



# BLACK LIGHTNING STRIKES

## BATTALION NEWSPAPER 268<sup>TH</sup> BATAVN BN

### RED ALERT \*\*\*\*\*

Reliable sources in the Pentagon recently disclosed information pertaining to another expected infiltration campaign to be concentrated on the military installations in South Vietnam. LTC Townsend announced this report in an emergency Staff meeting here this morning.

Similar extensive infiltration activities have occurred during the latter part of December every year since the first US personnel arrived in the Southeast Asian Peninsula. However, the US manpower having reached a precedent this year, the intensity of this year's campaign is expected to be increased proportionately.

Official details on the report remain classified, however, intelligence records of previous operations indicate the infiltration is conducted by a renowned "Red" trouble-shooter from an isolated village north of Siberia. His tactics include subversive propaganda designed to deplete the individual economy and physical constitution.

This known insurgent travels via a unique airmobile "Slick" accompanied by 28 "Legs". His call sign is H<sub>2</sub>/H<sub>3</sub>. He is characterized by his high black "Jackboots," tuniced "Red" uniform and boistrous personality.

All personnel encountering any individual resembling the above described person are urgently requested to contact MSG<sup>1</sup> Thomas at Battalion S2 immediately.

His expected date of arrival in the Tuy Hoa area is on or about 242330Dec67.



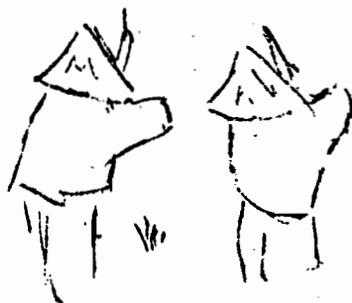
I DON'T CARE WHO YOU ARE, NO PASS NO ENTRY...



DOUSE THE LIGHTS  
RUDOLFE,  
WE'RE DRAWING FIRE..



MERRY CHRISTMAS  
TO ALL, AND TO ALL  
A "XIN LOI"



WHAT DO YOU MEAN,  
"NO BIERC?"



THE SUPRISE CA  
and  
A WORD TO THE WISE

Due to the excessive monotony that some of our missions entail, it is sometimes hard to remember that every flight over here may turn into a dangerous and tricky combat assault with a "live" enemy who is well armed and well trained. It is hard sometimes to remember, but it is harder if forgotten. The crew of O35--"Black Lightning 6's" aircraft--will more than ever swear to the truth of that.

On such a routine flight, on the 12th of December, O35, complete with Col Townsend, spied some aircraft parts washed ashore down in the Phan Rang area. Thinking perhaps that these parts may offer clues to the disappearance of an aircraft belonging to the 48th, they went down to investigate. The crew chief, SP4 McBride, and the Battalion Signal Officer, CPT Ridley--who was along "for the ride"--left the aircraft to check on the debris sighted. They were fired upon from the scrub-brush cover along the sandbar and returned to the aircraft. Their return was cut short by the fire and SP4 McBride was wounded in the foot and leg.

Although wounded and surrounded by a veritable hornet's nest of V.C. SP4 McBride waved the aircraft off. Him and CPT Ridley stayed on the ground seeking what protective cover the sea could afford them.

The aircraft, wounded also, lifted painfully from the ground. It was piloted by CPT Hunter, Asst. S3 who said later, "When I pulled the bird up, every light in the panel came on."

Help was summoned and the 117th answered the call, sending another "slick" into the action to pick up the two people left on the beach. The Air Force was also called and two F-100s were "on station."

The "Slick" from the 117th, with the wounded O35 covering, hovered down to pick up the two on the beach. Securing them from the hot area, it returned to base. The jets were then allowed to go into the area.

The FAC, after the saturation of the area by the F-100s, confirmed 60 KIAs along the sand bar. Quite a reception committee for the investigators who, unsuspectingly, originally flew into the area.

Although it proved the point that where ever you go in this country, "Charlie" also goes, it all ended happily. SP4 McBride is in the hospital, doing very well, and CPT Ridley is back at work in the Battalion Area. Of his experiences the Battalion Signal Officer (Con't on back page)

## BLUE STAR BULLETIN

HOOTCH WITHIN A HOOTCH  
A NEW IDEA IN OFFICER'S AREA

While work progresses very slowly on the new area (total efforts to date: the framework for the mess Hall), work on improving present living conditions in the tent city is in earnest. Sparked by the Joker's officers, the idea has spread to the 2nd platoon. In the thought that their "temporary" quarters will be home for quite a while, the Jokers have put their ground time to good use with many imaginative designs. The model home of the Jokers is at 32 Joker Place with many features which will be standard at the other Joker addresses including one switch that turns on lights, a fan, the coffee pot, music and I don't know what-all. It also features running water which will eventually be hot and cold. All the Jokers will eventually have names such as Chateau de Swift at 37 Joker Place.

Notes around the Blue Star area: Ever since last week I have been constantly reminded by many people as to how short they are (especially a certain T. K.). If I named them all the range would probably spread from 1 to 286.

A large CA which the 48th recently took part in involved 12 of the Blue Star slicks in an operation moving some 1300 troops from the Korean 28th Regt. to two LZs northwest of Tuy Hoa. All reports seem to show that it was quite uneventful, all in a days work.

The Blue Stars POL problem has great promise of being licked with the addition of new equipment including a 350 gallon per minute pump. This should alleviate at least some of the tiresome waiting to be refueled. Good job by the boys in POL.

While talking about good jobs, I would like to talk about something mentioned in the the new company newspaper, The Blue Star Blade. That is the pat on the back that all members of this unit deserves and so seldom gets for the many jobs well done that seemingly go unnoticed. There isn't a phase to this unit's operation that isn't vital to the smooth operation of the whole mission. There may not be any glamour in tightening that bolt at midnight, or frying eggs or cleaning the mess hall in the early morning hours, or any of a hundred jobs that has to be done, but every part is a unique and vital one, dependent on the other for the completion of the ever-all mission. It may not be said everyday or even every week, but each and every one in the company and its detachments (Con't on back page)

## CHAPLAIN'S CORNER

Among the Lord's revelations to man we find the caution: "Trifle not with sacred things." Particularly are we not to trifle with the sacred name nor the divine work of Christ, as is done in insincere or hypocritical acts.

Many claim to hold membership in one church or another, but admit that they do little about it. One might say, "I am a Catholic but I am not a practicing Catholic, or likewise one might claim to be a Presbyterian but not practice the teaching of that church.

It never seems to occur to them that if they are not "practicing" Christians in the genuine sense, they are hardly Christians at all. The Savior taught that those who are not for Him are against Him. If we do not practice His teachings can we say we are "for" Him?

What then is a Christian? Is he not one who practices the Lord's precepts in his daily life? Is he not one who earnestly strives to become Christ-like in his habits and attitudes and in his relationships with all mankind?

If a person is not a practicing Catholic is he really a Catholic at all? Or a Presbyterian if he ignores his creed?

One may be IN the church but not OF the church. Church membership alone will not save. If one is IN the church he must also make himself OF the church by his active participation in its program.

We trifle with sacred things if we profess devotion but resist our responsibilities.

## ROLECAT PROWLINGS

Dispersion seems to be the word for the 192nd AHC these days. North, South and West, where ever one goes one can see the big 192nd on the doors of helicopters. It is really not quite as vast the above statement implies, but unit pilots and new members are beginning to see that one mission can carry a helicopter great distances in any direction. Much of the green has worn off and the members of the 192nd are undertaking their tasks with a great deal more know-how. Participation seems to always be a factor in gaining knowledge. The 192nd is joining the quest step by step.

In its general support role the unit has had a few unusual experiences. The first platoon has had the word out about KIAs. Someone in the second platoon said something about a tin box.

Rumor is out that Waldo is having his coming out party on 16 December 1967, at the 91st Med Evac Club. Waldo is such a strange character, he never seems to miss anything yet goes on day after day with a seemingly unrelenting routine.

## BITING AND STRIKING

Two weeks ago, I wrote about the remodeling of the Officer's club. This week I will relay the activities at the NCO Club. By no means are they behind in remodeling of their services offered. Actually, they are ahead.

They have big plans in the making and this week they began pouring concrete and making forms for the addition of 2,400 sq. ft. to the club. The new addition will include a stage, entertainers dressing room, and game room for the pin-ball and slot machines.

SSG Ronald J. Gibson is the club manager and his assistant is SSG Harold W. Getskow, who will become manager when SSG Gibson goes home in January.

The club is a member of the Qui Non NCO Open Mess and gains many advantages from the association. The best advantage is that they have an entertainment show at least once a week.

SSG Don Terhune is the Kitchen supervisor and does an outstanding job on the short orders. His specialty is pizza. As soon as the kitchen is enlarged, which is in the plans, they will offer steak, shrimp and lobster dinners.

The NCO's have a nice club and one to be proud of and this new addition will make it even nicer.



## FROM THE HEAD

It has been cold this week, at least it has seemed so to me, and long sleeves--sometimes jackets dug out of mothballs--has become the order of the day. The sleeping has been good, all wrapped up in the blankets, and the coffee has never tasted better. Even though it has been chilly, it has not felt the least bit like Christmas. Something is still missing.

The stone bear has been moved by the cold into hibernation, so every body can rest easy. Waldo needn't worry until spring. (Spring?)

Due to the intensive mail during the holiday season, a new policy has been initiated in the company mail room. PFC (PVT) Hirsch--well known for his funny drawings on US envelopes--is now selling packages rather than giving them out. The normal price is \$1.00 a package, but if you talk to him you can get the price down. I know he always tells me, "For you--95¢."

The Beautification Brigade is at it again, placing little white picket fences around the front of battalion headquarters. Will they ever stop? I suppose this work is under the direction of the SCM, it always is, and it is just another step in his overall beautification program, which started, naturally, with his own hooch. He is to be complimented for his unselfish devotion to beauty.

The real compliments--and not a small share of tongue-clucking sympathy--should go to the Pathfinders of HHC for their constant effort in the company area. These young men, identified by a black hat with more decorations on it than on a general's chest and a demeanor somewhere between a red indian and a gangster, are, it would seem the chief carpenters--the barbershop--general handy men-- witness the beaucoup sand bags--- and fence builders in the area. Everywhere you turn, any time you turn, there they are--usually shirt-less, laboring in some deep hole with the black hats shining--their badge of office.

A sidelight to their activities: every little once in while they go to the field and perform Pathfinder duties.

As rank goes up--in some cases--so does the degree of egomania, and I am sure that if I do not mention the next item I will be visited by a delegation of one in the near future to lodge an enormous protest that he was left out. So, as you have no doubt noticed, there is a new silver bar in the company area and it belongs to LT Blackshear, the well known and well loved, company executive officer.

(HHC--IO)

## A WORD ABOUT SAFETY

The key to Aviation Safety depends upon one thing: intensive use of those human gifts, not dependence upon those animal qualities which we, as humans, have in too small quantities to be of any real use anyway. The fact remains--even with our dominion of the air in machines of great and tremendous complexity and utility--man is not supposed to fly. It is only through his realization and application of well thought and well reasoned out scientific principles of flight that he was able to invade the best realm of the birds. And now, after this long and painful process, we have an alarming tendency to forego any rational thoughts in flying, to disregard the tremendous gifts of rationalization that we possess, and fly by our instincts, the "seat of our pants." This is an invitation to disaster, comparable to an eagle trying to operate a submarine with his instincts of high aerial flight and will eventually bring about our downfall in not-too-glorious flames.

I am not one of those who pipe, "If God had intended us to fly, he would have given us a ticket!" But the air is not our natural home, our instincts are all earth oriented and are only working at full strength when we are in an earthly environment. Something like two-dimensional equipment, they are confused, dis-oriented when placed in a three-dimensional environment.

Thus we cannot function like the eagle--his superior optical equipment allows him insight into environmental problems we could never hope to see (without the aid of a machine)--or the bat--his "radar" keeps him from in-flight collisions instinctively--nor any other of the birds who were born for the air.

We have been allowed into the air by the use of the powers of rationalization and planning and understanding of the element. As we remain "thinking" flyers, we will remain living flyers. Once we cross over to flying by the seats of our pants, instinctively, we will be marked up on the "doomed" lists.

God did not intend us to fly--he didn't give us wings--but man intended to fly, so he learned how. By using those same powers--our only claim to the air--that enabled use to get up there in first place, can we hope to remain in the air.

(HHC--IO)

## CHRISTMAS LIST

The following was compiled by shifting through the requests by various member of this command:

CPL Cox: My two front teeth.  
 SP4 Wilburg: That CPT Freeman would get off my back.  
 PVT Sokoloski: That we would keep the same Company Commander for more than one day, because I can't remember their names.  
 SP4 Cooper: That t h i s newspaper would cease.  
 SP4 Maroo: A dirty book.  
 SP4 Degenhardt: A wind up Volkswagon  
 PFC Hirsch: That diplomatic recognition be extended to Mars.  
 CPT Guy: Another bottld of George.  
 LT Lentz: A dirty set of Fatigues.  
 MAJ Burke: Nothing, A.M. won.  
 CPT Flagel: 500P  
 SGT Thomas: Just one real spy  
 SGT Braxton: Re-up!  
 MAJ Emery: Move the coffee pot  
 CPT Ridley: That I could work the switchboard.  
 CWO Buchanan: That I could understand that book.  
 WO Shanahan: That I knew--for sure--where she was.  
 CPT Young: A letter from home---anybody's home.  
 CHAPLAIN Peterson: A crowd.  
 SGT Grainger: Love  
 Pappy Wright: A new set of teeth.  
 MAJ Fordham and MAJ Crouch: A Korean dictionary.  
 LTC Townsend: A different show every night in a different compound, and a different time and the airplane to get there.

FOR EVERYONE: Home!!

(SURPRISE CA Con't)

said, "Man, everbody thinks they know the most beautiful woman in the world, but there ain't nothing as beautiful as that ship was coming down to pick us up. That was the most beautiful, most perfect landing I every saw."

(BLUE STAR BULLETIN Con't)

in the company and its detachments deserves a "Well Done." Your work doesn't go unnoticed, your efforts are genuinely appreciated, directly or indirectly from everyone else in the unit. As stated in The Blue Star Blade: "every man in the unit can look up at our birds and feel a real sense of pride in a job well done."

(FROM THE HEAD Con't)

This promoting leaves the H H C without any 2LT, as LT Dowling was promoted last week. Congratulation to both new LLTs.

And in parting--you can go ahead and cry and pout and you don't have to watch out, for even if Santa Claus is coming to town, he'll never find this place.

## CREDITS

BLACK LIGHTNING STRIKES is an unofficial publication of the Information Officer of the 268th Combat Aviation Battalion. All comments, questions, etc should be directed to this office.

## STAFF

EDITOR-----CPT Freeman

MAN. EDITOR-----SP4 Cooper

## WRITERS

192nd AHC-----WO Timm

129th AHC-----WO Mellon

48th AHC-----WO Beer

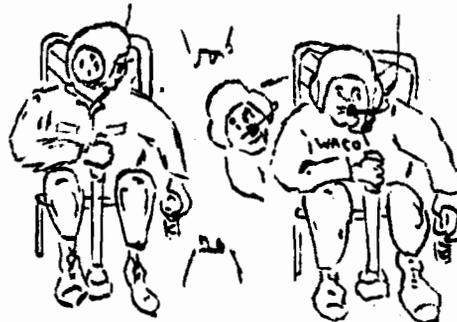
180th AHC-----CWO Pack-quin

HHC-----SP4 Degenhardt

ARTISTS-----PFC Hirsch

PFC Fredrick

EROTICA-----SP4 Maroo



AREN'T WE FLYING TOO LOW?



WHAT MAKES YOU SAY THAT??

