



Enemy Soldier Tells Of Fearful Days In Jungle Urges Friends To Rally

By LT Don Ashton

TAY NINH — Nguyen Tran Duy, a rice and ammunition carrier with the North Vietnamese Army's 50th Rear Service Group, rallied to a 1st Cav helicopter near here.

The 19-year-old NVA soldier hailed a Company B, 229th Assault Helicopter Battalion command and control Huey five miles east of Landing Zone Jamie in War Zone C.

Lieutenant Colonel Steven R. Woods, 2nd Battalion, 5th Cavalry commander, was in the aircraft when Duy was spotted in an open area waving a white cloth.

"He wasn't carrying a weapon," Colonel Woods said. "We

picked him up and flew him immediately to the 1st Brigade headquarters in Tay Ninh."

The rallier, a draftee from Thanh Hoa Province, was wearing blue trousers with a grey top garment and Ho Chi Minh sandals.

"I infiltrated through Laos and Cambodia in early January with 900 men, Duy said. "I was told that things would be happy and victorious in South Vietnam, but it was not so."

Duy told an interpreter that he could not accept the suffering and fear of United States artillery and air power any longer. He was suspicious of his cadre and political officer, and felt he would soon contract malaria. He

said most of the men in his unit caught malaria eventually.

"American Chieu Hoi leaflets and broadcasts promised good treatment, food and medical care," he continued. "I believed them and decided to rally the first chance I had."

His unit was never paid, and it did not receive mail.

An American artillery barrage gave him the opportunity to separate from his unit. He stayed in the area for two days or until he spotted the FIRST TEAM helicopter.

Duy's cadre never mentioned the Paris Peace Talks. His mission was to provide food and ammo for the 1st Battalions, 7th and 9th NVA Divisions. Transportation was primarily by bicycle.

"I believe North and South Vietnam should stop fighting and reunite," the Hoi Chanh stated.

Intelligent, literate and cooperative, Duy agreed to assist the brigade's S-5 officer (Psychological Operations), First Lieutenant Douglass C. Melius, in promoting the Chieu Hoi Program in War Zone C.

"We prepared a leaflet in which Duy identified himself and his unit, told where he rallied and stated that he was

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All Sounds Seem Eerie When Dark

LAI KHE — Five men, all alone at night, sitting noiselessly outside the perimeter. Listening for what? The enemy.

"Nobody sleeps a wink all night," claims Private First Class Tom Bardwell of Company B, 1st Battalion, 12th Cavalry. "We're too scared!"

Any noise can be the enemy. Imaginary sounds raise the adrenalin level of the Skytroopers. The nervous sweating feels like wind driven ice. You're frightened and you're outside LZ Grant on an LP (listening post).

At midnight the movement in the grass is more than the wind moving through it — it's the enemy. He's moving to the LZ.

The artillery coughs out illumination rounds. Nothing is seen.

"The whole area lit up," said PFC Bardwell. "We hugged the ground tryin' to keep out of sight."

A metallic click tenses the team. A banana clip is possibly being fed into an AK. The team waits. Nothing happens.

In the morning the perimeter guards think the LP was overly nervous. Then someone discovers the outer perimeter wire had been cut during the night.

How about it. . .any volunteers for LP?



(U.S. Army Photo by Sp4 Bill Ahrbeck)

A wounded Skytrooper rides the "lifeline" to an awaiting MEDEVAC chopper of the 15th Medical Battalion. He is framed by bamboo that abounds in the jungles of III Corps.

Necessities On Back

Grunts Move Into Action

By PFC Ron Merrill

QUAN LOI — As the heat of the Vietnamese sun bore down on the asphalt runway at Quan Loi, a company of air cavalrymen waited. The heat of the day doesn't bother them, but the heat of something to come does.

In a matter of a few minutes they will be swept up by helicopters and flown to a jungle clearing where the enemy is thought to be lurking. If the enemy is there, it will be called a "hot" landing zone (LZ).

It is this kind of heat that bothers the men waiting on the Quan Loi airstrip.

Nearly every man in Company D, 1st Battalion of the 7th Cavalry, resembles a Mexican bandito of yesteryear with his belts of extra machine gun ammunition draped over his shoulder.

And because it is going to be a three-day mission, ruck-sacks are packed to capacity with C-rations, ponchos, poncho liners, socks, foot powder, insect repellent, and perhaps an air mattress.

Secured by strings, ropes and straps, and stuffed in extra pouches are his smoke and fragmentation grenades, a claymore mine, lengths of rope, a shovel and a machete. An old sock is stretched out of shape by the weight of food and soda cans purchased at the PX.

Beneath his rucksack hangs an ammunition box. This item is second in importance to the soldier only to his rifle and ammunition.

In the ammo box he keeps his envelopes, writing paper, pens, toothbrush, razor, pictures of his girl "back in the world" or perhaps the one in Bangkok, and in general, anything and everything that he doesn't want ruined by jungle, water or war.

For the length of two football fields down the airstrip are

small clusters of men in green, two parallel rows with one cluster behind the other. In a "no man's land" between the two rows is the space reserved for the choppers.

Some men are standing with their gear on, some without; some are lying down, using their misshapen rucksacks as a pillow, some are smoking, some are talking, some are even

laughing — and some are just existing.

A platoon leader walks around talking to a couple of the clusters about the rumor that their battalion is going in for base security at Bien Hoa. Everybody doubts the validity of the rumor, but then no one wants to say that the rumor is false either. One radio-telephone operator, who has been in country for

eleven months, just shrugs his shoulders, then turns his head and eyes toward the rubber trees not 500 meters away.

In a few minutes the bird will be in and another combat assault will be under way. To the men of Company D it will not be a particularly eventful wait at the Quan Loi airstrip. The Chinooks will engulf them in a red

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Flying in a Snake . . .



(U.S. Army Photo by Sp4 Phillip Blackmarr)

A "Killer Snake" pilot of the 2nd Battalion, 20th Artillery (ARA), bares the snake's fangs as he sights a target and strikes. The photographer took this shot from the front seat by holding up a mirror, then printing the picture backwards. Loaded rocket pods can be seen to the left.

Cav Association

Maintains Division Spirit To Keep Vets in Touch

What is the ASSOCIATION? The 1st Cavalry Division Association is a group of people with a common bond: They served together in the FIRST TEAM. They are proud of that fact, and they have a right to be. They are tremendously proud of the FIRST TEAM'S esprit, tradition and record.

The ASSOCIATION was founded in 1944 to perpetuate the fine tradition and the gallant accomplishments of the division; to provide a suitable memorial dedicated to the memory of fallen comrades; to establish an endowment program to continue as a lasting reminder; to preserve and strengthen the fine friendships that found root during war service in the FIRST TEAM; and to be mutually helpful to one another in the years ahead.

The immediate goal of the 1st Cavalry Division Association is to back up the present tough as-

signment of the division. Whenever the ASSOCIATION can be helpful to the Skytroopers, it is eager to lend a hand. Moral support is total and unqualified; material support is forthcoming when the need becomes apparent.

What do I get out of the ASSOCIATION? It is like anything. You get out of it what you put into it. It is an organization which needs people to work. It needs people who want to maintain friendships they made during service with the FIRST TEAM, who want to maintain their association with the 1st Cavalry Division the rest of their lives.

Gary Portman, a former Skytrooper, put it this way: "While serving in Vietnam, I can't honestly say I was having a good time, but I made many friendships with the FIRST TEAM and would like to continue them. I lost some friends, too, but it is

gratifying to know that I can help their children in some small way through the scholarship foundation."

Two types of memberships are available in the 1st Cavalry Division Association. The first enrolls one as a life member for a fee of \$11.00 (\$1.00 is retained by the Skytrooper Chapter and \$1.00 goes to the Foundation for the Scholarship Program).

This membership includes a lifetime subscription to SABER NEWS, insignia card, decal and pin, membership certificate, the history and the roster.

The second type of membership enrolls one as an associate member for one year; for a fee of \$2.00 (\$1.00 is retained by the Skytrooper Chapter.) This entitles you to your membership certificate, copy of the SABER NEWS, and to the privilege of converting to Life Membership on payment of the \$9.00 differential during the year.

He Can Be Tough So Watch Yourself

"It will never happen to me." This seems to be the way many of us think when warned about serious accidents or diseases. It's always the other guy. We never seem to wake up to the idea it can happen to us until it is too late.

Malaria can happen to you!

What is malaria? It is an illness contracted when you're bitten by a mosquito infected with a strain of malaria. The malaria parasite attacks the red blood cells of the body, causing chills, fever, headache, nausea and weakness.

Medical authorities are concerned with two strains of malaria in Vietnam: VIVAX and FALCIPARUM. The latter strain, the far more dangerous of the two, is found mostly in the I and II Corps Tactical Zones. Both strains have similar symptoms.

The victim feels no reaction for ten to 16 days, then suddenly develops a high fever accom-

panied by severe chills. Heavy sweating occurs as the fever breaks, perhaps 12 to 24 hours later. Diarrhea and backache are also common during this period. Finally, the individual experiences extreme drowsiness and usually falls into deep sleep. The cycle lasts one or two days and repeats itself until body defenses or drugs arrest the parasitic condition, or until the condition arrests the victim.

Foremost among preventive measures is the familiar malaria pill. The orange (weekly) chloroquine-primoquine pill builds body resistance against vivax, while the white dapsone (daily) pill takes action to prevent falciparum. Chances of becoming ill are considerably lowered if these pills are taken as prescribed. But mosquito nets, repellents, and insecticides are also effective in lowering exposure to blood-seeking mosquitoes.

Remember — Malaria prevention is serious business in Vietnam!

... For God And Country

There is a little four-letter word in our language that seems to have gained renewed emphasis and popularity in this generation—it is the word LOVE. However, as we look back through the years, we can find that it has always held a prominent place in our vocabulary. It has been the subject of more books and the theme of more songs and poems than any other. Phrases such as, "All the world loves a lover," or "It's love that makes the world go round," reveal in a sense that we are all in love with love.

What is the real meaning of this little word that falls so trippingly from our tongues?

Is it to be found on the movie screen, or television screen, or in the pages of numerous magazines and novels? If so, then there is not much meaning to it. These portrayals emphasize mostly physical attraction and selfish desires that take no thought for others.

If this is what love is, what will happen the first time that cute little thing emerges adorned with curlers and face cream, or that gallant young prince comes home with a short temper and a sharp tongue? Surely love must go deeper than physical appearance and shallow emotions.

I think for the real answer we must go to the pages of the New Testament. The concept found here is a self-giving, self-emptying devotion, without any desire to exploit or misuse another. Perhaps the best translation, according to the New Testament meaning, would be to say that love is the complete opposite of selfishness. This concept is to be the standard of Christian relationship... not just in the home, but in the church and in society as a whole.

Our understanding of love in this fashion comes from the example of God, that being His totally unselfish, sacrificial revelation in Jesus Christ. He is God's "Word" to man and that "Word" is "God so loved..." It is love that holds nothing back. It is totally undeserved on our part. Someone has stated it in this way:

How Thou canst think so well of us, and can be the God Thou art, In darkness to my intellect, but the sunshine to my heart.

The true native of love is seen in our attitude and disposition toward others. In Oliver Twist an interview is held between Rose, with the sweetness of her pure girlhood, and the soiled and outcast, Nancy. Dickens describes how the sweet voice, the kind tone, and gentle manner of Rose took the other girl completely by surprise. Nancy burst into tears, and clasping her hands cried, "Oh, Lady! Lady! If there were more like you, there would be fewer like me—There would! There would!"

Our Lord said the greatest of all commandments was to "love the Lord... and to love your neighbor as yourself."



The CAVALAIR is published weekly under the supervision of the Information Office, 1st Air Cavalry Division, APO SF 96490, and is an authorized Army publication. The command newspaper is printed by Pacific Stars and Stripes, Tokyo, Japan.

Opinions expressed in the CAVALAIR are those of its editorial staff and not necessarily those of the Department of the Army.

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Information Officer MAJ J.D. Coleman
Publications NCOIC SSG R.R. Dyslin
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Layout Editor SP4 Dave Wolfe



Awards



The following awards were received by Skytroopers of the 1st Cav:

THE SILVER STAR

PIKE, SGT John E.
Co C, 2nd Bn, 8th Cav.

BASSI, SGT James R.
Co C, 2nd Bn, 5th Cav.

LENTO, SGT Stanley J.
Co H, 75th Infantry

McDANIEL, PFC Archie H.
Co H, 75th Infantry

ROBINSON, SGM Leland L.
HHC, 2nd Bn, 12th Cav.

FECHTER, SGT Steven R.
Co C, 5th Bn, 7th Cav.

DEMEY, CPT John
Co D, 2nd Bn, 5th Cav.

LACEY, CPT William J. JR.
HHC, 2nd Bn, 7th Cav.

O'CONNOR, 1LT David G.
Co B, 2nd Bn, 5th Cav

KIMBELL, SSG Troy F.
Co D, 2nd Bn, 7th Cav.

SONA, SP4 Fred F.
HHC, 2nd Bn, 7th Cav.

LARA, 1SG Teofilo
Btry B, 2nd Bn, 19th Arty

WILSON, CPT Robert E.
Co E, 2nd Bn, 7th Cav.

The Ship of State . . .



The future of Vietnam, as with any nation, lies in her youth. This girl may well be asking what will become of her tomorrow. Though she perhaps does not know it now, she and millions like her will shape the destiny of her country.

(Combat Art by Sp4 Ron Doss)

DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS

SNYDER, LTC Quay C.
229th AHB

WOOD, CPT Robert T.
HSC, 15th Med Bn

DOOLEY, CPT James E. III
Co A, 228th ASH Bn

MAUNSELL, CPT Charles M.
Co D, 227th ASB

MARSHALL, 1LT Robert A.
Trp B, 1st Sqdn, 9th Cav.

CHAPMAN, W1 Richard A.
Btry A, 2nd Bn, 20th Arty

JONES, W1 David E.
227th AHB

MARSH, W1 Daryl K.
229th AHB

DAVIDSON, W1 Thomas D.
HSC, 15th Med Bn

MARTIN, W1 Ray E.
Btry A, 2nd Bn, 20th Arty

RIGGS, W2 Frank O.
Btry A, 2nd Bn, 20th Arty

RAUSCH, W2 Brian G.
Btry A, 2nd Bn, 20th Arty

IRVIN, W1 Charles N.
Btry A, 2nd Bn, 20th Arty

PORTER, W1 Thomas G.
Btry A, 2nd Bn, 20th Arty

HUNT, W2 Albert L.
Btry A, 2nd Bn, 20th Arty

QUEALLY, W2 Terrence D.
Btry A, 2nd Bn, 20th Arty

From 1942 Biplane To A Superfortress: A Vet Pilot In 'Nam

By Sp4 Joe Kamalick

BEARCAT—At the age of 17 he learned how to fly in an Army Air Corps Steerman AT-6 biplane. Open cockpit, no radios, and you could more or less guess your air speed by the straining roar of the engine and the sound of the wind humming in your wing struts.

Twenty-seven years later, Ben R. Games of Union, Mich., is an Army warrant officer flying Chinooks in the unfriendly skies of Vietnam.

At the age of 45 he has volunteered for a year of duty in Vietnam because "unless a man volunteers, I do not believe he should have to come back here for the second time until every man who is trained and capable of doing the job has been over here at least once."

"Trained and capable" he is. Between the Steerman biplane in 1942 and the Chinook in 1969 are some 12,000 hours of flying time for Mr. Games at the controls of so many different aircraft that his logbook looks like a checkerboard history of aviation since WWII.

In the war he flew P-40 fighters in the Far East, then flew P-61s and F-82 night fighters in the South Pacific. He then was airplane commander of a B-29 bomber in the Far East theater.

When the fledgling U.S. Air Force was born in 1947, he made the switch to Air Force blue. Over the next seven years he flew a variety of aircraft and some missions of discretion.

While with the Air Force he

He Walks, And Talks: He Treats

TAY NINH — One of the most essential men in an infantry rifle platoon may not even carry a weapon.

This man humps everywhere with the soldier in the field, and he's generally one of the most talkative and likable men in the unit. And he likes his job.

Who is this somewhat remarkable man and what does he do?

He's commonly known as "doc," and he's a very busy soldier. Doc's job is maintaining the best possible health standards in the boonies, and if necessary, preserving the lives of his American friends.

"Since I've been with the Cav," said Specialist Four Marvin C. Ringole, a medic with the 2nd Battalion, 8th Cavalry, "I've only had two men hit. The guys are great. They'll protect an injured man with everything they've got until I can get up there."

The greatest problem confronting the battalion's combat medics is field sanitation.

"We get a lot of minor ailments," said Private First Class Jimmy D. Franks, "stuff like small infection or ringworm. There really isn't much illness at all."

He attributes a great deal of the unit's high state of medical readiness to preventive medicine.

The battalion's medics are pleased with their job, too.

"I dig the field; I wouldn't trade my job here for one in the rear," said Specialist Five Tom D. Yankowsky. "You meet a lot of people, and you help a lot of people out."

Specialist Five Yankowsky has served with the 2nd Bn, 8th Cav for 18 months and recently extended his tour for another six months.

"My home is out here with the grunts. We all think that way," he said. "I guess the field is the only place a medic really feels at home."

12,000 Flying Hours . . .



(U.S. Army Photo by Sp4 Joe Kamalick)

At 45-years-of-age, Warrant Officer Ben Games — a veteran of 27 years of aviation — is serving, voluntarily, with the 1st Cav in 'Nam. "I'm quite proud that I'm flying right along with these younger men. . ."

was project officer for the development of the first research flight simulators and then the development of the G-1 altitude flight suit — the now relatively ancient forerunner of today's space suits.

He left the Air Force in 1954 for reserve status with the Indiana Air National Guard, and with that unit served actively in Europe during 1961-62.

Back in Elkhart, Ind., in 1965, Mr. Games agreed to deliver an airplane personally for a manufacturing friend of his. The aircraft was a Lake LA-4, a single-engine seaplane. Its destination was London, England.

The flight from Elkhart to London took him alone across the Arctic ice cap through 45 hours of flying. "The most I can tell you about that flight is that it was needle ball and air speed and IFR and instruments and ice and snow. . .and I'll never do it again."

Between his civilian and military flying, Mr. Games can give an impressive account of air-

craft types that he's flown. For those who are old enough to remember them, the list included, in part: BT-13, BT-15, BT-19, ET-6, P-40, P-61, F-82, F-86D, F-94, P-51, L-2, L-3, L-4, L-5, L-19, L-1A, B-24, B-25, B-26, B-29, F-2, F-4, F-80, UC-78, U-6, C-54, C-47, DC-6, LA-4, etc.

He has flown most civilian private aircraft and is licensed in fixed-wing, multi-engine, helicopter (before the Army train-

ing) and glider flying.

In 1967 while in Bangkok on business, Mr. Games and his wife got to visit their oldest son serving with the Navy at Da Nang. Seeing Army aviation as it is today, he was "impressed with their approaches to the business. . . their professionalism."

He talked to pilots who were on their second Vietnam tour. When he and his wife returned

to Elkhart, he asked the Army if they wanted another pilot, a bit older than the average, but experienced. The Army did. He is now serving with Company B, 228th Assault Support Helicopter Battalion, 1st Cav.

"In 27 years I've never flown so much. And I mean fly. . .there's no auto pilot, nothing. It's real flying, there's no question about it."

(Continued on Back Page)

Now This Is Living . . .



(U.S. Army Photo by PFC Bob Borchester)

A 1st Cav infantryman lives it up as he gets his share of a sundry pack, wraps himself in a makeshift raincoat and leans on a 'goodie box' from home.

'Nam Knowledge

Viet Military Forces Doing Various Jobs

By SP4 Thomas Benic
QUAN LOI — ARVN, VC, RF, PF, NVA, NPFF, CIDG — it's getting to the point where you can't tell friend from foe without a program.

Just about everyone knows that ARVN stands for the Army of the Republic of Vietnam; they're on our side. The VC (Viet Cong) and the NVA (North Vietnamese Army) are the enemy.

But what's an RF or PF? If you were told that CIDG elements were in the area, how would you react?

All of these forces can be found in the 1st Cav's area of operations. It's quite likely that you'll work with, fight with, talk to, or at least see members of the various defense elements during your tour. It might be helpful to know who they are.

South Vietnam has three basic levels of counter-guerrilla military activity.

The Popular Forces (PF) are drawn from the villages and hamlets, receive ARVN basic training, then return to their homes to defend them.

The Regional Forces (RF) are similar to our national guard. They also take ARVN basic training, then return to their district or province units. They wear the ARVN green fatigue uniform with a blue beret — the beret is the key to recognizing most of the fighting units.

Of course the nation's primary defense mechanism is the Army. It has a three month basic training period, a six month NCO school, and a nine month OCS.

There is also a four-year cadet school, similar to our West Point.

"We're all lifers," said Sergeant First Class Le Van Tham, an interpreter with the Cav's 3rd Brigade, when asked about term of service.

The RF, PF, and ARVN troops are all paid the same. Needless to say, they're all on active duty.

Four elite fighting units have been created which operate on a higher pay scale. Each wears tiger fatigues and distinctive berets — red for the Airborne; brown for the Rangers; green for the Marines and dark green for the Special Forces.

"Of course in the field almost everyone wears a steel pot," said Sergeant First Class Nguyen Dinh Dam, another ARVN interpreter attached to the brigade. "The beret is simply the dress uniform of the Army," he added.

Everyone wears a beret. Infantry and artillery personnel wear light blue, while the mechanized units wear black berets.

There is one other fighting unit that you might run across — the Civilian Irregular Defense Group (CIDG). These men are professional soldiers of various nationalities. They work closely with U.S. Special Forces and wear tiger fatigues, but no green beret.

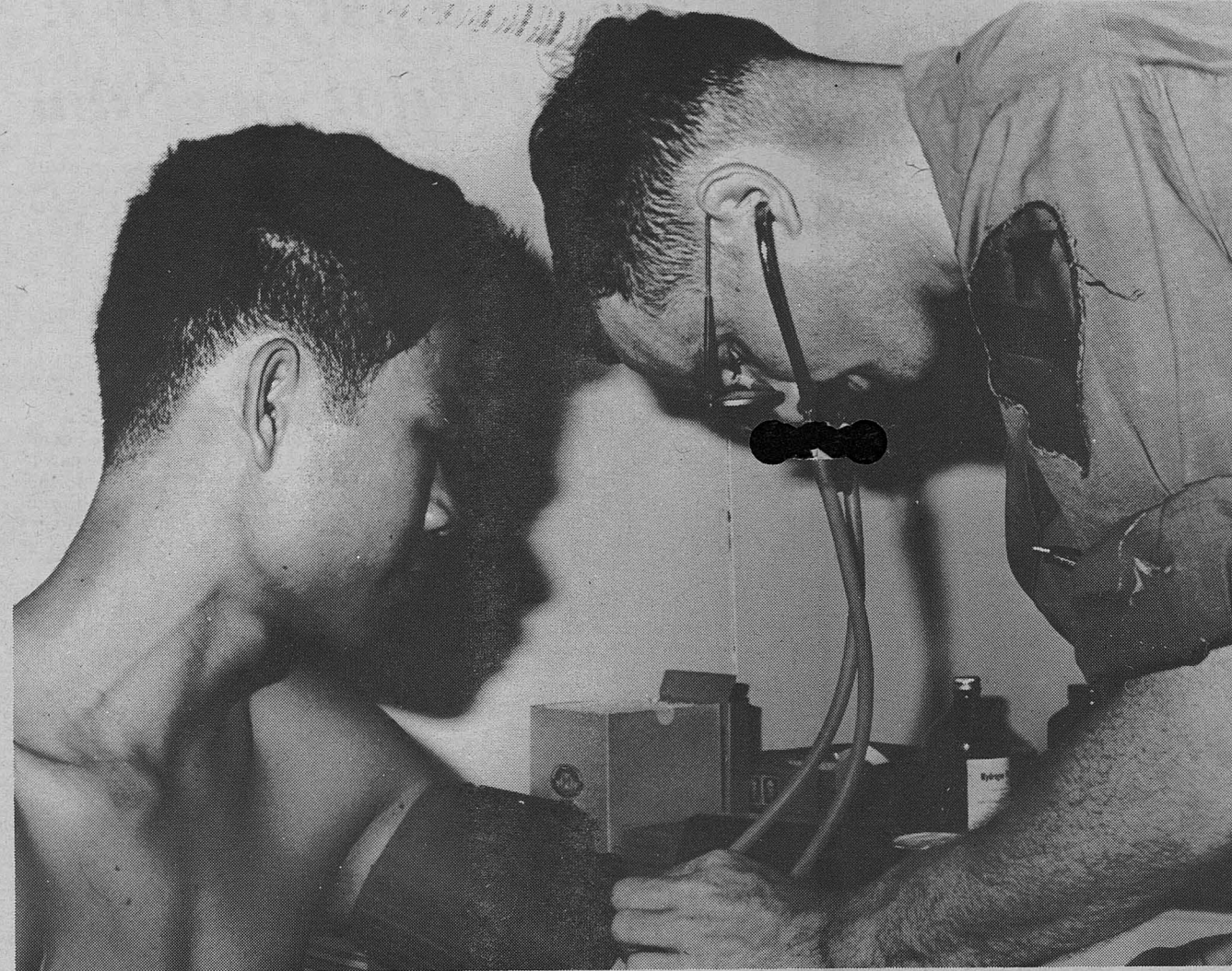
This leaves the NP (National Police), the NPFF (National Police Field Force) and the RDC (Revolutionary Development Cadre).

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Kit Carson Scout Training Program...

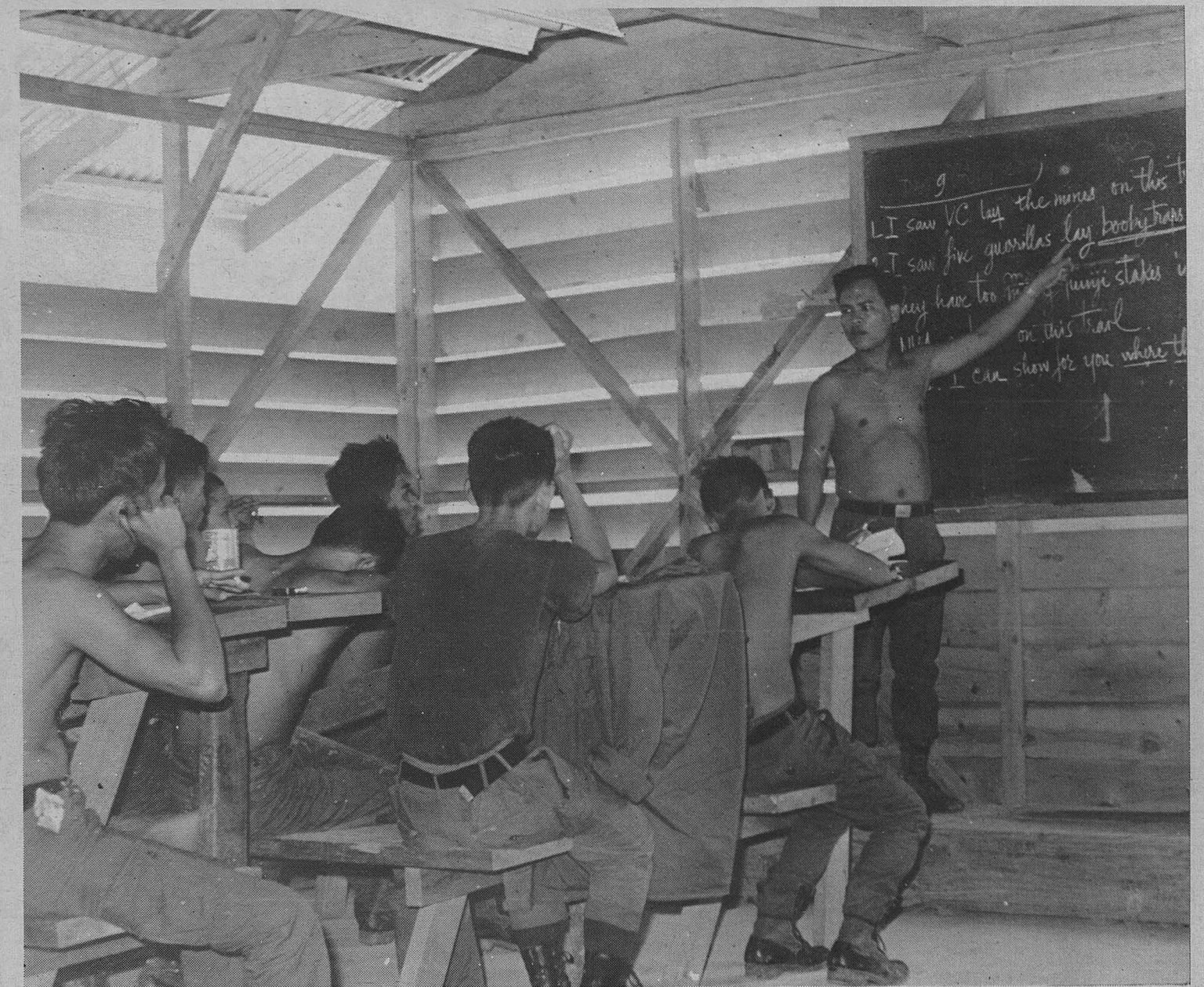


A SCOUT CANDIDATE, JUST LIKE AN AMERICAN SOLDIER, RECEIVES HIS INITIAL ISSUE.



EACH NEW TRAINEE IS GIVEN A COMPLETE MEDICAL EXAMINATION BEFORE HIS TRAINING BEGINS.

Photos By
SSG John
Wilson
and
SP4 Phillip
Blackmarr



CLASSES IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE TAKE UP A PORTION OF THE TRAINING PROGRAM, GIVING THE SCOUT AN ABILITY TO COMMUNICATE WITH HIS AMERICAN COUNTERPART.

Lessons For Freedom



TIME OUT FROM TRAINING GIVES AMERICANS AND VIETNAMESE AN OPPORTUNITY TO ENJOY THE INTERNATIONAL LANGUAGE OF SPORT.



TRAINING ON THE RIFLE RANGE FAMILIARIZES THE PROSPECTIVE SCOUTS WITH THE M-16 RIFLE.



COMMON SOLDIERS WORKING FOR A COMMON CAUSE.

Library, Good Sounds

Being Provided Enemy Soldiers

BY CPT Peter Zastrow

LAI KHE — A frequent service now provided by the Blackhorse Brigade of the division is an airmobile disc jockey, who flies at 1,500 feet over suspected enemy locations.

Unlike a normal program, there is no easy way for the listeners to turn this program off — and the reactions of the audience, or at least the leaders of the audience, are far from favorable.

The program is a part of the Psychological Operations (PSY-OPS) of the 2nd Brigade S-5 section. And, in addition to providing free listening entertainment, the DJ also drops free reading matter for enemy consumption.

A normal day for the PSYOPS Team begins when they mount their large speaker in the door of a helicopter from Company A, 227th Assault Helicopter Battalion. Into the helicopter also go box after box of leaflets directed at different types of targets, but all with one central theme: your situation will be improved only if you Chieu Hoi (rally to the South Vietnamese Government).

From Lai Khe the chopper flies to one of the brigade landing zones and sets down. Although the Brigade S-5 selects several target areas for the day, based on ground contacts, intelligence, or on reconnaissance sightings, the PSYOPS Team tries to get an up-to-the-moment pre-briefing from the battalion in whose area they will work. They are also prepared to fly immediate missions should a contact break out in the area.

"The live broadcasts are best," said First Lieutenant Edward Terres, "but the tapes have a distinct advantage. Since they play over and over again, if a particular individual on the ground hears only part of the tape, he will be able to pick up the rest of the message when we circle the area. Besides that, the tape's voice doesn't wear out."

Legalized littering accompanies the tapes. The PSYOPS Team must choose from a wide selection of leaflets. A sampling of these leaflets includes one which preaches the invincibility of Allied power in Vietnam, an-

other which dwells on the malaria problem of the NVA soldiers, and a third which talks about the great difficulty an NVA soldier has in receiving mail from home. The accepted solution to each of these problems, according to the leaflets, is to chieu hoi.

Day after day over the area of operations of the Blackhorse Brigade, the airmobile DJ, equipped with his leaflet library, entertains the enemy. Even if his programs are not in the NVA 'Top Ten', and his leaflets are not on the NVA best-seller list, the airmobile DJ is interested in something more important than popularity.

Crawls On Elbows To Help Troop

LAI KHE — Stranded. Wounded. His only company the whine of enemy fire overhead. The nearest help — 25 meters behind him.

This was the situation a Skytrooper found himself in when his unit, Company B, 1st Battalion, 12th Cavalry, was hit with intense enemy fire from a bunker complex.

All of the ingredients for heroism — showing sheer guts and saving the life of a fellow soldier — were there for the taking.

"He'd been out there for 45 minutes and I knew someone had to go out and drag him back to safety," said Private First Class Stanley 'Doc' Barr, a medic.

The second platoon put down a heavy base of fire. Pulling himself with his elbows under the firefight going on over his head, Doc crawled out to the wounded Skytrooper.

"He yelled at me to go back, but all I could think of was getting him out," said the medic.

They pulled and clawed their way back to the platoon and medical aid.

The fallen cavalryman's single comment? "I owe my life to you, Doc!"

Action Hot, Heavy

Scout Foils Ambush

By Sp4 Richard Craig

TAY NINH—First light at Landing Zone Becky; the recon platoon moves north on patrol. In the thick jungle it looks like any routine mission for Company E, 2nd Battalion, 8th Cavalry.

Suddenly, as they paralleled a trail, their Kit Carson Scout broke out of the formation and ran down the trail.

"It's a damn good thing he did," said Private First Class Dennis Templeton.

As the scout turned a corner in the trail, he found himself face to face with an NVA soldier. The enemy broke and evaded into the jungle.

"He may not have gotten the NVA," said Specialist Four Wayne Richardson, "but the scout bought time for us to hit the dirt and set up."

As the platoon hit the dirt, enemy machine gunners opened up with .30 caliber fire.

"I was never so scared in my life," said Private First Class Eugene Mitchell, whose hip pocket was creased by enemy fire, destroying his wallet. "It was as though their gunner had

a personal grudge against me," he related.

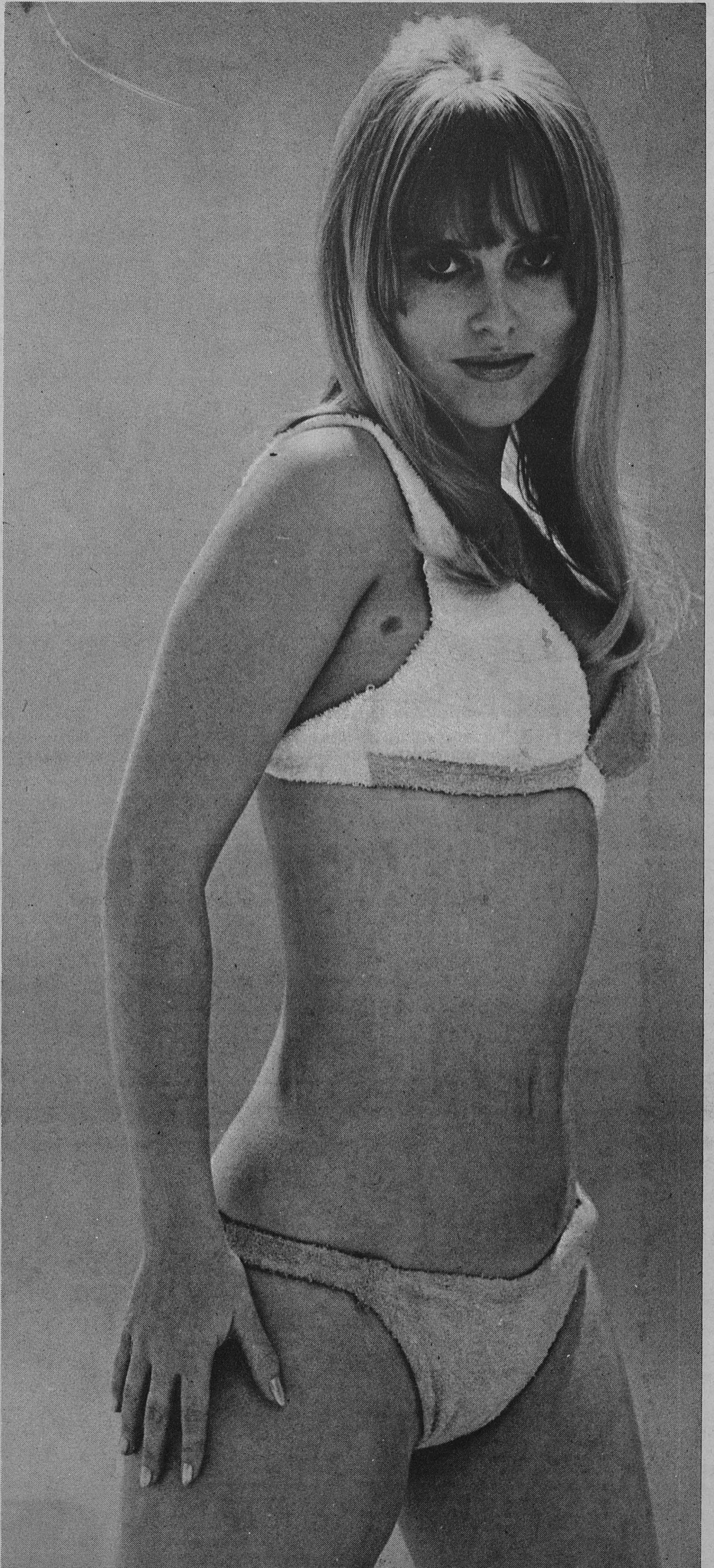
Firing was intense. The barrel of the platoon's M-60 machine gun was replaced twice within 40 minutes.

"It was a real hassle trying to switch barrels in a hurry," said Private First Class Thomas Carney, one of the platoon's gunners. "When your life depends on it, you can do things pretty fast."

Contact broke as sharply as it had begun. The platoon set their night defensive position.

A first light sweep the next morning revealed one enemy dead. There were indications that more bodies had been drug away by the fleeing enemy.

For the Love of Mike . . .



(Photo Courtesy of Playboy Magazine)

Majken Haugedal, a top model in Montreal, has quite a tongue twister for a name. Therefore, the native Denmark beauty says, "Just call me Mike because I'm a boy at heart." We definitely disagree.

Tired Grunts

Chop PZs To Let Choppers Pick-Up

Working Out . . .



Sweat, grime and insects bother you, but you work hard . . . you're going in.

Touching Down . . .



The bird flutters into the spot you've just cleared . . . you get a feeling of accomplishment.

**Photos By
PFC Bob
Borchester**

Going Back . . .



You run for your chopper . . . you're happy because sometimes it's nice to get out of the boonies.

Rappelling Fast . . .



Getting into your company's location is very often easier than getting back out again.

Humping Hard . . .



Before you cut a pick-up zone you hump to the best possible site for the "papa zula."

Hook Claims Flying Record—173 Hours

By Sp4 Joe Kamalick

BEARCAT — A high-endurance crew chief and the pilots, crews and mechanics of Company B, 228th Assault Support Helicopter Battalion, have claimed the record for combat hours flown in one month by a single aircraft.

The record of 173 hours and 45 minutes of combat flying time was made during the 31 days of July 1969 with the CH-47 "Chinook" helicopter bearing the tail number 037.

Men of Company B claim that the time is definitely a record for any aircraft of the 1st Cav Division, and it may well be the record time for all of the air forces fighting in Vietnam since the war's beginning.

It has not been confirmed, but the July time of 037 may also constitute a world record for keeping an aircraft flying under combat conditions.

Credit for the record-breaking flight of 037 quite literally belongs to every man in Company B, from its commander, Major Donald E. Fine, down through every man connected with flying — pilots, crews and mechanics.

The 037 "bird" was kept operational, according to a maintenance man of the company, without diverting any work from regular 228th operations. On the contrary, he said, instead of backpeddling regular operations, Company B succeeded in making July its best overall operational month to date.

Previous holders of the total combat flight hours record for one month were the men of Company C, again of the 228th. Their total of 164 hours had remained unbeaten until now since 1966.

Those almost 175 hours of flight time for 037 seem meager compared to the time spent in keeping the aircraft in operating condition. It is estimated that over 2000 man hours of maintenance were put into 037 in July.

That amount of maintenance, said Staff Sergeant Larry K. Scott, Flight Platoon Sergeant, is not very much more than the average maintenance work done regularly on each of the company's 43 Chinooks.

The man most closely associated with the flight of 037 is Specialist Five James I. Pinto of Cornswelle, Penn., the crew chief.

Crew chiefs of the 43 Chinooks in the 228th Battalion each belong to only one helicopter. They are assigned to one ship and they stay with it. It becomes

"their bird." Pilots and door gunners rotate from helicopter to helicopter, but a crew chief is a one helicopter man.

Specialist Pinto was interviewed four days before he and 037 broke the high mark record. "Trying for the record is kind of a personal thing to me," said Crew Chief Pinto.

"Ever since I first came over here in 1967 I wanted to set this record, and I finally got my chance. And I'm going to do it." He did.

The match was set when Specialist Pinto approached Captain Phillip Knight, battalion maintenance officer, with the thought of trying for "high top."

"He said it was up to me," recalled Pinto, "so I decided to go for the record."

What followed was a frantic and hectic pace of long days of flying, and equally long nights of maintenance.

On quite a few days the ship was airborne for eight or ten hours. For the crew chief and gunners of any Chinook the day begins at 4 a.m., and for the pilots a meager 45 minutes or an hour later. Take-off comes at 7:30 a.m. only after preflight maintenance.

If they're lucky, they finish the flying day at 7:30 p.m. Sometimes the flying lasts until 9 p.m. Then comes another couple of hours of maintenance. The outcome is an 18-hour average working day.

On nights when 037 needed

heavy maintenance and seemingly wouldn't be ready to fly again by daylight, Crew Chief Pinto found off-duty mechanics and crew members wandering into the hangar to pick up tools and pitch in with the harried night work.

Their opponents in the contest were time, sand and engine wear, and, of course, enemy fire.

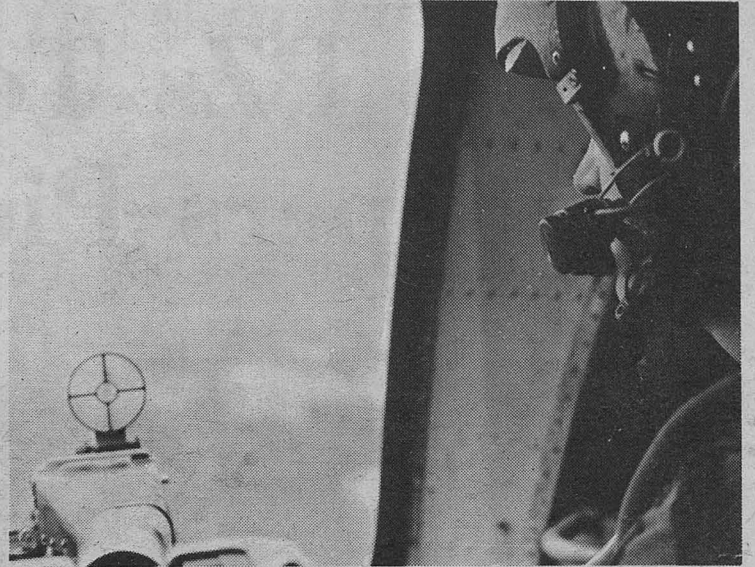
The third week in July might have marked an end to their efforts and scrapped all hopes for a record time. In a year's time a Chinook might normally burn up three turbine engines. In the third week of July, 037 screamed out its demand for three engines. On each occasion the men worked through the night to replace the engine and test it fully so 037 would be ready to fly by dawn.

She was ready three times, everytime.

As if the record try was not, already, enough of a cliff hanger, the NVA got into the game only three days before the month's end. Three AK-47 rounds ripped up through 037's fuselage and one forward rotor blade shortly after the helicopter had departed Phuoc Vinh enroute to Song Be.

None of the crew was injured, and the Chinook limped and shuddered back to Bearcat where the blade was replaced and the fuselage patched that afternoon. They were ready to go again.

Sentry In The Sky . . .



(U.S. Army Photo by Sp4 Joe Kamalick)

On the port side of 037, a door gunner scans the Vietnamese countryside for signs of the record breaking helicopter's third enemy — the NVA. The gunner's support for 037 is vital on any day of any month, whether racing against time or not.

At one time or another some 100 men had a direct hand in pushing 037 over the "high top." By necessity and desire, Crew Chief Pinto was the only man who spent every flying hour with the helicopter, and many more hours with her on the ground working under night lights.

But if the others couldn't actually be with him in 037, they were with him in spirit. When the crew chief walked into the NCO Club at 11 p.m. that night after putting 037 to bed, the men called out to him asking what the total of hours was and how far he was from the record high.

And they harassed him a bit about his efforts . . . testing his mettle.

"It makes me feel real good to know that they're behind me," said the crew chief of 037.

—Enemy Urges Rally

(Continued From Page 1)

being treated well," Lieutenant Melius explained. "Duy urged his comrades to also rally."

"This 'quick reaction' leaflet, dated, signed and having a picture of the Hoi Chanh, was hand carried to the 6th Psychological Operations Battalion in Bien Hoa for immediate printing," Lieutenant Melius continued. "We dropped the leaflets two days later into the area where Duy was picked up."

Duy also prepared a broadcast tape for aerial broadcast by helicopter mounted loud speakers.

"I want to make a personal appeal to my comrades who are still in the jungle," he said. A portion of his message read, "Take advantage of the Chieu Hoi Program and become a Hoi Chanh. You will be welcomed warmly, as I was."

Duy is now processing through the Tay Ninh Province Chieu Hoi Center.

—Grunts

Into Action

(Continued From Page 1)

wind and pulverize their bodies with pellet-sized rocks. They will board amid the shrill of turbine engines, the heat of the sky above, and the asphalt below.

This is unimportant compared to the "heat" that might lie ahead for Delta Company, 1st of the 7th.

Vet Pilot-

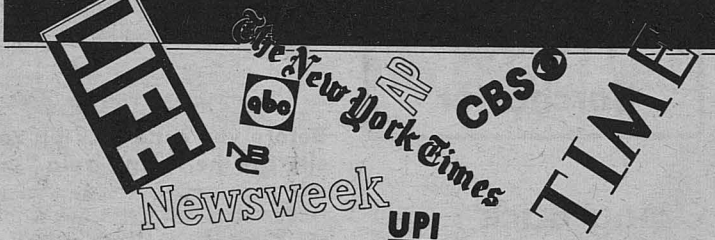
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He volunteered for Vietnam so some other pilot would not have to return again, or at least would have some more time at home before returning to Vietnam.

"I know that I'm just a drop in the bucket," he said. "I realize that. . . I'm no bloomin' hero. But if everybody did it I think it would make a difference."

After Vietnam Mr. Games will be discharged from the Army. "Then I'll either get in touch with the Indiana or Michigan Air National Guard. I'm not quitting. I just started."

THEY COVER the CAV



By Sp4 Joe Kamalick
(Second of a Series)

Sitting in the shuttered and cool living room of his home at Number 10, Alexander De Rhodes St. in Saigon, Keyes Beech sipped at a glass of iced tea and thought for a moment.

"You know," he said, "I've covered this war for more than a decade . . . a fact which I was appalled to realize."

Keyes Beech, the Far East correspondent for the CHICAGO DAILY NEWS, is generally regarded as the Dean of the Far East press corps, and most certainly of the Saigon press corps.

The title is not in homage to his 55 years and short snowy hair, but a term earned by the man who has reported the dragon-like twists and turns of events in the Orient for 22 years.

He entered journalism 38 years ago at the age of 17 when the depression forced him out of school and into a job as copy boy at the St. Petersburg, Fla., EVENING INDEPENDENT. After serving with the Marine Corps as a combat correspondent in World War II, Beech hired on with the DAILY NEWS in 1947 and took up residence in Tokyo.

His coverage of the Korean War in 1950 resulted in a Pulitzer Prize, and in 1951 he accepted the Nieman Fellowship of Journalism at Harvard University.

Between 1954 and the early 1960s, Beech quite literally became an Orient commuter, flying from Tokyo to Saigon. "I watched the buildup here, and I continued to spend more and more time in Vietnam. So, finally, in 1965 I moved to Saigon."

Over the almost 15 years of his periodic and lately constant coverage of the conflict in Vietnam, "keeping a perspective is a great problem. A situation can be black on Saturday, and then can look not at all bad on Tuesday."

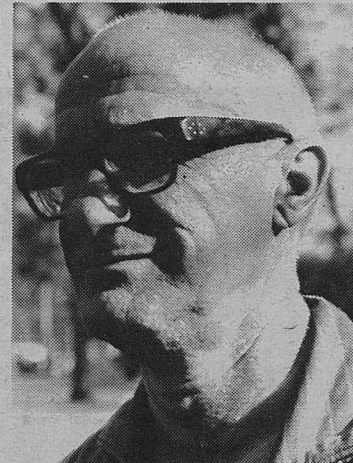
"We've tended to view the war from peaks of euphoria and valleys of despair, instead of looking at it in long term perspective. It's easy to get trapped by gloom."

When interviewed, Beech was working on a story about the overall reduction of American troops, what he called "the great rollback."

"In Vietnam we have come to the end of the big military commitment. The American commitment here will probably peter out the way it petered in."

For Beech, who witnessed the fall of the French here, and watched the smoldering pot of guerilla warfare rekindle, the war's most important front is the political one.

"Today I think you can prove that we're winning, and I don't think you could prove that we're losing. But the great irony now



(U.S. Army Photo by Sp4 Joe Kamalick)

Keyes Beech

is that a lot of the programs are working effectively, and nobody seems to give a damn. The only question asked now is: How soon can we get out. That, of course, is understandable.

"We have made too many mistakes here, and the American people will only tolerate so many mistakes."

"In my reporting for the DAILY NEWS, I try to explain things, tell why certain things happen. My job is to interpret events, and in Vietnam that has not been an easy chore."

Even though he is primarily concerned with the war's political trends, his job still takes him to 1st Cav firebases on occasion. "I have not covered myself with glory as a war correspondent here," he said.

But he has traveled the length and breadth of Vietnam for years. And if that is not considered sufficient combat exposure, it might be said that Beech got more than any man's share when covering the landings at Tarawa and Iwo Jima.

Said one of the most experienced of correspondents: "A dead war correspondent is not a good war correspondent."

Military—

(Continued From Page 3)

Actually the RDC is not a defense group, but rather is similar to VISTA volunteers in the States. These volunteers live and work with the villagers in an attempt to improve the rice yields, school systems and other like problems.

The National Police can be seen in large cities like Saigon, directing traffic, catching thieves, or carrying out other duties normally associated with police work.

The NPFF is a military security force usually operating in the large cities. Dressed in brown tiger fatigues with M-16's braced against their hips, the NPFF stands guard at hotels, public buildings — anywhere terrorists might attack.