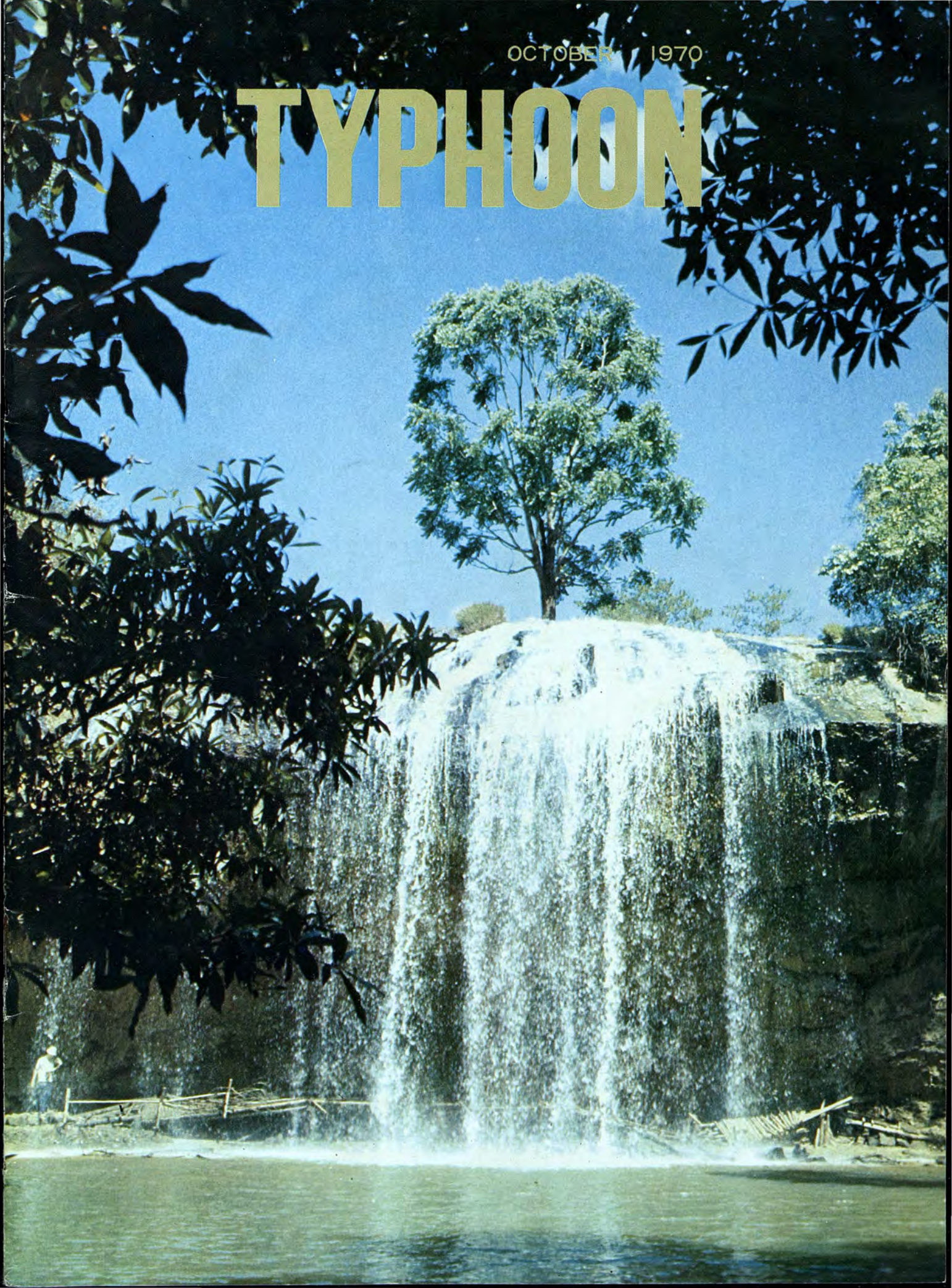
OCTOBER 1970

TYPHOON



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FRONT COVER: Tumbling gently into a green pool, the Prenn Waterfall offers a serene view to visitors at the Dalat Zoo. Photo by SP5 John Jamieson.

BACK COVER: Two Cambodian soldiers use the coach-pupil method on a firing range at the Lam Son Training Center. Located at Duc My, Republic of Vietnam, the center was responsible for training 10,000 Cambodians (story on page 2). Photo by 1LT Jack Kaiser.

OPPOSITE: SP5 Bill Zinkeler hooks up a litter on "The OD Green Machine" in preparation for another patient. The crew chief, a member of the 247th Medical Detachment, was flying dustoff missions out of LZ Betty at Phan Thiet (story on page 6). Photo by SP4 Mike Maattala.

TYPHOON

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I FIELD FORCE VIETNAM

LTG Arthur S. Collins, Jr., Commander

COL Robert J. Berens, Information Officer

5th Public Information Detachment

MAJ Thomas P. Malloy, Commander

Editor: 1LT Richard L. Brasher; Managing Editor: SP4 Michael E. Maattala

Typhoon Staff

SP5 John Wilcox, SP4 Joe Farmer

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1LT Jack Kaiser

Reaching for Responsibility

By MAJ Guy R. Sodano

In early July, two groups of Cambodian soldiers converged on the Lam Son Training Center at Duc My to undergo training under the direction of the Army of the Republic of Vietnam. One group of five army battalions had been evacuated from the northeastern sector of Cambodia to Vietnam as Communist pressure built up in June. At about the same time, a flotilla of ships carrying volunteer recruits sailed from Phnom Penh down the Mekong River to Can Tho.

The Cambodian troops were a striking contrast to one another. The recruits wore new fatigues and stiff brown berets. They carried M2 carbines. The combat veterans from the battalions wore a colorful mixture of civilian and military garb and carried a cross section of Communist bloc weapons.

The cadre of the sprawling training center, located some 50 kilometers north-northwest of Nha Trang, were presented with a great challenge which would require some changes in their normal method of instruction. They had to train 10,000 Cambodian soldiers in a short period of time, train them well enough to go into combat against a highly skilled and well disciplined enemy.

For the MACV advisory team at Lam Son, there was no change in their mission. "Our job is to advise the ARVNs on proper training techniques," said Lieutenant Colonel Henry D'Angelo, senior advisor. "They prepare, conduct, and are responsible for all training. It really doesn't matter who they train—Vietnamese, Montagnards, or Cambodians—our job doesn't change."

The Saigon government developed five different training programs to be used at Lam Son, establishing crash courses in Basic Combat, Advanced Individual, Basic Unit, Battalion Refresher, and Leadership Training. The usual training difficulties were multiplied by the language barrier. Cambodia had assigned an interpreter team to accompany the troops to Vietnam and some of the Vietnamese instructors spoke Cambodian. Many conversations were held in French, a language common to both countries.

"Teaching a class through an interpreter is not the best way to instruct," said Major James Haygood, S3 advisor. "But it really doesn't hurt the training too much.

A soldier speaks:

"Liberty . . . Democracy . . . Freedom."

The words were spoken in French ——the speaker was Cambodian. He was neither hesitant nor afraid. His voice was strong, unwavering, emphatic. The words seemed to be an inspiration to him—a battle cry. He began to speak of his nation's plight:

My country is at war. It has been at war a long time now, but only recently have we been able to do something about it. For a great while, the Communists were allowed to do what they pleased in my country.

The infiltration began many years ago under the regime of Prince Norodom Sihanouk. Before the overthrow of his government, the Communists were allowed to come and go freely. They secretly settled in villages and provinces throughout Cambodia and from there undermined our way of life. The Communist techniques to recruit people were soft and persuasive at first. Then when the people had committed themselves, they were held by fear and threats. Retaliation against a man's family, relatives and village was common when he escaped from the Viet Cong.

Many of the others in my company are victims of the war. Many have seen their families killed by the Communists. Others have been forced to fight with the Viet Cong, finally escaping despite the threat to their families. All of us want to return to Cambodia and rid our country of the Communists.

In Cambodia, we are not fighting a civil war. It is a war against Communist aggression from the outside. The Communists want to destroy our culture and religion. We cannot allow this. On our side, we have loyal Cambodians, those who wish to save the traditions and history of our country. Against us, we have the infiltrators from North Vietnam and Cambodian traitors who would betray and destroy their own nation.

The enemy has been attacking non-military targets, such as schools, pagodas and other cultural institutions. As in Vietnam, they try to destroy the educated class which runs the country's affairs and then prey upon the uneducated. My brother, a teacher, was tortured and killed by the Viet Cong. The other men in my unit—all volunteers—feel the same way. All of us have lost families and friends to the Communists. We are fighting for survival not only of our nation, but also of our very way of life.

When Sihanouk was deposed and denounced as a traitor, the relative peace which had endured under the guise of neutrality was destroyed. The overthrow of his regime initiated a country-wide chain reaction among the Communists, who then openly waged war against the new government. To me and the others in my unit, it was the beginning,

Kaiser

the genesis, the rebirth of our true nation.

Thousands of us swarmed to Phnom Penh to join the army—to fight for our nation, our culture, our freedom. My nation began mobilizing as it never had before. Never in our history have we had to draft private citizens into our army, but now there is conscription. We will go all out to preserve that which is justly ours. But we cannot do it alone. We need assistance. With military aid, we can destroy the Communist threat within a year. We do not need American men to fight. We need weapons, munitions, and artillery. We have many young men who are ready and willing to fight. What they need are arms and training. The army has old, outdated equipment. Some villagers protect themselves with sticks, crossbows, and farm tools.

The American interest in Cambodia is important. When American-Cambodian relationships are good, the Communists are demoralized. My country needs American aid and support to end this war quickly. ■

Sixty-five percent of the training is practical work, so the lecture phase is kept to a minimum. The cadre here taught this way before when they trained Montagnards." The "instructor to interpreter to class" system appeared to work well. Results achieved by the Cambodians were on par with previous trainees.

The Battalion Refresher Training consisted mainly of a review of fundamentals. Three of the battalions received the four-week course at Lam Son. The two other battalions trained at the neighboring Ranger Training Center. In early August, all five battalions returned to Cambodia with a mission of capital defense.

The recruits' training program consisted of three weeks of Basic Combat Training (BCT), followed by two weeks of Advanced Individual Training (AIT) and two weeks of Basic Unit Training. In the first phase, BCT, the trainees received instruction in hand to hand combat, bayonet, marksmanship, grenade, and river crossing. During the two—week AIT cycle, the majority of the soldiers continued training as light weapons infantrymen, polishing their skills as members of rifle squads. Others trained on machineguns and mortars, while a few took specialized training from technicians from the 5th Logistical Command in the fields of communications, supply, medical specialties, and arms repair.

For the three weeks of Basic Unit Training, the cadre grouped the trainees into combat units—infantry companies consisting of 123 men each. Using the Regional Force structure, each company had six officers, 18 NCOs, and 99 privates. At the end of this phase of training,

SP5 John Wilcox

Above: An ARVN instructor presents a class on grenades to a group of Cambodian soldiers. Below: A Cambodian private tests his skill on the firing range during Basic Combat Training.

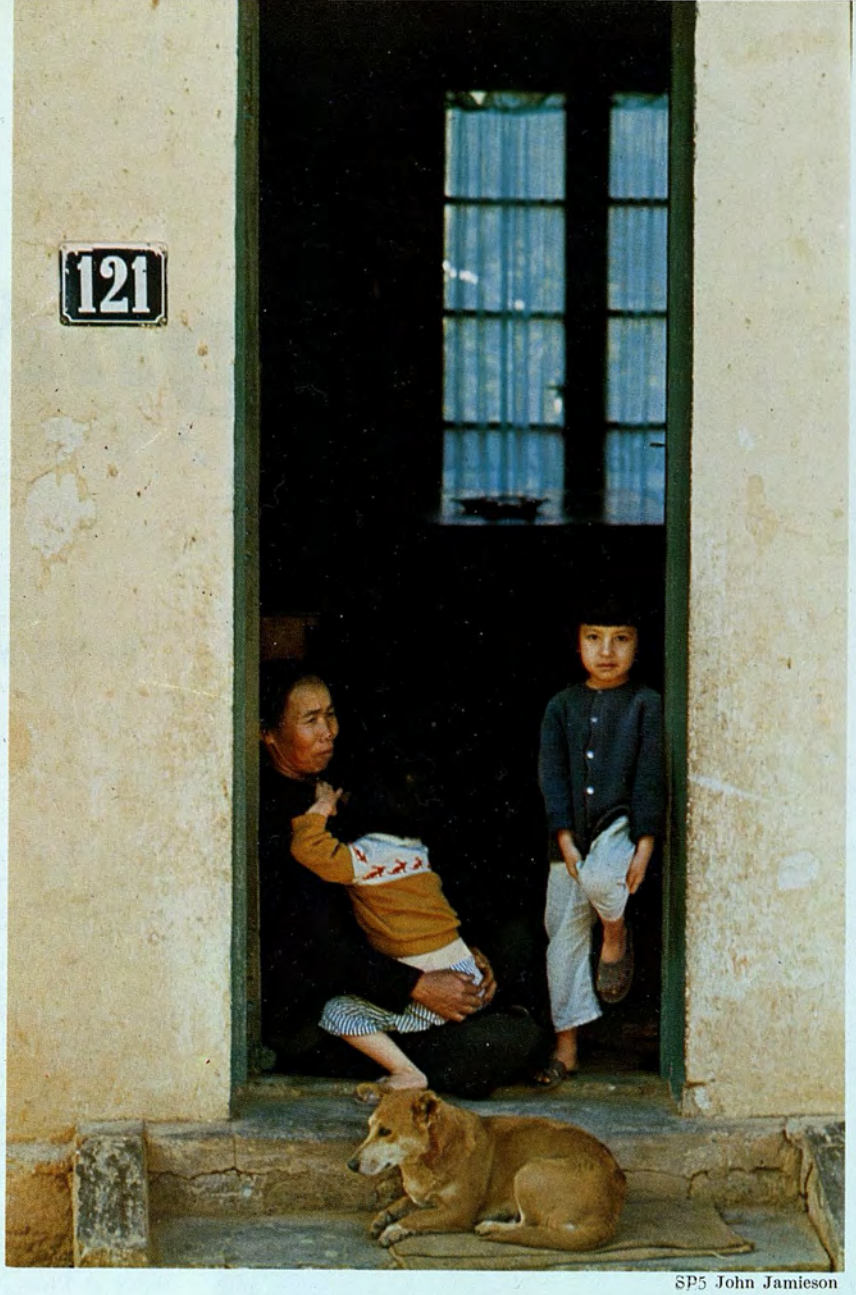
Kaiser

the rifle companies would remain intact for their eventual return to Cambodia.

A special seven-week leadership course was developed to produce NCO cadre. The candidates, selected primarily on the basis of education, began the course after completion of the basic training phase. Following the leadership course, they were phased into the training program and assumed leadership positions in the rifle companies.

The officers were selected on an educational or prior paramilitary training basis. Some were graduates of military school; few, if any, had had combat experience. They trained right along with their men during the whole seven weeks. "The cadre placed each of the company commanders with a Vietnamese unit undergoing refresher training so that he could observe a battle-tested unit making an attack the right way," said Major Haygood. "The Vietnamese feel that this method is a real good training vehicle."

The training program at Lam Son will continue until late October, when the last trainees graduate. Upon their return to Cambodia, they will join fellow soldiers in defense of their homeland. Their achievements then will surely reflect the quality of the Vietnamese instruction and the spirit and effort the Cambodians put into the training at Lam Son. ■



SP5 John Jamieson

We look out
From a shadow framed in light.
Together
We are not restless,
Secure
We do not wonder,
Patient
We have a little time,
At peace
We live for each other
And for tomorrow.

A Flight for Life

By SP4 Mike Maattala

After a pick-up, it is the medic's job to stabilize the patient's condition, which may require work ranging from the basic lifesaving steps to an emergency tracheotomy.

SP5 John Jamieson

Coming in low, breaking quickly over the tree tops, the dustoff chopper dropped into the landing zone, the tall grass bending in waves under the powerful wash of the rotor blade. From the woodline 20 meters away, two figures ran hunched-over toward the ship, carrying a wounded soldier. With the help of the crew chief, they placed him on a litter and slid it through the door, then backed off as the ship rose and darted out of the area, disappearing as suddenly as it had come.

As the ship, nicknamed "The OD Green Machine," sped toward LZ Betty at Phan Thiet, Specialist Four Charlie Martinez, dustoff medic from Conway, Ark., worked on the patient, replacing the sterile dressing on his chest with a clean piece of gauze. By the time he had put on the last piece of adhesive tape, the dustoff ship was approaching Betty and receiving clearance to land. As the ship touched down, three medics emerged from behind an ambulance and approached the ship, exchanging their empty litter for the full one.

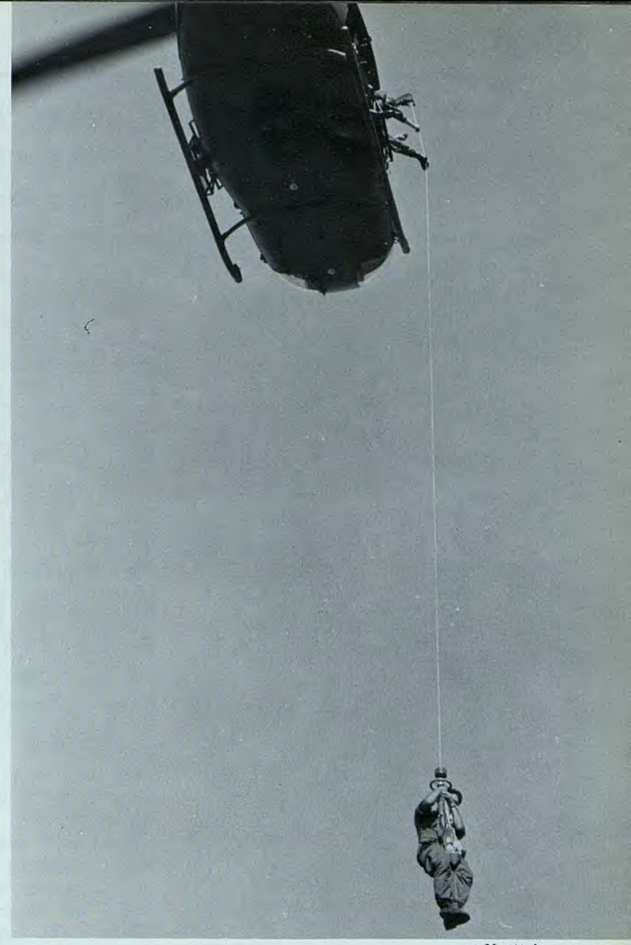
With no other pick-ups scheduled, the dustoff crew rode their chopper to its nearby revetments, secured it, and went to check on the wounded soldier. He had been injured in the field at 10:30 a.m.; it was now 11:00 a.m. and he was under a doctor's care at the clearing station.

Providing quick pick-ups and emergency medical care is the basic mission of the dustoff crews in Vietnam. For members of the 247th Medical Detachment (Helicopter-Ambulance) working out of Phan Thiet, the job involves remaining on 24-hour standby for a one-week period. The 247th, a 45-man detachment, is stationed in Phan Rang, with their six helicopters alternating the duty at LZ Betty each week.

At Phan Rang, the dustoff missions are conducted in a duty roster fashion. Each day two ships are designated as "first" and "second-up." The first-up crew is on call for 24 hours; the second crew must remain as a back-up for the same period. With this arrangement, the remaining crews are free from flying for a few days. They can go to their club for a beer or watch a movie without being called out on a mission. It is a time when the pilots, medics, and crew chiefs can get away from the rigors of flying.

The dustoff work at LZ Betty does not allow this sort of personal leisure. The men must drink sodas instead of beer the whole week they are on standby; they are lucky to view a complete movie. And they must try to catch some sleep whenever possible, because there is no telling when or for how long they will be called out on a mission.

But the crew of "The OD Green Machine" did not complain about their life style at LZ Betty. In fact they preferred the week-long standby to the flying routine at Phan Rang. Said Specialist Five Bill Zinkeler, crew chief from Chattanooga, Tenn., "When you're on standby here at Betty, the time goes a lot faster. And down here, going to the field a lot, you just feel like you're doing more."



The crew of "The OD Green Machine" conducts a hoist demonstration with their jungle penetrator at LZ Betty.

Maattala

Receiving their missions through an RTO at LZ Betty's clearing station, the dustoff crew serves every military force operating in the area: US Army, Marines, Air Force, ARVN, and Korean. They also aid civilians and occasionally are called on to make pick-ups from the US Navy destroyer stationed off the coast of Phan Thiet.

Most of the pick-ups made by the crew fall under three major classifications, depending on the condition of the patient. The "routine" case is the least serious and is similar to a mild sick call condition. The possibility exists that the patient may have some kind of illness and the crew has 24 hours in which to make the pick-up. The majority of the missions are of "priority" nature, a somewhat vague term which covers a variety of conditions. A "priority" is given to any patient who will become "urgent" within four hours.

An "urgent" case, the most serious of all, is one in which loss of life or limb will occur within two hours. A fourth classification, "tactical urgent," is also encountered by the dustoff crew. This involves a soldier who is suffering from a disability such as malaria or a broken leg. The condition isn't serious enough to be "urgent," but if the man isn't picked up he will hamper his unit's movement in the field.

Besides making pick-ups, the dustoff crew also conducts "backhauls," where a patient who has been brought in for treatment at the clearing station is flown up the coast to Song Mao. There he is transferred to another dustoff ship, which comes from Phan Rang, and is taken to Cam Ranh Bay for further treatment.

The dustoff men are exposed to

"If the pick-up is done right, we shouldn't be in the LZ long enough to do any shooting."

all the dangers of helicopter flying in Vietnam. Yet the nature of their mission forces them to operate under different conditions, specified in the Geneva Convention. They don't carry any protective firepower other than M16s and .38 caliber pistols. The dustoff ships look strangely barren without the standard M60 machineguns mounted in their "hell holes."

The crew of "The OD Green Machine" must be fired upon first before they can use their weapons. The enemy does not always honor the articles of the Geneva Convention protecting dustoff choppers. But even though the crew chief and medic may have their M16s ready while going into an LZ, they really don't have time to do any firing. Once the ship lands, they are too busy loading the patients and starting emergency treatment. Said Specialist Zinkeler, "For all practical purposes, we carry the weapons just in case the ship goes down. If the pick-up is done right, we shouldn't be in the LZ long enough to do any firing."

To insure that the pick-up goes smoothly and safely, the aircraft commander (AC) follows certain procedures, beginning even before the LZ is reached. "Since we don't have any heavy weapons, our only defense is the way we fly," said WO1 Doug Kirby, dustoff AC from Conroe, Texas. Through radio contact with the LZ, the AC is advised on the security of the pick-up spot. If contact was made, he will learn if it has been broken, how long ago, and the direction from which the fire came. Then he will ask the people on the ground to pop smoke and he will verify the color to make sure they are heading toward the right spot. The enemy has been known to pop their own smoke for circling dustoff ships.

If he knows the location of enemy troops in a hot LZ, the pilot will approach at tree-top level from the opposite direction, attempting to avoid direct exposure. Then before making the pick-up, he will turn the chopper so that he and the co-pilot have their backs toward the enemy, with the whole ship for protection. "This tactical positioning takes a few more seconds, but it's necessary," explained Specialist Zinkeler. "If the pilots get hit, no one's going anywhere."

No formal training is provided to familiarize the new pilot with the dustoff style of flying. WO1 James Leible, co-pilot of "The OD Green Machine" from San Antonio, received four weeks of medical training and a jungle penetrator demonstration at Fort Sam Houston, Texas. "The flying part is all on-the-job training," he said. "You just work with different pilots, picking up a little from each one until you develop your own method."

Once the ship has landed in an LZ, the crew chief and medic work together, loading and securing the patients. Most pick-ups are fast and efficient, with good cooperation from the people at the site. The patient is brought forward and loaded quickly, then the people on the ground get out of the way. Within seconds the dustoff ship is on its way to the clearing station.

Not all missions go so smoothly; loading can become chaotic, with unnecessary time spent on the ground. The crew of "The OD Green Machine" vividly remembers one experience at a Vietnamese village under enemy attack. The people were so anxious to get out of the area that they swarmed all over the chopper, trying to get on and making it virtually impossible for the crew to tell who the injured people were. Such incidents have resulted in the formation of a new policy which allows the AC to decide whether a pick-up will be made if there are no US on the ground.

The dustoff coverage provided by the crew at Phan Thiet is set up so that any patient can be in the clearing station with a qualified doctor within 40 minutes after the mission is called in. During the flight it is the medic's job to stabilize the patient's condition, which may require work ranging from the basic lifesaving steps to an emergency tracheotomy. From fact sheets provided by the RTO, the medic is able to learn the condition of the patient. "On the way to the LZ I try to find out more about the patient," said Specialist Martinez. "That way I can get the things I need ready and begin treating him as soon as we get him on board."

Even after obtaining such knowledge, Specialist Martinez checks each patient they pick up. This is standard procedure, for there have been times when a soldier has been dusted off after a firefight with wounds which went undetected by the field medics during the heat of the battle.

If the ship is carrying more than one urgent litter case, the crew chief will help out the medic. Specialist Zinkeler, who has been crewing dustoff ships for 14 months, has picked up enough medical skill to make him a valuable partner for any medic. During a mission he performs quickly and effectively, though remaining somewhat aloof from the patients. Explaining his attitude, he said, "My first few months on dustoff, it really shook me up if someone died on my aircraft. Then I faced the facts, we can only do so much and some just aren't going to make it. Seeing the pain and suffering every day, you have to build up a tolerance to it. Otherwise, you'll crack up."

To aid the troops in the field, the dustoff crew conducts hoist demonstrations with their jungle penetrator. The morning of their third day at LZ Betty, WO Kirby's crew was called on to make such a demonstration for Bravo Company, 1st Battalion, 50th Infantry. But seconds after the request came in, the field phone in the dustoff hootch rang again. This time it was a mission: one urgent US, injured in a minesweep north of Whisky Mountain.

In less than ten minutes the crew was at the pick-up site. The patient was in a state of semi-shock; it was believed that he had been blinded in both eyes by the explosion. All the way to LZ Betty, Specialist Martinez had to keep the stunned GI from rubbing his eyes. After dropping the patient off at the clearing station, they flew to the nearby POL dump to refuel—standard procedure for the crew after every mission.

They then returned to the pick-up point near their revetments; the patient they had just brought in had to be backhauled to Song Mao. He had not been blinded, but both ear drums were punctured. A few minutes after takeoff, Specialist Martinez switched on AFVN radio. The Beatles' "Let It Be" flowed through the headphones, mixing with the free spirit found on a helicopter in flight.

Halfway up the coast, the ship passed over the Le Hong Phong Forest. Huge fire lanes were cut through the thick growth. The area had long been a center of VC activity, and the lanes, radiating at odd angles from small, dirt LZs, had been made to chop the enemy's hiding place into smaller sections. From the air, the lanes looked like the basepaths which young children cut in a field with a lawnmower to create their own crude baseball diamond.

While flying over the forest, the crew received another urgent mission. This time two US soldiers had been injured by an explosion in the field. WO Kirby turned the ship in the new direction; the backhaul would have to be taken to Song Mao later.

Jamieson

Dustoff flying offers few rewards. One of them is the smile on a wounded GI's face as he is brought to the chopper.

Arriving at the LZ, Specialists Martinez and Zinkeler placed the backhaul patient's litter on the top set of hooks so they could have room for the other two litters beneath him. As the two wounded soldiers were brought to the ship, even Zinkeler winced a little at their condition. The first man's left hand had been badly mangled. It was wrapped with gauze and bandages, looking like a white boxing glove. The second man, whose litter was placed on the floor of the chopper, was in worse shape. From the middle of his left leg down, there was nothing. The right leg, though still intact, was a mass of broken bone and torn muscle.

The medic and crew chief quickly began working on the patients. The man on the bottom already had been given morphine and felt little pain. He just gazed blankly at the litter above while the crew chief inserted the intravenous needle. The medic did the same to the other man, then started examining the wounds. When this was finished, he gave a brief report to the AC to radio ahead. The backhaul patient, who had been lying quietly on his litter all the while, large gauze pads covering his eyes, now reached down and gestured with his hand for a cigarette. Martinez lit one and placed it between his fingers. As the ship flew on toward Betty, the ash built up several times and then dropped onto the bloody floor below.

Arriving at LZ Betty, the crew dropped off the three patients, secured the ship, and then walked to the clearing station to check on the soldiers. Once inside, they learned from the doctor what they had already expected. The one man's left hand would have to be amputated. The other patient, who was only 18, would lose his remaining foot.

After lunch, the dustoff crew backhauled the patient with the injured ears to Song Mao, then returned to LZ Betty to conduct the hoist demonstration which had been scheduled for that morning. Lecturing the soldiers in front of him in the grassy field, Specialist Zinkeler explained the use of the jungle penetrator. He pointed out the seats and straps for three men, emphasizing how troops in the field frequently complicated a relatively simple one-man hoist by securing the patient with all three straps. After demonstrating the hoist procedure with a volunteer from Bravo Com-

pany, the crew returned to their hootch.

Only a couple of short, routine missions took place during the rest of the afternoon. The men were able to catch up on their letter writing and sleep for a few hours. After a dinner of pizza and sodas, they headed optimistically for the movie, hoping the easy schedule would continue into the night.

However, just when General Custer was about to get his in the third reel, a medic from the clearing station appeared at the side of the audience and called out, "Dustoff crew—urgent mission." Without comment, the orange-hatted foursome picked up their chairs, dropped them off at the hootch and set out for the chopper. A ground unit had run into a night ambush and one soldier received severe leg wounds during the contact. The pick-up would require use of the jungle penetrator.

Once near the sight of the contact, the dustoff ship circled high overhead, waiting for the Cobra gunships to arrive. Security would be essential on this mission. Nervous conversation passed among the crew as they checked on the whereabouts of the gunships. After ten minutes the Cobras were spotted—two blinking red lights approaching from the south.

The AC and co-pilot of "The OD Green Machine" had already discussed the procedure to be used, now the AC passed it on to the other pilots. Learning their part in the mission, the Cobras set to work. Dropping down low, they flew through the LZ to see if they would draw fire. Finding it cold, they moved out and circled overhead as the dustoff chopper began its approach.

Drawing a bead on a strobe light held by the soldiers on the ground, WO Kirby lowered the ship to treetop level and darted in. For several seconds, there was nothing but branches rushing below the skids. Then the LZ suddenly came into view and WO Leible flicked on the bright landing light. Hovering over the center of the clearing, WO Kirby turned the ship around, relying on instructions from Specialists Martinez and Zinkeler, who were peering out the doors toward the rear. Once this was done he lowered the craft to within six feet off the ground. The crew chief sent the penetrator down to the waiting troops, continuing to give instructions to the AC with the medic. The tail of the ship was between two trees and had no more than a few yards clearance on either side.

After a few minutes, the penetrator was hauled back up with the patient. Specialist Zinkeler uttered a curse at what he saw. All three straps had been used to secure the single GI. He swung the penetrator into the ship and with the help of the medic, struggled to unhook the patient. By now they were out of the LZ and on their way toward LZ Betty with the gunships. Once back at the clearing station, a discovery was made which angered the crew, particularly Specialist Zinkeler. The company they had just assisted was Bravo Company, 1/50th, the unit which had attended that afternoon's hoist demonstration.

Although they expose themselves to danger day after day, sometimes in situations which they feel involve more risk than necessary, the crew of "The OD Green Machine" is still unanimous in their opinion of dustoff work. They wouldn't want to be involved in any other type of flying. Said WO Kirby, "It feels good to be leaving a pick-up site and hear someone say over the radio, 'Thanks, dustoff, we're glad you could make it out here.' When I go back to the States, I would much rather be able to say, 'I saved one life' than 'I killed 50 VC'."

Specialist Martinez, whose job brings him closer to the patients than anyone else in the crew, said he could think of no more rewarding work. "At Phan Rang we picked up some soldiers who had been injured in a rocket attack on the base and took them to Cam Ranh Bay. Several weeks later a guy came up to me in our club and started talking. I didn't know who he was; then I found out we had dusted him off that night. He had recognized me and wanted to personally say thanks for helping him."

On Friday, their fourth day at LZ Betty, the crew of "The OD Green Machine" was called out in the early morning for their first mission. As they lifted the wounded soldier, a platoon leader, on board he jokingly asked Specialist Zinkeler, "Where's the officers' section?" The question was relayed to WO Kirby, who replied with feigned cockiness, "You're flying first-class now." Upon hearing the response, the young lieutenant could only smile through the pain and nod in agreement. ■

Soldiers rush a patient to the dustoff ship. Within minutes he will be at the clearing station and under the care of a qualified doctor.

SP5 Lonnie Voyles

Repentant Pest

I never intended to be a menace. But from the moment of my birth in a few ounces of brackish water, fate has continually dealt me cruel blows. Yes, my poor parents, turned away from lush swamps and mud puddles, had to resort to a water-filled boot print for breeding. How humiliating!

With such a demeaning birthright, a young female mosquito has no chance to soar to the heights of the insect world. I was clearly a castoff.

Now I don't mean to tell you that I'm ugly or anything like that. But because of my humble heritage and my parents' poverty, I could not hope for fine suitors. As a result, I was forced to associate with less desirable types. They took me to frightening places like Viet Cong rest camps. I was breaking my parents' hearts, but I was wild and didn't care.

After days of such cavorting, I found myself pregnant. Now I knew I could never go home. When my roguish friends learned of my condition, they immediately abandoned me—in a sorry little pool of water near a VC night encampment. But though alone and rejected, I still had my pride. I was determined to have my offspring—even if I had to go it alone. And like any female mosquito with child, I knew I had to consume a blood meal before I could lay fertile eggs. Nothing was going to stop me.

Flying over the VC camp I soon discovered that meals would not be hard to come by. The sleeping bodies of many VC were strewn about the area. As I drew near them, I could detect no insect repellent, no netting, no residual insect sprays on the ground. I zeroed in on an exposed arm and simply gorged myself. It was all too good to be true.

After ten days of such feasting, I found myself infected with malaria. Feeling poorly, I had no choice but to remain in the area of the VC camp. I continued to live on malaria-infected blood. What else could I do, unfortunate outcast that I was?

Only two weeks after trying my first VC meal, a US infantry platoon overran the VC camp and proceeded to occupy the same area. Now I wasn't too happy about this turn of events. Not that I take any sides in this Vietnam War. I'm just in it for the blood. But, generally speaking, I dislike the Americans. Their blood is usually bad tasting because of the daily and weekly malaria pills they take. And most of the time you can't even get at them, what with the insect sprays and nets. And you can always tell when it's night time, those soldiers start rolling down their damn shirt sleeves.

But I was too weak to fly elsewhere. Prospects didn't look good. We were in a sparse jungle of the Central Highlands, an area rife with malaria. So the infantrymen would be extremely wary about contact with mosquitoes. But perhaps if I kept my eyes open, I'd find someone with his guard down. I'd find my victim.

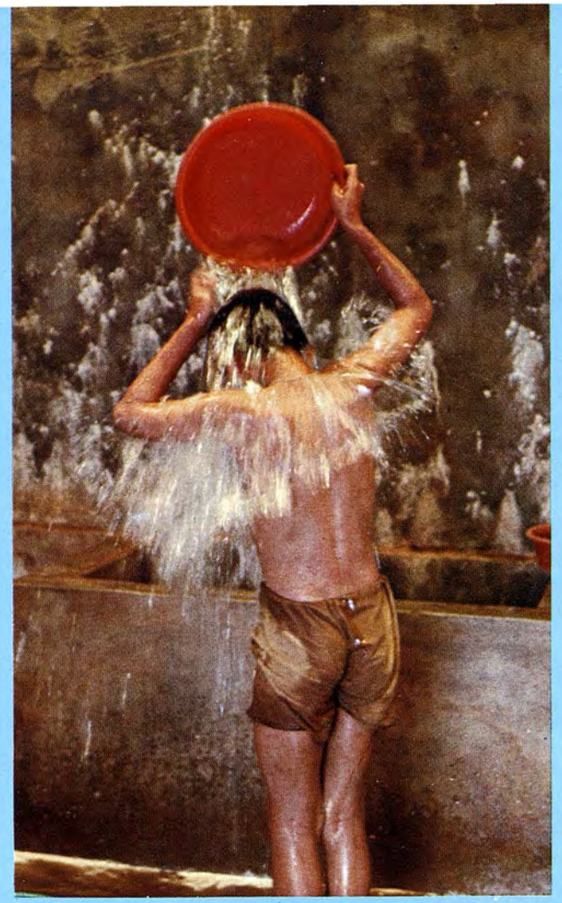
As nightfall closed in on that first day, other mosquitoes, finished with the customary daytime rest, began flying about. The GIs swatted them mercilessly. It was horrible! The mosquitoes' buzzing gave them away. Here was my ace in the hole: malaria-bearing mosquitoes make no noise nor do their bites cause pain or itching. We are extremely crafty.

When it was pitch dark, I flew about the camp, not too fast since I still felt quite ill. Then too I'd given birth only a couple days before. Soon I found my meal, one of the two men in the area who had neglected to use repellent or netting. And after tasting his blood, I knew he was my man. Delicious, not a trace of malaria-preventive drugs.

My love affair with that GI lasted nearly a week. I would watch him during the day. Such a bold, swashbuckling type—shirt always off, forever throwing away his malaria pills. As the days became nights, I could hardly wait to get at him.

Then one morning it all ended. A dustoff helicopter landed near the camp. Soon a stretcher bearing a young soldier moved toward the chopper. I didn't know who the person was—he looked so pale and sick. Someone said he had been suffering from high fever, chills, headache, and muscle pains. And as the streacher moved by me, he began vomiting. With a gasp I realized it was my man! He had contracted malaria, and from me.

Needless to say my remaining days have been filled with remorse. I never intended to be a menace, to cause harm to the soldier. It was just my fate. Soon my three-month life span will be over. No one will know about my death, much less care. Not so with a human. MALARIA. ■



Tu Tam: A Kind Heart

Story and Photos

By SP5 Gene Camfield

To an American, Tu Tam translates "kind heart;" to an orphaned child, it means love, warmth and care.

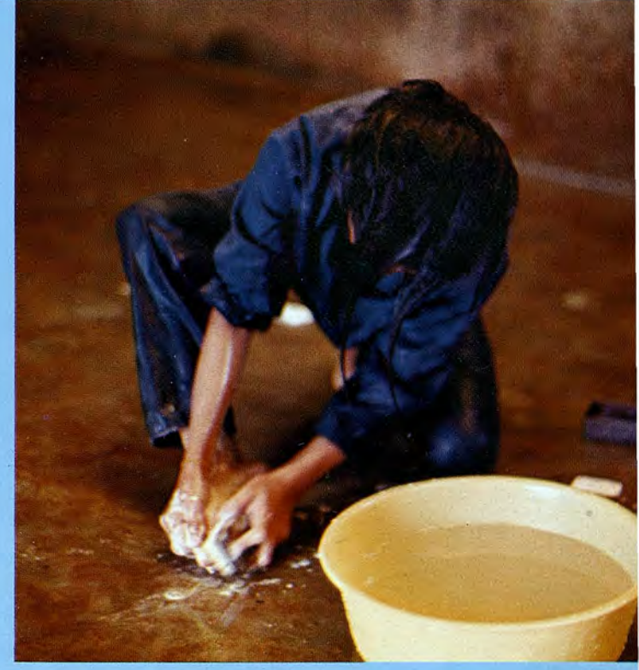
For a lost child in the chaos of war, the Tu Tam Orphanage represents the last hope for a happy future. The 80 Vietnamese children spend their days learning and playing and doing all the fun things that only a child can do. These youngsters, who have so little, can make a game out of a cool shower or a ritual out of bedtime. Regular meals certainly appear as a newfound luxury.

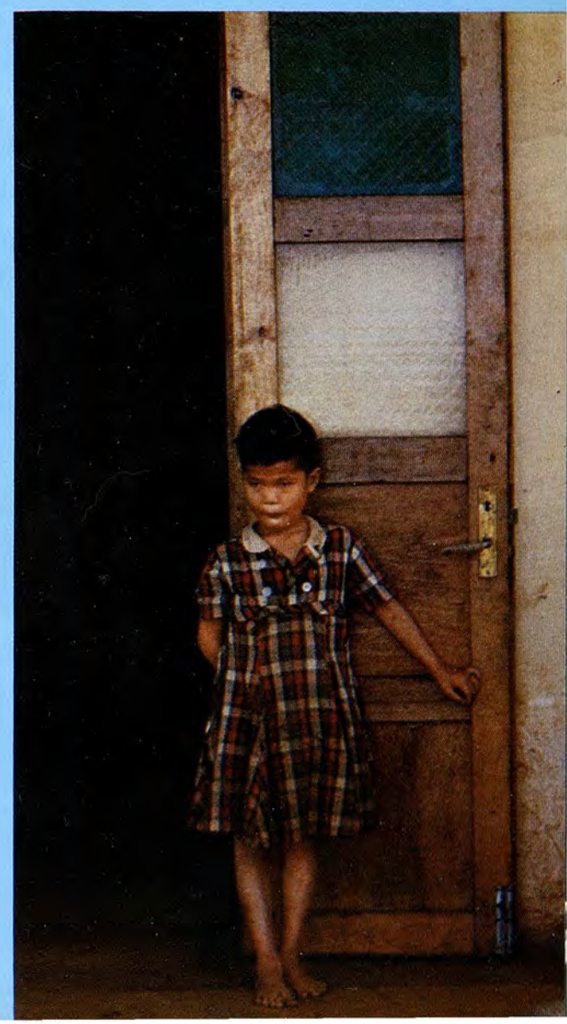
Because their country is at war, countless children have found themselves orphaned. Unfortunately, the Government of Vietnam is unable to give much money to the orphanages. Such orphanages as the Tu Tam must scrimp and sacrifice to provide the barest essentials.

But help has come to the nuns who care for Tu Tam's children. Through the efforts of the men of the 43d Signal Battalion and other units in the Pleiku area, a better life lies ahead for the homeless children. The signalmen will soon construct a water tank to supply abundant water for cooking and showers. Electricity will be brought to the orphanage for the first time, providing power for lights and refrigerators.

But a more meaningful endeavor is in the planning stages: to give the children the one thing they crave most—love. Each child will be put up for "adoption" by the soldiers. When a man "adopts" an orphan, he agrees to provide little things for the child. The soldier might even write his wife or family and ask for clothing and toys.

The love and concern shown by these "foster parents" can mean more to the orphans than all the presents and gifts in the world. And while assisting the nuns in providing for these children, the signalmen are discovering within themselves the true meaning of Tu Tam—a kind heart. ■





Foul Weather Friends

By SP4 Joe Farmer

When it rains in Vietnam it comes in sheets. A hard, driving rain that chills to the bone and revives a childhood fear of the elements. It never drizzles. Whether lasting a minute or an hour, rain in Vietnam can only be called a downpour. The only thing to do on a rainy day is sit inside sipping a cup of hot coffee and think about how you'd hate to be outside.

Earlier this year a young lieutenant with the 62d Vietnamese Air Force Tactical Fighter Wing was sitting in the ready room watching the rain. Watching it hammer into the dirt of the driveway to the shack and beat mercilessly at the black asphalt and green hangars that marked the airstrip. It puddled in the dips and streamed from the high spots. It beat a steady rhythm on the roof and splattered across the window, distorting his view. He was happy. There'd be no alert today.

Twenty miles to the north of the 62d's home base in Nha Trang, a Ranger element was in the boonies. It was raining there, too. A different kind of rain. Closer, colder, harder to live with. It too distorted the vision, but not through a window. The same steady beat drummed down on six ponchos. Six soldiers huddled in the puddles.

Specialist Four Willie Rhodes, 60 gunner for the Rangers, looked around. He wasn't happy. He was wet, cold and afraid. It was getting late and they'd been stuck in the same place for more than an hour. Charlie wasn't stuck. He'd be moving.

The Ranger patrol had just been inserted into the area that morning, and Rhodes wasn't too familiar with the surroundings. Now they wouldn't be extracted. The choppers wouldn't come out in the rain. Not with it this hard.

Less than 200 yards from where the Vietnamese lieutenant sat gazing out the window, Air Force Tech Sergeant Allie Ashworth, Pasadena, Tex., and Air Force Staff Sergeant John T. Herriott, San Bruno, Calif., were running through the rain to their office. They were expecting a busy night. Air traffic controllers work harder when it's raining. They work oblivious to the pounding on the roof of the old Army van that houses their radar equipment. Oblivious to everything except the line circling the radar scope, leaving in its wake the dots that signify aircraft in the area.

Ashworth and Herriott happily anticipated the night's work. Only when the weather is too bad for the pilots to fly visually are they called upon. The rest of the time they sit in the little white shack between the active and taxi runways at the south end of the airstrip and pull maintenance on their equipment.

The young Vietnamese lieutenant slowly got out of the big lounge chair by the window and made his way to the coffee urn. He took a cup from one of the hooks behind the pot and held it under the spout. No cream or sugar tonight, just

black and hot. He walked over to the little table in the corner littered with magazines and paperbacks and picked up the thickest book he saw. Got to have something to stay busy through the long, agonizing hours.

I don't want to go back to the chair. It's dark outside, couldn't see anything anyway. He walked over to the couch, took off his boots and lay down. One of the red vinyl covered cushions was propped behind his head for a pillow. He lit a Salem and opened the book.

It wasn't so easy for the Rangers to forget the rain. It was getting harder, soaking the ground under their ponchos and wetting the seats of their fatigue pants. Systems accustomed to the hot tropical climate couldn't adjust to the sudden change. The men shuddered and fidgeted, trying to find a position that would afford them a little more protection from the cold beneath the fragile covering of the ponchos.

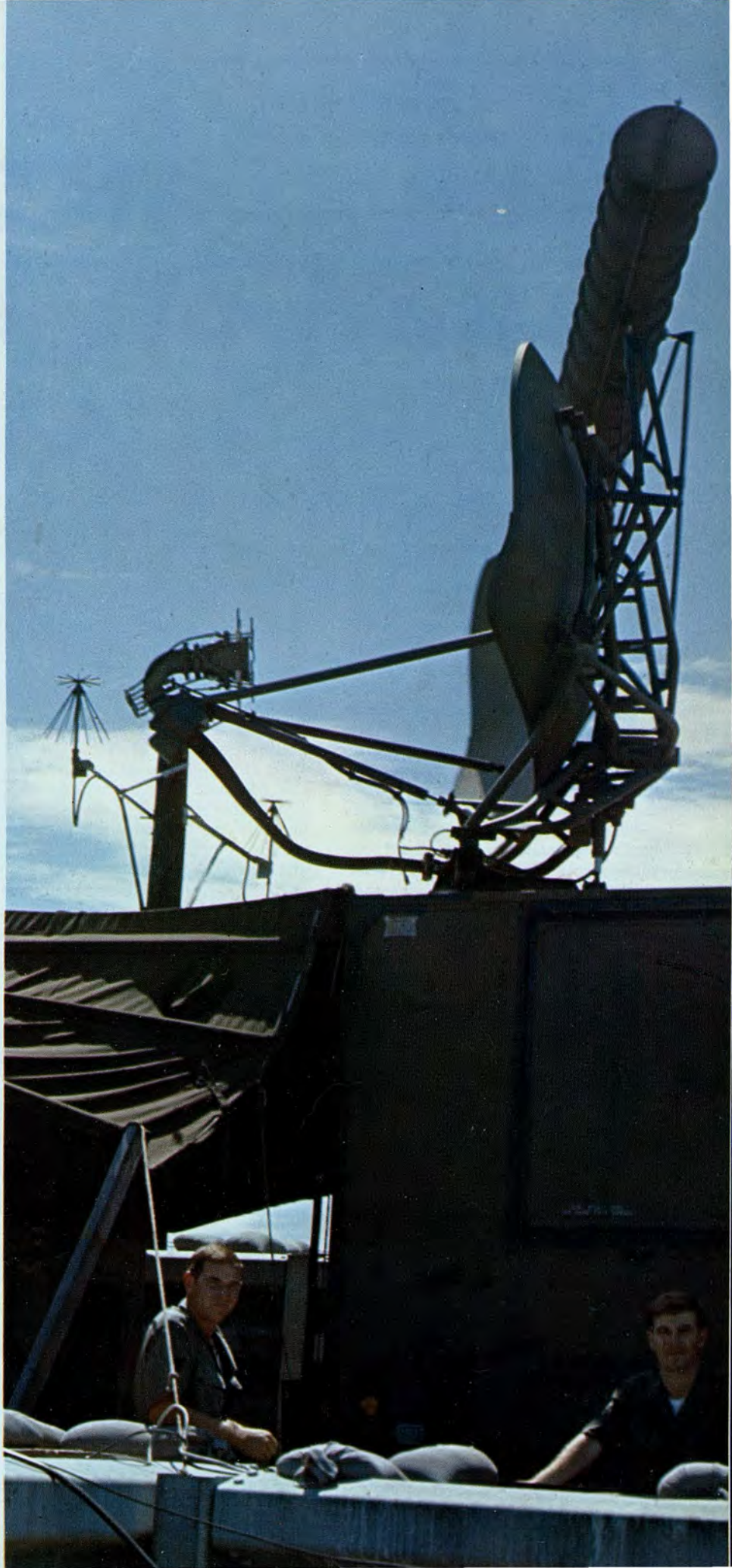
Sergeant Ashworth leaned back in his chair and propped his feet up on the corner of his desk. He folded the Newsweek back to the story he was reading and stubbed the last of his cigarette out in the black plastic ashtray, unconciously reading the liquor advertisement lettered around the ashtray's edge.

In the van adjoining the office, Sergeant Herriott was making the final adjustments on the radar equipment. Toning down the scanner so it would only register moving objects, he leaned back and lit a cigarette.

Outside the rain was coming down harder. It rolled down the spines of the big C-130s nestled in their shelters along the edge of the runway and soaked the men working on the flight line. Only emergency flights would be leaving. Normal flights had been cancelled. Visibility was zero, and it rained on and on.

The young lieutenant was asleep. His head was lying to the side of the cushion and his feet stretched past the end of the couch. His dreams were peaceful, far away from the war.

The Rangers were sleeping as best they could under the conditions, except for Rhodes on guard duty. He was awake and listening intently because he couldn't see. He felt the little trembling deep in his stomach—the sixth sense he had developed and learned to depend upon in ten months in Vietnam. Something was going to happen and soon. "What should I do?" he thought. "Should I go ahead and



"Yes, it's nerve racking, but . . . the rewards are right there."

wake them up or wait for something to happen? They'll kill me if I wake them for nothing, but this feeling has never been wrong before." He went quietly from man to man, tapping them on the shoulder and telling them to be ready.

It seemed like hours before he heard it—someone moving off to the right. Everyone else heard it too. As they crouched behind whatever cover they could find the same thought raced through their minds. If only we could see farther.

When Charlie hit them, he hit them hard. He was all around them, and the Rangers realized they had to have some kind of support in a hurry. The jets in Nha Trang were the closest and the fastest, so that's where they called.

A steady tapping on his shoulder brought the lieutenant back from the fields around Dalat. "Not tonight," he thought desperately, "not in this. I won't be able to see anything to shoot at."

He ran to his A-37 jet fighter-bomber, climbed in and closed the canopy. As he taxied to takeoff position all he thought of was that he couldn't see. He couldn't see the runway ten feet in front of him; how was he going to see where to fire the rockets? He lifted into the black night and headed toward the coordinates he'd been given.

Over the firefight, he was in direct contact with the ground. "Right below the hill. Drop them right at the bottom of that hill."

Down he went. "I hope to God those guys are right," he thought. "I hope the right people are at the bottom of that hill. I hope that's the right hill."

"That's it. That's it. One more time should do it."

He was finished. Now he could fly back to Nha Trang and the couch in the ready room and his dreams. He looked down at his instrument panel and smiled. Just enough fuel, he could get back with no problems.

Back in his office at Nha Trang Air Base, Sergeant Ashworth was relaxing. The night looked as if it would be just routine. They'd brought a couple of planes in, but no emergencies. Bring that jet home and the night would be almost over. Ashworth's thoughts wandered to the jet: "He should be heading back by now. Coming in from the north, we should be getting his call in ten minutes." He went back to his daydreams of home.

The jet was streaking through the sky. "I should be getting in soon. Where are those lights? They should be coming up pretty soon. Gotta keep watching. Can't afford to miss those lights."

The jet streaked on, eating the miles the way only a jet can. "Where ARE those lights?" He looked down at the fuel gauge and felt the first real pangs of fear. "Almost empty. I couldn't have passed the lights. I would have been seen them." He looked at his compass and across his instruments to reassure himself. "Yeap. Six miles north. I've got to get a radar fix. This fuel won't last six miles."

Sergeant Herriott snapped up as the radio crackled to life: "CIPA 21 to Nha Trang Air Base. CIPA 21 Nha Trang Air Base, over."

"This is Nha Trang," Herriot answered, "go ahead."

"Request radar fix. I'm six miles north of base now, running on minimum fuel."

"Stand by CIPA 21."

Herriott turned to the radar scope, watching for the line to cross where the jet should be. As it crossed, his mind went into feverish action. "He's not there. He's not where he said he was. Maybe he's farther out, here it comes again. There's nothing there."

He turned to the microphone connecting him to Sergeant Ashworth's desk in the adjoining office. "Better come in here a minute, Sarge."

As Ashworth walked in the van, Herriott looked up, "The jet just called in, but he's not where he said he was."

"Did you check all the way back and around the area?"

"Yea. He's nowhere near there. Let me check south. Maybe he misread his instruments." Herriott watched the line swing to the south. There was a blip. A blip exactly 180 degrees from where the pilot said he was.

"CIPA 21, this is Nha Trang. Make a five degree turn to the right." The blip moved to the right. "CIPA 21, this is Nha Trang. Now go five degrees to the left." The blip moved back to its original position.

"That's him," Herriott said to Ashworth. "He's eight miles south headed away. Guess I'd better bring him back in."

"CIPA 21, this is Nha Trang. We've got you on radar. Make a slow circle and we'll bring you into the landing pattern on the first pass."

"Roger, Nha Trang." The young pilot relaxed. There was nothing to worry about now. The traffic controllers had him on radar and they weren't excited. They knew exactly where he was. If the controller thought he didn't have enough fuel to make it he would have told him. He laughed silently in the cockpit of the plane. "I knew I couldn't have missed those lights."

Herriott wasn't so sure about the fuel, but he knew he couldn't let the worry creep into his voice. The pilot had already gotten completely reversed in the rain. The last thing he needed now was another worry. He talked the pilot in the way he'd talked every other pilot in since he'd become a controller. Sergeant Ashworth coordinated between Herriott and the tower and watched the secondary scope. When the plane touched down, it was in an emergency fuel situation. The engines could have quit at any time without warning. A couple of more minutes in the air, and the plane would have never reached the runway.

An ulcer producing job? "Yes, it's nerve racking," said Staff Sergeant Larry Krum, Stanton, Mich., another controller at the station. "I like the work though. The rewards are right there. In the eight months I've been here, we've only had one emergency. That's the way we want it. When there are no emergencies, it shows that we're doing our jobs."

What's the hardest part of that job? "Well," said Sergeant Ashworth, "I guess it's airplane drivers." ■

Sick Call Knows No Hours

By SP4 Mike Maattala

SP6 Noel Choquette treats an ARVN soldier at the Task Force South Clearing Station in Phan Thiet.

Captain (Dr.) Harry Speedy operates the Task Force South Clearing Station at LZ Betty in Phan Thiet. Twenty-four hours a day, people needing medical care travel up the cement steps of the old French building, a whitewashed structure with blue trim. Some walk in on their own, seeking treatment for minor ailments such as a cold or sore throat. Others are carried in on litters, seriously wounded and fighting for their lives. People have died there; babies have been born there. And the routine of caring for those in need goes on.

Captain Speedy and his staff of 20 make up the 1st Platoon, 568th Medical Company. They provide medical services for anyone within Task Force South's area of operation, which covers two provinces: Binh Thuan and Ninh Thuan. They handle both US and ARVN troops and provide emergency treatment for civilians in the area.

In the medical system established by the US in Vietnam, the clearing station lies between the battalion aid station and the hospital. It is equipped to handle not only sick call, like an aid station, but also to provide emergency medical care. Anyone wounded or sick is first brought to the Task Force South Clearing Station. Those with minor illnesses or wounds are treated on the spot.

"If their condition is serious enough," said Captain Speedy, "we attempt to stabilize them so they will be able to make it to the hospital." US casualties are taken to Cam Ranh Bay, ARVN soldiers go

Photos by SP5 John Jamieson

Civilians, soldiers, and prisoners of war are handled at the clearing station. Here an ARVN soldier is cared for by industrial nurse Tang Thi Nhu Lien.

to their hospital in Phan Thiet, and civilians to the Provincial Hospital.

Captain Speedy had one year of medical residency before being drafted. There is a major difference between stateside work and duty in a combat zone, which he is quick to point out. "In Vietnam, we see many more trauma cases, injuries suffered by soldiers from gunshots or booby traps. Even among the civilians, whom we also treat for pneumonia and appendicitis, the majority of the cases stem from terrorist activity."

The inside of the clearing station at Phan Thiet is set up to handle patients as quickly as possible. Four litter stands are set off to the side of the main room. On the green wall next to the stands are four boards, each covered with pre-cut strips of adhesive tape, ready to be yanked off and used. Wires stretch overhead, with a glaring light bulb and a bottle of intravenous fluid above each stand. In the center of the room is a blood "reefer" (refrigerator), found only in clearing stations and hospitals in Vietnam. The whole blood stored in it is flown from the United States, a precaution against malaria.

A few feet from the blood reefer is Captain Speedy's desk, set off in a small cubicle. Thick medical volumes line the shelves of a bookcase along the back wall, with an examining table running perpendicular to it. A curtain hangs on a wire across the front so the area can be closed off. A small board with the words, "DOCTOR'S OFFICE," is nailed above the wire.

Other facilities include a pharmacy, laboratory, X-ray room, and a ten-bed ward. Two dentists operate a clinic in one section of the building, an optometrist comes from Nha Trang for two days each week, and a veterinarian stops by the clearing station once a week. An RTO mans a radio in a small room 24 hours a day, handling dustoff missions.

There is no set routine at the clearing station. Any time, night or day, a dustoff may bring in several litters, transforming a peaceful scene into a roomful of hurrying medics and suffering patients. Even sick call knows no hours. It is scheduled to last from 7:30 a.m. to 11:30 a.m., but may go on all day, with soldiers in sweaty fatigues and scuffed jungle boots arriving from firebases via chopper.

One of the most hectic nights experienced at the clearing station occurred on May 4 of this year when the enemy penetrated the perimeter wire at LZ Betty. "About 2:00 a.m. the ambulance started bringing in the first casualties from the attack," said Specialist Six Noel Choquette, clinical specialist from San Jose. "Soon the whole station was filled with wounded and we were treating them just as fast as we could. Everybody here pitched in; it wasn't until late in the morning that we had taken care of everyone." The record book, itself a statement of the confused night, shows 32 patients treated, five of whom died.

Prisoners of war also receive treatment at the clearing station. Those prisoners who require further treatment are sent to Cam Ranh Bay if captured by US forces, and to the ARVN hospital if captured by Republic of Vietnam forces. "While at the clearing station they are treated as well as American soldiers," said Captain Speedy. A patient is regarded as a suffering human being in the eyes of the medics, regardless if he is American, ARVN, or VC. After watching them work on an injured person, you somehow understand why this compassion must prevail in a medical facility, even in wartime.

Not all the work at the clearing station involves caring for victims of

war. In early July, a pregnant Vietnamese woman was brought in. Captain Speedy's examination showed she would deliver in about one hour, so he made preparations. A medic filmed the entire delivery, which Captain Speedy plans to show new medics in preparing them for emergencies of a similar nature at the clearing station.

In addition to his work at the clearing station, Captain Speedy works with ARVN doctors at their hospital in Phan Thiet. He also goes out on MEDCAPs once a week, visiting Vietnamese villages and providing medical care for the people. Said Captain Speedy, "Every doctor has a little of the 'save the world' attitude, especially when he's starting out. A bit of this feeling disappears with the passage of time, but some always remains."

Late one Sunday night in July, three Vietnamese were rushed into the clearing station on litters. Two of them, an ARVN and VC who had been shot, were treated quickly and sent to the ARVN hospital. But the other patient, a civilian with a bleeding ulcer, required more intensive care. For over an hour, Captain Speedy and the medics worked on him, inserting tubes into his ankles and chest in an attempt to get blood into his weakened body. When they were finally successful in stabilizing his condition, he was sent to the Provincial Hospital. Relaxing afterward, Captain Speedy summed up their effort, "We did everything we could. If they operate on him tonight, he'll be all right."

Frequently a wounded person will be brought in who is known by the medics. It is a strange feeling to look down and suddenly realize you are treating a close friend. But the medics can't allow personal relationships to affect their work. "All patients are the same," said Specialist Choquette. "They have to be. When you're working on someone, you have to look at the injury, not the person involved.

"But you still help them in as many ways as you can," he continued. "You talk to them all the time—even the tone of voice is important—because they need reassurance. If a guy is injured badly, he might even want to hold your hand. And you do it, because it's that much more life he has to hold onto."

When things slow down at the clearing station, usually in the late evening, the personnel on duty lounge around inside—reading, listening to the radio, or just passing the time with small talk. They are waiting for someone with misfortune to be brought in, and this in itself is sad. But the wounds and sickness are inevitable, so the people at the clearing station will continue their work—receiving all patients and attempting to ease their suffering. ■

The clearing station treats anyone within Task Force South's area of operation. Above: Captain Harry Speedy stitches up a cut over a soldier's eye. Below: A medic attends to a wounded soldier's foot.

MISS AMERICA

Above: Miss America, Pamela Ann Eldred, arrives in Nha Trang with members of her troupe. From left: Adria Easton, Miss Colorado; Mrs Irene Bryant, chaperone; Susan Anton, Miss California; Margaret Huhta, Miss Oregon; Miss America; Mary Cox, Miss Tennessee; Pat Johnson, Miss North Carolina; Ann Fowler, Miss Alabama. Below: Miss California, a favorite of the troops, smiles at the welcome Nha Trang sunshine.

Miss America 1970, Pamela Ann Eldred, spent two days in Nha Trang during her 22-day tour of military bases in Vietnam. She and the six state pageant winners accompanying her—Miss Alabama, Miss California, Miss North Carolina, Miss Colorado, Miss Oregon and Miss Tennessee—toured Headquarters, I Field Force Vietnam and ate lunch in the mess hall. Afterwards Miss America discussed her impressions of Vietnam and her thoughts on some current issues.

TYPHOON:

Miss America, how did you decide to come to Vietnam?

MISS AMERICA:

Each year Miss America is offered the USO tour, so they left it up to me to decide if I wanted to come to Vietnam. There was no question in my mind. I had a brother fighting here two years ago, and I wanted to do something for the GIs who are fighting for their country. We have all been impressed by them, especially by comparison with the young people back home who are demonstrating and unable to accept responsibility.

TYPHOON:

What were your first impressions of Vietnam? Were you frightened at the prospect of visiting the war zone?

MISS AMERICA:

No, I wasn't scared about coming here. But we expected it to be much worse. We thought we'd be sleeping in tents and eating C-rations. Actually I think we've been a little spoiled. We've been eating steak every night. I didn't expect to find so much spirit among the men here. The patients we've talked to in the hospitals are still interested in the United States even with all

Photos by SP5 Carl Million and SP4 James Rochfort

the demonstrations. Sometimes when we talked to veterans in the United States they felt they weren't appreciated. That was one reason why we wanted to come to Vietnam—to show the men how much the people are behind them.

TYPHOON:

Miss America, we've been hearing a lot about the Women's Liberation Movement. Do you have any opinions on this group?

MISS AMERICA:

Well, there are different parts to the movement, and some of them I agree with. I am proud of being a woman, and I think our greatest gift is being feminine. But a woman should be able to get a job based on her potential and she shouldn't be underpaid. If she is well educated and good at her job she should get the same salary as a man would. I wouldn't say I'd like to be treated like a man, but that doesn't mean that I can't do something for myself. I think many in the Women's Liberation Movement really have a chip on their shoulder about being a woman. A lot of them are dirty, they aren't well-kept. If you aren't well-kept on the outside, what are you on the inside?

TYPHOON:

Have you had any particularly interesting experiences during your tour of Vietnam?

MISS AMERICA:

Almost everyplace we've visited we have hit the monsoon and it's been wet! At one firebase we had to be carried through the mud in tanks to get to our performance. Another night we went on yellow alert right in the middle of the show, and at one firebase we learned after the performance that the enemy was not very far away. We thought they had just been practicing when we heard firing. We didn't know they don't practice here. At Qui Nhon an airplane flew over during the show as a special salute to us. They had just told us about rockets, and we thought it was a rocket coming in—all of us hit the floor!

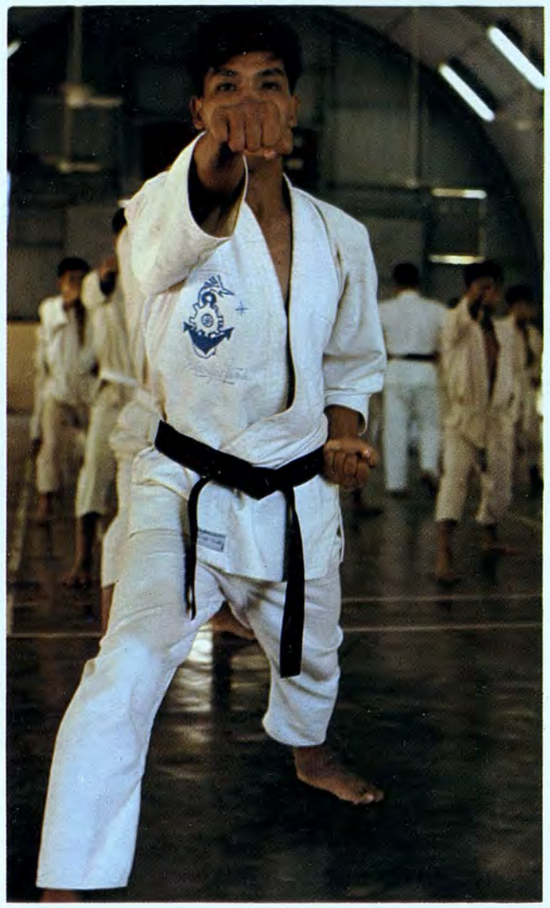
TYPHOON:

Have you enjoyed your tour?

MISS AMERICA:

We've enjoyed every minute of it. I've been very impressed with Vietnam—what a beautiful country it is, as beautiful as the United States. The best part has been meeting so many people. People are the best education you can get. I hope we have been able to show th GIs in Vietnam how much they are appreciated and to say thank-you from everyone back in the states. ■

Above: Miss America's ballet routine was a feature of the USO show, "The Sound of Young." Below: Miss Colorado, a champion baton twirler, highlighted her act with swirling fire-tipped batons.



Taekwon -Do

Story and Photos
By SP5 John Wilcox

"Chunbi!" The guttural command brought eight ranks of Vietnamese naval cadets, barefoot, white-suited and sashed, from the position of attention to the "ready" stance. There was a pause, a moment of contemplation preparatory for action. The Korean instructor gazed over the rows of flawlessly aligned cadets. They stood like tight springs, feet slightly apart, elbows crooked, clenched fists held taut just below and slightly out from the waist. Their faces as tensed as their bodies, the cadets looked straight ahead, expressionless, into the face of an imagined opponent. This was the opening move for a session of Taekwon-Do, the Korean art of unarmed combat.

"Ch'on-ji hyong!" The second command called for the pattern of

Above: A black-belt cadet at the Vietnamese Naval Academy executes a punch with forward stance. The clenched fist is the Taekwon-Do emblem. Below: Students execute basic moves in the pattern of Heaven and Earth.

Two cadets practice advanced sparring movements. Here the defender blocks the attacker's side thrusting kick.

"Heaven and Earth," the first pattern exercise learned by students of Taekwon-Do. The movements, consisting of two similar parts representing the heaven and the earth, interpret symbolically the creation of the world or the beginning of human history.

The cadets, white-belts working to perfect this initial pattern, executed the movements with perfect synchronization and controlled force. A low body block swung into a quick punch, then a two-step turn, more blocks and punches, more turns, each precisely defined, then a high side block with raised fist and another forward punch. The moves turned around an imagined X starting point, never moving more than two steps out from that point until with a heaved grunt and thrust the cadets made two backward steps and punches, completing the pattern.

To the untrained observer Taekwon-Do movements may seem halting and jerky, without the flow of ballet or the rhythm of boxing. This characteristic abrupt snapping effect is necessary because each movement in the pattern is a separate unit culminating in a punch or block followed by a momentary pause while the body and mind gather force for the next move. Taekwon-Do works to achieve smoothness and rhythm, total body control, within each move. The series of movements, however, produces an effect more like a chain of explosions than a dance or gymnastic exercise. In advanced free sparring the feints, blocks, kicks, dodges and punches combine with such speed and dexterity that they blend into a kind of whirling dervish movement. Only a trained student of Taekwon-Do can understand and evaluate these complex movements.

Modern Taekwon-Do derives from an ancient form of foot-fighting, called T'ae-Kyon, perfected in the Silla Dynasty of Korea about 500 A.D. Silla, at that time the smallest kingdom in Korea, developed this form of combat and organized a group of fighting youths to defend their nation against invasion from more powerful neighbors. The present form of Taekwon-Do combines these ancient foot techniques with fist fighting adapted from the Japanese Karate. Many of the combined maneuvers and patterns were developed by Major General Choi Hong Hi, known as the "father of Taekwon-Do," who introduced the name in 1955. Translated literally, the name means "to jump, kick, or smash with the foot" (t'ae), "to punch or destroy with the hand or fist" (kwon), an "art, way or method" (do).

The principles of Taekwon-Do impose on the student an obligation to discipline his mind as well as his body, to follow strict rules of morality and behavior together with extensive physical training. Taekwon-Do must never be used for attack or to provoke a fight. It is an art of self-defense, perfected to preserve justice and defend the weak. Similarly, it must be practiced with a "spirit of democracy." Although all applicants for instruction are screened, no one is barred for race, sex, age or prior physical development.

The movements and maneuvers of Taekwon-Do are based on a carefully worked out "Theory of Power" designed to harness the power generated by muscular contractions throughout the body and focus it

Background information taken from *Taekwon-Do* by Choi Hong Hi.

Taekwon-Do aims to achieve: Perseverance, Modesty, Self-Control, Indomitable Spirit.

onto a small striking surface. The fist, the edge of the hand, the heel thus become the outlet for the strength of the whole body. The extraordinary feats for which Taekwon-Do has become known—splitting thick planks and stacks of tiles with a single blow from the fist or foot—are not accomplishments of brute strength or stamina but of perfect coordination and concentration.

The theory of power operates on four principles of force: (1) Reaction force—counter-movements of the body complement and increase the forward thrust of a strike blow. A left forearm block is accelerated by the simultaneous snap of the right arm back to the hip. (2) Concentration of force—focus of strength on a small striking surface such as the edge of the palm or the crook of the fingers puts the force of the whole body behind the blow and adds a twist similar to the spin on a bullet. (3) Equilibrium—only with perfect balance can all of the body's strength be directed to the striking point. Correcting improper balance uses up energy and weakens the blow. (4) Breath control—a sharp exhale at the instant of impact helps to release the body's energy simultaneously with the blow.

Taekwon-Do employs no weapons other than the body. It strengthens 17 points where force can be concentrated (different parts of the hands and feet, knees, elbows, arms, head, and so forth) to attack 54 "vital spots" on the opponent's body. Primary targets are the diaphragm, abdomen, face, neck, and groin. But always the principle prevails in Taekwon-Do not to inflict injury but to display power. The threat, the demonstrated capability to inflict injury, is Taekwon-Do's most powerful weapon.

Taekwon-Do evaluates individual performance on a scale of eight grades and nine degrees. The lowest grades, eight and seven, are represented by the beginner's white belt, and the middle grades six through four and three through one by the blue and red (or brown) belts respectively. Students work up through these grades on the basis of tests given every three months. The training schedule requires a minimum of one and a half hours of practice daily to win the black belt (first degree) in 24 months. The student then moves up through the degrees of black belt in accordance with his ability. Few men other than Korean instructors who practice Taekwon-Do for hours every day reach better than the third degree. Only one man, General Choi, the founder and organizer of Taekwon-Do, holds the ninth degree black belt.

There is no limit to the number and variety of moves in Taekwon-Do. The beginning student learns the useful parts of the body and their basic positions—how to clench the fist, how to form a "knife hand," how to stand and lunge. Then he learns the simple movements of defense and attack, blocking, thrusting, punching and kicking. He is taught to combine these positions and movements in pattern exercises, such as the initial ch'on-ji hyong, which has 19 moves. More advanced patterns have as many as 56 separate moves, all arranged in logical sequence of attack and defense.

While he is learning pattern exercises the student also begins three-step sparring. Two students work together alternating attack and defense. The attacker leads with three forward punches. The defender blocks the first two punches and meets the third with a knife hand, punch, kick, or whatever defensive move he wishes to practice. The purpose of these movements is to familiarize students with correct punching and blocking techniques while they are moving in actual fighting conditions. The moves, however, are all pre-arranged. Similarly in two and one-step sparring the students practice the same pre-arranged moves but at greater speed.

Free sparring, which the student begins only after he has moved up to the third grade (red belt), applies all of the techniques learned from patterns and basic exercises, but there is no pre-arranged attack or defense. Both participants are free to attack and defend with any of the hundreds of Taekwon-Do techniques, with only the limitation that the attacker stop his strike just short of the vital point. In free sparring emphasis is always on defense rather than the attack. Taekwon-Do is so lethal that victory, in an actual fight, could be achieved by a single blow. For this reason the techniques of defense, which include the ability to lure the opponent into a vulnerable position, are far more important than the attack. The object of sparring is fully achieved if the participant defends himself from the opponent's attack.

The beginner may find Taekwon-Do's program of self-discipline and rigorous training frustrating and difficult. Particularly for Americans unfamiliar with the Orient the philosophy and methods of Taekwon-Do may seem obscure. Most students find, however, that after even the first few weeks of training they can see the effectiveness of these techniques. There is no question that Taekwon-Do is rapidly becoming popular around the world. In Korea 1,750,000 people, both military and civilian, practice Taekwon-Do. In Vietnam there are 123 Korean instructors teaching 186,700 Vietnamese. An undetermined number of American soldiers in Vietnam have taken lessons from Korean instructors. In the United States, where Taekwon-Do has been practiced only since about 1960, there are already 130,000 participants in clubs throughout the country.

A skeptic might question the relevance of Taekwon-Do in the 20th century, an age of technological warfare and nuclear weapons of unimagined power. The student of Taekwon-Do would answer that as in any other art or science the practice of Taekwon-Do offers all the satisfactions of skill, precision and discipline. Taekwon-Do succeeds in developing the human body, which even the massive technology of the 20th century has been unable to improve, and in producing greater coordination between the body and the mind. Even the most advanced scientist or philosopher would regard this as a noteworthy accomplishment.

Discussing the social uses of Taekwon-Do, General Choi has argued that in a world filled with hostility and intimidation the only way to answer a belligerent is "with the language of force—force skillfully applied." In the words of its official code, Taekwon-Do aims to achieve: Perseverance, Modesty, Self-Control, Indomitable Spirit. ■

SP5 Carl Million

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Cambodian trainees in Vietnam
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