



# Third Assault On LZ Ike Catches LP Outside Wire, Results In 90 NVA Dead

By SP4 Richard Craig  
TAY NINH — The six men on the listening post, already heavily concealed in thick underbrush and bamboo, crouched still low-

er as they heard the unusual noise to their front.

Stirring as cautiously as possible, Sergeant Johnny White raised his head and peered into

the darkness.

Ahead of him, six North Vietnamese soldiers were busy setting up an 82mm mortar position.

As he turned to alert his fellow soldiers, the chilling "whoosh" of 107mm rockets sounded overhead as they slammed inside the perimeter of Landing Zone Ike, a firebase 15 miles northeast of here.

It was the beginning of round three in the fight for LZ Ike, an isolated piece of real estate in War Zone C, manned by the 2nd Battalion, 5th Cavalry and long a major impediment to the NVA blocking their main infiltration and supply route in III Corps.

It was the second time in less than 48 hours and the third time in less than a month that the enemy, in ever-increasing numbers, had been thwarted in attempts to overrun the LZ.

In a dawn sweep of the battlefield, 90 enemy bodies were found. Five soldiers were detained.

The LZ was hit by 30-35 107mm rockets, about 40 57mm rounds, 80 B-40 shells, 45 82mm and 60 60mm mortar rounds, and received heavy .51 caliber machine gun fire.

The listening post, trapped to the northwest of LZ Ike, was ordered to return to the firebase. The six men soon realized they were caught in a cross-fire but

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# Cav Landing Zones: A Study of Houdini

By SP4 George Vindedzis  
LAI KHE — One month earlier the area was a grassy meadow. Traces of an old berm left by an abandoned American firebase covered one corner of the area near the woodline.

Then, the quiet was shattered as the helicopters and bulldozers converged on the area: a new firebase was going in.

Within two weeks, Landing Zone (LZ) Lori, home of the 5th Bn, 7th Cav, was a showplace LZ. Steps led over the berm as a visitor arrived at the VIP pad. A chapel was built. Battery B, 1st Battalion, 21st Artillery fenced off their area with ammo canisters, set up their guidon, and painted their log pad.

Then, as the men have learned to expect, orders came down. A change in the tactical situation dictated a new firebase for the unit.

Again the Chinooks descended

on LZ Lori, picked up the artillery, and moved to the new LZ. The battalion CP transferred its equipment, and the companies of the 5th Bn, 7th Cav worked to construct another temporary home.

Company B, 5th Bn, 7th Cav stayed on LZ Lori. Joined by elements of Company B, 8th Engineer Battalion, they tore down the once model firebase. Bunkers were removed from the ground and slung out of the LZ. The Tactical Operations Center was dismantled and the timbers piled on the log pad. Culvert came down in one spot and was stacked up in another. Even engineer stakes were collected. In a few days, the materiel on LZ Lori was gone.

Once again the grassy meadow showed traces of an abandoned American firebase. In time the grass would grow again, and the area would be quiet.

## B, 1/30 Honored . . .



(U.S. Army Photo By SP4 Terry Moon)

**BG Frank Meszar, assistant division commander, affixes the Presidential Unit Citation to the guidon of Battery B, 1st Bn, 30th Artillery at Landing Zone Grant. The unit distinguished itself while attached to the 101st Airborne Division during June 1966 in I Corps.**

# Blue Max Firepower Sends NVA Running

TAY NINH — When the enemy attacked Fire Support Base Crook, a small 25th Infantry Division outpost seven miles west of here, they were well prepared. Not only did they have strength in numbers — an estimated NVA regiment — they also brought along more than a score of .51 caliber anti-aircraft guns.

As the battle raged and Huey Cobra attack helicopters from the 20th Aerial Rocket Artillery were called in to assist, the enemy soon realized that his weapons were no match for the Cobra's deadly firepower.

"We scrambled at about 0200

hours," said Chief Warrant Officer Albert Hunt. "The NVA had .51 calibers set up all along our route to the firebase. We drew fire all the way out."

Immediately the aviators called for assistance, and continued their flight to the beleaguered fire support base.

As they arrived over the target area, a battle was raging on all sides of the tiny outpost's perimeter.

"All we could see when we got there were tracers, and they were either going inside the perimeter or coming up at us," said Chief Warrant Officer Charles Irvin.

"We spotted the muzzle flashes and followed them straight to the ground, firing all the way," said Warrant Officer Ray Martin, who was flying a specially equipped attack chopper. "We planted some rockets right on top of them and they just didn't fire any more."

The battle raged on for several more hours, as the aerial redlegs teamed up with the 25th Infantry Division's artillery and infantrymen to deliver devastating firepower to the enemy.

As first light approached, the enemy began a hasty retreat, with "Blue Max" following hot on his heels.

"We were running out of confirmed targets," said Warrant Officer Harold Mosher, "so we just rode up and down the enemy's trail system, putting out a rain of fire."

As a result of the cooperative venture between THE FIRST TEAM and the Tropic Lightning troopers of the 25th Infantry Division, over 400 enemy soldiers were killed.

## River Patrol . . .



(U.S. Army Photo)

Company B, 1st Bn, 5th Cav patrols the Big Muddy. The Cav goes "riverborne" on the Saigon River in search of enemy caches. For more photos see page 7.

# Cav Photog Hit By Frag Of Spaghetti

PHUOC VINH — Cav Information Office photographers have been cautioned against standing near garbage burning pits on landing zones.

One of our men, it seems, was standing by such a hole on LZ Joy one afternoon when he heard the muffled pop of a small explosion and was suddenly splattered with hot goo. Aaargh.

Someone had dropped an unopened C ration can into the burning pit. The can got warmer and warmer and swelled up until it burst open — thus becoming a "Spaghetti Frag."

It doesn't hurt, but it's tough on camera lenses.

# ...For God And Country

ROMANS 13:1 "Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers for there is no power but of God."

The passage quoted above is pretty specific about our duties as citizens. I only quoted the first verse of the passage. What it basically says is that we are to obey our government for its power or authority is vested in it by Divine authority. It is true that the government should not impose upon its citizens anything contrary to the God's word, then the citizen has the obligation to protest, but one again in the light of this passage and by what we may call due process of law. Government and law are there for the purpose of securing the most good for all of its citizens. It is to suppress that which is evil and is detrimental to its citizens. Everything that the government does, or we as citizens do, must always be weighed against the Divine revelation. It must always be equated with the concept of the most good for all its citizens. The "establishment," as it is sometimes called, should so function to protect and prosper all. This works only when all subscribe to what is best for all.

The common good, the general welfare of all, is and should be the concern of every citizen. This is obviously the import of this passage. The passage quoted is perhaps the most detailed about our responsibilities as citizens. Once again, the faith we hold should dictate our respect of authority or government as it is imposed on us.

KENNETH K. WITTENBURG

## From Old To New . . .



(U.S. Army Photo)

The cavalry horse and trooper uniform, contrasting with the Chinook, illustrate the changes in transportation, weapons and style that the 1st Cav has seen in the last 25 years.

## Heroism Awards

The following awards were received by Skytroopers of the 1st Air Cavalry Division:

### SILVER STAR

GREINER, CPT Patrick M. Co D, 1st Bn, 5th Cav  
WHITE, SP4 Thomas J. Co D, 1st Bn, 5th Cav

### THE BRONZE STAR MEDAL FOR HEROISM

CHANEY, PFC James R. Co C, 2nd Bn, 5th Cav  
CRAIG, SP4 Ray L. Co E, 5th Bn, 7th Cav

COOPER, SP4 James E. Co C, 2nd Bn, 5th Cav

JOSEPH, PFC Jon R. Co C, 2nd Bn, 5th Cav

MASCOLO, SP4 Nick Co E, 5th Bn, 7th Cav

REED, SP4 Ted B. HHC, 6th Bn, 27th Field Arty

RUSHLOW, SGT Thomas J. Co C, 5th Bn, 7th Cav

SMITH, SP4 Ernest C. Co A, 1st Bn, 8th Cav

SPLICHAL, PFC Edwin G. Co C, 5th Bn, 7th Cav

WATERS, SFC Charles E. Co B, 8th Engineer Bn (AM)



SGT RE-UP  
SFC  
"DID YOU KNOW???"



During the past issues, we have talked at length about such things as Special Leave, Specific Reenlistment Options under different conditions, Amendments and Extensions, and the like.

This issue I'd like to direct toward the men in the field. At the present time, we have a reenlistment option known as the "Army Career Group Option."

Suppose an individual doesn't like the line of work he is presently in, this option was tailor-made for him. He can reenlist for a period of three years, and be guaranteed duty and training in another job of his choice, provided he is administratively and mentally qualified. By this I mean he must have completed at least eight months of his current enlistment or induction, have spent at least one day in RVN, be in pay grade E-4 or below, and possess a minimum AQB score of 100 in the

area where training is desired. (EXAMPLE: A man who wants to become a mechanic must have a score of 100 or higher in the aptitude area MM.) Shown below are those Army Career Groups available in the 1st Cav Div, or those which may be obtained within RVN.

1. ACGP — 67A1F — Aviation Door Gunner
2. ACGP — 62 — Heavy Equipment Operator
3. ACGP — 63 — Mechanic
4. ACGP — 64 — Motor Transport
5. ACGP — 67 — Aviation Mechanic
6. ACGP — 71 — Administration
7. ACGP — 76 — Supply
8. ACGP — 95 — Military Police

These options I have talked about are available now. Should you not be in a position to get to one of our offices, merely take pen in hand and write me a note, requesting the needed information to: SGT RE-UP, AG-FORWARD, ATTN: REENL, APO 96490, IN COUNTRY.

## 'Pappy' Seewald 1st Cav Meet Registrant

FORT BENNING, Ga. — A World War II cavalry trooper rode horseback recently from a modern CH-47 "Chinook" helicopter, dismounted, and signed his name to a sheet of paper.

Major (ret.) Hughes "Pappy" Seewald thus became the first registrant for the 22nd Annual Reunion of the 1st Cavalry Division Association which will be held in Columbus and Fort Benning, Ga., August 21-24.

The cavalry horse and trooper uniform, contrasting with the Chinook, illustrated the changes in transportation, weapons and style that the 1st Cavalry Division has seen in the last 25 years.

Seewald, former president of the Association, was greeted by Sherman P. Haight Jr., current president, George Dorman, mayor pro tempore of Columbus, Charles Crowder, executive director of the Columbus Chamber of Commerce and Lieutenant Colonel Gerald F. Wilson, a personal representative of Brigadier General Oscar E. Davis, commanding general of the U.S. Army Infantry Center and Fort Benning.

On the agenda will be tours of Columbus and Fort Benning, demonstrations of U.S. Army Infantry School training operations, social gatherings with leaders of the military and civilian communities, and a special briefing on airmobile operations in Vietnam.

A special demonstration of Ranger training and an exhibition by the Army "Golden Knights," a precision sky-diving team, are also on the program.

Memorial services for members of the division who were killed in combat will be held on the final day of the reunion.

The Association was formed in July 1944, to honor the memory of members of the 1st Cavalry Division who were killed in combat, and to foster friendships that had developed during the war.

Today there are over 11,000

life members and almost 1,000 associate members.

A special foundation established by the Association provides scholarship aid for the children of division members killed in action in Vietnam.

Expansion of this scholarship fund was stressed in the reunion organizational meeting held recently.

Both Haight and Seewald, who are here to assist in organizing the reunion, are veterans of 1st Cavalry Division operations in the Philippines in World War II.

The 1st Cavalry Division was organized in Texas in 1921. It first saw combat in February 1944, in the American assault on the Admiralty Islands. Later in the war it participated in the Luzon campaign.

During the Korean conflict it joined in the defense of the Pusan perimeter.

In 1965 the 11th Air Assault Division, tested at Fort Benning, became the 1st Cavalry Division (Airmobile).

Following this introduction of airmobile concepts to its operations, the 1st Air Cavalry assumed a leading role in the defense of the Republic of Vietnam.

Columbus has "adopted" the 1st Cavalry Division as its own home unit.

## Cash For Viet Vets

Traditionally some states have paid bonuses to residents for wartime service.

**CONNECTICUT** — Amount of Bonus: Ten dollars for each month of active service between 1 January, 1964, and the date to be determined at the end of the Vietnam Conflict up to a maximum of \$300 (30 months).

**DELAWARE** — Amount of Bonus: For each month of countable domestic service or major fraction thereof, \$15 up to a maximum of \$225. For each month of countable foreign service, \$20, up to a maximum of \$300. No more than \$300 for combined foreign and domestic service.

**ILLINOIS** — Persons who have served on active duty on or after 1 January, 1961, and have received the Vietnam Service Medal are entitled to \$100.

**LOUISIANA** — Honorable active military service in the Vietnam combat area between 1 July, 1958, and the official end of hostilities as established by the US Government — \$250.

**MASSACHUSETTS** — For active service in the Vietnam area, \$300.

**PENNSYLVANIA** — \$25 for every month of qualifying service, up to an amount not to exceed \$750.



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## Complex Searched . . .



(U.S. Army Photo By SP4 Ed Koehnlein)

Troopers of the 1st Bn, 5th Cav go through an NVA bunker complex north of the Michelin Rubber Plantation. Covered with three feet of overhead cover, the complex was just recently constructed.

## Nighthawk Invincible After Dark

With an infrared light coupled with a starlight scope, a powerful spotlight, three M-60 machineguns and a minigun mounted in the rear cabin, the nighthawk helicopter is a devastating weapon in the war after dusk.

"At an altitude of 500 feet we can even tell what weapons the enemy is carrying," said Specialist Five Wilson Bass, Jr., a crew chief in the 227th Aviation Battalion. "He can't see us but once we find him it's a simple matter to wipe him out — regardless of his size."

The special mountings for the minigun and the infrared light were made by the Cav's 27th Maintenance Battalion at Phuoc Vinh.

Three nighthawk Huey helicopters are airborne every night, on call to any trouble spot in the Cav's area of operation. Their initial mission is reconnaissance — to find the elusive enemy.

The minigun, firing 4,000 rounds a minute, can hit every square foot in an area the size of a football field at a single high-speed pass. The M-60 machineguns take up the fire from other positions in the chopper.

"They usually stop firing back once you open up with the minigun," said SP4 Chester Allen.

While the minigun supplies the big punch, the starlight scope, coupled with the infrared light, may be the most essential part of the package. With a 10-inch diameter scope — the largest made — the ground below appears a bright green, the water a deep black, with amazing definition even on a totally overcast night.

## Redlegs Provide 24-Hour Support

By SP4 Joe Kamalick

**BLACKHORSE** — Under the stark light of fluorescent lamps in a heavily sandbagged bunker, a group of six men directs the long reaching arm of artillery.

Their days are busy. And 24 hours long, an average working day in the war.

A unit on patrol makes contact with a force twice its size. After the initial exchange of fire they pull back and the artillery observer takes the horn to feed coordinates to Fire Directional Control.

The little room is alive with the static rasp of radios, lined and plotted maps, men passing sheets of data, and a computer

working.

Within seconds the surprise cloud puff of white smoke is followed by the sharp, cracking bursts of high explosive shells slamming into enemy positions.

Miles away from the action the course of fire is plotted by men who do not see the light of day. The range, deflection, azimuth and quadrants are figured, checked and radioed on to an LZ where 105mm and 155mm howitzers in response are trundled around on their pads and trained on the unseen target.

Rounds are loaded, the lanyard snapped, and fire support is on its way.

(Continued on Back Page)

## Cav Maint. Builds Jungle Penetrator

**PHUOC VINH** — If you could make a better mousetrap and cut the cost by 900 percent, you'd have a winner on the open market.

Chief Warrant Officer Dennis Mostel did just that with a jungle penetrator, a device used in Vietnam by MEDEVAC helicopters to bring wounded men out of dense terrain.

His model takes about 20 man-hours to build and including material costs the Army about \$40. The standard penetrator manufactured for the military in the states costs \$400.

"It isn't as pretty as the factory model," said MEDEVAC pilot Warrant Officer Jon Vars, "but I'd go with the improvised model anytime."

The factory model, designed for use by all service branches, is a three-seater made of cast aluminum. Mr. Mostel's model was made in a 1st Cav maintenance shop. The two-seater was constructed from machined steel.

"Our choppers aren't powerful enough to pick up three people at once," said MEDEVAC pilot Captain Donald Clawson. "Usually only one seat is used with the other apparatus serving only to get tangled in the vines." "A blind man could mount it."

Mr. Mostel, who has been in Army maintenance for 19 years, designed the penetrator at the request of the Cav's MEDEVAC platoon. It looks strikingly similar to the factory model.

## Cav Circuit Rider Trades Horse For Chopper To Preach Gospel

**XUAN LOC** — Not many priests back in "the world" serve a parish covering over 3,500 square miles.

Chaplain (CPT) James J. Brennan, one of 24 chaplains in the 1st Cav, does exactly that.

Like other Skytrooper chaplains, Father Brennan serves men in battalions located some distance apart. Presently working with the 3rd Brigade's 1st and 5th Battalions, 7th Cavalry, located at Landing Zones (LZs) Joy and Joe, respectively, Father Brennan must travel a great deal.

Also serving rear areas at Quan Loi and Blackhorse, the Catholic clergyman frequently moves distances exceeding 100 miles enroute to the members of his parish. He's a modern version of the legendary "circuit riders" of days gone by, as he uses a helicopter in place of the horse and buggy.

Father Brennan, who was ordained nine years ago at St. Joseph's Seminary at Dunwoodie, Yonkers, N.Y., holds services at every available opportunity.

Prepared to offer God's word to spiritually hungry soldiers, Father Brennan turns his attention to something he considers very important — "visiting with the guys."

Speaking honestly and happily to him, the soldiers normally speak about the war, people back home, sports and often about how "short" they are getting.

"The average soldier here is just what you'd expect to find," said the clergyman earlier,

"and he's probably more typical than he would be if he were back on the block at home." Father Brennan credited this to the circumstances of war.

"He has a great loyalty for his home state or hometown," continued the Father, "with nicknames like 'Gator,' 'Tennessee,' 'Tex' and 'Chicago' good examples."

The men take their seats, assuming a comfortable position on a rock, steel pot, against a tree or on the rocky ground, "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost . . ."

Later communion is received and Father Brennan then announces, "The mass is ended, go in peace." The soldiers stand up and move quietly from the area.

Talking with soldiers for a few minutes, the Father is drawn aside to discuss the members of

his "parish in the field."

"The guys out here come to know themselves," he said, "when they start analyzing what they have, they come to appreciate things more, and they share with one another what little they have, because they rely on one another so much."

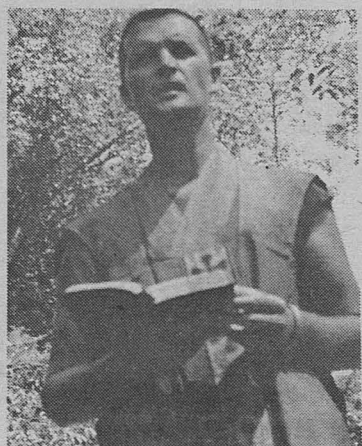
"A canteen of water, dry socks, or a warm soda come to mean a great deal to these men," said the Father. "Very few enjoy being here, but they are grateful, at times, because they have learned something, and they've grown inside."

The soldiers appreciate Father Brennan's flamboyant personality. A soldier eating his hot meal while seated on a large log said, "We enjoy having the Father out here. He's a pleasant change of pace to what would otherwise be a day in the boonies with little to provoke the mind."

The soldier's friend eating nearby said, "Seems like he always leaves something for us to think about — guess that's his job, though, isn't it." They both laughed.

Asked why he decided to become a chaplain, he said, "A number of men I knew were entering the military, and they were writing back telling of their appreciation for the work done by the chaplains." He concluded, "I thought I might be able to help."

"He helps, all right," said a reverent soldier, "when he brings God out in the field to us, he helps!"



FATHER BRENNAN

## Muddling Through . . .



(U.S. Army Photo By SP4 Ed Koehnlein)

Skytroopers cross a small tributary of the Saigon River during riverine operations. Cavalrymen of the 1st Bn, 5th Cav wade through ankle-deep water.

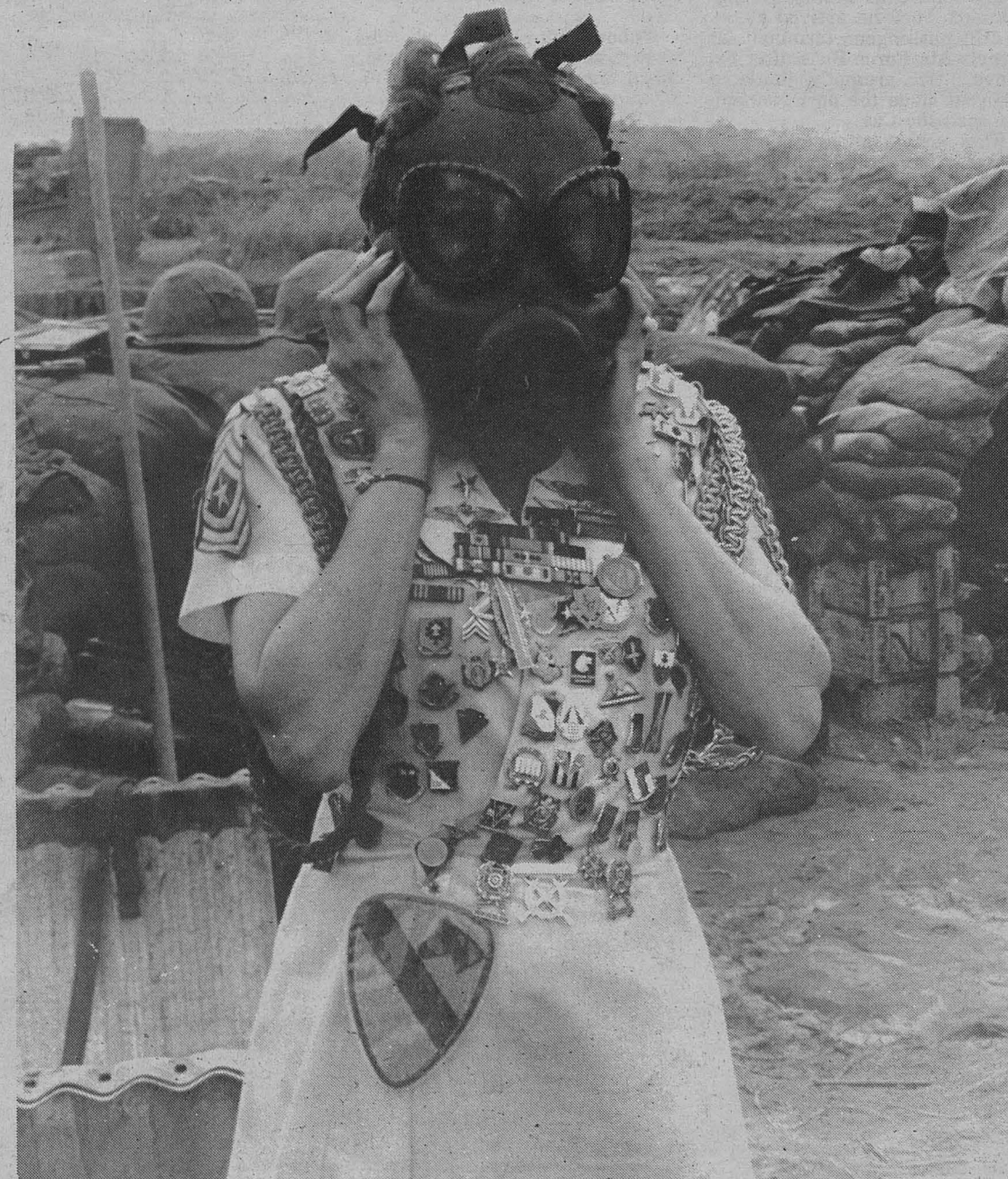
# Cav's Sweetheart Out In The Field



What's it like to wear a soldier's field pack? "Here, lady, try it on." Miss Genz gamely shoulders the pack of Sergeant Lawrence E. Mendez.



Instructing Miss Genz in the fine art of enemy position plotting is Private First Class Charles V. Minish Jr.



One firebase stop turned out to be a "real gas" when a tear gas grenade accidentally exploded near Miss Genz.



Specialist 4 Robert L. Frushoor is understandably having a hard time concentrating on mortar range calculations.

Photos  
By SP4  
Terry  
Moon



With close attention from Captain Phillip J. Gidia, the "Cav Sweetheart" sights down the barrel of a Russian-made SKS rifle.

PHUOC VINH — A petite "Freedom Bird" stewardess from Trans World Airlines stepped from a combat helicopter onto the rocky, mortar-chewed clay of a jungle firebase and won the hearts and smiles of surprised Skytroopers.

She is the 1st Cav's new "Sweetheart," Miss Marilyn Genz, a TWA stewardess who's been flying the California-Vietnam route with thousands of soldiers for the past three years.

Her tour of landing zones (LZs) was the realization of her longtime dream — and a heartening treat for hundreds of fire-fight veterans who hadn't seen a pretty girl in . . . well, too long.

She calls herself "The Hardware Collector" and wears a dress literally covered with the rainbow colored glints of unit brass insignia which she's collected from soldiers both heading for and returning from Vietnam duty.

The dress, covered with metal and memories, weighs in at 11 pounds.

One of the soldiers who noticed Miss Genz's "hardware" dress while aboard a TWA flight to the states earlier this year was Major General E. B. Roberts. The general and the stewardess started talking.

Miss Genz told MG Roberts that she had been flying soldiers into Vietnam for several years and was extremely interested in learning how and where they lived while fighting the war.

MG Roberts told her that when he returned from his leave at home he would be commanding the 1st Cav and if she were still interested in seeing Vietnam, to write a letter to him.

The letter was waiting for MG Roberts when he arrived at the MAC passenger terminal at Travis Air Force Base after his leave. He promptly initiated plans to have the pert stewardess visit the Cav.

That conversation and correspondence culminated when Miss Genz got a firsthand view of how Cav troopers live under combat conditions.

From the "Huey" helicopter

that settled in a swirl of dust just outside LZ Ike, 31 miles northwest of Eai Khe, Miss Genz was escorted inside the concertina wire perimeter.

She walked, smiling, into view of the troops who were shirtless, sweating at the constant work on an LZ.

At first one by one, and then as the word spread across the LZ, the men in twos and threes and finally in large groups stopped what they were doing, dropped tools and weapons, climbed up out of bunkers and stood and looked. Just looked.

The movement and noise on the LZ dwindled. Riflemen, artillerymen, engineers and mortar-men nudged the fellows next to them. "Hey, look. A girl. An American girl."

The LZ was quiet. Under the circumstances, she could hardly say "Coffee, tea or milk?" so the stewardess broke the ice by walking over to a cluster of five oggling GIs and saying "Hi, fellas, how's it going?"

She worked her way around the LZ perimeter, talking to as many troopers as possible. The hard, battle-proven "grunts" at first stood somewhat ill at ease around the woman. But with each group of men the unsure feeling soon melted in smiles and laughter . . . and more eager questions about home.

The same scene lighted Miss Genz's arrival at four more landing zones in the space of two days.

At one stop she met a soldier who lived not far from her own hometown. She took his name and promised to call his parents the next time she was in Chicago.

While talking with the soldiers, she learned a great deal about their way of life at the LZs, and about their hot, wet work in the jungles and fields of Vietnam.

And she sampled some of their jobs: with assistance from a soldier she shouldered an almost full field pack and handled the M-16 automatic rifle and a cap-

tured enemy AK-47. She met company and battalion commanders, received briefings before large wall maps with troop positions and movements marked in colored tape; marvelled at the flurry of activity, ringing field telephones, and men intent on the business of war in an underground tactical operations center.

But above all, she met hundreds of soldiers. The grunts. PFC's, Spec Fours, Sergeants, Lieutenants, Captains — the men she will probably see sometime soon aboard one of her return flights to the states, when they finish their long year in "Nam" and finally board that beautiful "Freedom Bird."

At one landing zone Miss Genz noticed three soldiers, begrimed and unshaven, boarding a Huey.

"Who are those men, and where are they going?" she asked an officer. He told her that they were grunts leaving the field for good, leaving their company after 11 months of humping in the boonies to begin outprocessing. They were going home.

The three troopers were wearing all that they owned: their packs and their rifles and wide, happy smiles. When they waved to their buddies, Miss Genz also waved back, returning that casual but perhaps most meaningful salute.

The chopper rose slowly, and as it pitched slightly forward to climb out of the LZ clearing some twenty men close-by cheered for their friends' departure. It was no show for their feminine guest. They were cheering in anticipation of their own departure as well.

And the girl in that memorable dress called after the rising helicopter:

"Be sure to get on my TWA flight, MAC PAC. . ."

And she said it not so much because she is a stewardess with TWA. But perhaps because after two days of being "out there" with the troops — where very few civilian men and even fewer women venture — she had a special bond with the "grunts."



Although her hair is longer than the Army reg says it should be, Marilyn Tindall is still eminently qualified to serve with the Cav in Vietnam. A former Miss California, Marilyn appeared in "The Silencers," with Dean Martin.

## Chopper Extracts Two Cobra Pilots

TAY NINH — The small OH-6A light observation helicopter, burdened by a load greater than its suggested capacity, hovered at an altitude of 15 feet, straining for power. The LOH's stabilizers were damaged by enemy fire. Its extra cargo were two downed Cobra pilots.

"I remember the Cobra pilots assuring us that if we went down they would get us out," said Captain Marvin Stokes, the scout bird pilot. "Before the mission was over we were extracting them."

CPT Stokes, the commanding officer of the 1st Brigade's aviation platoon, was flying a sniffer mission about six miles north of Landing Zone Ike, when he took fire from what appeared to be an NVA command post.

Flying cover in the aerial rocket artillery ship were First Lieutenant Paul W. Simonson, Company B, and Chief Warrant Officer Patrick F. Carey, Company D, 299th Aviation Battalion.

"We had been in the air about 30 minutes when we got some maximum readings on the sniffer," the LOH pilot continued. "Then all at once the enemy opened up on our bird."

The small aircraft was skimming across treetops at 70 knots when the pilot caught flashes from a .51 caliber machinegun position. The doorgun-

ner, Specialist Four Hanson Haggard, observed small arms fire from another position.

"I saw at least six enemy soldiers on my left and watched a B-40 rocket just miss our tail," SP4 Haggard said. "If the guy who fired that round had led us just a little more our flying would have been over for the day," he remarked.

As the LOH passed the enemy position it marked the location with smoke. The Cobra was rolling in behind them.

"The ARA ship got off about five rockets before it was hit by .51 caliber fire," Specialist Four Steven B. Peters of the 184th Chemical Platoon, a crew member, explained. "The enemy was waiting for it."

The Cobra pilot brought his crippled bird down in a clearing of elephant grass.

"I saw the pilots scramble from the burning ship," CPT Stokes said. "I circled the area looking for a place to set down. There was a spot about 100 meters away with waist-deep grass."

The LOH pilot hovered his aircraft two feet above the ground, rotor blades striking the grass. The Cobra crew ran toward the aircraft, grabbed hold of the skids and maneuvered themselves into the bird, now packed like a sardine can.

"The normal load for a LOH is three passengers and a pilot," CPT Stokes said. "I had a full load already but I knew I couldn't leave them there."

## Suburb In Boonies Built By Engineers

By SP4 Dave Wolfe

LZ JULIE — Picture in your mind, if you can, the second day in the birth of a new LZ (landing zone).

Skytroopers, generally engineers, artillerymen and infantrymen, were combat assaulted into the new position a mere 24 hours ago. But already, what soon will be the site of a bustling 1st Cav. firebase has begun to take shape in the middle of thick jungle.

Under the masterful hand of the 8th Engineer Battalion, and with the hard work of the 1st Battalion, 21st Artillery alongside the men of the 5th Battalion, 7th Cavalry, functional variations in architecture, which will soon become the offices, warehouses and homes of soldiers, are going up everywhere.

Pre-cut perimeter bunkers and a TOC (Tactical Operations Center) are quickly constructed. Culvert bunkers to be used as the individual soldier's homes are quickly built, amid large tents designed specifically for such immediate accessibility as is necessary here.

Soldiers with deep tans and sweat-covered backs busily fill the thousands of sandbags necessary for such a "suburb in the boonies."

Concertina wire is ambitiously and artfully spread around the perimeter, as bulldozers churn their way through bamboo, trees and tall grass. At the same time, demolition experts "blow away" large trees, after warning anyone nearby to "take cover!"

Men disappear into nearby woodlines, which will eventually be included inside the perimeter wire, to prepare parapets for artillery pieces. Only after chopping down bamboo and clearing grass will they be able to move their 105mm guns into place.

A company of infantrymen trample and trudge through the same bamboo and grass in surrounding areas, searching for an enemy they know is nearby after the new sight received mortar and sniper fire the night before.

A constant flow of helicopters inserts more troops and supplies into the LZ, each sortie further establishing and asserting the safety of the LZ and its men.

Make no mistake in thinking that life on a firebase is not difficult. Constantly living in either mud or dust can become irritating, but seldom do you hear as much as a whimper from the inhabitants. After living here for a while, doing without a soft bunk, a daily shower or starched fatigues becomes habit forming and accepted.

However, due to the role of the helicopter in the Vietnam war, soldiers receive much better support, and "a few of the comforts of home" while living under these conditions.

Daily mail, cold drinks, hot chow and constant resupply allow the "suburban soldier" to live in a semblance of comfort. Even though the soldier here is miles from the nearest PX or ice-cream concession, he is furnished with most of the things which make his "life worth living."

# Forage River To Find Red Arms Caches

LAI KHE — The 18-foot outboard cut a heavy wake in the mud river with its load of crouching soldiers. Their machine guns and rifles lay across the gunwales, pointed into the overhang of jungle shore where the wake wave flopped quietly.

The men of Company B, 1st Battalion, 5th Cavalry had taken to the brown surface of the Saigon River in their "mini-Navy" to get a fish-eye view of enemy riverbank caches.

The company had been walking up and down the thick banks for several weeks when its commander, Captain Jay C. Copley, called battalion headquarters for boats to help make the search more thorough.

While the main company moved forward along the shore, the riverborne squads followed, watching for cache entrances, submerged bridges and recently used crossings.

For the "grunts," the boatrips were better than walking. And they were even thinking of changing a dip in the river — until they were joined in their patrol by an alligator nearly as long as their boat.

But this is not the broad Mississippi. There are no stern-wheelers here. No beach parties with bonfires. That comes after DEROS.

For now it's the muddy Saigon and the constant cache hunt.



With his M-60 machine gun at the ready, a trooper scans the starboard shoreline.



Eighteen men in a tub, the riverine patrol glides out with all eyes watchful.



Company B troopers climb aboard one of the boats in their "mini-Navy."

Photos  
By PFC  
Dennis Day

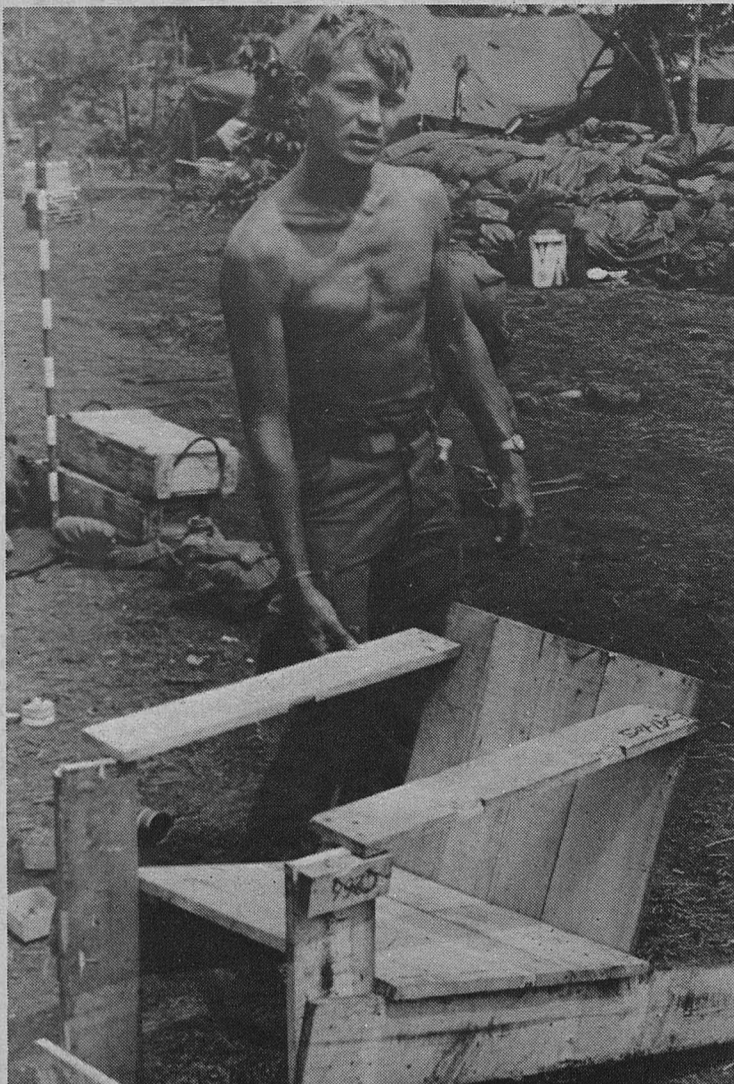


While their buddies ply the waterway, these men cover the bank on foot.



A shore point "off point bow" gets particular, cautious attention as the troops move in for a closer look at a suspicious cove.

## Does His Thing . . .



(U.S. Army Photo By SP4 Dave Wolfe)  
SP4 D. A. Maylor, mortarman with the 2nd Battalion, 12th Cavalry shows off a chair he constructed out of ammo boxes.

## Mortarman Displays Fantastic 'Nam Spirit

By SP4 Dave Wolfe

XUAN LOC — Who's a south-paw carpenter with sweat on his back, who wears scuffed boots and wrinkled fatigues, and who has a smile on his face and determination in his heart.

This description could fit any number of men who live and work on the landing zones (LZs) of the 1st Cav.

There is a particular soldier in mind, in this case, who is not just anyone, because he is spirited, well-adapted and willing. Specialist Four Douglas A. Maylor, a mortarman with Company C, 2nd Battalion, 12th Cavalry is this man.

Specialist Maylor had arrived at LZ Joy three days earlier.

### LZ Ike

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continued their flight towards the friendly position.

"I've never seen so many enemy in my life," said Private First Class Mario Mejia. "We fragged the mortar position when we pulled back and kept fragging a path straight towards Ike."

"We were lucky to get back," said SGT White. "Not one man on the LP got as much as a scratch. It was a miracle."

Huey Cobra artillery helicopters added to the aerial firepower.

"The smoke was so thick by the time we got there it was difficult to detect targets," said Captain Reave Ross, pilot of one of the Battery A, 2nd Battalion, 20th Artillery aircraft.

Over 200 rounds of tube artillery were fired in support of the LZ during the night.

Contact was broken at 2:40 a.m. as what was left of the enemy force evaded to the north.

During the intervening period, he had worked hard building mortar revetments and a self-styled bunker, which was to be his home for a short time. He also built a chair out of the wood from ammunition boxes, which in his words "should help add a little class to our hootch."

Why does a man work so hard to "add a little class" to his surroundings?

"I, personally, get a great deal of satisfaction out of building these things," said the young mortarman. "You can wake up the next morning and see what you've done that's constructive."

The young soldier attracted a crowd of not-too-busy GIs, who gathered to "watch Doug do his thing." They heckled and kidded the carpenter as he put his "lawn chair" together.

Perspiration dripped from his brow as he confidently hammered and sawed his available material into "a work of art" that depicted his own ingenuity.

"How does that look fellas," he asked with a lightly reflected smirk on his face?

Just then a soldier walked by and quietly announced that SP4 Maylor's unit was moving to a new location. A few groans could be heard above the noise of the bustling LZ.

"Wow, we just got here," said one soldier. "Where are we going?" asked another. SP4 Maylor didn't say much, but rose to start packing his things. His only reaction was, "That's the way it goes, baby."

"What we've built is here now," he said, "so now some other GI won't have to work quite as hard to get comfortably settled." He added, "Anyway, I don't mind moving, because you keep busy and don't become stagnant."

## CO One Of 19 Kids And Names Them All

PHUOC VINH — In a time when American families are averaging 2.5 children each, a big, rambling brood of 21 is as rare as a good five-cent cigar.

If you can remember when cigars, really good cigars, sold for a nickel, then you also probably remember when a family outing in this century required something considerably larger than a Volkswagen and looked like a small tribe on the move.

One of the few members of this generation who has first hand experience with large families is Army Captain Roger C. Bultman. He has eighteen brothers and sisters—nine of each.

What's it like to be part of such a large family?

"It's the greatest thing on earth . . . I wouldn't trade it for anything," said CPT Bultman.

There's a strong bond in large families, said the young captain,

because "we all chipped in to help each other."

The captain, commander of Company D, 1st Battalion, 12th Cavalry, sat perched on a case of C rations, eating a cold can of ham and eggs while he talked about his family.

"Every Christmas is the 'ultimate' for our family at home. Usually everybody is there . . ."

CPT Bultman rattled off the names of his brothers and sisters: "Paul, Bruce, Lois, Glenn, Elaine, Barbara, Neal, Carol, Ralph, Dianne, Ellen, Allan, Gerald, John, Joyce, Linda, Brian and Janet." His radio operator, sitting nearby, shook his head and commented, "Wow."

In a family of our size, he said, you never have to worry about being lonely.

"There's always someone to talk to . . . and always someone to fight with."

## Quan Loi Terminal Serene As Troops Await Aircraft

QUAN LOI — The escalators, baggage turntables, fancy restaurants and rent-a-car service counters are missing, but the traffic and business at the airstrip terminal here is booming.

Located in a tent, which houses rows of benches awaiting tired soldiers, the ticket window conducts its flight manifest operation in a cordial and efficient fashion.

Pretty stewardesses and mini-skirted young ladies are elsewhere, even though feminine Red Cross volunteers may be seen frequently as they pass through on their way to visiting troops at nearby firebase.

The olive drab and black shoulder patch of the 1st Cav is visible on the uniforms of many clientele. Burdened with heavy packs, bags, weapons and other personal gear, the Skytroopers are typical GI in appearance and personality.

Blending into surrounding aggregations of service personnel, the division's soldiers are seen crowded into clusters of men awaiting their flights.

Seated under trees, atop bunkers, on steel pots or benches in the "lounge" outside the terminal tent, the troops pass their time reading a book, drinking a soda while participating in casual conversation, or in catching a few winks.

The typical Skytrooper here is on the move, perhaps to a new duty station, or on a courier run, frequently to R&R, and sometimes, to his DEROS.

Whatever the case, the attitude here is generally serene, and "take it as it comes." Unable to hail a taxi, take a bus or go by railway, the soldier goes by air — a convenient and quick way to travel, as most combat assaulting Cavalrymen will attest.

## Off And Ready . . .



(U.S. Army Photo By SP4 Terry Moon)  
A machine gun toting Skytrooper prepares to leave the chopper as other Cavalrymen prepare to jump off. The combat assault was near Xuan Loc.

## Redlegs

(Continued From Page 3)

Staff Sergeant John K. Gallman is the senior NCO on the day shift at the 3rd Brigade FDC at Blackhorse, operated by the 1st Battalion, 21st Artillery.

There is very little margin for error. Sometimes the troops calling for artillery support are only meters away from the enemy location. The FDC must be accurate, every time.

Along one wall in the FDC are six radios manned by three operators. Depending on the variable tactical situations, they may be in contact with several artillery battalions.

The range and locations of these battalions are fixed on the FDC operations chart. At least one man is keeping watch on that chart and plotting data for the fire missions throughout the day and night.

Also on hand is the Fire Direction Officer, like First Lieutenant Charles A. Cruise. He oversees the entire operation — from the moment a request for fire support is received through the calculations and double-checking to the plotting and direction of the missions.

The men work in 12-hour shifts around the clock.

By day the FDC is busy with arranging support fire for infantry units in contact. Added to that traffic in steel are "recon by fire" missions and the firing of marking rounds to aid in the location of friendly troops. Given a close and known coordinate and a white phosphorous burst over that grid, a disoriented unit or patrol can quickly get its bearings.

At night FDC remains active. Depending on enemy activity, there are more or fewer Delta Tango missions — fire missions directed from one LZ in support of another LZ under ground attack.

And if there is no Delta Tango needed, FDC must still direct the nightly planned fire missions.

Planned fire has come to replace the formerly arbitrary shelling of suspected enemy locations at night, known as harassment and interdiction fire.