Esprit

FOURTH INFANTRY DIVISION

"Bruser 14, this is Tricker 21. Fire Mission—over."
"Grid 245 378, direction 2400—over."
"VC platoon in open, 300 meters, danger close, VT, will adjust—over."
"Observe smoke—out."
"Shot—out."
"Splash—out."
"Left 200 add 200, at my command—over."

"Ready—out."
"FIRE!"
"Shot—out."
"Splash—out."
"Right 50 add 50."
"Ready—out."
"FIRE!"
"Shot—out."
"Splash—out."
"TARGET! Fire for effect—over."

"Shot—out."
"Splash—out."
"END OF MISSION! Weapons silenced, unknown casualties, mark as target, Merci Beaucoup—out."

"Bruser 14. Fire mission—out."
"Grid 245 378, direction 2400—out."
"VC platoon in open, 300 meters, danger close, will adjust—out."
"Battery, VT, center 1 round, 3 rounds in effect, observe smoke—over."
"Shot—over."
"Splash—over."
"Left 200 add 200, at my command—out."
"Ready—over."

"Splash—over."

"Right 50 add 50."

"Shot—over."
"Splash—over."
"TARGET FIRE for effect—out."
"Shot—over."
"Splash—over."

Salute to Artillery

by SP5 Steve DiBiase and SP5 Jon L. Aldridge

That is how it was in 1966 when the mighty roar of the Fourth Infantry Division Artillery resounded for the first time in the Central Highlands.

As round after round screamed into the enemy positions with deadly accuracy, the tenacity of the artillerymen became known to our small but potent enemy, teaching him not only to respect, but also to fear the Ivy cannon soldiers. To "Charlie," then as today, "Hell hath no fury like Redleg steel."

Although there have been instances in the Highlands of the artillery being used as the main offentive force, the primary mission of the artillery is to give support by fire upon request to any American or allied units in their area of operations. In addition, there are countless "H&I's" but the cannon soldiers are not content with the daily harassment and interdiction missions; they wait for the radio to crackle with the news of a contact mission. The mention of the word CONTACT sends a seemingly electrical, unifying force surging through a firing battery. Resulting from this psychological charge, the artillerymen fire their rounds with blazing speed and deadly accuracy, smashing into enemy troop concentrations; momentarily stymying, then crushing his attack.

Gun Bunnies, Cannon Soldiers, Redlegs, Cannon Cockers —artillerymen all, past and present—you who define your mission as "Stopping Charles in his tracks and destroying him with firepower"—we salute you!

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ESPRIT is an authorized publication of the 4th Infantry Division, APO 96262, and is published quarterly by the Division's Information Office. Opinions expressed in this publication are not necessarily those of the Department of Army. Unless otherwise indicated, all material published in ESPRIT may be reprinted provided credit is given to the magazine, author and photographer or artist.

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ESPRIT is an annual publication produced in four seasonal increments so that the four installments, when retained, will provide each individual with a permanent record of his tour with the FOURTH INFANTRY DIVISION.

FOURTH ENGINEERS *Men for all seasons*

Providing engineer combat and construction support for the troops of the Fourth Infantry Division is the primary mission of the Fourth Engineer Battalion. Throughout Vietnam, some 32,000 engineers build and maintain airfields, roads, ports, pipelines, logistical facilities and bases in support of Free World Forces.

Army Engineers are vitally concerned with serving the combined arms team of infantry-armor-artillery elements in accomplishing their mission and providing a measure of protection from the elements to the men with rifles. They are just as concerned with building facilities for units that provide back up support for supplies and services. Throughout the Fourth Division area of operations, engineers maintain roads, locate and destroy mines and booby traps, clear new landing zones and operate water purification points.

In the forward areas, daily engineer activities include road clearing operations. The engineers must insure safe passage for vehicular traffic over the hundreds of miles of paved and dirt roads which form a major supply link between forward and rear areas. To accomplish this task the engineers employ the Combat Engineer Vehicle (CEV) along with the hand-held mine detectors.

The CEV is an M-60 tank which has been mounted with a set of wheels that extend in front of the vehicle. When the wheels strike a mine, it explodes harmlessly in front of the tank. This method of road sweeping is much safer and quicker than sweeping by hand with mine detectors. However, this technique does not afford the engineers the opportunity to study or disarm a mine, which might yield enemy intelligence. The hand-held mine detector is operated by one man who walks in front of a squad while two additional men provide security for the detector operator and his machine.

In the course of a mine sweep, the detector will locate many pieces of foreign material such as pipes, tincans and other harmless objects. Yet each object detected must be investigated. From January to October, 1969, 1,034 enemy mines were found and destroyed by the Fourth Engineer Battalion.

The Fourth Engineers are the prime movers of earth which separate forward five bases and main highway systems. Whenever a new fire base is cut out of the jungle, a new road must be cut between the fire base and one of the major roadways. The Fourth Engineers work exclusively on these

sideroads, maintaining over 100 miles of unpaved roadway.

The fact that the roads are unpaved makes the job even more difficult. These dirt roads are subject to washing out during the monsoon season and becoming dustbowls in the dry season. They are also a target for enemy mines since it is easier to place mines in the dirt than in the hard surface of a paved road.

Part of the job of road construction is bridge building. Company E is the bridge building company of the battalion. Whether it is a small creek or a roaring torrent, Company E has always managed to cope with the situation. The bridges built are not only vital to Army transportation but also of great value to the people of Vietnam both now and in the future. Not only can Company E build bridges, they can launch them as well. The Armored Vehicle Launched Bridge (AVLB) is a heavy duty steel structure which can be launched from an Armored Personnel Carrier (APC). Although the AVLB weighs only 15 tons it can support well over 100 tons. When its job is done, the AVLB can be picked up and moved to a new location with very little trouble.

The AVLB is of great value to armored and mechanized units working in the Central Highlands since the Highlands are crisscrossed with mountain streams which wax and wain according to rainfall. What was a babbling brook in the dry season could well be a swift moving river during the monsoons.

The Engineers have four bridge launchers and eight bridges. The launchers are usually worked in pairs utilizing a leap-frog technique. The AVLB is one more way in which the engineers provide back up support and insure mobility for the troops on the ground.

The Engineers, in addition to their construction work, provide logistical support in the form of purified water. A portable water purifying unit is set up in the back of a panel truck. Each of these units can produce up to 1,500 gallons of fresh water per hour and supplied Fourth Division soldiers with 2,796,580 gallons of pure water in the three month period from August through October of 1969.

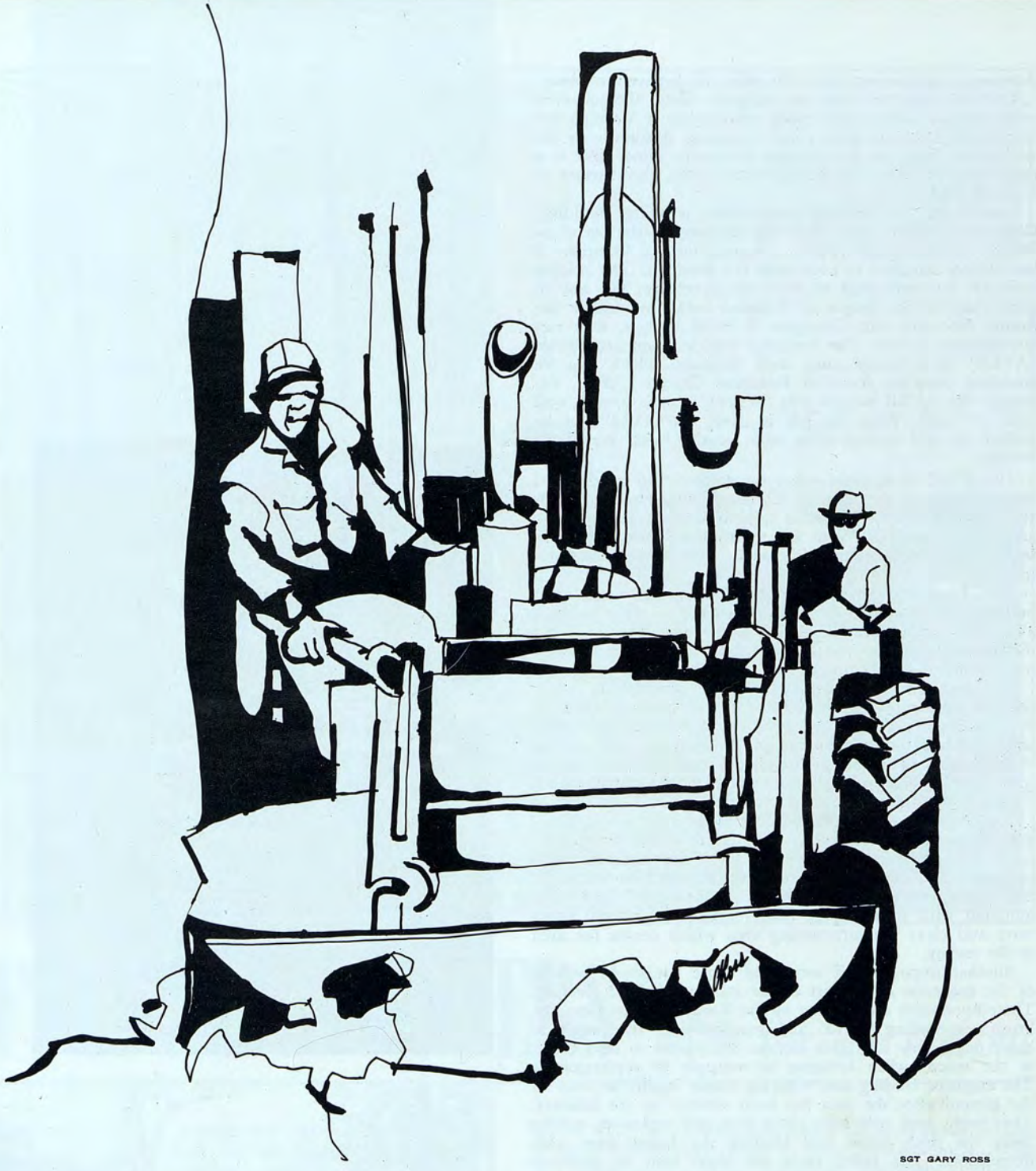
The engineers also assist the infantry in many ways. When a large enemy fortification is discovered in the field, engineers are often called upon to level the complex with bulldozers and demolitions. Explosives are used on the larger and harder complexes to destroy bunkers. D-7 bulldozers mounted with straight-edge blades flatten the enemy structures and clear the surrounding area which denies the area to the enemy.

Another important, if somewhat more dangerous activity of the engineers in support of the infantry, is land clearing. Their operations include use of the Rome plow to clear out brush surrounding an LZ and repellied into the jungle to carve out a new LZ. This enables helicopters to land closer to the troops when bringing in resupply or replacements. The engineer landing zone clearing teams usually set foot on the ground after the area has been secured by the infantry. They begin work with axes, chain saws and explosives, cutting away the thick brush and blasting the larger trees with demolitions. The fallen trees are often used as overhead cover for the bunkers which are dug by cratering charges and engineer mini-dozer support. As the first LZ is being cleared, three man teams move out with the infantry to cut additional LZs in the same area.

In rear areas, engineers work at all construction trades as carpenters, masons, electricians, plumbers and pipe fitters, while they build maintenance facilities, pipeline and storage tanks, hospital complexs, water and utility systems.

At Camp Enari, the Fourth Division headquarters, the Fourth Engineers perform a variety of functions. The engineers assist base defense in the construction of bunkers, the stringing of wire and the building of watch towers. During the monsoon, the engineers maintain the drainage runoff system at Camp Enari. They keep the ditches leading off post clear of debris and posted with strong defensive wire.

One of the most important functions engineers perform at base camp is the upgrading of motor pools. Using land graders, trucks and bulldozers, engineers can clear out large areas of ground, adding more parking spaces.



SGT GARY ROSS

The Fourth Engineers have always been known for their willingness to help out other units. They have also built bridges, roads and strengthened fighting positions for Civil Affairs (CA) villages throughout the division area of operations. A CA team leader at Edap Enang said of them, "I have never worked with a more cooperative and helpful group than the Fourth Engineers. They have put us a full year ahead in the village defense system."

The key to all engineer effort is the engineer soldier. Courageous, energetic and displaying amazing initiative and ingenuity, he works around the clock in all types of terrain. He is able to handle complex construction techniques so necessary to accomplish the many tasks he is called on to finish in Vietnam.

Engineers have contributed skill and spare time to help build schools, orphanages, improve roads, dig wells, and emplace drainage systems to assist the people of Vietnam. And never to be forgotten, although they are primarily support troops, the Fourth Division engineers have an impressive combat record, having on occasion dropped their tools, climbed down from their equipment and engaged the enemy in a fire fight.

One can see the results of the hard work and skill of the Army engineer in every section of the Fourth Division. Engineer soldiers have overcome the obstacles of torrential rains, choking dust, sand, mud and enemy harrassment to accomplish a record of engineer construction unsurpassed in modern day military engineering. Now their efforts are directed toward supporting the troops in the field, but much of their work will have everlasting benefits for Vietnam in the future . ✣

by PFC Phillip Kenny

ARVN CIVIC ACTION

"...leaving something behind."

The function of the Fourth Infantry Division Civil Action (CA) program is to help improve the physical and economic well being of the local population, which in this area includes a large percentage of Montagnards. But what will happen when the Americans withdraw? There must be a foundation to enable the programs to continue under Vietnamese CA teams.

Americans realized the potential problem and in May, 1969, began inserting Vietnamese CA team members into the American teams for training as future cadre when the Vietnamese completely take over the monumental task.

We are trying to create a situation with the ARVNs so there will be a smooth passover from US control to RVN control, says Major Michael Coyne, Fourth Division G5 CA supervisor and coordinator.

Presently there are 34 trained ARVN CA members in the U.S. teams with an allocation of 40 as a maximum. *Now there are more ARVNs in training than we have vacancies,* says Major Coyne. *So we transfer personnel to give as much experience as possible for future cadre. They work with the CA team about four months, then are put in an interpreter position or Civic Action staff position.*

ARVNs are fully integrated into the CA team. They are in no special category, most are very intelligent, speak English, and some speak Jarai or Bahnar. By their being from a Vietnamese culture, they have insight into many of the problems of the villagers, whereas an American might find such insight somewhat difficult.

Two ARVNs who characterize an overall sketch of the future cadre are Lee Van Lam of Plei Brel Dor and Hai-Ich of Plei Thung Heng. Both are trying to become proficient at their job with the CA teams, but realize they face problems of adjustment. Adjustment is a big problem for the ARVN as he finds himself set down in two different cultures from his own. He eats, sleeps and works with the U.S. team, and deals with the Montagnard villagers in his work.

At a 37, Ich has done a tremendous job of learning both the English and Montagnard languages. His maturity and background provide a cushion for his entry into these environments.

But for 19-year-old Lam, hardly able to communicate and in no way as proficient as Ich in English, the problem is more evident. After a short three week training at II Corps for entry into the CA team, he was sent to a CA team in a Montagnard village. After a short seven days, he went on leave, then returned for seven days. At the end of those seven days, Lam was transferred to Plei Brel Dor to further develop his skills and language proficiency.

U.S. CA team members at Plei Brel Dor say it is because there they have more interpreters who can understand Lam that he has made progress. The ability of the Vietnamese to communicate with the Montagnards seems to parallel with the villagers' fondness for and willingness to work with the Vietnamese.

The ARVNs serve as liaison between the Montagnard villagers and the U.S. CA team. Although the ARVNs usually work well with the Montagnards, the relationship of the Vietnamese and Montagnard is not one of great friendship. Some of the CA team members credit this problem to the language barrier and the misunderstandings which have arisen from it.

ARVN Sergeant First Class Ich says he realizes this attitude of friction between the Vietnamese and Montagnards and attributes some of the problem to the French. *When the French were here they separated the Montagnards from the Vietnamese and told them that the Vietnamese were bad people. In turn, they told the Vietnamese that the Montagnards wanted to kill them.*

Although the ultimate function of the ARVN is as the future cadre of the ARVN CA team, an important part of this function is his ability to work with villagers and smooth relationships between the Vietnamese and Montagnards. Ich says he wants to show the villagers that he cares about their welfare and that the Vietnamese are not bad people.

What does an ARVN think about the CA program? *This is a good program,* says Ich, *and is the main purpose of the war. We have to be able to touch the people, to come in contact with them. And through the CA program, we are able to do this. In a sense, the CA team is here to show that this is a good government.*

Without a doubt, Sergeant Ich believes in his job. He has had offers to go back to a desk job, but refuses, saying that he wanted to stay in the village. He has the loyalty and respect of his American co-workers, and the villagers alike. Walking through the village he often stops to talk and joke with the villagers who have responded warmly to him, an achievement resulting from his ability to speak Jarai and Bahnar, and a sincerity to help the villagers. When asked why he had dedicated the last two years of his life to the village, he answered... **"Tomorrow we die, the next day we die... I try to leave something behind."**

The Pleiku area of the Central Highlands is the home of the Jarai and Bahnar Montagnard tribes. With their agrarian society, the villagers are largely independent, living off their rice harvests and during special celebrations slaughtering a buffalo or other animal and eating it.

Perhaps the largest blockade to the improvement of the Montagnard's living condition is his illiteracy. It is estimated that of the approximately 150,000 Jarai tribesmen only about 10 per cent can read and write.

On the whole, the health of the Jarai tribesman is poor. They suffer from many diseases: skin irritations, respiratory ailments, leprosy, malaria, typhoid, cholera, dysentery, tuberculosis, yaws and ailments resulting from vitamin and iodine deficiencies. The Jarai believe that the activities of evil spirits is the cause and that sacrifices must be made.

Besides the vast health problems and illiteracy, the Montagnards, due to the Vietnam War, have undergone changes that have left psychological results. The consolidation of their villages, a vital part of their security and well being, has taken away some of their independence. Now several hamlets have interwined and laced into a larger village. Many of these villages have American Civic Action teams either living in the village or mobile teams visiting on a regular basis.

Helping to bridge the gap between the Vietnamese and Montagnards and teaching the Montagnards new farming methods, hygiene and instigating an educational program for the villages is all a part of the progress made by the U.S. CA teams. Strides are being made every day as the CA teams show the villagers how they can help themselves. The ARVN CA team members, by being an integral part of the team, are a great help.

The main purpose of the CA team is to act as a catalyst, according to Major Coyne. *There are excellent programs existing where the Montagnards can get economic support from the Vietnamese Government. Because of their lack of any formal education, the villagers are often suspicious of such programs. There is a lack of trained leaders to tell the villagers the things that are available to them. But once a few of these programs are completed, then the problem is largely solved. The villagers learn to start the process and initiate further programs.*

Members of the CA teams throughout the Central Highlands encourage the villagers to hold town meetings, decide on a program that will help the village, vote on it, then go through the proper channels to get the aid from the government.

ARVN CA team members are a very key part in this process of teaching democratic techniques to people who have been living a tribal life for thousands of years.

It is a learning process for both ARVN and villager alike. Hundreds of years of superstition and ignorance are being swept by the dedicated efforts of the U.S. and ARVN members of the CA teams, while at the same time, the ARVN members are gaining a greater insight on how a CA team runs. When American troops leave the Central Highlands, they will leave behind a group of dedicated, well-trained ARVN soldiers who will be able to carry on the work of nation-building.

FACING PAGE: Lam explains current farm techniques to a local tribesman in his own garden. LOWER LEFT: The Montagnards have shown great interest in their own future. Lam finds constant pupils on which to pass his training. LOWER RIGHT; Security is still an important part of life. These two must always be alert and ready should danger rear its threat. BELOW: In another small plot. Lam shows which plants are ready for harvest.

by SP4 Don Smith

photos by SP4 Beau Schachow

THE FOURTH IN VIETNAM

compiled by CPT Bernard F. Mallett

The proper planning and use of support is one of the essentials for successful military operations. The Fourth Infantry Division, with its area of operations extending from the South China Sea to the Cambodian boarder, has been utilizing its available support in a manner which can be dramatically seen by the results of operations throughout the AO during the fall and winter months of 1969.

Support comes in many forms. It's the operation of the 704th Maintenance Battalion, which, according to Captain Harry Brown, Mt. Ephian, N.J., commanding officer of the battalion's C Company, "gives direct support to the division with nearly every tool or part that is essential for any kind of job, except for medical, cryptpgraphic or quartermaster items."

It's the fire support provided by the artillery, both organic to the division and attached. Events such as the firing of the 50,000th round from Landing Zone Hard Times by the 4th Battalion, 42nd Artillery in November and the 100,000th round fired by the 6th Battalion, 29th Artillery at LZ Denise in September.

Its quality is reflected by things such as a special safety award received by 16 aviators of the 4th Aviation Battalion for logging 31,000 accident free hours in the air. Its quality is also reflected by the hundreds of truck drivers who daily haul goods from the sea to the Division's units all over the AO and by the uncounted mail clerks who see that the mail goes through.

The list is endless. The medics, clerks, even the chaplains and the Red Cross workers, are included under the category of support. Without support, the soldier in the field wouldn't stand a chance. Support isn't limited to material and services —it also takes into account the action of our allies in Vietnam.

BRAVES smash NVA hideout

During November, 120 NVA soldiers were killed during a four day battle with the Fourth Division's 3rd Battalion, 12th Infantry and supporting aircraft and artillery, while on an operation in the Chu Pa Mountains northwest of Pleiku.

The second platoon, Company B, while sweeping an area 11 miles northwest of Plei Mrong, discovered a large, well concealed bunker complex. They immediately came under an enemy small arms and B40 rocket attack.

Artillery was called in on the suspected enemy locations and 4th Aviation Cobra gunships swooped in and fired upon the estimated enemy company. Contact was broken and a sweep of the area the following day turned up the bodies of 35 NVA killed in the previous day's action. Three days after the first contact, Company A and Company B in a westward sweep made contact again, killing one NVA. Later the same day, Company C made contact and called in Air Force F 100 and F 4 jets, reenforced with A1E Skyraiders for strikes against enemy positions. At the end of the aggressive four day contact, allied forces had killed 120 NVA in their futile attempt to remain hidden in the strategic mountain area.

EUREKA!! Dragoons find cache

The lack of support, such as supplies, greatly hinders military operations, as the NVA discovered when one of the largest caches ever found in the Central Highlands was discovered by 4th Division soldiers.

In October, the 3rd Platoon, Company B, 3rd Battalion, 8th Infantry discovered one of the largest caches ever found by the Fourth Division. Specialist 4 Felix Hernandez, of Yuma, Ariz., spotted what appeared to be three rifle butts protruding from sheer rock during a sweep 14 miles northeast of An Khe. He immediately notified Staff Sergeant Francis Scott of Darian, Conn., who investigated the cache site and spotted at least a dozen more rifles.

Further investigation revealed a four level complex that once inventoried, yielded 75 Mauser carbines and SKS rifles, 20 anti-tank mines, 6 seventy-five millimeter recoilless rifle rounds, 53,000 AK47 rounds, 800 mixed mortar rounds, 2,000 feet of time fuse cord, 200 rifle grenades, 100 B40 rockets, 60 eighty-two milimeter mortar fuses, 5 light machine guns, 80 anti-personnel mines and two complete eighty-two milimeter mortars. The entire cache was evacuated to An Khe for examination and disposal.

Major General Donn R. Pepke, at that time the division commander, commented on the find: *The seizure of this weapons cache has special significance for two reasons—first, the weapons were new, indicating that the enemy units in that area must have been planning an offensive, and secondly, the cache was found in a base camp which is stratigically located within striking distance of Highway 19 to the south and the heavily populated costal region of Binh Dinh Province to the east.*

The enemy's last major effect in this area was against Highway 19 on August 11, when he suffered a severe defeat. However, allied forces have been making excellent progress in the pacification of Binh Dinh province, a situation that deprives the VC and NVA of a source of food and manpower. In the past, the enemy has always reacted to successful pacification with an offensive effort.

A soldier is a soldier is a soldier...

In early September, tankers from Company C, 1st Battalion, 69th Armor and infantrymen from the Korean Tiger Division teamed up for a five day operation and accounted for 61 NVA killed and 40 captured enemy weapons in an area several miles from Phu Cat.

Before starting the operation, the Koreans received a two day orientation on armor capabilities. Captain David O. Lindsay, St. Maries, Idaho, Charlie Company's commander commented on the bi-national aspect: *The Koreans worked well with us, even with the relatively short armor orientation we were able to give them. It goes to show that a good soldier is a good soldier—no matter what language he may speak.*

A helping hand

The cold statistics of help given is not as dramatic as a few examples of humanitarian action performed by soldiers of the Division.

One involves the relocation and resettlement of 97 Montagnard villagers who were under VC control since 1964.

A patrol from Company C, 3rd Battalion, 12th Infantry was making a routine sweep of an area 35 miles southwest of An Khe when they received sporadic fire.

Reacting to the fire, the patrol pushed through the densely vegitated area. What they found at the other end was a big surprise.

A group of Montagnards were sitting in an open area facing the oncoming Americans. The Montagnards were also surprised, but happy when the Americans approached them. Convinced that the soldiers meant them no harm, the tribesmen motioned for their women and children to come forward and the number of Montagnards swelled to 84.

Later, at Camp Enari, the dramatic story of the Bahnar tribesmen began to unfold. Originally members of the villages of Plei Brang Brul 1, 2, and 3, the Montagnards were approached by a group of Viet Cong who entered the village in June of 1964. The VC told the Montagnards that they were in dire need of food, and that the villagers would have to grow rice, corn and potatoes for the VC or they would be killed.

Under the threat of death, the villagers grew the foodstuffs. Then in late 1966, the VC told the villagers they would have to supply rice carriers. Again fearing the their lives, the villagers complied.

No longer willing to obey the VC demands, the villagers decided in May, 1967 that the only way to avoid further harrassment was to move. They then relocated in an area near the Dak Pihao River.

For several months the relocated Montagnards lived in relative peace. However, a different group of Viet Cong crossed paths with them and again threatened them with death if they did not grow rice for the VC.

The Montagnards were also forced to construct punji stakes and then plant them in designated areas. Two Viet Cong were giving them a propaganda speech when the patrol moved into the area. The VC fired shots at the patrol and then fled into the adjacent jungle.

Several days later 13 more Montagnards, also believed to be former residents of the Plei Brang Brul villages, were spotted by a patrol and taken to Camp Enari for a reunion with their fellow villagers.

Asked if they would like to relocate in another area, the Montagnards responded with a resounding yes. The Fourth Division's Civil Affairs (CA) program has since relocated them in Choe Reo, a resettlement area south of Camp Enari.

Liquidation sale?

When it comes to denying the enemy support, the Fourth Division is literally keeping the NVA naked. Soldiers of the Second Platoon, Company D, 1st Battalion, 8th Infantry discovered a complex containing enough clothing and other material to set up a jungle department store while on a sweep 35 miles northwest of An Khe in early October.

We had come along a trail by the river, recalled commo chief Sergeant Leonard Miller, of Georgetown, Texas, *when we came to a fork in the path. The second platoon led by Sergeant Glenn Sattler took the left leg of the trail.*

Sergeant Nicholas Lichtenthal of Buffalo, N.Y. was the first man to open the door of the storage hut. Inside he found 50 sets of NVA pajamas, 11 khaki shirts, 15 pounds of buttons, and nine pair of scissors. The NVA sewing compound was the most impressive find. Twenty rolls of cloth, or about 1,000 feet of khaki uniform material, was found, as well as 11 rolls of blue cloth, 20 rolls of black cloth and 20 yards of silk.

The men were really surprised by the cache, said Sergeant Miller. *The complex looked like it had been used within the last 12 hours, but no NVA were engaged.* The enemy supply center has been forced out of business by the 1st Brigade soldiers.

SGT GARY ROSS

NVA payroll

In September, the NVA received an economic setback when the Aero Rifle platoon of the 7th Squadron, 17th Air Cavalry captured a rucksack containing 734,850 piasters and killed nine would-be NVA paymasters in an action 25 miles southwest of An Khe. Two suspects were also detained in the action.

The action began after a light observation helicopter (LOH) had found an enemy complex of huts, a bunker and an estimated platoon sized NVA element. The ARP platoon leader, Captain Howard Hodge of Denver, said after his unit came into the landing zone it began to move toward the enemy complex to the east.

But at that time, continued Captain Hodge, *LOH crews saw two more NVA soldiers to our rear; and took them under fire. We changed course, returned to the LZ, and established security. Also at that time, a reaction force composed of Fourth Division soldiers from Company B, 3rd Battalion, 12th Infantry, was brought in.*

The Aero Rifle Platoon and the infantrymen moved on line through the dense forest and underbrush on a final sweep of the area. When they broke into a clearing, they found two more enemy dead, with rucksacks, AK47 assault rifles and the payroll.

FIREPOWER does the trick

During the three day period from October 28–31, troops of the 2nd Battalion (Mechanized), 8th Infantry, supported by artillery fire, gunships, air strikes and Vietnamese forces, killed 119 enemy soldiers near the village of Plei Mrong about 17 miles northeast of Pleiku.

The first contact with the enemy in the area was made by two platoons of Company C, when they met an estimated squad size enemy force while moving from their night location. In the ensuing firefight, they killed two NVA soldiers.

During the same day, about noon, C Company made another contact and called in artillery, gunships and Snoopy air strikes. Before the week was out, allied forces had taken over a fortified enemy battalion headquarters, captured 30 B40 and B41 rockets, 96 grenades and 16 mortar rounds.

No sacrifice too great

Another example of the humanitarian effort put forth by soldiers in the Fourth Division involved a chaplain's assistant with the 1st Battalion, 14th Infantry, Specialist 4 Ray Malley of Foxboro, Mass., who literally gave the shirt off his back to a Montagnard child and in the process started a personal VA program.

I happened to be wearing a college T-shirt under my fatigue jacket, explained the 1968 Defiance College graduate, *and because of the heat I removed the jacked. The colorful design of my T-shirt soon became the center of attention.*

One little boy seemed especially intrigued by the shirt, so I gave it to him, Specialist Malley continued. *Of course, it fit him from shoulder to knees.* Since that experience he has written to friends in the United States, asking them to donate any used clothing that they have. He has continued to distribute clothes that his friends in America have sent him. ✣

UNSUNG HEROES: CASE NUMBER 3

FINANCE FOLLIES

by SP4 Don Smith

Photos by SP5 Art Reilly

The Unsung Heroes up for debate this issue are the men of the Finance Office. But to refer to finance operations as the "Finance Office" is a misnomer. A better reference would be the "headache center." Now, is that debatable? If you will not accept the headache business, then describe what the handling of some 10 million problems each month is called.

Man, is this guy out of tune. Ten million problems a month, that has to be an exaggeration. Isn't it?

Well then, how about $10 million a month? No, not for you, problems, or headaches, or whatever you call the distribution, check writing, changes of dollars to MPC (Military Payment Certificates), to Vietnamese piastres, back to dollars to MPC, to Vietnamese piastres, back to dollars, then to MPC, then depositing it in the Soldier's Deposit Fund, then drawing it out the next day to buy a water buffalo from a Montagnard...oh wow, is that a bummer!

What is your complaint?

Well, sir, I don't like waiting in line every time I go to finance to get some money.

I can understand that, waiting in line is sometimes necessary in the Army...what did you say?

Nothing, sir, I just sort of choked.

Well, as I was saying, necessary, yes it is sometimes necessary, waiting in line that is. We have problems, sometimes, paying for various reasons, because there are so many people in line, except, uhhh, yes, except for the reenlistment bonuses. We are proud to say that you will not have to wait in line when you get your re-up bennies!

Yes sir, but do not be disturbed at my complaint. And about waiting in line, I really don't mind it, and my waiting in line, of course, there are some lines I know I'll never have to wait, or not wait in.

Long lines are only a surface problem. The complex units of finance involve the most important and largest part of the working of finance and most of its problems—**pay day.**

Most children do not aspire to be a pay officer on pay day when they grow up, and there is a reason why, or maybe 10 million...okay, here we go again, but that number of beans (10 million-ha!) can do a lot of bouncing, especially on the back of a *foreign* truck racing down the road with a pay officer beating feet behind trying to figure out the *foreign* word for **stop.** Wow, a suitcase full of money. We all dream about finding a suitcase of money, to turn in for a reward ...sure. But wow, what's the opposite of a dream? That's a rog', a **NIGHTMARE** screamed at the top of your lungs!!

How do you go to "THE MAN" and say you lost a briefcast full of money, let's say about $25,000 as an example out of the blue...(cough) excuse me.

Now that we have this *fictional pay officer, and a fictional foreign truck,* and a *fictional $25,000,* let's proceed.

Here I am, a pay officer, by choice, not chance, a once in a lifetime job. I left my briefcase on that *foreign* truck and now my career in the Army is in Peril, and boy, did I really work for a living.

We now turn our cameras to the finance colonel who is reading a telegram from Congress (wow). The telegram is an inquiry into why no support had been sent to a Fourth Division Soldier's wife and children. The Colonel calls the man into the office. **You...Are...There...**

Are you aware that your wife wrote her congressman? asked the colonel.

No sir, replied the polite young soldier.

The colonel looks at him scrutinizingly with one eye open, (the other is shut.) He continues, *Are you aware that your wife has received no financial support from you?* Again the soldier replied,—No.

Then the colonel lowers the boom (a broadcast term, actually, as the recorder is turned up full blast). *Are you aware that your wife wrote her congressman?*

You asked that before, sir.

Ah Ha! Then how may children do you have?

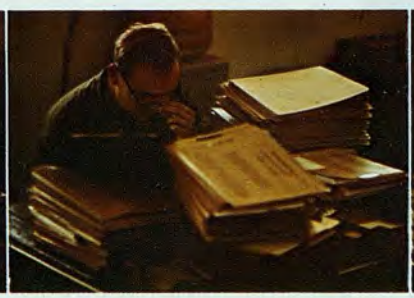
None, sir, was the man's reply, *I'm not even married,* **You've got the wrong man.**

Ho hum. Another frustrating day in the life of the man behind the cage. And are there men behind the cage? About 115 men and all in finance. Not every day, though, usually about 30 are busy elsewhere, in the *4th Detail*...that is the 4th Administration Company, a popular force.

Your tour through the maze of finance is over and so is your visit to the ex-French, Indo-China exotic spot, a coincidence for sure. And the rumor or legend of the new finance officer who was taken on a tour of the finance process from inprocessing to out-processing on his first day in country, and finished the day he DEROSED, is only a myth.

In the short time it took to read, assuming you did read, or could read, this article, you have taken a trip (wow) through the cranium drum of a usual day to one of the 115. Any humor found is appreciated, because the tears shed are dedicated to the men of finance who indeed must have a great sense of humor.

Here's the world famous finance clerk looking through files searching for overpayments. Eureka!! A 30 year man has been overpaid every month for the last 30 years.



And with his pay at this amount . . . and then this much deducted . . . ah yes, and with an addition of that . . . an increase due to inflation, deductable and nondeductable taxes . . . coinage problems of '52, depression of '58, inflation of '68 . . . yes, everything seems to be in order now . . . Let's see, 30 years times 12 months times $14 a month, that comes to, ah, ha, ha, ha, over $5000.

Hey Ralph, where' s my kodak, I want to take a picture of this guy's face when I tell him he's got to pay back five grand.

Searching deligently, our hero rummages through the myriad of files always alert to slip ups; an extra zero here or there, always remembering the words of the great finance clerk of all time, ***Cashius, "There are no financial mistakes, only mistakes . . . of finance.***

BUNKER DECOR

modern living **WHAT THE BON VIVANT OF THE BOONDOCKS HAS DONE WITH SANDBAGS AND ENGINUITY**

by SP4 Jerry Cannon

A home, equipped with a stereo system, a television, a refrigerator and wall to wall carpeting. It could be a Beverly Hills mansion, a New York apartment or a Vietnam bunker.

All it takes is a little time and imagination and something called Bunker Decor.

Bunker Decor is basically the personalization of your own living quarters, when you make a home for yourself. A plan must be initiated, you must have something in mind to begin with. It may take four weeks or four months to complete, but it's all yours.

It's best to start from scratch when building your bunker. Shape and material used are major factors in bunker designing. Electricity is a needed luxury. Stereo equipment, refrigerator, television and lights all need electricity. Running water is another luxury which is very handy. An overhead tank can easily supply all that is needed. After the basic framework is built, walls, floor and ceiling come next. Thus far, everything done is more or less stock. Now is the time for some creativity.

Specialist 4 Michael W. Buckley of Dayton, Ohio, a member of the 647th Quartermaster Company stationed at Pump Station 8, was creative. Specialist Buckley built a two room living area for himself. The bunker is a split level apartment type. The bedroom is raised three feet above the living room for a feeling of depth. A Hollywood mattress is the pride and joy of Mike's bedroom. Stereo system, ice box, lights, wall to wall rugs of bamboo, bamboo lounge chairs and couches and a hand built coffee table highlight the room. *It's home,* Mike explained. *I did it all myself so it would be done like I wanted it.*

Mike has plans for another room. It will be a bar-lounge type affair. This new room will be built below the living room in the shape of a triangle. Running water will be supplied by an overhead tank. *It will be where I have my parties,* Mike added.

Everything done to Mike's bunker was done himself. Mike was so pleased with the finished product that he has decided to build his own home. *I never did any carpentry work before I got into the Army, but now I've found that everything has its place. I'd like to build my own home. If I had my wife and kids here I could call this place home.*

Another example of Bunker Decor at its best is the lounge area of Battery B, 2nd Battalion, 17th Artillery, stationed at Landing Zone Scholer. The lounge, built by the officers and enlisted men, is the perfect example of of a basement game room back home. Its orange walls with black explosions on it gives off a peaceful sheen. A bar provides drinks; suspended lights, hand made couches and chairs, a kitchenette, work bench and sleeping quarters combine to give the bunker that homey effect.

Other bunkers may not be as well decorated as these but the idea is there. The personalization of your living quarters is up to you. Bunker Decor has no limits.

SCORPION:

carries a sting of death flying low, sniffing out Charlie
. . . rockets, miniguns, 40 mike mike, everything but your combat boots gets dropped on Charlie
. . . zoom in low, again and again. . . watch the puffs of smoke as Charlie tries to knock you out of the air
. . . call in gunships and watch as they rip up the earth below
. . . see the enemy running, trying to avoid you, wondering how you spotted him
. . . back again through a hail of small arms fire for another pass. . . your minigun spews shells towards the ground
. . . you pull out of the pass and clear the area. . . call in coordinates for artillery
. . . watch as the shells come in, devastating the cave complex
. . . back to refuel, then up again and back into the same area
. . . make another pass, trying to dodge the ground fire as you locate another concentration of enemy troops
. . . again the minigun, sounding like a rip saw. . . finally, nothing moves on the ground
. . . a few last passes, then back to base camp
. . . another Scorpion mission done. . .

TEXT by SP4 David Schoeneck
Photos by SP5 Art Reilly

Baubles, bangles and beads...
Some of the best things in
life, contrary to popular
belief, are not free.
Take a gentle reminder
from a girl who was caught short.
The Soldier's Desposit
Program is a good way to
cover yourself and save for the
big things in your future.
See your Finance Clerk
for the full story.

The shield goes to the field

An idea of two Fourth Division warrant officers of the Personnel Records Office implemented a year ago has saved the Army nearly 20 years in man hours and brought Adjutant General's office services to the Ivymen in the field.

The team was formed and after a year, it has chalked up thousands of miles in traveling the lattice work of dusty roads in the Central Highlands, bringing base camp services to men in the field and in the process saved the Army almost 20 years in working man hours.

Composite teams, made up of members of division service offices, are dispatched from Camp Enari, at the request of unit adjutants. They take with them on their trips to the field the complete personnel and financial records of the unit which they are servicing.

The team usually travels by truck to units easily reachable by road. However, they are often airlifted to out of the way firebases as well. Once they have set up their mobile AG offices, members of the units being serviced file by the various administrative desks.

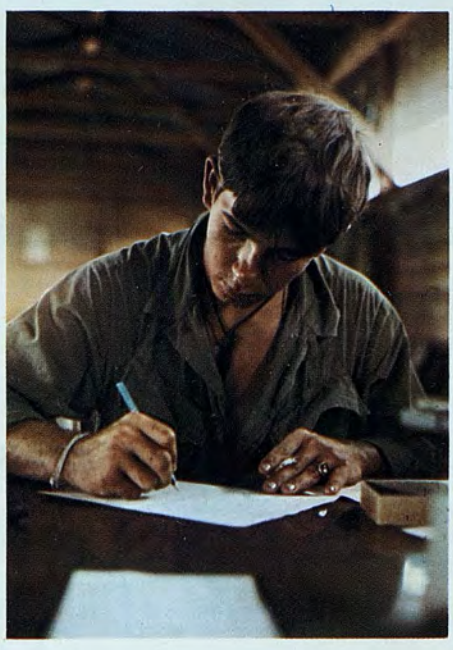
Members of the division composite team, who are considered to be a unique group in Vietnam, are often given little more than a day's notice that they will go to the field. When they do, they awaken early, prepare to travel, down a quick breakfast and go to their office where they load an open two-and-a-half ton truck with stacks of metal filing cabinets. They then hit the road.

Men who are serviced by the composite team are usually found in infantry companies or artillery batteries on stand down. In one such visit to the division's First Brigade Headquarters at Camp Radcliffe near An Khe, the team serviced the records of an infantry company of the 3rd Battalion, 8th Infantry and two artillery batteries, saving more than 1,200 man hours in the process.

Although their jobs are monotonous, team members work enthusiastically for 12 hour stretches processing records. On occasions, team members have detected serious errors in personnel records and quickly corrected them. At other times they have done such things as initiate citizenship proceedings for foreign-born soldiers and catch errors in rotation dates.

Troops who go through the processing line are able to check their 201 personnel files, look over their finance records, make corrections in emergency data cards, have new identification tags and cards made, buy postal money orders, and if they are so inclined, reenlist. A representative of the Division's Inspector General section and a warrant officer from the Division Personnel Management Office are also part of the travelling team.

It apparently went unrecorded, but somewhere in the midst of the clanking caissons and shuffling recruits, as the Fourth Division humped off to World War I in the winter of 1918, was a group of clerks. Their lot has never been a particularly chancy one, although there are notable exceptions to that axiom. If anything, since they were structured into George Washington's Continental Army by German Baron Von Stuben, clerks have been the unsung "Step children" of combat units. Yet they have consistently proven to be vital and indispensable elements of a fighting unit's support activities.



Warrant Officer D. R. Wade, officer-in-charge of the team, said units for the most part seem to welcome these services. *Sometimes, however, we get the idea that the men would have preferred to return to base camp and get out of the field for a few days,* he commented.

We don't have the most exciting job around, Wade said, *but nonetheless we are getting the job done which we set out to do.*

When the last man has gone through the processing line, team members reload their more than 600 pounds of paraphenalia aboard the truck and head back to base camp.

The team members go back to their spit shined clerk's lives again at base camp for a week or so and then they're on their way again to another firebase or base camp to "do their thing." Once again they will go about their repetitive work of checking files, stamping cards and saving man hours in the finest tradition of Army clerks—unsung.

UPPER LEFT: "You say you haven't been paid in two months?" UPPER RIGHT: A C-Team member snaps ID photos. LEFT: Forms must be in perfect order. RIGHT: Registering Portnoy's Complaint to the IG.

by SP4 Charles Zewe

DIVISION TWO-TIMERS

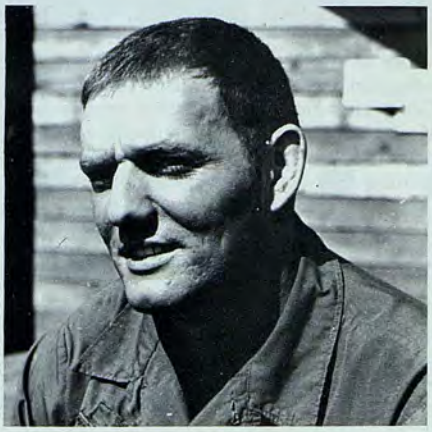
THIRD INSTALLMENT OF THEN AND NOW

by Lieutenant Robert Alward

"Dedication to the unit served before," is how Captain James Wheeler of Memphis, Tenn., summarized his feelings upon embarking on his second tour with the Fourth Division. "It means a lot to me to once again serve with the Fourth Division."

It was from March 1967 through March 1968 that the affable southern captain served with the 2nd Battalion (Mechanized), 8th Infantry in the Central Highlands as a rifle platoon leader of Company C and later as a scout/reconnaissance platoon leader. Having spent nine months of his first tour in the field operating in the Duc Co and Ia Drang Valley areas, Captain Wheeler and his comrades were primarily involved with fighting hard core North Vietnamese Army (NVA) regulars who he describes as being "well supplied and trained. We had little contact with the Viet Cong (VC) who were used more as guides at that time. Rather, we fought large size enemy elements of company and even battalion size."

The nature of the war was beginning to change by early February 1968, recalled Wheeler, who was assigned as S-3 Operations Officer of 3rd Brigade Headquarters on his second tour. "It was often common to get into contact with the NVA and later find many of them did not even have weapons." Also in the early part of 1968, enemy was just beginning to use rockets. Today, they have developed many



An Army Medal of Honor winner, Staff Sergeant Kenneth E. Stumpf of Menasha, Wis., is presently assigned to the Fourth Training Detachment at Camp Enari. He previously served with Company C, 1st Battalion, 35th Infantry from September 1966 to September 1967.

It was on a search and destroy mission near Duc Pho, north of Kontum, that Sergeant Stumpf earned the Medal of Honor which was presented to him by President Lydon B. Johnson at the White House on September 19, 1968.

Sergeant Stump was serving as squad leader when his company encountered a North Vietnamese Army (NVA) rifle company which was occupying a well-fortified bunker complex. During the first few minutes of fighting, three men fell wounded in front of an enemy machine gun emplacement. Heavy enemy fire prevented the Americans from moving to the aid of the fallen men. Sergeant Stumpf immediately left his secure position to retrieve his wounded comrades. Twice he dashed through a hail of enemy automatic weapons fire to rescue all the wounded.

Later, he armed himself with grenades and ran through a volley of fire toward the machine gun position. Upon reaching the bunker, Sergeant Stumpf threw a grenade into its aperture. The grenade was immediately thrown back. The sergeant

Captain Peter Spencer vividly recalls many experiences he had when the 1st Battalion, 22nd Infantry, to which he was assigned, deployed from Ft. Lewis, Wash., to Vietnam by ship in the summer of 1966.

In contrast to troops crossing the Pacific today by jet in some 18 hours, the voyage aboard the General Walker took two gruelling weeks. Captain Spencer of Bronx, N.Y., presently assigned as the S-3 Air Officer at 3rd Brigade Headquarters, commented on the memorable passage. "During the entire two weeks, we only put into port once and that was on Okinawa. Conditions on the ship ranged from good to just plain lousy with the enlisted men getting the worst of the trip. They had a 24 hour mess hall which called for three shifts of kitchen police. The officers, on the other hand, lived so good that a physical training program was initiated because many of us were getting out of shape."

After serving as Adjutant with the 1st Battalion, 22nd Infantry, Captain Spencer was assigned as Liaison Officer of the 2nd Brigade for three months. He then served as Executive Office of Company A, 2nd Battalion, 8th Infantary, which at the time was not a mechanized unit. Life in the field was more rugged in 1966 and 1967 as the battalion operated along the Cambodian border. "Sometimes we would go for months along the boarder without seeing a soul other than our own

more and improved the missiles but in many respects their weapons are still inferior to ours," noted the captain.

"I was lucky during my first tour," commented the Vietnam veteran. "I spent a good deal of time riding in Armored Personnel Carriers (APCs) and even rolled over five mines planted by the enemy which fortunately did not explode under my vehicle. However, when I encountered mine number six near Dak To, it blew, disabling the APC." Captain Wheeler was awarded the Purple Heart when he sustained injuries as a result of the mine.

When asked how he felt his luck was running this tour, Captain Wheeler merely stated, "I'll make it through with help from above and knowing just what tactics to employ if I do run into trouble."

One of the benefits of serving in the Central Highlands, noted the captain, is the relatively favorable weather and terrain. Having been in a position which allowed him to observe ARVN forces, Captain Wheeler believes they are undoubtedly playing a larger role in today's war. "They are better trained and equipped and are becoming more proficient in the use of weapons and tactics. I feel that the Vietnamization of the war is proceeding very well and I forsee the day when the Vietnamese will be capable of fully undertaking the responsibility of defending their country."

In December, 1969, Captain Wheeler assumed command of Company A, 1st Battalion, 14th Infantry. "The field is my first love," quipped Wheeler. "I was hoping to be reassigned to a line company when I first returned to the Fourth Division, but I don't regret the staff training I had. The experience certainly broadened the whole military spectrum as far as career development is concerned." Despite the hardships of the field, Captain Wheeler concluded, "Being a company commander in a combat zone is the finest thing a soldier can do."

then pulled the pins on two more grenades, held them for a few seconds, and hurled them into the bunker, destroying the emplacement. With the destruction of this bunker, his unit was able to overrun the enemy position.

When asked why he volunteered to return to Vietnam, Sergeant Stumpf replied, "I believe in what is going on over here. I feel right at home in the field; that's where I can put my training and previous experience to best use."

There are many changes in the Central Highlands which the Medal of Honor winner has noticed since his first tour with the Fourth Division. Among them are that Camp Enari is now much larger and that base camp communications have improved. Commented Sergeant Stumpf, "In 1966 and 1967, you couldn't call people in base camp; getting ahold of someone was a frustrating problem." The battle veteran also noted that the improved recreational facilities offer more off duty activities than they previously did.

Another change in the complexion of the war effort, commented Sergeant Stumpf, is "Previously, the Vietnamese were mostly pulling guard and other such duty. Now they appear to be taking over more and more of the responsibility for the war."

Now he trains Kit Carson Scouts, Regional Force and Popular Force troops. Commenting on the unique courses offered by the training committee, Sergeant Stumpf stated he was learning as much about Viet Cong and North Vietnamese tactics as his students were learning about U.S. operations. Part of the training offered by the Medal of Honor winner is the treaching of English words and key phrases which is accomplished through the help of an interpreter. Every two weeks a new training cycle begins, during which Sergeant Stumpf familiarizes Scouts with the M16 rifle, cleaning and zeroing proceedures.

men. A trip into base camp (Camp Enari) was quite a thrill for everyone even though the camp had no paved roads and few permanent buildings," recalled Captain Spencer. "It was still a welcome sight."

But even as Captain Spencer and his troops came in from the field, they were still required to present the proper military image. "If we knew we were coming into base camp, we would word to our first sergeant and have him put beer and soda on ice for us. However, it was only after we got a haircut and clean uniforms that we issued the beer and soda," noted Spencer. He continued, "Our first sergeant was a real scavenger and could get us practically everything we needed; he was a real help to everyone.

During Captain Spencer's first tour there was practically no potable water available in the Central Highlands. The only available water in base camp was rain water. "We took showers in the rain," reflected the captain. All potable water had to be transported from Pleiku to the field and into base camp. Electricity was also a problem with troops using candles for the most part to provide light.

"The nature of the war seems to have greatly changed over the past few years," noted Captain Spencer. "Previously, we would only encounter the enemy in company or battalion size forces and we would hardly conduct operations with less than a company-size element. Today, the trend is toward small encounters with the Viet Cong (VC) with less participation by North Vietnamese Army (NVA) regulars. Also, our operations have been scaled down to operating with smaller elements."

What does Captain Spencer, a Purple Heart recipient, think about his second tour in Vietnam? "My previous staff work in personnel and operations sections have proven valuable during this tour. I enjoy the administrative job I presently have because it gives me a better idea of what is happening."

DOLLARS TO DONUTS

by SP4 Don Smith

All a serviceman today has to do is hear the term "Red Cross," and, except in the rarest of occasions, he thinks of someone he knows who has been helped by the Red Cross in some way, if not himself. Of course, the help may have many forms from financial help, expediting emergency leave, news from home, or basically any form of aid with emergency status. But what most GIs think of when they need help, is the Red Cross's ability to cut red tape.

The following situation is almost an everyday occurance to the Red Cross: The father of a soldier in Vietnam is gravely ill. The mother calls her local chapter of the Red Cross asking help in contacting her son. The Red Cross chapter in the base camp in Vietnam where the soldier is stationed is notified of the situation, and soon the boy is brought in from the field, or wherever he is, and within 24 hours he will be on a plane home.

Thousands of men's minds are at ease knowing that if anything happens to their loved ones, they will be kept notified and if the need warrants, be by their side. Births, serious illness, critical family problems, just about any urgent situation can be handled by the American National Red Cross.

The Red Cross is not always the bearer of bad news. In Vietenam the famed "Donut Dollies" are the biggest physical evidence that the "Cross" is here. The key mission for the girls is morale. They visit forward fire bases and often, just by talking to the troops, create an enthusiasm that only a girl in an all-man's world can create. Seeing an American girl "Round Eye" in the Orient, with red or blond hair, is a rare treat that leaves many GIs tongue-tied and forgetting their home towns when the girls ask.

The Red Cross girls are not here to make the soldier forget the seriousness of his duty, they represent an unspoken message from home saying "we care." Thus he feels assured that he is not left to face his troubles alone, that he is not helpless in the wake of disaster, nor alone with thoughts of lonliness.

A crimson cross, whether on a flag or the side of a van is a symbol that will never be forgotten for it has meant too much to too many. Through its contribution and support in Vietnam, the American Red Cross has gained prestiege as the soldier's ally, always there when needed whether in some form of aid, information, or a ready smile from a pretty girl. ✣

NIGHT FLIGHT

"...it was a dark and stormy night."

The rain swirled across the runway at Hensel Army Air Field, Camp Enari, pelting the UH-1H Huey slicks parked in their revetments for the night. Darkness was falling and the monsoon winds of August were dumping their load of moisture on the Central Highlands.

The only movement on the air field came from four men as they loaded their helicopter for the nightly flare mission.

The ringing of a telephone in the operations shack of Company A, Fourth Aviation Battalion, broke through the gloom of night.

A taut message was relayed over the telephone: a member of a Civic Action (CA) team in a village about 15 miles south of Camp Enari had been wounded while repulsing an attack by North Vietnamese Army (NVA) regulars. Medivac helicopters from Pleiku were grounded because of the weather conditions. A man's life hung in the balance. Could a chopper from Camp Enari get into the air?

The members of the flare mission—First Lieutenant James Johnson of Ft. St. John, Canada, Warrant Officer Martin Ayers of Pensicola, Fla., Specialist Four Schuyler Kimberlin of Festus, Mo., and Specialist Four John Paquette of Nashua, N.H.—were called into the shack and asked if they would try to get the wounded man out. All four, without hesitation, agreed to make the rescue attempt.

"It wasn't until we had gotten into the air that we realized just how bad the weather was," said Mr. Ayers, copilot of the ship. "Our gunship cover tried to take off after us and had to stay on the ground. They just couldn't see enough to take off."

Alone, the slick's only protection was its two M60 machine guns. "We never fly without gunship cover on a Medivac mission," said Mr. Ayers. "We were really out there alone."

Flying a few feet above the tree tops, the slick darted along Highway 14, following the winding curves of the road as the mist, rain and fog closed in tighter. It moved slowly, charting a course through the dark night almost by feel alone.

As they neared the village, Mr. Ayers called and established radio contact with the beleagered CA team. Using the radio signals as a homing device, the helicopter was able to locate the village.

Approaching the landing zone just outside the CA team's compound, the men in the helicopter learned that the NVA attackers had broken off contact about 10 minutes earlier.

"As we came near the landing zone, a large tree on the edge of the LZ loomed up in front of us. Lieutenant Johnson zoomed up over the tree and then set the bird down on the landing pad. As soon as we landed I cut off the outside lights," Mr. Ayers recalled.

As the helicopter settled onto the pad, the CA team rushed their wounded comrade out to the helicopter on a stretcher. He was bleeding from an extensive head wound.

"As we lifted off the pad, I turned on our outside lights again," said Mr. Ayers. "When the lights went on, the enemy started firing at us. It looked like our ship was surrounded by fireflies. The fireflies were the muzzle flashes from enemy weapons. The ship took several hits, but no serious damage was done."

As the helicopter started its perilous course back, another enemy attacked. Nature's fury was unleashed as the rain and fog increased, limiting visibility even more.

Both Specialist Kimberlin and Specialist Paquette leaned out of the helicopter's doors, trying to keep the chopper on its course along the road. Again, the speed of the helicopter was held back, until it was barely creeping along the road, while Specialists Paquette and Kimberlin relayed instructions and directions to the pilots.

"We had to turn the spotlight on underneath the helicopter in order to see the road," said Specialist Kimberlin.

As the helicopter neared the base of Dragon Mountain outside Camp Enari, the observations of the two enlisted men became even more important. Everyone in the helicopter knew that Dragon Mountain had claimed more than one aircraft in bad weather.

"We could hardly see out the front of the helicopter," said Mr. Ayers.

The wind turbulance around the mountain increased, until it buffeted the ship violently. Suddenly, Specialist Kimberlin called out, "You're right on the edge of the mountain!" Specialist Paquette added, "There's a tree on my side, too."

Lieutenant Johnson maneuvered the helicopter away from the mountain and started flying west. Mr. Ayers raised Pleiku Air Force Base on the radio and asked for a radar fix.

As they flew toward the air base, the pilots brought the aircraft up to an altitude that would take them over Dragon Mountain, just in case they were nearer to the mountain than they thought.

The air base guided them into a landing zone, where the wounded man was picked up by ambulance and taken to the 71st Evacuation Hospital.

"I was shaking as I went into the operations building at the air base," recalled Mr. Ayers. "About halfway through the mission I suddenly realized that the smallest mistake—with the chopper just a few feet off the ground—and it would be the end of it for all of us."

I think that I was never more frightened in all my life, he added.

Both Specialist Paquette and I would trust our lives to those pilots any time, said Specialist Kimberlin.

For their actions during the rescue mission, all four members of the crew were awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross, which is the equivalent of a Silver Star and is presented to members of the Army for bravery and courage while on flying missions.

Their attitudes reveal a great deal about the men who fill support roles for the Fourth Division's infantrymen. *It wasn't a hero's job,* said Mr. Ayers. *It was a mission much like others we have been on, except for the weather.*

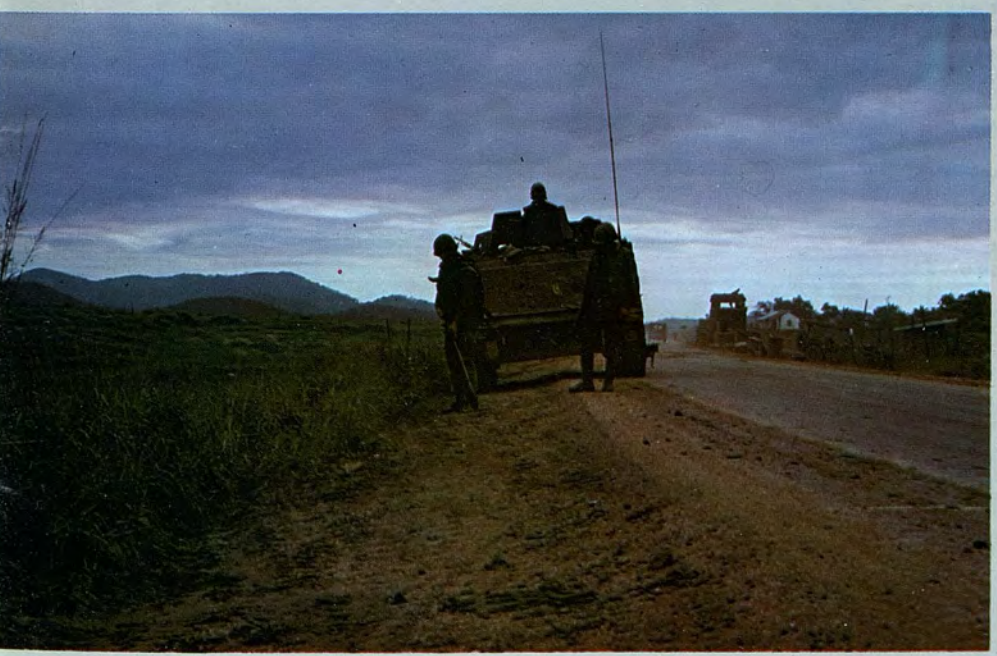
by SP4 David Schoeneck

SGT GARY ROSS

THUNDER RUN

by SP4 Mike Nicastro

REILLY



A tale of O'Henry

The dawn hasn't risen; the morning prevails in a limbo of dark and light. The quiet calm of silence awaits to be interrupted by the curious sounds of investigation. The subject is a highway; one that has been empty since dusk the night before, and one which will remain empty until the men and machinery of the Fourth Division's 1st Battalion, 69th Armor (Black Panthers) are convinced that the enemy hasn't been tampering with the life-line of the Central Highlands—the roads and highways that are important for the Highlands' citizens and vital for combat support. In an instance, these highways that play a paramount role in securing peace and prosperity for South Vietnam could become instruments of death if it were not for the men who search for one of the enemys' most destructive weapons—mines.

Among the many tactics the enemy employs, stopping the flow of traffic on a major highway in a combat zone is a priority. Nothing eludes the eventual effect: maybe a truck with essential supplies will be destroyed or a hole blown in the road that's big enough to stall traffic for an ambush. And if innocent civilians are caught in the explosion? For them, the enemy has no consideration. The roads must be swept for explosive devices, and if one is there, the mine sweeping Black Panthers are the first to find it. Phase I of the mine sweep is about to begin—the THUNDER RUN.

The vehicles move out from each of the firebases along Highway 19. The still dawn errupts with the sound of cold metal tracks on the black asphalt road. This is the thunder—several tons of steel hoping to set off an explosion that would normally destroy a conventional vehicle. Timing is important; if the track moves over an area too quickly, it might leave an armed mine left to jeapordize daily highway traffic. The search is conscientious, the cost of overlooking the suspicious is much too high. The tracks move slowly seeking any signs that indicate a mine.

If accolades could be given an enemy, a praise for his creativity would certainly be justified. He can build a mine from almost anything; beer cans, baskets, bamboo, unexploded mortar rounds or hand grenades. Sometimes he has help in his quest for destruction. His northern Sino neighbors frequently supply him with expertly manufactured anti-tank mines and plastic explosives. Unfortunately, his Yankee foes are also an excellent source for material. The unsecured grenade that works its way loose from the pistol belt or the claymore mine that becomes burdensome and gets tossed from the ruck sack; intentional or not, gifts for the enemy.

The Thunder Run continues as daylight arrives. There's more light now and the driver's keen eyes look for the irregular—rut, pit holes, baskets, half-buried C ration cans —any possibility of a mine. The track commander spots a mound of fresh dirt 20 meters in front of the tank.

"Stop"—the order goes from commander to driver. There is a shuffle. Weapons are locked and loaded. The other vehicles alerted. The Thunder Run now moves into Phase II —O'Henry.

Recently developed by Army tacticians, O'Henry is the nickname for one of the most sensitive mine sweeping devices in the combat arsenal. O'Henry has proven to be very successful. In one month, Black Panthers have uncovered 25 mines; in a year, more than a hundred.

The mine sweeper swings the detector from left to right, hoping he'll hear a signal before he steps on the mine. A bleep comes over the head phone. "Strong Signal," he shouts

Okay, put a marker down and get away from there, says the track commander.

We gonna blow it in place? requests the sweeper.

No, no, no, says the commander, *that's EOD's* (Explosive Ordinance Disposal) *job, not ours.*

The marker position is radioed back to Camp Radcliffe where traffic is building up at the gate, all waiting to use the road. Yet, not one vehicle will move until the Black Panthers are satisfied that Highway 19 is safe.

There have been times when the Black Panthers have received information about the possibility of mines. In mid-September, a group of Montagnard children stopped one of the APCs during its early morning sweep and warned the track commander not to proceed any further. The dialogue was confusing but the commander got the message. O'Henry was brought into use. The detector indicated several packages were beneath the layer of dirt that covered the road. After investigation by EOD members, seven baskets with plastic explosives were uncovered—enough explosive to cause extensive damage to the road that would take weeks to repair.

The odyssey of the tracks mine sweeping continues. Each intent on exploring everything that lends the slightest semblance of a mine. To be thorough, the sweep takes time.

Traffic has now built up at Camp Radcliff. Trucks and jeeps, each with a different mission, wait at the gate for the road to open.

Hey, what's the hold-up? a driver says to the MP at the gate.

Not finished sweeping, that's the hold-up, replies the MP.

I got a run to make, besides I'll miss noon chow if this keeps up, snorts the impatient driver.

Just then an explosion is heard down the road. Bellows of black smoke puff up over the horizon.

Wow, wonder what that was? says the driver.

Could have been a mine, says the MP.

Oh yeah, guess those guys found something on the sweep, admits the driver.

Yeah, guess so. Hope you make lunch, says the MP.

The dawn has now turned into day. The Black Panthers radio back to Camp Radcliff that the road is clear. The trucks and jeeps begin to move out filling the road with the daily activity of transportation. The worry of mines has been greatly reduced. The sweep has prevented the loss of thousands of dollars of equipment and, perhaps, saved a life.

The tanks and APCs of the Black Panthers have returned to the firebases. The crew members catch a late breakfast and wait to invade the silence of another morning with the sounds of their curiosity. ✣

SP5 ART REILLY

SANITATION SENTINEL

Guardian of your health

Captain Stuart Palfreyman wages a different type of war in Vietnam—his enemy is as old as man himself, more elusive than the NVA and takes a deadly toll of men. He fights the tropical environment of Vietnam (and the diseases which thrive there) for the Fourth Division.

He also belongs to a new and unique group in the Army—the environmental sanitarians. The Army began the environmental sanitarian MOS just over a year ago, and only 32 other people are qualified to hold the MOS. Each infantry division and several preventitive medicine teams in Vietnam now have a sanitarian assigned.

The Clifton, N.J., native is not a doctor, but he works very closely with division physicians from his office in the Division Surgeon's section.

His job is to find disease-causing situations in the environment surrounding the division and eliminate or alleviate the situations before American troops are affected by them. "If there's a bug anywhere in the division, it belongs to me," he jokes.

Much of his work is concerned with insects and the diseases carried by them. Malaria is, of course, one of his biggest concerns, but there are other insect-carried diseases, such as elephantitis, which are coming under closer scrutiny.

With a special insect trap, Captain Palfreyman keeps track of Camp Enari's mosquito population. The mosquitos are attracted to a light which is placed above a fan. The fan pulls the insects into a trap and then into a jar, where they are collected and counted the next day. When a certain number of mosquitos are trapped during a night, he knows it is time to spray the camp with pesticides.

He conducts area environmental surveys of the various units in the division, checking mess halls, barber shops, clubs and latrines for possible health problems.

Most unit commanders don't really know what they are up against, he said. We make recommendations for improvements and changes to protect the health of the men in their units.

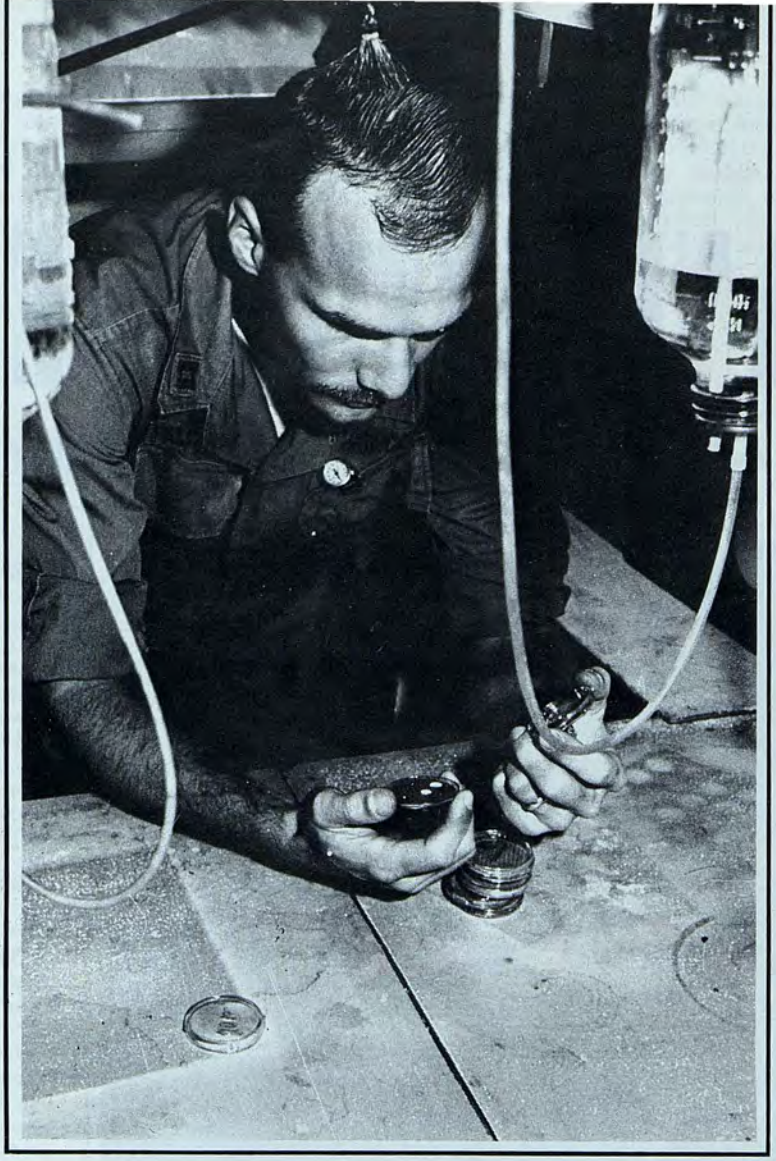
Captain Palfreyman and his staff also monitor all the water supplies in the division, making sure the water is pure and uncontaminated and contains the correct amount of chlorine.

He is also in charge of giving food handler's permits to personnel who work in mess halls and clubs. his involves a series of tests to make sure that these people do not have any contagious diseases, which they could pass on to others through the food.

What can the individual soldier do to avoid the dangers of the tropical environment he works in?

"There are so many things that a soldier has to do," Captain Palfreyman said, "but mainly it falls into two categories—first, he should make sure that he drinks only potable water, since there are many water-borne diseases which can affect him, and secondly, he should follow the malaria prevention program closely. Take the malaria pills each day, use insect repellant, mosquito rets and roll the sleeves down after 6 p.m."

"Many soldiers don't realize the complications of malaria—they see Joe come back from Cam Banh Bay after he went there with malaria and Joe tells them that the beach was just great —they don't see Harry, who went home in a box," he continued.



Captain Palfreyman also works with the G5 (Civil Affairs) section, helping CA teams discover epidemics and working toward a more healthful environment in the Montagnard villages.

"I was amazed at the impurity of the water in the villages, but I was more amazed at the fact that appearantly, over the years, the villagers have built up an immunity to this water," he said. "At first, I thought that we should start chlorinating the water for them, but then I realized that if we did that for a few years, we would destroy their immunity, and when we left, they would be in worse shape than when we found them. So I've had to turn my back, so to speak, on their water problem."

Captain Palfreyman, who has a degree in environmental health and biology from East Tennessee State, has had an interesting tour in Vietnam. "I've seen more here in a week in the environmental health field that I saw in a year of practice as a government sanitarian in New Jersey."

by SP4 David Schoeneck

DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY
HEADQUARTERS 4TH INFANTRY (IVY) DIVISION
OFFICE OF THE COMMANDING GENERAL
APO SAN FRANCISCO 96262

TO THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE 4TH INFANTRY DIVISION

Having twice before served with the 4th Infantry Division, and being acutely aware of its many achievements in the Republic of Vietnam, it is my privilege to command this fighting unit.

This is a unique division in that the area in which it operates is greater than that of any other division in Vietnam. You, the members of this command, have demonstrated the courage, dedication, and unwavering desire to succeed in keeping with the highest standards of American military tradition. Indeed, you have lived up to the division's motto, "Steadfast and Loyal."

The division established a remarkable record in 1966 and 1967 during its first year in Vietnam. This was true both in combat and in the vital area of pacification. Since returning, my visits to the various units and activities of the division have confirmed the fact that this excellent record still continues.

Now in its fourth year in Vietnam, the division has compiled an enviable combat record. We have met and beaten the enemy at every turn. We have never been defeated on the battlefield. Our efforts in the pacification field have been rewarded with success after success. But let us not rest upon these accomplishments. Let us instead, use them as a foundation for future achievements.

With the spirit of cooperation and dedication to duty that you have always displayed, there is no end to the accomplishments that can be made to further the causes of peace, security, and independence for the people of the Republic of Vietnam.

Glenn D. Walker

GLENN D. WALKER
Major General, USA
Commanding

continued from front inside cover

You are a strange group of men and jobs, welded together with the viscosity of granite, wrought of pride, resulting in the formation of a team that knows only of extraordinary perseverance, amazing speed and agility, and above all, demanding accuracy.

Cook, mechanic, forward observer to Joe man, driver to number one man, you are all members of an elite team—THE ARTILLERY TEAM. Whether you man the "Ladies" or the "Scorpions," the "Tom Cats" or the "Tigers," each man has his speciality and a vital role to play in this strange and diverse war.

Rough-riding Duce and one halfs are the ammo and supply movers, carrying the critically needed supplies to both men and guns. If the rigs are "down" then the guns can't fire, and the little guy in the black pajamas has a field day. As diligent and conscientious members of the team, you get the convoys rolling, ergo the guns continue to fire, raising havoc with "Charles" at his every move.

If you are a mechanic, you are also a vital member of the team. Your mission is getting and keeping those diesel drinkers moving. Convoys are called and the trucks roll usually on that infamous "minutes notice." That's the time for checking out minor details and making quick repairs. You are always asking, "Why didn't we get advance notice?" "Why do they say 'move' when I've just broken down the spare, or working on the brakes?" "Why couldn't they have told us yesterday?" But you always get the job done—the cargo ship of the Army is always ready to move, and you know they will come back mudcaked and in need of still more repairs. You will be ready!

You truck jockies and shot-guns always seem to get even shorter notice of an impending convoy. The trips always seem to be to unknown places for undeterminable periods of time; therefore, you get one set of fatigues, a supply of your favorite(?) variety of C's, and your trusty "Little Black Gun," and get ready for your Sunday afternoon drive on those smoothly paved highways of Vietnam. You laugh at your own discomfort, thinking, "There is nothing to compare a convoy to except the combination of bronco-busting, driving in the five o'clock traffic in downtown New York, and riding a roller coaster.

Sitting "in line" you wait and wait until someone passes the word down the line that it's time to "move 'em out!" Now the roll and bounce, bounce and roll, follow the leader game begins all over again.

Eating C's whenever time permits you always ask, "When will we return? Will Charles be waiting somewhere along the road?" "What will I do if he is?" There is one certainty and one constant: you know the trip will be grueling mud or choking dust, BUT YOU WILL GET THROUGH!

The trip may be long or short; to any out-of-the-way fire bases from north of Dak To to south of Ban Me Thout, from the Cambodian border to the South China Sea, incidentless or a nightmare of snipers and mines; but the constant remains—you will get through.

If you happen to get stuck at the fire base over night, you will probably sleep in your truck-bed and might be rudely awakened by the antics of that little guy with his AK47 and B40 rockets. It's all part of the job.

Finally you have unloaded the trucks and the move out orders are passed from man to man. It's time to get back to base camp and catch up on your lost Z's, while the mechanics again go to work on the diesel drinkers.

You all hope it will be another week before you make another re-supply run, but you know different. You'll probably get two days between runs, and say to yourself, "What the hell do they think we are—machines?" But then the time comes to fuel up and move out, you as a vital member of the ARTILLERY TEAM will be ready to go, usually after quipping, "It's don't mean nothing!" or "Short!"

There are other key members of the team. You are the ones who call in the rounds, direct the fire, and put the rounds out. You are the ones who give meaning to the gruelling drudgery of the drivers, mechanics, and the cooks who work so you may fire.

If your gig is forward observer, you're the eyes "out there" —you're the eyes for the big guns—you're the link between the guns and the targets. You know how close Charlie gets and how imperative it is to eliminate him. With precision and speed you call in the rounds—they thunder from the sky upon your beck and call. As a forward observer you live and hump, eat and sleep, sweat and thirst with the ground pounders—the fate of these sturdy fellows is your fate. The Prick 25 is your weapon, and a very potent one at that. Calmness under fire is your motto. Remember "you call the shots!"

You and your "weapon" keep the Fire Direction Control men at the fire base informed of your position, what, when and where you need the all important rounds. Your adjustments are key stones of accuracy and effectiveness—you give the FDC the work, and the guns speak with clarity and vehemence, raining death and destruction on the enemy.

So you say your bag is FDC; then you know how much you depend on the FO and the boring routiness of night fire missions. The data flows in and the rounds pour out. During night fire missions your reactions are sluggish, languid, and boarding on lethargy until that one word comes crackling over the radio—"CONTACT."

CONTACT! Even whispered it snaps you to attention, you radiate excitement because you know that someone out there has contact with the enemy and they need those artillery rounds and they need them fast. You know that Charles is probably damn close to the grunt unit and that makes your job all the more exacting. With one mistake Charles won't have to risk his life—you could complete his mission for him. That's the reason for checking and double checking deflections and quarrants.

Calculations are made quickly, but foremost, accurately. Without these, the gun crews and their guns are helpless, but you know your job—"Precision Destruction by Professionals."

The focal point; that group of men who the mechanics, drivers, cooks, FO's and FDC men work for, is the gun crew.

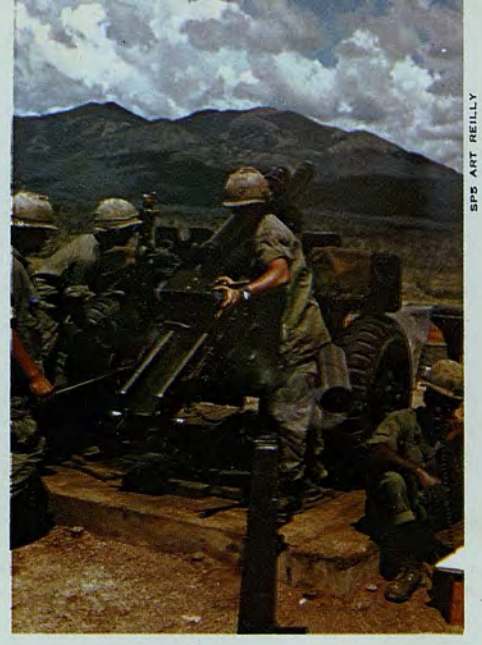
Whether you call yourself a gun bunny or a cannon cocker, you're the one all the other members of the team are playing for. They supply you with the chow, fuzes, charges and the information—so that you may fire.

Your job is to put out the rounds any time, day or night, and in any number. Everyone depends on your expertise, thereby giving meaning to their labors. Your the "first String" on the ARTILLERY TEAM. If you don't fire well, lack speed, or your timing is off, its like a football team with a poor quarterback—the whole team loses. Above all, the grunts are staking their lives on your ability to produce—in speed and numbers. The pressure is on you!

It seems the greater the pressure the more you excel and the greater your ability to joke and jibe, staying cool through any situation. You can be going 24 hours at a stretch and still see the humorous side.

Remember when you were new in country and everyone referred to you as the "new kid." Remember when you were the "Joe-man" and the Chief of Section called for a round of "Ham and Eggs." Even if you knew "Ham and Eggs" meant High Explosives, you probably picked up the wrong round. What was it the chief said? "Not that one kid, that's 'Light Bulb'. Give me the 'OD' one there." It's a long way from the classes and the cold desolation of Fort Sill to the heat and sweat of the reality of war at a fire base in the Highlands.


ZEWE


SP5 ART REILLY


ZEWE


ZEWE

Now you have been "in country" for a couple of months; the boom of the guns is commonplace for you-you now know why you have to speak a little louder to artillerymen.

You no longer handle a Joe as if it were a dozen eggs —it's just so many sandbags now. You move around the gun pit with agility and sureness—how long ago was it that you went from pit to pit asking for a tube extender?

"Living in the hole" is old hat for you, as is the constant moving from fire base, to hip shoots, to yet another fire base. Some weeks you wonder if you're not a Cav unit, moving, building the pit, laying the gun, registering, putting up the over-head cover, humping the rounds, catching the Z's, in addition to trying to get some chow, if the re-supply has caught up with you. These never change, and you're always putting out the Joes.

Like the FDC men, you too know the grinding drudgery of the night fire missions, and the boredom of the H & I's. To you its just "killing a lot of trees." You too wait for the word, knowing the FDC will let you know if your firing a contact mission.

The radio man comes to life—the grunts forward are receiving incoming. "Contact!" The word slams through you, muscles tense as the adrenalin surges through your veins. This is what you've been trained for—this is what it's all about.—This is when the Joe man can't move fast enough as the rounds are slammed into the breach and the whole valley echoes with the roar of your salvoes.

You think speed—you're not just "killing monkies" now! There are GI's out there counting on you with their lives. They have been ambushed and are trying to break contact; you send "Wilson Pickett" singing through the trees knowing Charles will soon be "singing the blues."

You usually don't find out what you hit, but every once in a while a grunt CO shows up and shakes your hand—he doesn't have to say much—you both know why he is still around to do the shaking.

You're the final facet of the huge and cohesive Artillery Team, that facet that makes all the others shine. Your success is their success, your pride their pride. All of you live the words, "CAN DO—HELL, IT'S DONE!"