AMERICAL

SPRING, 1971

The officers and men of the 23rd Infantry Division can justly be proud of the accomplishments of this division toward assuring peace and security to the people of the Republic of Vietnam. However, we must bear in mind as American forces are withdrawing in ever increasing numbers that our job is not yet completed.

We have an additional mission of effecting closer co-operation with the armed forces and the people of Vietnam to enhance their ability to meet and withstand the communist threat to their peace and prosperity.

Increased importance has been placed on the value of the individual soldier, regardless of grade, in successfully converting the concept of Vietnamization into a viable reality. The individual and the small unit of which he is a part are the vehicles for conveying both technical and military assistance and the spirit of a free people to the Vietnamese.

To acomplish this new task, we are armed with a sense of respect for our allies and their ability to help themselves, and with the dignity inherent in our love of freedom.

Our sucesses will be measured in the strength and discipline of our small units as they come in daily contact with the people, whether they be soldier, farmer or merchant. We are laying the foundation of either a lasting friendship or endless resentment depending upon you and your attitude toward the Vietnamese, who look to us as the examples of freedom and the democratic way of life.

We must assure ourselves that we are doing our part to understand and assist a valiant people in their effort to gain the freedoms to which they are entitled.

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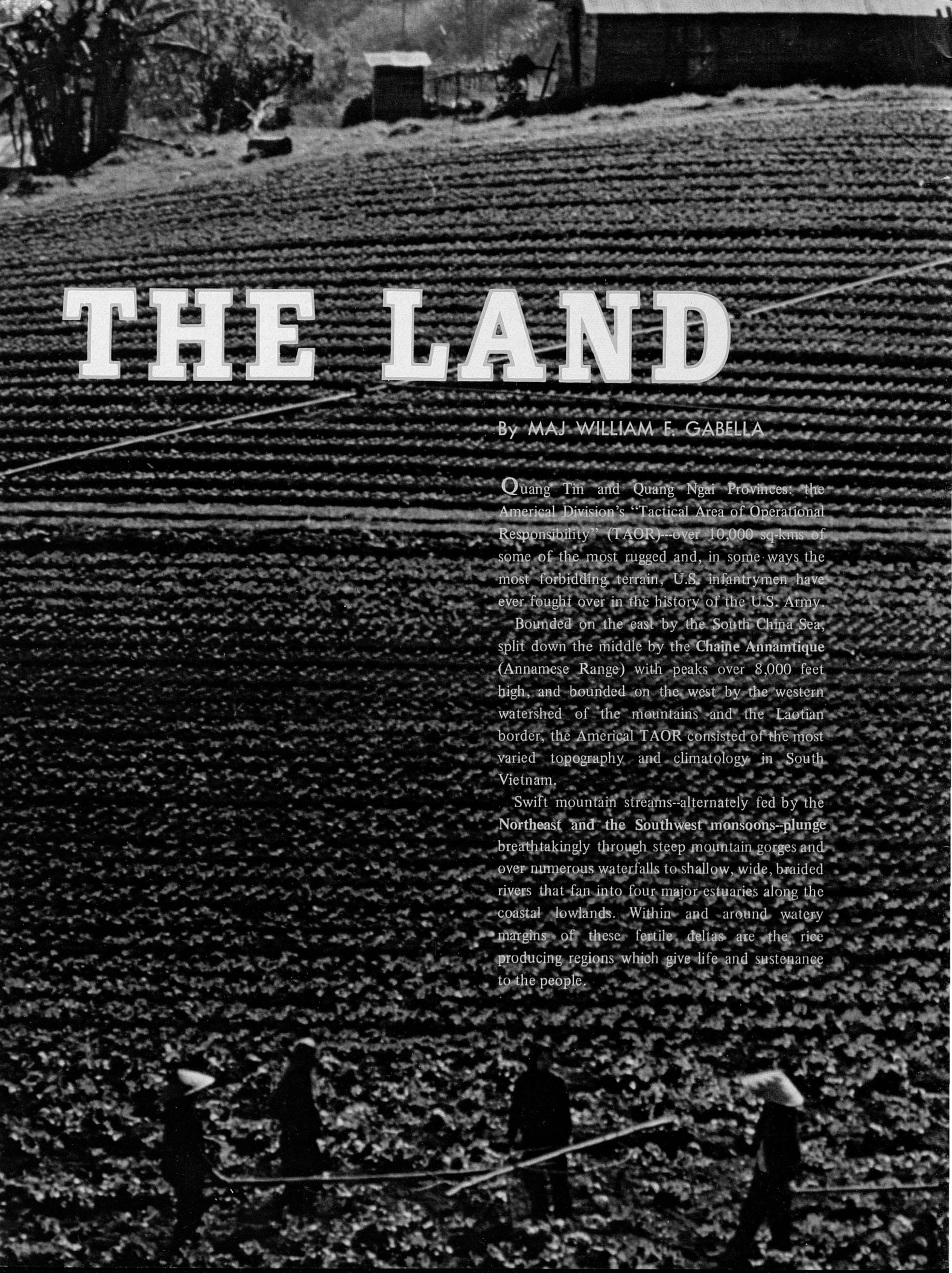


THE LAND

By MAJ WILLIAM F. GABELLA

Quang Tin and Quang Ngai Provinces: the Americal Division's "Tactical Area of Operational Responsibility" (TAOR)---over 10,000 sq-kms of some of the most rugged and, in some ways the most forbidding terrain, U.S. infantrymen have ever fought over in the history of the U.S. Army.

Bounded on the east by the South China Sea, split down the middle by the **Chaine Annamtique** (Annamese Range) with peaks over 8,000 feet high, and bounded on the west by the western watershed of the mountains and the Laotian border, the Americal TAOR consisted of the most varied topography and climatology in South Vietnam.

Swift mountain streams--alternately fed by the **Northeast and the Southwest monsoons--plunge** breathtakingly through steep mountain gorges and over numerous waterfalls to shallow, wide, braided rivers that fan into four major estuaries along the coastal lowlands. Within and around watery margins of these fertile deltas are the rice producing regions which give life and sustenance to the people.

In many ways the land is a paradox of contrast and contradiction.

One of the most striking examples of this paradox is that while blessed with over 100 inches of rainfall annually, it is common to find desert vegetation, such as various types of common cacti, thriving within a few feet of swamps or rice paddies.

And, while temperatures on the littoral or interior valleys could soar to 110 degrees F., mountain firebases only a few thousand feet above sea level would be shrouded in cloud and rain and whipped by upper-level winds that would subject personnel to the threat of exposure injuries.

To fully understand the environment in which the Americal had to meet and destroy the Communist enemy, two major factors which determined the environment had to be considered. These were the monsoon seasons and the terrain--which provided both the animation and the parameters for all life within the TAOR.

The spine of the Chaine, running approximately north-south through the TAOR, represents the natural boundary between the Southwest and the Northwest monsoon seasons. The cool, moist air of the Northwest monsoon sheds its precipitation on the eastern slopes of the Chaine from October through April. Stripped of its moisture, after rising the Northeast monsoon descends over the western slope of the range--much in the manner of "Chinook" winds--warmer and drier and relatively cloudless.

Conversely, from April to October the Southwestern monsoon holds sway over the TAOR. To Americans accustomed to the gradual transition of one season to another in temperate climates, the change from Northeast to Southwest monsoon occurs with dramatic abruptness--usually within the space of 24 hours and accompanied in either case, by high winds and rain.

The Southwest monsoon is the product of the Great Indian Heat Low, which itself is the result of intense surface heating during summer on that subcontinent. The massive counter-clockwise circulation of the Great Indian Heat Low causes moisture to be absorbed over the Indian Ocean and Gulf of Siam. The warm, moist unstable flow sweeps northeast-ward to rise over land and unburden heavy rainfall over Indochina.

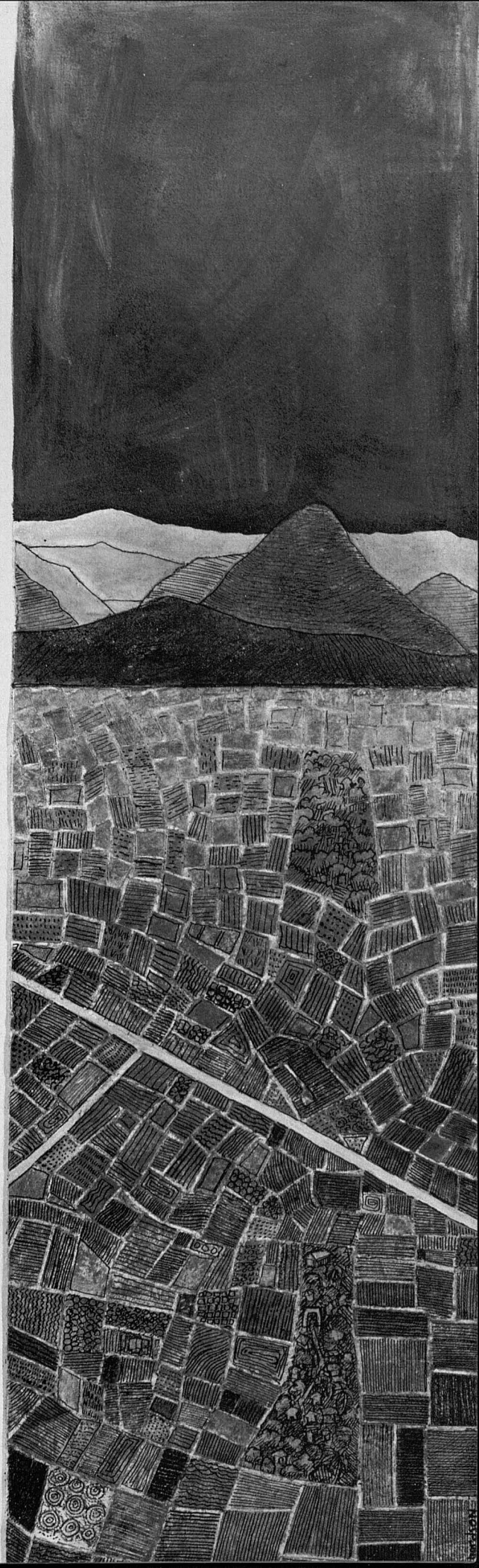
Significantly, the Annamese divide forms the easternmost boundary for the Southwest monsoon.

The Mountains. Of all the striking geographical features within the Americal TAOR, the most dramatic and dominant are the mountains.

And the most dramatic of them all is towering Ngoc Ang--the tallest mountain in the Republic of Vietnam--which soars to 8,551 feet in height 25 miles southeast of Kham Duc.

The Annamese Range is the southernmost spur, over 750 miles in length, of the rugged chain of highlands which originate in Tibet and western China. Geologically, the mountains are composed of igneous rocks, primarily granite, sprinkled with occasional outcroppings of slate and hardened laterite. The Chaine is remarkably devoid of important commercial mineral deposits.

Only one natural east-west avenue of approach exists through the Chaine in the Americal TAOR, the Que Son Valley. Highway 534--a dirt track--winds through the valley and narrow mountain defiles from the coastal lowlands in the east to Kham Duc in the west then southwest into Laos.



Richardson

Covered with bamboo and broadleaf triple-canopied forests, the Chaine is home of the Montagnards, elephants, tigers, clouded leopards, and several types of venomous snakes--including the King Cobra. The Chaine is also the well-camouflaged lair of the NVA and the VC who utilized a well developed system of high-speed trails and a swift rivers, for rapid transport to-and-from the population centers located on the coastal lowlands and the piedmont of the TAOR.

The Piedmont. The eastern slope of the Chaine devolves into a series of low-lying hills 1,000 feet or less in height which dominate the sandy coastal lowlands. This piedmont represents the western limit of population density in the TAOR. Tactically, the hills of the piedmont are important since they afford excellent observation posts and fire support base sites covering the routes of access and egress into the coastal lowlands.

The Coastal Lowlands. The axis of greatest population density and the fertile food producing area are the coastal lowlands bordering the South China Sea. A cursory map or ground reconnaissance of the lowlands, whose fertile rice paddies are nourished by silt from mountain drainage, would lead one to erroneously conclude that this coastal plain would lend itself to rapid surface maneuver.

This is not the case however--even though the average elevation is only a dozen meters above sea level--since the coastal lowlands are in fact one giant estuary of the eastern watershed of the Chaine Annamtique.

The Littoral. Next to the mountains, the second most striking feature of the Americal TAOR is the sandy littoral bordering the South China Sea.

Sculpted by the interaction of alluvial drainage from the mountains and the constant northeast pounding of the sea, the more than 200 miles of coastline within the TAOR encompass some of the finest beaches in the world.

Perhaps the finest beach of all is that north of Duc Pho which runs nearly string-straight for 14 miles and whose desert-like aspect led Americal troops to dub it "The Gaza Strip".

Two major headlands dominate the coast, the Son Tra promontory at the southern tip of scythe-shaped Chu Lai Bay and the Batangan Peninsula 12 miles northeast of Quang Ngai.

The estuarial bays themselves were remarkable for their random shapes and sizes, ranging from the deeply scalloped Truong Giang Bay immediately north of Chu Lai and its interior channel, which runs northwest like a manmade canal for 26 miles to the mouth of the Song Thu Bon south of Hoi An in the First Marine Division TAOR. Paralleling the channel is a 20-mile stiletto of sand known as "Barrier Island," pointed dagger-like at Chu Lai.

Aside from its stunning beaches the most remarkable feature of the littoral was its lack of deep water anchorage--an extremely important consideration for military operations in the TAOR. The nearest deep water ports to Chu Lai were Da Nang, 70 miles north, and Qui Nhon, 120 miles to the south. Shallow draft Navy vessels transferring cargo to Chu Lai from these ports operated out of the shelter of Truong Giang Bay.

An important source of food to Quang Ngai and Quang Tin Provinces, the South China Sea offered the troops of the Americal an extra dividend as recreation site. Snorkeling along rocky promontories and reefs was as popular as was scuba diving, surfing and even water skiing. The beaches also served as a giant display board for graffiti stamped out in 50-foot letters by troops on standown. Needless to say, not all the graffiti was complimentary to the Army.

The warm, translucent waters of the South China Sea teemed with tropical life. Lobsters and fish were the prizes sought by scores of tiny fishing villages, usually located at the mouth of estuaries, which dotted the littoral from north to south. Helicopter crews reported seeing sharks in the deeper offshore waters and, in the fall of the year, it was not uncommon to hear of sightings of poisonous sea snakes "rafting" in schools up to 30 and 40 feet in diameter. This phenomenon marine biologists believe to be a mating frenzy.

The TAOR. This was the Americal TAOR--land of contrast and contradiction. A tropical paradox which was at the same time benevolent and cruel: an environment which taxed both men and machines to the utmost limit of endurance and beggared modern technology.

Only the flood tides of history could have chosen this land for a bloody battleground. As an early stage for Ho Chi Minh and the birthplace of Pham Van Dong, it was the diamond-hard core of the Communist revolutionary movement in all of Vietnam, both North and South. Its Marxist blood ties, political ties, and historical ties date back to the beginning of this century.

This was the cauldron in which the Americal--rising phoenix-like from the ashes of another war--was re-forged and tempered to become the largest and certainly one of the finest divisions the world has seen in modern times.

The people along the sand
All turn and look one way.
They turn their back on the land.
They look at the sea all day.

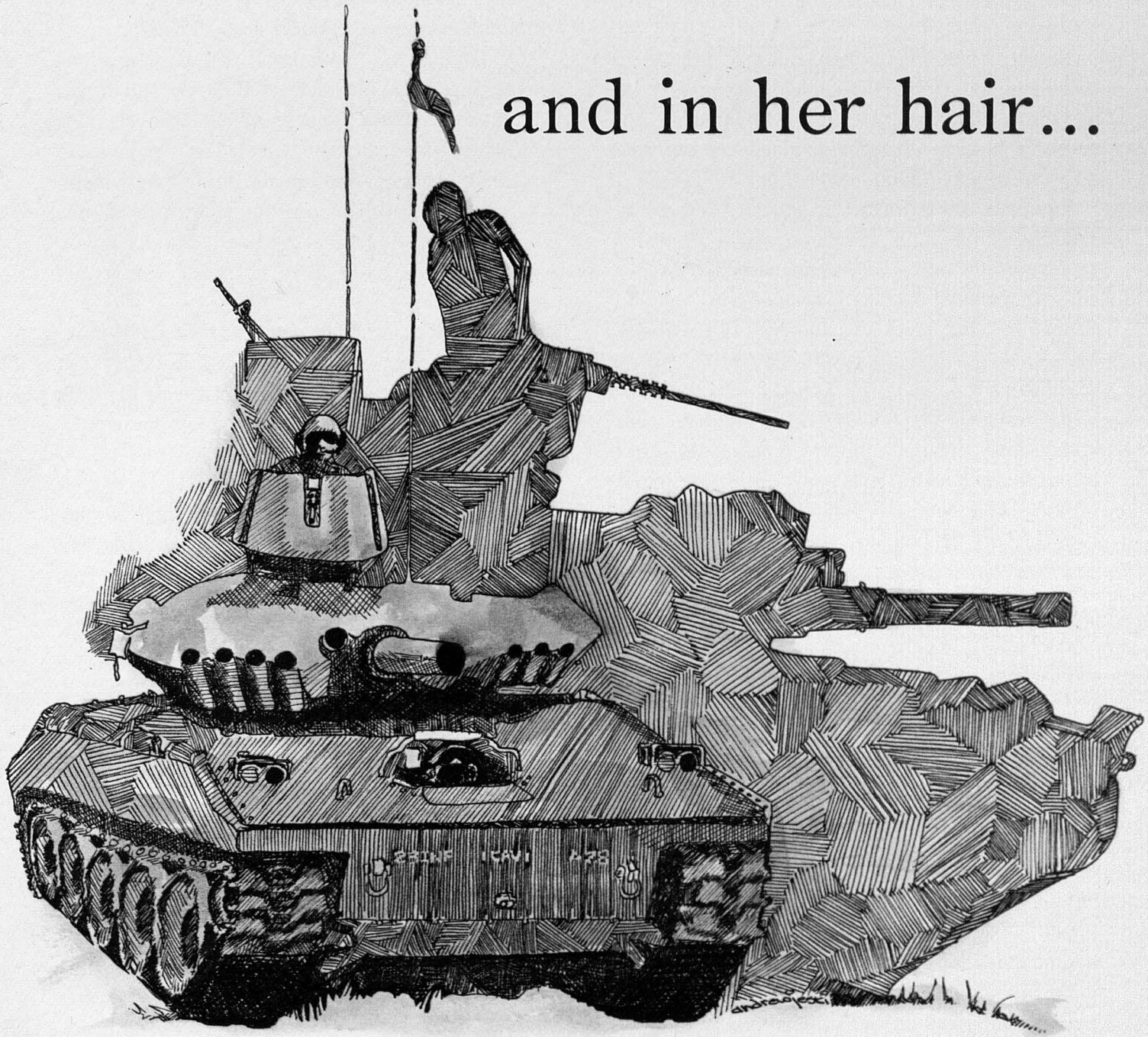
As long as it takes to pass
A ship keeps raising its hull;
The wetter ground like glass
Reflects a standing gull.

The land may vary more;
But wherever the truth may be-
The water comes ashore,
And the people look at the sea.

They cannot look out far.
They cannot look in deep.
But when was that ever a bar
To any watch they keep?

Robert Frost

and in her hair...



Andrewjeski

Clouds of dust swirl in the intense heat, filling the tankers' lungs and coating their skin. Seven armored personnel carriers (APCs) and three Sheridan tanks lumber along the main road out of landing zone (LZ) Hawk Hill. F Troop, 17th Cavalry is on the move.

Before joining the 196th Infantry Brigade in mid-February, 1971, F Troop had worked with 1st Squadron, 1st Cavalry. Since September it has recorded 41 kills, 54 enemy detained, and captured 45 weapons and 7,500 pounds of rice.

Equipped with fire power equal to that of an infantry battalion, F Troop cruises at about 10 miles per hour when on reconnaissance in an area of operations (AO). Traveling in column formation, each track commander (TC) sits with his head jutting through the open hatch, scrutinizing his path for mines and booby traps.

Even though the tanker knows that any moment could bring the explosion of a mine, he can't afford to dwell on it. "You really can't think about mines", said Sergeant James Wheaton, a tank commander. "If you do, you might get nervous and miss one."

Though mines and booby traps are F Troop's most dreaded problem, they are never short of others. One of the ever-present problems is simply getting stuck.

On first glance most people might think that a rice paddy would present a most formidable problem to the trackman. But Sergeant Eddie Smith, on his second tour with tanks in Vietnam, knows better. "In a rice paddy there are two to three inches of silt and the ground becomes hard, but we've gotten stuck in sand and mud up to three feet," he said. "There was one Sheridan bogged down for five hours."

Despite all the hardships in the field, many of the tankers would rather be there than in the rear. "Staying back can get boring as hell," remarked Smith. "I wouldn't even accept a clerk-typist job. I couldn't stand to sit in an office and do the same thing everyday."

"At least in the field you get to ride around and have some adventure," added Wheaton. "I've been back in the rear for two to three weeks and I'm going out of my mind."

"Some guys would like to be out there seven days prior to their DEROS," continued Smith. "There's nobody really messing with you. If you're not doing anything, you can sleep all day."

Riding in the "sweatbox" can be a gruelling experience, but the men of F Troop still try to retain some of the luxuries of life. Cameras, tape recorders and radios are secreted in the tanks to preserve memories and provide musical enjoyment. Some tracks carry as many as nine cases of soda and ice when they are available. "Usually if you have ice, you don't have soda and vice-versa," added Smith.

But companionship is what the men really crave. F Troop has become sort of a moving zoo. At last count there was a monkey and "at least ten dogs that I know of, or that I shouldn't know of," mused First Sergeant Donald McLean.

But knowing how to raise puppies isn't all it takes to be in F Troop. One must be able to play the role of a grunt, tanker, scout or mechanic at a moment's notice. Knowing your track and the men around you causes the esprit de corps in a cavalry unit to be extremely high and F Troop is no exception. "I think it's because they work harder and are closer together," said McLean. "We have a spirit of teamwork and we're a damn good team."

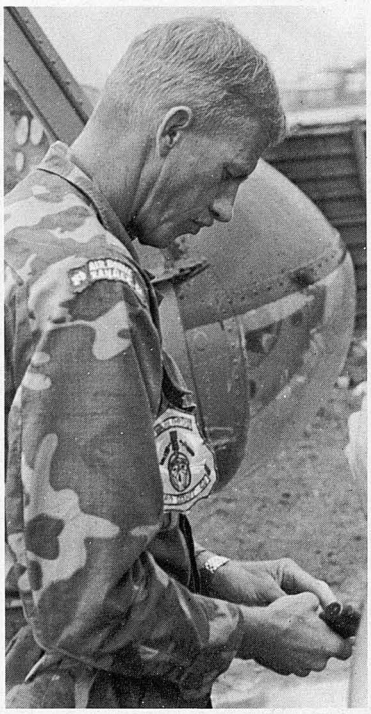
"Another man who came into country had a profile for his back, but wavered it to go out to the field," related McLean. "He was lucky. He stepped on a 250 pound mine that failed to detonate. Now he's in the 'world' because his back got worse."

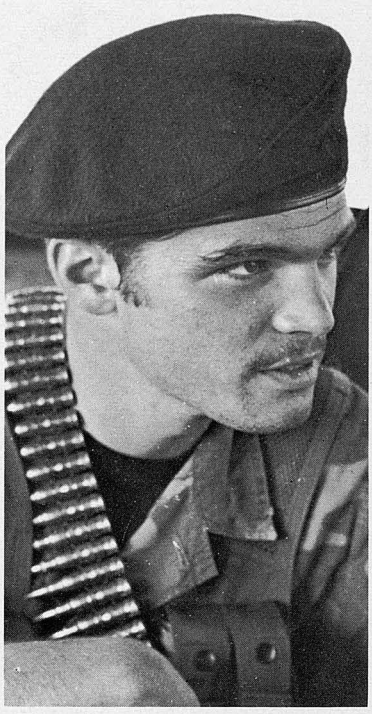
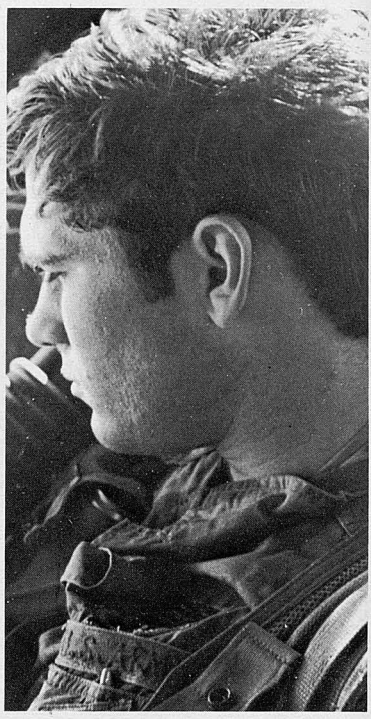
F Troop's job is not confined to reconnoitering flat areas, but sometimes involves rescue missions, like when a chinook (CH-47) helicopter's sling broke, the tracks could be sent to retrieve a water trailer, a conex or a number of blivets (water bags).

The role of F Troop in the 23d Infantry Division is largely support and recon, but their necessity and value should not be underestimated. "When the fireworks start," related a 196th Brigade infantryman, "those tracks look mighty pretty."

By SP4 THOMAS MANO

...she wore a yellow ribbon...



Grambergu

WARLORDS

Platoon Sergeant Leo Scott awoke at 5:00 AM as he always does when he has to fly. He dressed quickly and went outside his hootch and up the walk to where his men live. As he entered their hootch he could see that some were stirring in their beds while others were sound asleep. Scott very seldom raises his voice, but this morning he made an exception in order to induce some of his more ardent sleepers from their slumber.

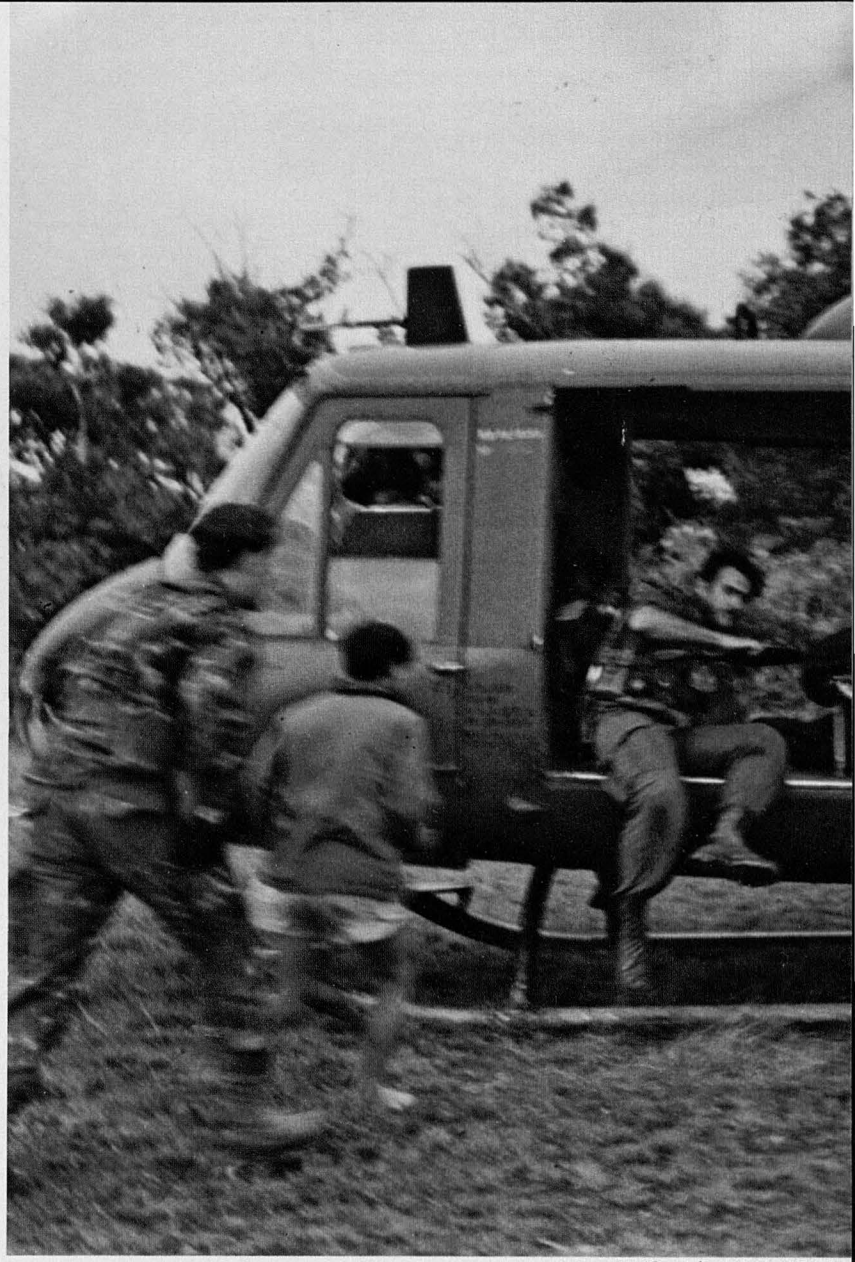
Within a half an hour Scott's infantrymen were on the way to join their battle companions, the helicopter crews, for another day of aero scout missions as Bravo Company, 123d Aviation Battalion, more commonly known as the "Warlords".

Major Donald E. Long is the company commander of the Warlords, and if you were to ask him, he would most assuredly say that his aero scout company is the best in Vietnam, and he has the statistics to prove it. In 1969 the Warlords had over 200 kills, which is quite high for a company size unit. In 1971 they have had the highest record of kills in a single day in the division, 20 on January 26.

The missions the Warlords undertake are as varied as they are interesting. Their duties have ranged from APD missions, to securing areas for downed helicopters, to actual combat assaults. One mission even included the air evacuation of 14 ralliers from an enemy infested area west of Duc Pho. However, the bulk of the ground insertions for the infantry element consists of contact with hostile enemy forces.

Sergeant Gary Carpenter described why the infantry is inserted, "When Skeeter (The Light Observation Helicopter that hovers just above the tree tops to seek out enemy positions) takes fire, we know Charlie is down there and we should be ready to go in."

And go in they do. The two Cobra Gunships that always fly as part of the aero scout team swoop out of the sky to make their gun runs of the



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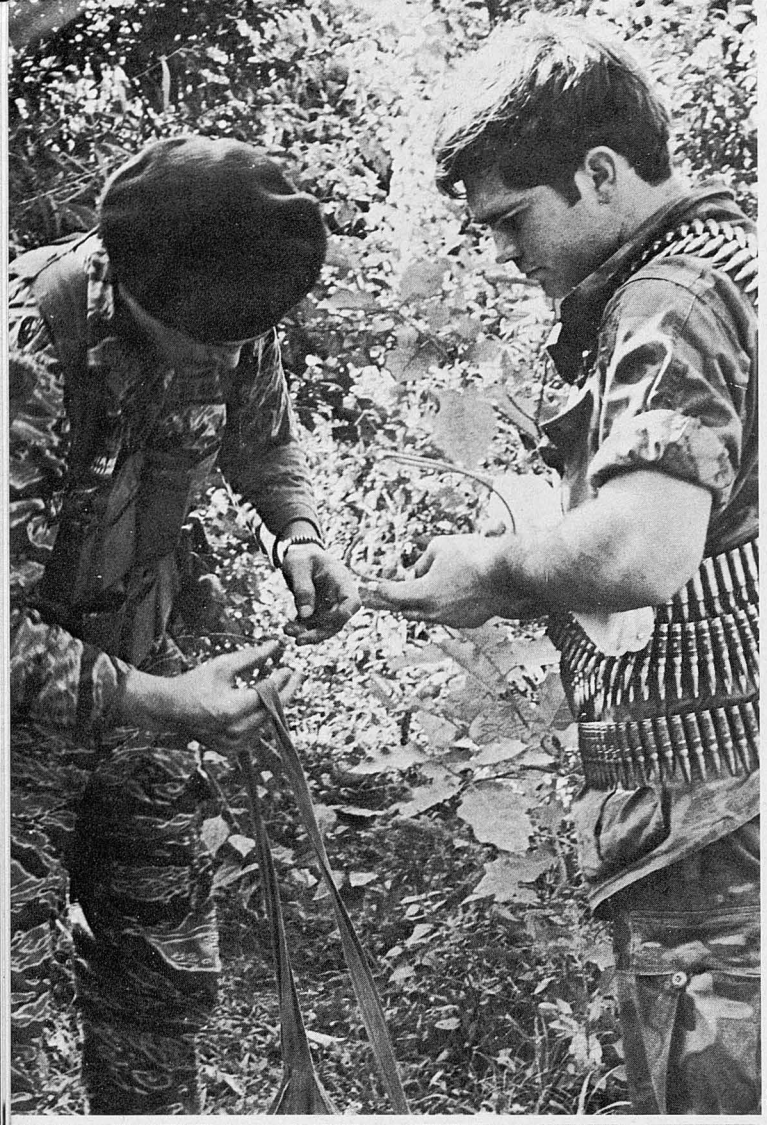


Myers

Myers

area before the infantry is inserted. With their weapons ablaze to provide fire power, two Slicks (UH-1H Helicopters) insert at least two platoons of infantry, who quickly form a defensive perimeter then deftly go about their work of seeking out their prey. Usually within an hour or two of their insertion the Warlords are back in the helicopters, their mission complete. From there it's off for a quick refueling at the Duc Pho Airfield then on to another mission.

Being part of the Warlords team is considered a great honor for an infantryman of the 23d Division. To be selected a man not only has to have had experience in the field, but a good combat record as well. He then is interviewed personnally by Colonel Benjamin Silvers, Commanding Officer of the 16th Combat Aviation Group, and Maj. Long. If he is acceptable he joins a force of elite men which includes Rangers, Pathfinders and other men who have distinguished themselves in the field. Scott is representative of the caliber of men known as the Warlords. Now on his third tour of Vietnam, he has received a Purple Heart each time. He is well liked and respected by his men and it can be observed that the feeling is mutual when he commented, "Think? Hell, I know I have the best men in Vietnam working for me."

When the missions are completed and the day comes to a close the Warlords can be seen flying home to Chu Lai. They are tired after a long day and this is a good time to catch a quick nap or smoke a cigarette. The view from the helicopters is breathtaking, as the sun sets behind the rugged mountains to the west and casts its golden reflection upon the flooded rice paddies and serpentine rivers. It is during times like this when Thomas will nudge Carpenter and ask what movie is playing tonight. Carpenter will probably reply he does not know, but he heard of a fast moving game of Spades tonight in the hootch next to their's. Thomas nods, and says that sounds like a good idea. Whatever they do they will be in their racks at a fairly decent hour because when 5:30 AM rolls around Scott will be there as usual and they will have another hectic day ahead of them.

By 1LT HENRY G. GRAMBERGU JR.


Grambergu


Grambergu


Grambergu

The People

By SP5 William J. Hayes

For the agrarian dwellers of Quang Tin and Quang Ngai province the land they inhabited was more than just a place to grow their crops, it was an essential part of their heritage, and often a part of their religion.

For Christian and non-Christian alike, the land was the home of his ancestor's spirits, and the benign or malicious spirits of the soil, trees and watercourses.

In the country especially, a man considered the land his source and his destiny. Often, a man would return to his native hamlet when near death, or his remains would be buried there by his survivors.

For the hundreds of thousands who lived along Highway 1, the National Highway, the hope of returning to their homes in the more isolated regions was ever present. But until those regions were cleared of the enemy, they were fixed in the more secure areas near the coast and the major population areas.

Of the 1,062,000 persons in Quang Tin and Quang Ngai provinces the overwhelming majority lived along Highway One and in a few larger villages further inland. Most of them wanted to go home even if only in death.

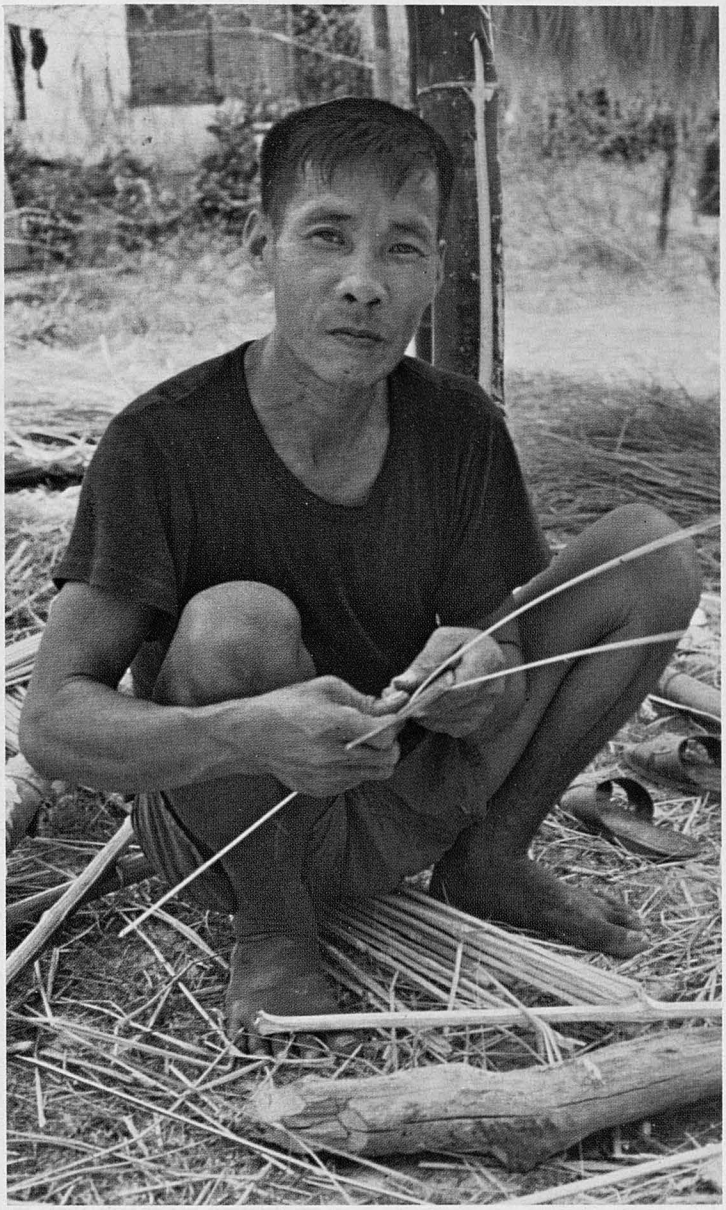
To the rural Vietnamese, home was more than a sleeping-place. It was the nerve center of the family life, the focus of religious observance in addition to the pagoda or church, and the place for the ancestral altar honoring forbears to at least the third preceding generation.

Resettling the population in government controlled areas brought discontent to the people, but two major benefits were derived from that strategy.

First, the population was protected from the enemy raids and extortion. By the same token, those who would support the Viet Cong were removed from VC areas of operation, creating gaps in the enemy logistical and intelligence system. The humanitarian effects were also important; civilians were successfully removed from the likely battle areas, protecting them from death and injury of war.

Though living conditions in South Vietnam were more favorable than in many other Asian nations, serious health problems plagued the overcrowded cities and rural hamlets.

The diet of the poor caused various nutritional deficiency diseases in the city as well as the country. Beriberi, inflammation and ulceration of sensitive tissues, and disorders of the digestive organ were not uncommon.



In addition to dietary diseases and disorders, malaria and tuberculosis were endemic. Pulmonary TB was reported in as much as 60 percent of the city population. Lower rates were reported in the country due to fewer detection opportunities, rather than lower incidence of the disease.

At least one drug-resistant strain of malaria was isolated in the Republic of South Vietnam; it struck even those who regularly took the chloroquine and primaquine tablets. Dysentary, intestinal parasites and typhoid fever were endemic in the two provinces, and reinfection of cured persons was common, mainly because of poor sanitation. Cholera, was a particularly dangerous disease during monsoon season and the ensuing floods. Inoculation teams were often found among the flood rescue workers.

Vermine-transmitted Bubonic plague was most prevelent in the higher cooler, provinces, but an outbreak of explosive proportions in Quang Ngai Province in 1965. Since then, there have been numerous cases in both provinces.

Leprosy seemed to favor no particular portion of the country. Health officials believed the 15,000 known lepers represented only a fraction of the total cases of the disease. Tetanus and rabies were prevelant, though often diagnosed and untreated. Chronic respiratory diseases (pneumonia, bronchitis, and influenza) were widespread, along with half a dozen skin diseases.

The country had a gross shortage of physicians and surgeons, and even the paramedical teams at the district level could not handle the tremendous case load. Allied governments and private organizations attempted to lessen the problem by establishing and training native personnel, but the shortage of medical care continued to exist.

The central Annam region--the northern portion of the Republic of South Vietnam--embraced three major ethnic groups, each having it's own unique elements of culture.

The majority were ethnic Vietnamese who settled on the coastal plains and low valleys reaching into the piedmont of the *Chaine Annamatique.* More than half of these people were working as farmers; their lives steeped in the customs and traditions of the hamlet society.

The second biggest occupation was fishing, closely followed by manufacturing and handicrafts. All other occupations, except military and government employees, numbered fewer than 150,000 workers each. In the larger villages and cities, the "merchant class" had a heavy representation of the Chinese minority. The Chinese culture was evident in the homes of Chinese families, but their overall behavior closely followed the Vietnamese cultural patterns. The Chinese successfully participated in the Vietnamese society, although they maintained an awareness of their heritage.

Among themselves, the Chinese conversed in the Cantonese dialect; most were fluent in Vietnamese and spoke the national language outside the home.

The second minority--the Montagnards or Nguoi Thuong lived their semi-nomadic lives in the rugged mountain country west of the piedmont region. Northern linguistic groups included the Katu in northwestern Quang Tin Province, the Hre west of Quang Ngai Province. The Sedang were on the periphery of the Hre population mass, centered in Northwestern Dontum Province to the south.

Although separated into language groups for classification the Montagnards could usually converse with neighboring language groups. Racially different from the Vietnamese, the Montagnards language, dress, customs and even house construction were unique. The Nguoi Thuong were proud of their distinction.

Forces of the Army Republic of South Vietnam (ARVN)---the 4th, 5th and 6th Regiments of the 2nd ARVN Division---were supplemented in Quang Tin and Quang Ngai Provinces by various local organizations.

The Regional Force, organized on the province level, had an official mission of enforcing the law and maintaining public safety and security in rural areas. The mission of the Popular Force (PF) units was similar except that PF areas of responsibility were in the villages and hamlets and administrative centers in which they were organized.

The People's Self Defense Force was organized on the village level and was charged with protecting the village and surrounding hamlets from Communist attack.

Armed Civilian Irregulars Defense Groups patrolled around villages to protect their families as well as their base of operations.

In the I Military Region, the Navy of the Republic of South Vietnam provided security for the sea approaches and inland waterways. The Navy often ran psychological warfare operations and exchanged information with residents of the fishing villages along the waterways.

The Air Force of the Republic of South Vietnam provided close air support and transportation for the other services, conducted aerial reconnaissance missions, attacked guerilla units and installations and provided a search and rescue service.

The National Police were responsible for law-enforcement in the hamlets and cities; they were responsible for civilian motor traffic, thwarting the black market and in interdicting contraband.

The National Police Field Force, a separate organization, performed specialized counterinsurgency missions in the countryside, aimed at Communist infrastructures.

In southern IMR Catholics and Protestants made up only about 10 percent of the total population. Buddhist and Cao Daist sects and local non-institutional animism provided spiritual guidance for the overwhelming majority of persons in the two provinces, where the Americal Division operated.

In addition to the religions and beliefs that were found in other parts of Southeast Asia, there was one which was uniquely Vietnamese---the Cao Dai. Cao Daism, begun by a civil servant in 1919 and organized by a nucleus of disciples in 1925, underwent a long and trying growth period before achieving recognition by the Emperor of Cochinchina.

From its founding until the late '50s, splits within the Cao Dai organizations formed several powerful sects and numerous splinter groups. Supressed by the French and the early Saigon regime during and immediately after the First Indochina War, all but the powerful Tam Ky sect at Tay Ninh were reduced to secret activity.

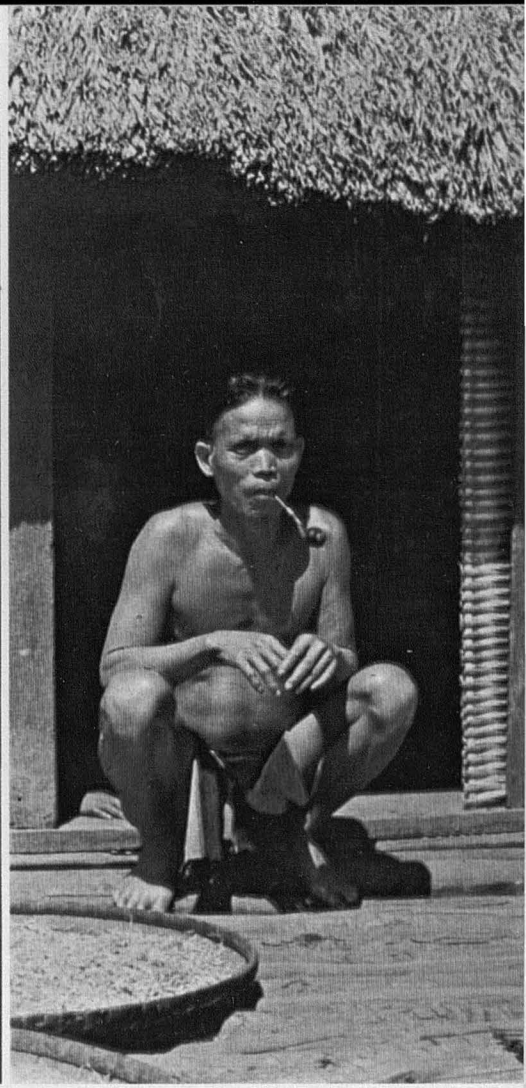
With more recent governments, liberal policies toward religion were established. The Cao Daists practice their religion openly and provide spiritual guidance for a significant minority of persons in the I MR. Lower ranks of Cao Dai saints include Victor Hugo, Joan of Arc, Dr. Sun Yat Sen and other modern and ancient figures.

The Buddhists, the majority in Quang Tin and Quang Ngai Provinces, lacked a hierarchy until the Buddhist Studies Association of South Vietnam developed and began to grow in 1951.

Though large numbers of persons throughout the nation did not attend religious ceremonies, most who were not Cao Daist or Christian considered themselves Buddhist. Paradoxically, a person whose conduct was similar to the teachings of Buddha could be called a good Buddhist by his neighbors regardless of his religious affiliation.

For hundreds of thousands of hamlet dwellers, life was a daily series of events within their hamlet and village. Some traveled but a few miles from the place where they were born. For them, the hamlet was the focal point of their lives. In hamlets and villages with elected officials, there was often a village elder whose counsel was sought on village affairs. The local sage, a remnant of the localized government that almost disappeared during the colonial period, was a traditional if not official part of most hamlets and villages.

Young married couples often settled near the parents of the groom to care for the elders and reinforce the traditional ties to the land.



And yet that land to which the peasants were irrevocably tied and which sustained them was a source of grief. The enemy---North Vietnamese Army and Viet Cong---sought to exploit the land and its ties to the people.

For the rural population, the conflict was a day-to-day reality. While the cities remained fairly secure, guerilla and regular enemy units roamed the remote valleys and highlands.

For the enemy, the nomadic life was his means of survival against the firepower of the Americal Division. A large share of his logistical support came from whatever he could seize from the people.

It was on their sometimes unwilling shoulders that the burden usually fell. On them fell the threat of enemy reprisals should they overtly support government forces and programs of the Republic of South Vietnam without strong local defense forces.

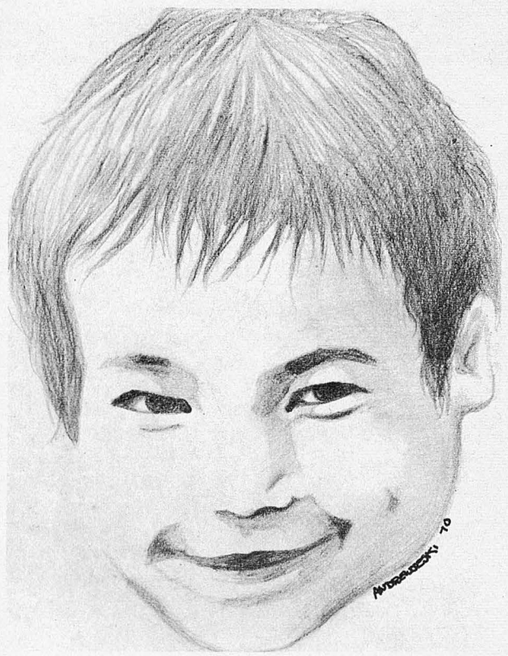
It was their rice fields that the Viet Cong and NVA supply elements pillaged to feed their masses.

It was their rice, their sentiments--and their sons--that would determine the outcome of the struggle.

They were the ninety-five percent who counted.

They were the land we call Vietnam.

Andrewjeski



Andrewjeski

Orphans of the Storm

Serving in Vietnam, and fighting the war that has ravaged this land for years is not an easy thing for the American GI. Aside from the ever present possibility that any isolated incident could be his final demise, there is always the plight of disease and injury, and the nagging torment of loneliness and confusion.

American soldiers, whether in the rear, or in the "bush", face some type of hazard every day that they are required to stay in the Republic of Vietnam. But with some cautious stepping, some alert actions, and a fair sprinkling of luck, most of us manage to see our short timer calendar through in its entirity. Eventually, we will go home.

Too often, however, this makes us oblivious to those who did not travel half way around the globe to witness the horror and tragedy of war. Unlike the GI, there are some who found war on their native soil. And rather than leave their homes and loved ones as we did, they had these things torn from them. These are the orphans of Vietnam; children whose fate is as unfortunate as it is uncertain.

It is almost impossible to estimate the number of orphans in Vietnam, but it is certain that there are more than the number that can be cared for adequately. Either parentless as a result of hostilities, or the product of a family too destitute to feed and clothe them, these children must look towards religious and government supported institutions for their support.

The Van Coi Orphanage in the tiny village of An Tan is one such institution. Operating on a sparse number of donations, and a small amount of government aid, the orphanage now cares for over 230 homeless children. It is no easy task for a handful of nuns to be a mother, father, teacher and friend to such a large number of children, but Sister Helene, the founder of Van Coi, has never turned away a needy child, since she first took in 50 orphans in 1968.

It was in Tam Ky that Sister Helene first started her charitable work. Soon conditions became inadequate and she took the expanding number of children to the present site of Van Coi. Conditions are improving, but the facilities are still archaic and overcrowded.

Recently Sister Yvonne, another nun of the Love of Christ Order working at the orphanage, embarked on a campaign to construct a new three-story building to house the children. She received spontaneous assistance from a number of different units and individual GIs stationed at Chu Lai. The new building has been contracted and in a short while it will lend the first modern touch that Van Coi has ever known. An improvement? Certainly. But a deeper look into the eyes of the young children reveals the need for more than modernization.

Left without the love and security that most of us have taken for granted all our lives, and bound only by the misfortune that beset them, these innocents crave a life filled with the wonder of youthful vitality. The universal joys of childhood are non-existent to these Vietnamese orphans, and their sorrows are only made more painful by growing up in a country where this plight is continual. Unlike GIs, orphans never get "short".

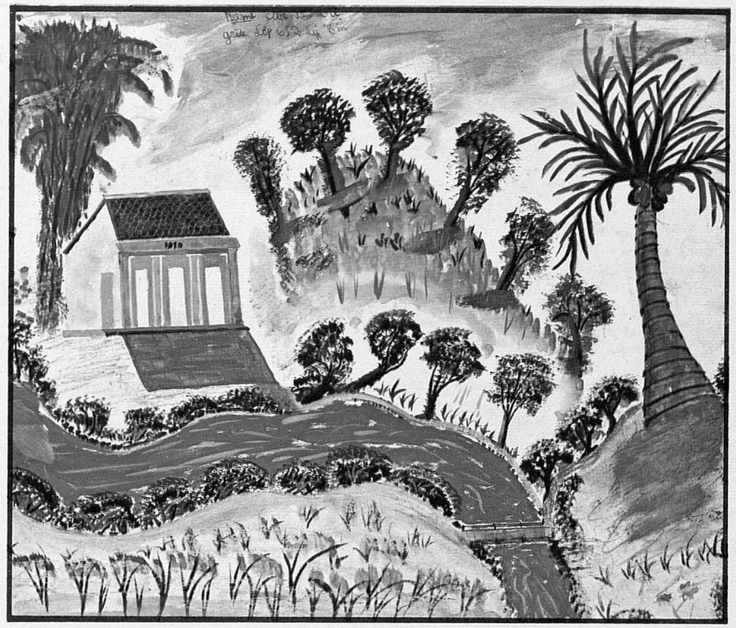
Although the children at Van Coi are very young, it can be assumed that when they reach maturity they will pursue their future always conscious of their past. The young men might join the army, and the young women might become nuns or teachers. But wherever their lives may take them their younger years will be borne as a scar on their memory. Of course, some children are lucky enough to be adopted, but Vietnam is a country in which the people find it hard enough to eke out a meager life for themselves without the added burden of additional children, and so there are very few orphans that are lucky enough to escape the lonely fate of an orphanage.

Van Coi and countless institutions like it, does what it can for these children. The war is beyond the control of those who suffer from it most. There is only the hope that Vietnam will not have another generation of such misfortunate children.

By PFC FRED A. ABATEMARCO

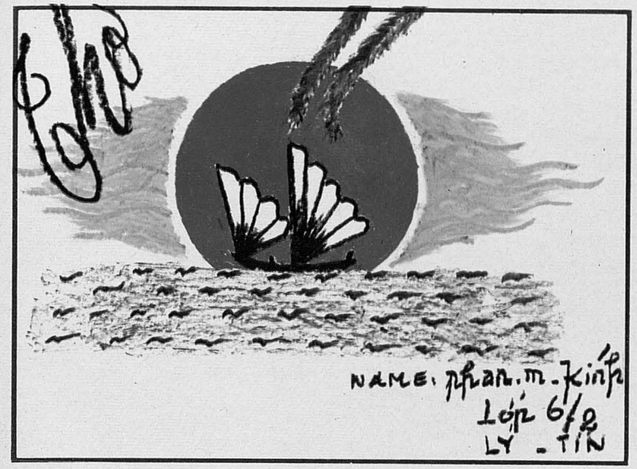
Andrewjeski

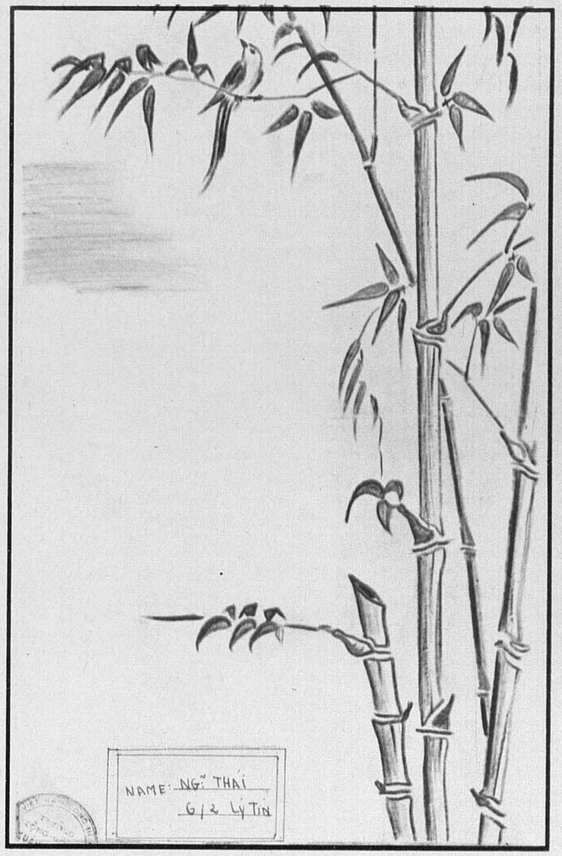
Andrewjeski

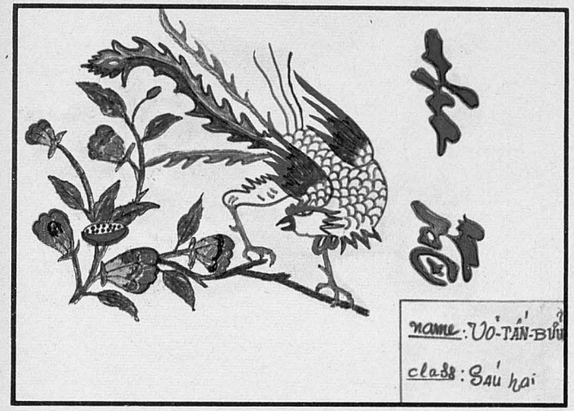


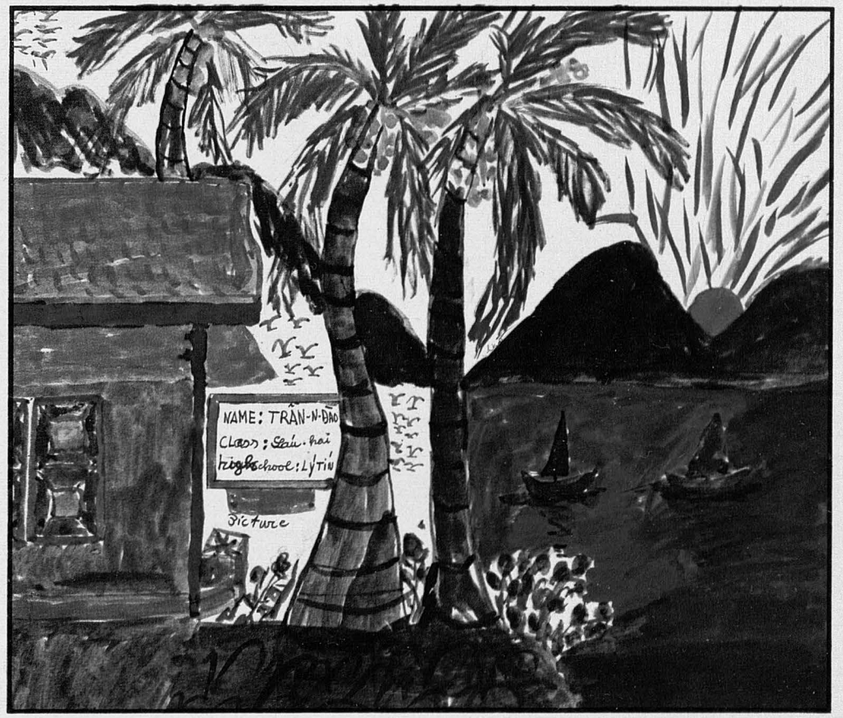
6 Young Artists

The six young artists on these two pages are sixth graders from the Ly-Tin Grammer School in the town of An Tan a few miles north of Chu Lai. Mr. Ton-That-Khoi, their teacher, revealed that the children receive no formal art instruction. However, in the examples you see reproduced here, it can be seen how these young artists improvised and just how sensitive the eyes and minds of these children really are. They are truely a rich potential resource for this country.









AMNESTY

A CASE IN POINT

My wife would really be hurt if she knew about me. I don't know if I will ever be able to tell her."

That's what a PFC from the 23rd Infantry Division told two Army journalists in an interview about his ordeal with heroin and his fight to overcome the drug through the division's Drug Amnesty Program.

In an effort to curb drug abusers and promote the successfulness of the division's Drug Amnesty Program, the PFC, who will remain anonymous, submitted to "tell it like it is" to warn others of the consequences of being hooked and agony of Cold Turkey.

"Heroin is easy to get in Nam," says the soldier. "It's real easy to get. You can get it from the mama-sans, the hootch maids who come in to work, or you can go to the street and buy it from the school kids.

"The availability of drugs here in Nam definitely causes people to turn on. And it's so cheap; even if you're on PFC pay, you can still get by and sometimes you can even come out ahead by selling it."

The PFC admits that boredom in a rear area job and the lag-time between things to do to keep occupied, is one of the primary reasons for turning to drugs. "Out in the bush, you're so scared all the time, you just don't care. But back here in the rear, there's so much lag-time in your work that it's so easy to say, 'Oh, what the hell, stock it up'." He says that "back in the world" if he were offered some heroin, "I'd jump back about 10 feet and say, 'get away from me'."

The former addict says that a couple friends started him "snorting" heroin and that he was taking between a cap and a cap and a half a day at four dollars per cap, which would have cost him about forty or fifty dollars per cap in the U.S. "I was getting strung out and it didn't seem to make much sense to quit at the time. There just wasn't any boost to stop and I really didn't want to stop. I was hooked."

Fortunately, 21 days before he was to leave for Hawaii on R&R to meet his wife, the PFC decided there was more to live for than a daily "fix". "I ran out of heroin one night and I was off for 24 hours. I thought if I was off for that long, I might as well go all the way, so I asked if I could sleep it off in the ward of the 23rd Medical Battalion, where I was admitted under the Amnesty Program."

He had made the decision and now faced the toughest part of his journey to overcome heroin: Cold Turkey.

"I wasn't sure I could make it when I first came to the program, but you see, everyone has to make up his own mind. You have to come to some position within yourself. You either have to do it or don't, and the only way to do it is Cold Turkey.

"The hardest part of going on the ward is the first 36 hours. I couldn't stay still and had to keep moving around. I got stomach cramps, the back of my legs ached and I began to perspire heavily."

For almost two days he suffered the indescribable pain of resisting a drug which could have eventually led to his death!

"The way I feel now," says the rehabilitated PFC, "If someone asked me if I wanted a hit, I know I would have enough guts to say no. If I did accept, the whole thing would be a complete waste. It just wouldn't make sense to go through Cold Turkey and then go back and shoot it up."

If a person abusing drugs turns himself in to the proper authorities before he gets "busted" and has no drugs on his person at the time, he will receive treatment for his problem without punishment and no permanent record will be kept to follow him through civilian life. The proper authorities to contact would be a chaplain, the provost marshal or a doctor.

"I can say that this program is working. I've seen people come off the wards unhooked, and I know I can do the same," says the soldier. "I don't feel any desire for the drug now and I don't have to worry about them telling my wife if I don't want her to know.

"The Amnesty Program is a good idea and I think if they keep pushing it that it will work for even a greater percentage of GI's. Sure, you can throw a guy in jail for drugs, but he'll either go completely insane or become unresponsive to treatment. If you show someone that you are trying to help him with his problem, he'll appreciate it."

This is one man's success story in his battle with drugs. But it isn't over; he still has a few months left in Vietnam and heroin is still readily available and cheap to buy. However, according to Richard R. Lingeman, author of Drugs From A To Z: A Dictionary, "In New York City an addict needs $10,000 a year to support his habit, meaning he must steal and resell, at one-fifth their value, $50,000 worth of goods. Drug users account for about one-fourth of the crimes against property and 1.2 per cent of crimes against persons."

By SP4 GUY WINKLER

THE FALL OF THE PIN UP

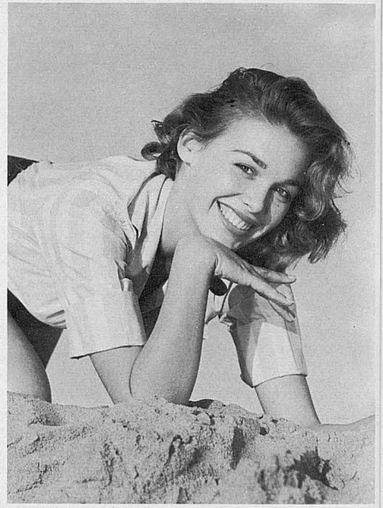
World War II fostered the innovation of the G. I. pinup, that institution of compact, foldable beauty that gave every soldier an instant reminder of what he was fighting for. During WW II, (or the *BIG* one as many vets prefer to call it) the pinup was the local symbol of truth, justice, but mostly the American way. And of the pictures that saturated the combat units of that time, one picture of one girl became the most popular. Betty Grable's famous pose was number one-*THE* photo to have on the wall of your tent.

With the war's end, the pinup took on sort of an underground existence, surviving through the courtesies of male college students and pool hall proprietors. It perhaps would have sustained an infinite slumber were not Americans called to Korea.

Good ideas seldom die and much to the relief of troops South of the 39th Parallel, the pinup was reborn in appropriate splendor. However, this time the crown for the queen of locker doors and barracks walls was shared by Marilyn Monroe and Jane Mansfield. Most men were on one side or the other, all willing to defend their choice as the rightful title holder. Despite man's heated arguments and debates, neither beauty queen was ever in indisputable posession of the coveted title and the controversy is as yet unresolved.

Today's fighting man does not let an outstanding tradition pass. Pinups live on in virtually every hootch in the Republic of Vietnam. Vacant thumbtacks are rare. The first Americans over probably brought an ample supply of do-it-yourself hootch decor and the last troops out will undoubtedly leave a legacy of loveliness on the walls of their vacant abodes. Today's modern, with-it soldier usually has not one, not two, but even as many as a dozen beauties adorning the inside of his billets, tent or ruck sack. This universal proliferation of photographic art has given each mantle opportunity to earn an experts badge in girlwatching and related oogling skills.

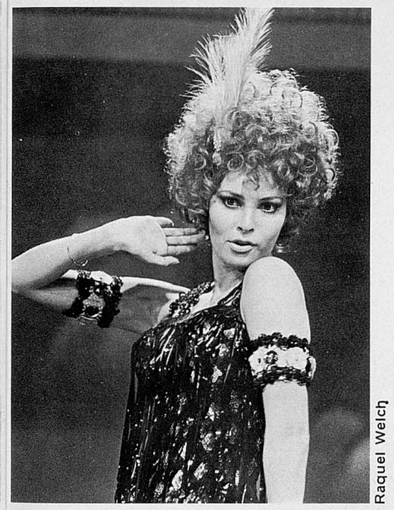
YESTERDAY



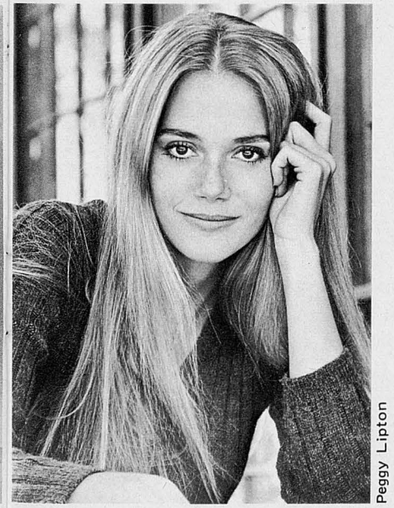
Courtesy of Peter Gowland

TODAY

Senta Berger



Raquel Welch



Peggy Lipton

Courtesy of ABC TV

Logically, today's veteran ought to be the best equipped at rating the physical aspects of womenhood on a qualatative scale. In fact, the U. S. soldier's choice at this point would possibly rate consideration at all-time ultimate pinup. Surely, no one is better qualified to make such a selection.

With hopes of discovering for posterity, as well as self-edification of the eternal pinup queen, a survey of the men of the 23rd Infantry Division Artillery was proposed. Of over 4,000 personnel spread out on fire bases throughout the Northern sector of the Republic of Vietnam the only contact most men have with the fair sex is visual, via paper and ink. The men of DIVARTY could have the ultimate answer to the age-old question: What is beauty?

The poll was completed, the votes tallied and the results proved somewhat of a shock to the crack team that had forged this monumental project. Stated simply, there is no mass preference at all for any pinup beauty. Naturally, individual soldiers have favorites, but the overall results were inconclusive. Hundreds of girls tied for the "best" and no one held a decisive edge. What's more, many soldiers indicated that their display was subject to frequent rotation and replacement. What is the explanation?

Is there no more loyalty to bathing beauties? Are today's young Starlets so bland in appearance as to warrant no more than a passing interest? Have today's young men such a short attention span that even astounding beauty does not please for more than a month or two? Negative!

PFC James Richardson believes that the large volume of pinups is a direct result of today's liberal attitudes and improved communications network.

"In the forties, many considered the pinup girl a tool of the Devil," concedes MSG William Turner. "Those who dared to paste a picture of a bathing suit clad female on their wall were also limited by their selection of material. Now, I'm not saying that Betty Grable was the most popular because of a poor selection of beauties at that time, but I'm not saying she wasn't, if you know what I mean." We knew what he meant.

Specialist Four Ed Hobbs, HHB DIVARTY, had somewhat different views on the topic: "Today's soldier is an individual with a need to express this individuality in any way possible. Since the Army limits this expression to some extent, the soldier needs other outlets. The pinup helps fulfill this need". A point well taken.

Doctor Donald Brodene, head of psychology at Sacred Heart University in Southern Connecticut, holds both points as valid.

Courtesy of Playboy Magazine

Vigeant

"The girls of yesterday were no less beautiful that the girls of today. Now, thanks in part to the commercialization of beauty by magazines and calendars, anyone with a pretty face or pretty legs or what-have-you, can be contacted and chosen to pose. This has resulted in a saturation of the media with beautiful women. With pictures of virtually every woman with some outstanding physical feature circulating, the troops can specialize and pick the one or often two subjects that exactly express his personal tastes."

So while there really is no all-time pinup companion outside of the minds of each individual GI, thousands of would be beauty queens can be assured that some day, somewhere in the Republic of Vietnam, someone has chosen her to be his pinup, at least for a little while.

By 2LT FRED G. VIGEANT

AMERICAL MIRTH

CHECK iT OUT

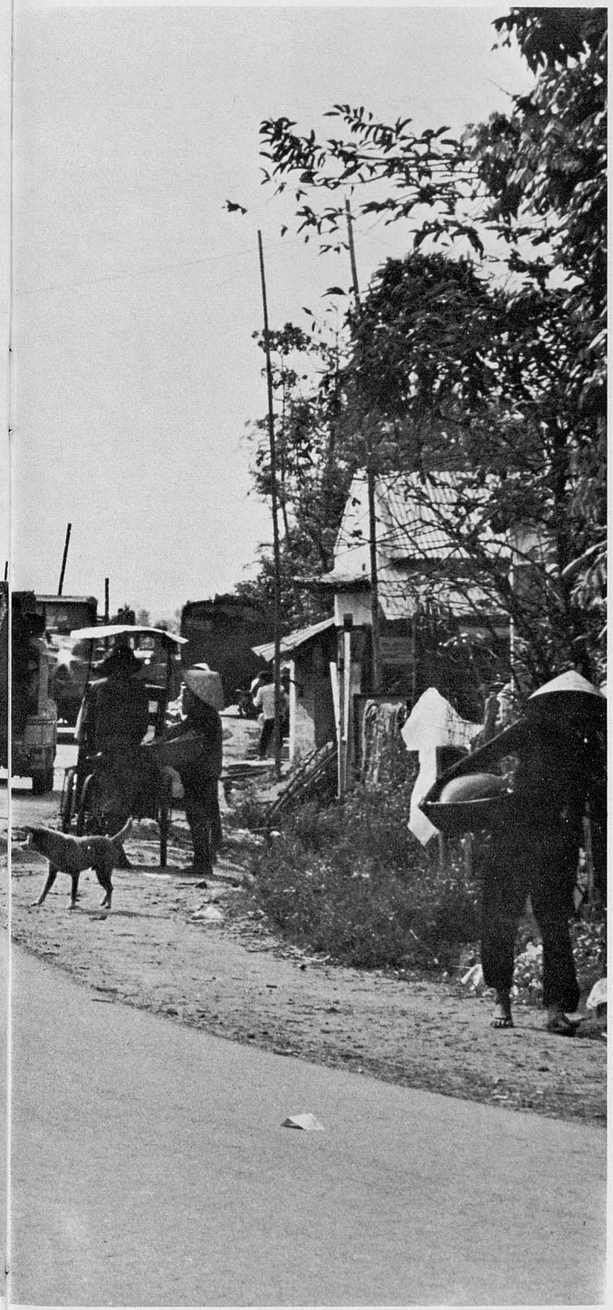
"They say a griping soldier is a happy one...and from the letters I write, my family must think I'm delighted to be here!"

"...and don't worry about the pullout...just hope they don't declare war and keep us here for the duration!"

"This is the land of the BIG BARGAIN BASEMENT...you could spend a fortune buying cheap here!"

"I'm beginning to believe the FRENCH were never defeated here...they just went back to the Sahara Desert where it's cool!"

By PFC WILLIAM COTNER



Breidenbach

THE ROAD RUNNERS

Five-thirty, up and at'um, Lets go! This is a familiar sound each morning to Private First Class Mike Pasquale, of Bravo Company, 23rd Supply and Transport Battalion, who rises and prepares for another day's work in the Republic of Vietnam.

Pasquale, who has driven a five-ton truck with Bravo Company since he first arrived in Vietnam last October, has the mission along with the other troopers of his company to transport necessary supplies to the forward brigades within the 23rd Infantry Division's area of operation.

Mike's day as a driver begins at dawn of each morning. He rises from a sound and restful night's sleep to the cool and calm morning air. After a quick shave and shower, and if he has time, a bite of morning chow, he is ready to tackle the day's work that lies ahead.

At six-thirty Mike attends the company formation where he is told the nomenclature of his load and his destination for the day. After the formation he heads to the company motor pool where his five-ton tractor awaits him. This is one of Mike's most important steps of the day. He must give his vehicle a thorough check to spot anything that might cause his truck not to perform as efficiently as possible.

"These Army trucks are getting old and some of them have quite a few miles on them, so I try to check the things that are most likely to give me trouble," continued Mike. "When you're out on the road you sure don't want anything to go wrong."

After Mike has completed his inspection and if everything meets his approval, he heads to one of the battalion supply yards, where a trailer loaded with supplies awaits him. After he has signed all the necessary supply vouchers for the items he is to carry, Mike is ready to head to the main gate where the rest of the convoy is forming.

Once Mike has pulled his load from the supply yard, he becomes personally responsible for the safety and transportation of the cargo, until he arrives at his destination.

After the convoy has completely assembled at the main gate, a wave from a Military Policeman's (MP) arm and the convoy can move out. With the revving of engines and the shifting of gears, the convoy slowly moves out the gate onto Highway One.


23S&T B-50
SF 4 SUTTON


THE KID

"Once we're out on the open road, a MP armored car, which escorts the convoy, sets the pace."

When asked if he ever worries about the possibility of the convoy being ambushed? He commented. . .

"I have enough things to worry about, like keeping my RPM's (Revolutions Per Minute) up, and watching out for the villagers. Sure, I do think of it, but I don't worry about it. If anything does happen we have the MP armored car plus our own armored truck equipped with enough fire power to counter anything Charlie might try."

While traveling through the villes or the major congested cities of Quang Ngai to the South and Tam Ky to the North, Mike has to keep a sharp eye out for the passing villagers.

"When I first started driving these villagers really use to shake me up, I was always afraid of hitting one of them but now with a little more experience I can almost sense if one of them might step out in front of me," commented Mike.

Once Mike has arrived at either Duc Pho (11th Brigade) or Hawk Hill (196th Brigade), his cargo is unloaded and after he signs over his supply vouchers he is ready to head back to Chu Lai.

"It all depends on what we're hauling that day on how long it takes before we can start back," remarked Mike.

After all the supplies have been delivered to their destination and the convoy has been reformed, they are ready to head back.

"We head back in the same way we came, with the MPs still leading the way," continued Mike.

When he finally arrives back in Chu Lai, the first step is to refuel his truck for the next day.

"After I have refueled I head back to the motor pool to check over my truck once again, making sure everything is still OK. If there is anything wrong, this is the time to repair it," continued Mike.

By the time Mike is finished at the motor pool it's around 7:00 P.M.

"After I eat supper and take a shower, I find time to scratch a few lines home, and by the time I'm finished with that I'm so darn tired I hit the rack," closed Mike.

Well, that's another day gone for PFC Mike Pasquale and another mission accomplished for the 23rd S&T, but tomorrow is another day and the supplies still must be delivered.

By PFC DARRELL MCGILLEN

AMERICAL LOG

Action in the 23rd Infantry Division's area of operations (AO) slowed down in the fourth quarter due to heavy monsoon rains that at times almost stopped maneuvers in some parts of the Southern First Military Region.

During December, January, and February units of the Division accounted for more than 1,134 enemy killed and captured over 64 tons of rice, much needed by the enemy to sustain operations. The enemy also lost 731 weapons, of which 44 were crew-served.

The month of December saw Division soldiers shaking off the heavy monsoons and capturing 45 tons of rice. The Viet Cong tried to step up their activity, but the rains were also a hinderance to them. Action almost completely stopped during the Allied cease-fire over Christmas.

Fighting stepped-up in the month of January as the rains were coming to an end. Over 113 North Vietnamese soldiers and 277 Viet Cong were killed.

During the month of February, as the weather turned humid and dry, 23rd Infantry Division soldiers killed over 379 enemy soldiers and captured 447 enemy weapons in several large caches.

By SP4 STEVEN ELSCHLAGER

DECEMBER

The first two weeks of December saw extremely light action with a large amount of rice uncovered.

One cache was discovered by Delta Company, 1st Battalion, 52nd Infantry, while the infantrymen were on patrol. The "Ready Rifles" discovered ten barrels of polished rice buried in the ground along a hedgerow. The barrels were well camouflaged and contained almost 8,000 pounds of rice.

On December 6th, the "Regulars" of Charlie Company, 1st Battalion, 6th Infantry, were on patrol southeast of Chu Lai checking deserted hamlets near the new pacification village of Giem Dien. The first two hamlets produced no results, but then the patrol spotted several structures standing alone on a small island that had been created by the monsoon rains.

Private First Class Milton W. Dacalio of Naaleku, Hawaii and Specialist Four Robert "Mack" McGowan of San Bernadino, Calif., moved to a structure at the far end of the island.

"It was raining hard and we had to wade out to the small island to investigate the structures," McGowan related. "I was glad to get to dry land, but I really didn't know what was in store for us."

When the two men reached the structure, Dacalio cautiously moved inside while McGowan provided security outside. Inside, Dacalio gave a quick look around and saw four Viet Cong looking back at him.

He sent a burst of M-16 fire into the enemy group and retreated to a safer position outside.

Again Dacalio entered the structure, but this time he stayed long enough to find the bodies of the four Viet Cong along with two AK-47 rifles, six hand grenades, and six packs.

"The whole thing came as a surprise to us, but I'll bet the VC were the most surprised of all," commented McGowan.

Echo Recon, 5th Battalion, 46th Infantry, engaged an element of NVA soldiers after discovering a well used trail in a thickly vegetated area near the Ky Tra Valley.

Staff Sergeant Joe Casino, Dapter, Mich., the squad leader, set up an anti-personnel mine, and within 30 minutes several NVA came walking down the trail.

As the NVA approached, the anti-personnel mine was set off and five enemy were killed instantly from the blast.

JANUARY

The New Year brought heavier action with over 390 enemy killed in the months of January.

In the first week of January, 66 enemy soldiers were killed with the heaviest action taking place in the 196th Infantry Brigade's area of operation.

Alpha Company, 3rd Battalion, 21st Infantry, in heavy action accounted for ten enemy dead, on January 10th.

Quick, decisive action by the "Professionals" of the 1st Battalion, 46th Infantry, coupled with the element of surprise, accounted for the deaths of five NVA soldiers.

The first platoon of Company B encountered five enemy troops in a heavily wooded area while on a search and clear mission southwest of Tam Ky.

"They were traveling in a gully about 25 meters away," said Sergeant Richard Whitlock of Detroit, Mich.

In an effort to capitalize on the element of surprise, 1st Lieutenant Donald G. Rider of Cooperstown, N.Y., quickly deployed the platoon in a hasty defensive position on the crest of the knoll overlooking a gully.

"The NVA were still unaware of our presence," related Rider. "When we opened up, they didn't know what hit them."

On January 12th, the "Night Hawks" of the 123rd Aviation Battalion received small arms fire while flying over the foothills west of Quang Ngai City. Searching the area, they spotted, engaged and killed two Viet Cong.

Later in the day, while reacting to a radar signal, the "Night Hawks" spotted two more VC in the lowlands west of Duc Pho. The results of the ensuing action were two VC deaths.

While escorting a combat assault west of Chu Lai on January 16, gunships from the 116th Aviation Company observed and killed four Viet Cong.

On the 18th of January the 1st Battalion, 52nd Infantry, saw action as they killed 10 Viet Cong and captured six more.

During the week ending on the 23rd of January, soldiers of the 196th Infantry Brigade killed 32 enemy soldiers in a number of fierce contacts.

During that same week, elements of the 198th Infantry Brigade, captured

over 3,000 pounds of rice and killed 25 enemy soldiers.

Two careless NVA died when they blundered head-on into elements of the 4th Battalion, 3rd Infantry on a trail five miles northwest of FSB San Juan Hill.

"Neither man was able to get off a single shot," reported PFC Rodney Barker, pointman for his squad of Delta Company. "I opened up first and the slackman and M-60 machine gunner joined in. We got them before they could fire their weapons at us."

FEBRUARY

Action in February dropped slightly from January, but over 425 enemy weapons were captured and 379 enemy were killed during those 28 days.

On February 4th, the 198th Infantry Brigade, using the highly successful tactic of eagle flights, killed six Viet Cong, captured one, received a rallier and found 2,000 pounds of rice.

Also in the first week of February, elements of the 11th Infantry Brigade destroyed several large bunker complexes, and killed over 20 enemy soldiers.

On the 13th of February, five Viet Cong were killed and two captured as an element of the 198th Infantry Brigade made an early morning search of an abandoned hamlet south of Chu Lai.

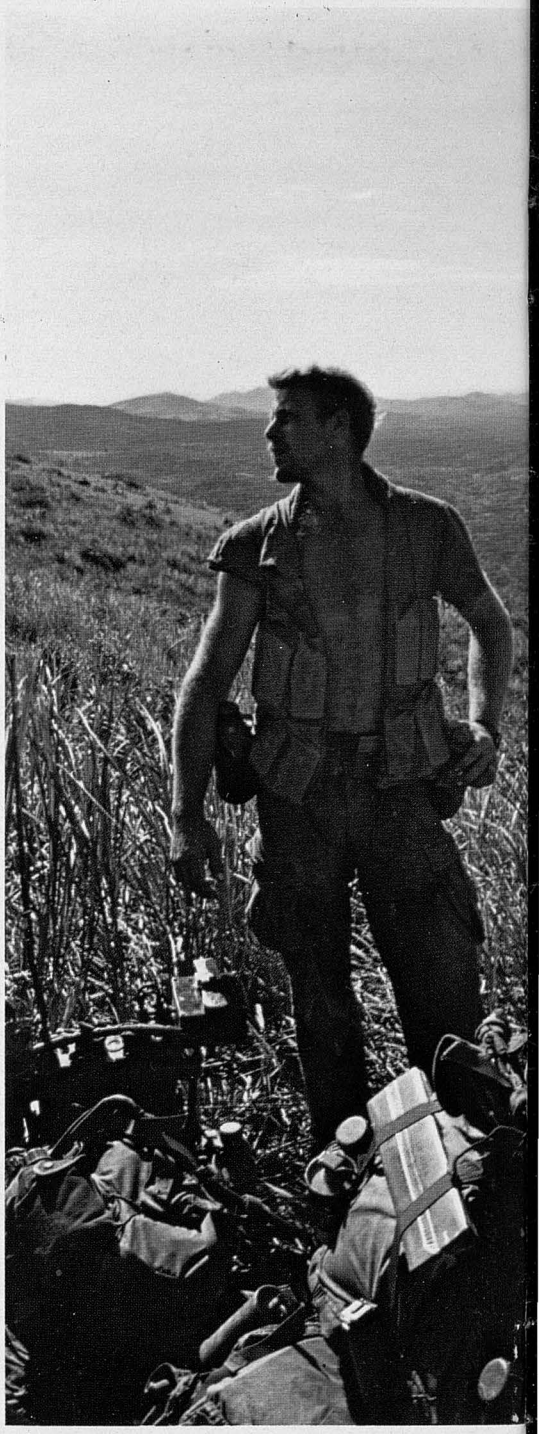
An element of Company A, 1st Battalion, 6th Infantry had left their night defensive position at first light to search deserted hamlets suspected of harboring Viet Cong guerillas by night. The infantrymen of the "Regulars" found what they were looking for at the first hamlet they searched when the company's Luc Luong Scout spotted seven enemy soldiers hiding near a hedgerow.

After a brief exchange of hand grenades, the enemy bolted and moved into a nearby structure containing a bunker and, the infantrymen found later, a brick wall in the rear which blocked any possible escape. rear which blocked any possible escape.

As the "Regulars" opened up with a barrage of small arms fire, other elements of the company moved into blocking positions to prevent any escape.

"Finally we heard no more noises from the building so we moved up to check it out," said Specialist Four Larry Carrico of East St. Louis, Ill., a radio operator. "Inside, we found we had killed all five VC."

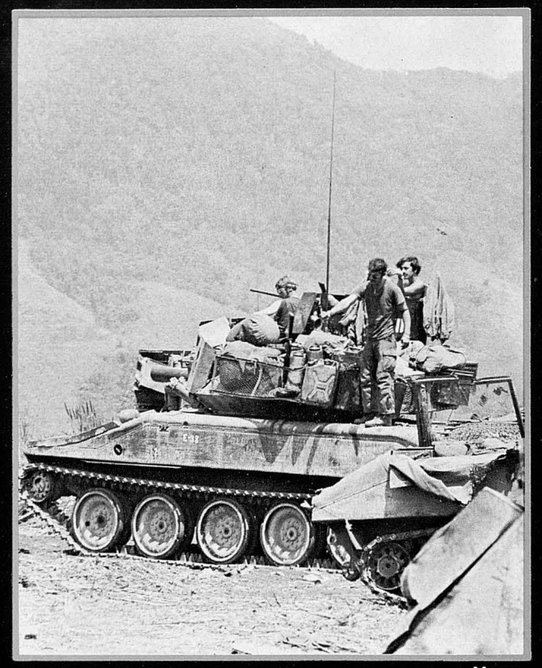
On the 19th of February, a reconnaissance platoon of the 3rd Battalion, 21st Infantry, captured a regimental size NVA base camp. The camp consisted of ten partially destroyed hootches and two completely destroyed structures, including two large mess halls and one hootch which housed three ten-foot long tables and a gunrack. Scattered around the camp were ten NVA rucksacks.



KHE SANH

A pictorial look at Americal armor up north

Offutt



Myers

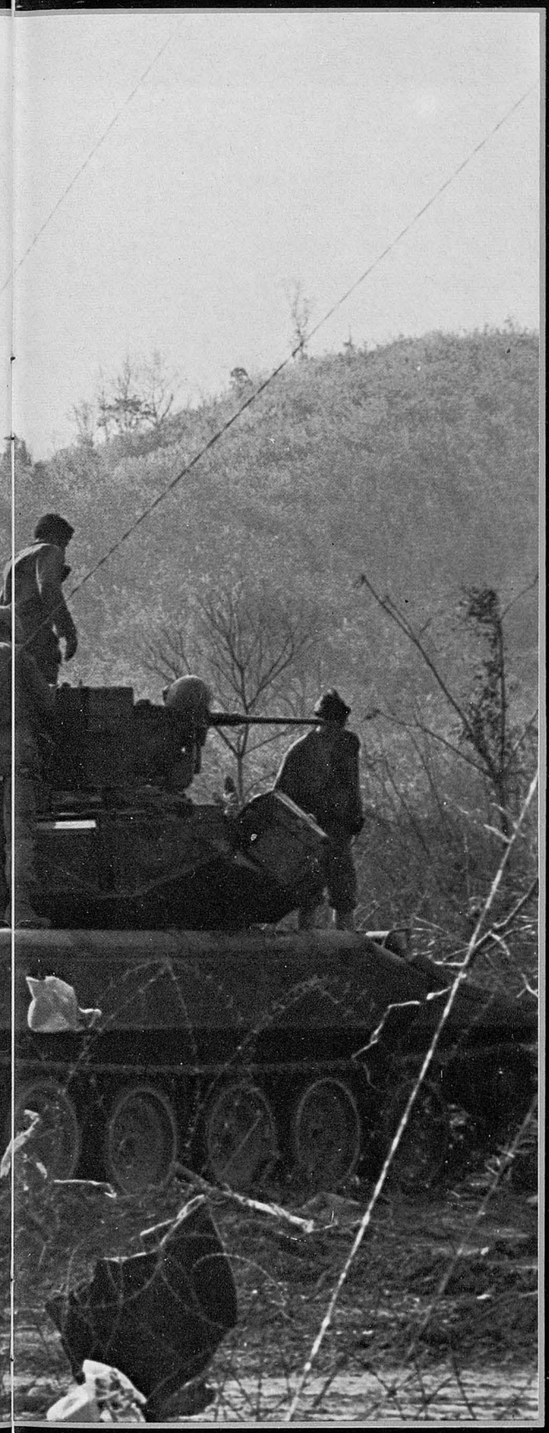
Khe Sanh is one of those places like Gettysburg or Shiloh where men are much too busy to contemplate the historical significance of what they do here. They are forced to leave that task to the historians. And it can safely be said that this struggle will receive the attention of many minds in many times to come.

Bill Mauldin said you could tell how much combat a man had seen by looking into his eyes. The eyes of the men at Khe Sanh move with unceasing swiftness, never pausing long on anyone or anything. They look just once into your eyes, and then pass a glance at a rock, a tree, a stick. You come away with the feeling that they know you better in one glance than you know yourself after years of inward looking.

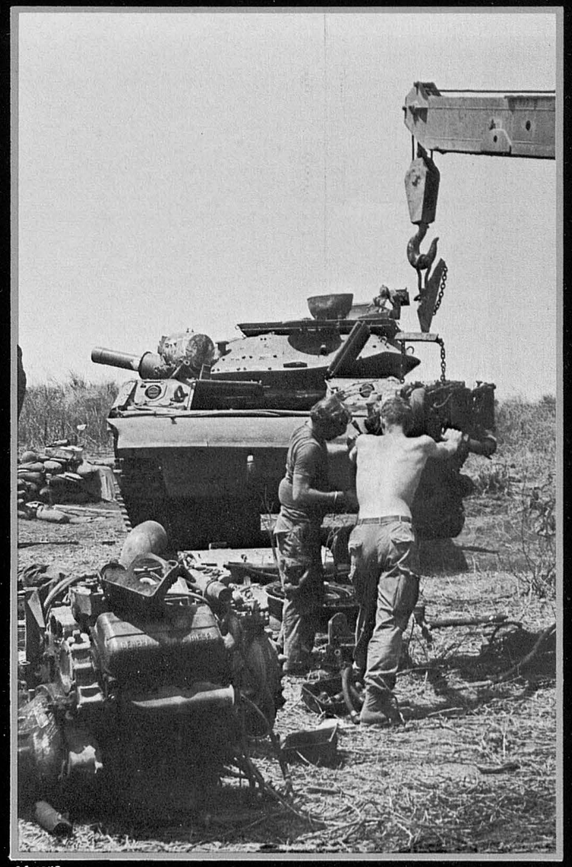
These men will leave this embattled plateau with the only story of what they have seen and felt and dreamed. The historians can never capture that no matter how many volumes they fill. They can visit Khe Sanh and look at bunkers and barbed wire and the airstrip and see where this happened or that happened and they can attempt to talk to the men, the history-makers, but the story is buried too deeply under the routine of combat for them to get at it with questions.

"Oh God, it's hot." "Did I get any mail?" "This ground is like rock." "I've never seen so much dust in my life." These are the words of the men at Khe Sanh. These words are the history-past, present and future-of every place in every war.

By 1LT JAMES C. JORDON



Myers



Myers

Myers

Q: What assistance and loans can I receive as a student after my separation from the Army?

A: Your educational benefits depend on your marital status and months in the service. You are allowed one and a half months educational assistance for each month active duty with a maximum of 36 months assistance. Eligibility ceases at the end of eight years from the date of the veteran's last release from active duty. Loans are available through the National Defense Student Loan program, the U. S. A. Guaranteed Bank Loan program, or through various assistance programs offered by your school.

Q: Is there going to be a massage parlor in Chu Lai?

A: Yes. February 10th is the target date and it will be located close to Division Support Command Headquarters. The cost is to be announced by the manager later.

Q: I've just been assigned to arrange a shipment of beer and soda to our SEABEE construction team in the field whose position is only accessible by air. Can you help me?

A: You may be able to book a flight by contacting Division Aviation and obtain the necessary beverages from the PX.

Q: How do I go about sending flowers to my girl in Spain?

A: The U.S.O. office can make the necessary arrangements for you, but allow at least ten days for delivery.

Q: For a 14-day leave, do you have to have a round-trip ticket from Vietnam to the United States and back before you can leave Vietnam?

A: No. Commanders are responsible to see that enlisted men have return tickets. Special Services will assist in obtaining tickets.

Q: On the 10% Saving Plan, do you have to withdraw and re-deposit money on extension reenlistment?

A: No. If an allotment is in effect for the deposit you must sign a paper extending allotment time

Q: At what times can I call the States and how do I go about it? I need information both on MARS calls and direct cable.

A: There is a direct phone service at the Sandpiper Service Club. You may call on Monday, Wednesday or Saturday. You must sign up the day of the call starting at 0800 hours and calls can be made up to 1800 hours. There is a five minute limit on each call. Costs to the United States are $16.50 station-to-station and $20.00 person-to-person. The service club says they place an average of 50 to 60 calls a day. Priority on calls may be obtained through the Red Cross. A MARS call may be placed at the MARS station. The say the best hours are as early as possible before 0900 hours and sometime after midnight. Again, priority may be obtained through the Red Cross.

Q: I have a bet with a friend concerning the painting "Mona Lisa". Was the artist Rembrandt or Da Vinci?

A: Our art historian tells us Da Vinci painted that mysterious smile about 1503.

Q: I have a pet monkey of which I am very fond and would like to take back when I DEROS. Is there any way we can stay together?

A: Yes, but it won't be easy! First you must personally take your monkey to Long Binh for a quarantine period. Then between 30 and 60 days before DEROS you must again accompany your monkey to Saigon, where it will be checked and vaccinated for rabies.

Letters to "Project Help"

toward a cultural understanding | part X

Farmers' wives squat in small groups around baskets of vegetables and fruit. Children frolic among produce stands and the sound of bargaining fills the air. It's market time in a Vietnamese village.

Glowing with the flamboyance of a County Fair, the Market Place in Vietnam attracts people from miles around and all walks of life. It is generally situated at a central location in a populous city or village, where the agricultural families can gather to sell the products of their endless labors.

Elderly women from miles away, can be seen on market day toting baskets of produce at each end of a pole across their shoulders as their husbands toil in rice paddies. Fishermen are seen bringing in their catch for the day to sell at the seashore village.

The seemingly crude method of producing food from the land and sea would be considered medieval to Americans who watch these people labor by the same means as their ancestors for centuries before them.

Their means are crude by American standards, but American standards do not apply to a largely agricultural country, whose economic endeavors are not dependent on high level technology.

Most Vietnamese farmers are aware of the advanced machinery that is utilized in the United States and the workload that it handles. They are also aware of the vast amount of crops harvested in the United States compared to the relatively small amount of farm produce his family harvests. It would be impractical to buy expensive farm equipment and maintain it with the comparatively small yield that a Vietnamese farmer produces, often for his family's needs only.

Although rice is the principle diet of the Vietnamese people, the Market Place hosts a variety of food to include potatoes, turnips, lettuce, onions, tomatoes and various herbs, essential in preparing the populace dishes of South Vietnam.

In many respects, an open-air market place in Vietnam resembles ones seen in the United States. Buyers scurry about the market looking for a possible bargain as they pinch and thumb their way to find the best ingredients for the evening meal. The Vietnamese Market Place is as vital to the villagers as a super market is to urban families in the United States.

By SP4 GUY WINKLER

Winkler

The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena,
Whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood;
A man who knows the great enthusiasms and the great devotions,
Who spends himself in a worthy cause;
Who in the end knows the triumph of high achievement,
And if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly,
So that his place shall never be with those cold and timid souls
Who know neither victory nor defeat.

President Theodore Roosevelt