Cong; VC    | Guerrilla elements trained and employed by North Vietnam; during the French Indochina War, known as Viet Minh. Nicknamed "charlie," "Mr. Charles," "Sir Charles"                              |
| VNAF, RVNAF      | Vietnamese Air Force  |
| WP               | White Phosphorus, nicknamed "willie peter," an explosive charge in artillery and mortar shells, and in hand and 40mm grenades   |
| XO               | Executive Officer; usually at battalion level, sometimes at company/battery/troop level   |
| XXIV Corps       | Major U.S. Military headquarters in I Corps, located in Da Nang. It controlled both Army and Marine Corps elements operating in the I CTZ. Counterpart to IFFV (II Corps) and IIFV (IV Corps) |