THE HURRICANE

NOVEMBER 1969 NUMBER TWENTY-FIVE
A PUBLICATION OF II FIELD FORCE VIETNAM

Swimming at Nha Trang

Doctor Thomas A. Dooley, as a Navy lieutenant (junior grade), helped care for the 600,000 refugees camped in Haiphong at the close of the French-Indochina War. Later he gained fame as a physician in Laos. There, deep in the sultry Laotian jungles, he constructed two hospitals, which he eventually turned over to the Laotian government, and brought medical assistance to hundreds of diseased Lao tribesmen.

Dr. Dooley's approach to foreign involvement was a very human one. In a 1958 New York Times Magazine *he wrote, "I believe that it behooves those of us who attempt to aid in foreign lands to be content with small achievements . . . We must try to build at the level of the people, or just one step ahead, always planning it so that the Asian can ultimately take over."*

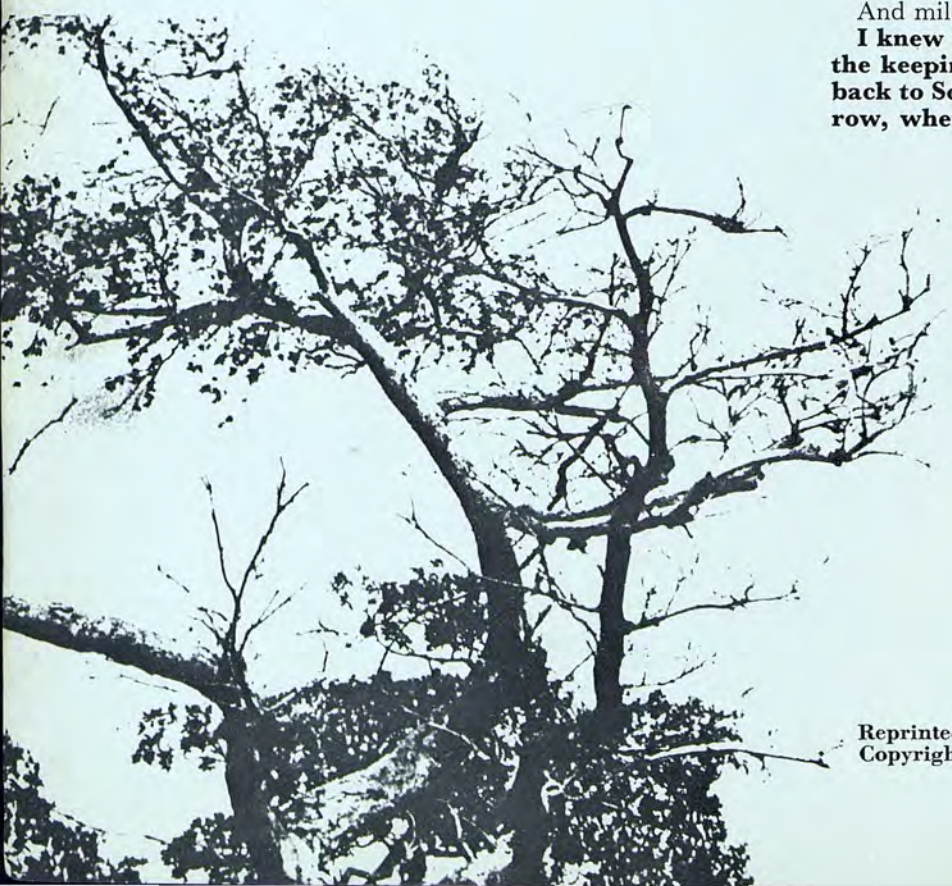
Popular sentiment has changed greatly since he published that article, but his works captured the heart of America at the time. According to a 1960 Gallup Poll he was one of the ten most admired Americans, yet today he is nearly forgotten. With this issue The Hurricane *begins its third year of publication. Anniversaries are a time for reflection and in keeping with this thought, the following excerpt from his book,* The Edge of Tomorrow, *is published.*

HIGH ABOVE THE PACIFIC, flying westward in a luxury airliner, the night passes swiftly. Passengers put away their books and briefcases; one by one, the reading lights wink out. Lulled by the monotonous beat of the engines,the Honolulu-bound vacationers and the businessmen bound for Tokyo and Manila slumber peacefully.

But I am the sleepless traveler, my mind filled with memories that are more captivating than dreams. I close my eyes and recall that wretched refugee camp in Haiphong in the Spring of '55. Operation Cockroach the Navy called us—one young Navy doctor, still professionally wet-behind-the-ears; four young enlisted men who had only a few months' training as hospital corpsmen; and a half-million, filthy, diseased, mutilated Asians fleeing from the godless cruelties of Communism.

That was North Viet Nam during what was ironically called the "Passage to Freedom." That was where Dooley really came of age.

How many times have I told that story? I told it not only in the pages of Deliver Us from Evil, **but whenever and wherever I could find Americans who were willing to listen. But, at least, it was never told in vainglory. For what we did in dying Haiphong was far less important than what we learned there.**



We had seen simple, tender, loving care—the crudest kind of medicine inexpertly practiced by mere boys—change a people's fear and hatred into friendship and understanding. We had witnessed the power of medical aid to reach the hearts and souls of a nation. We had seen it transform the brotherhood of man from an ideal into a reality that plain people could understand.

To me that experience was like the white light of revelation. It made me proud to be a doctor. Proud to be an American doctor who had been privileged to witness the enormous possibilities of medical aid in all its Christlike power and simplicity...

I preached so ardently that my folks began to worry. "Look, Dooley," my friends would say, "you've had adventure enough. When are you going to settle down?" My mother reminded me of all the things I had always wanted, and now might have. A home, a wife, kids, a nice medical practice, maybe a few fine hunting horses. My old medical mentor told me I'd better get on with my post-graduate training if I hoped to be a good orthopedic surgeon.

How could I make them see that things would never be the same?

I remember those lines by Robert Frost that keep echoing in my mind during those fretful days:

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

I knew the promises I had to keep. I knew that the keeping of them would take me many miles, back to Southeast Asia, to the very edge of tomorrow, where the future might be made—or lost.

THE HURRICANE

NOVEMBER 1969 NO 25

A PUBLICATION OF II FIELD FORCE VIETNAM

This issue of *The Hurricane* begins the third year of the magazine's publication. There have been several changes in style and format since the 20-page November, 1967 edition appeared in unit orderly rooms across III Corps, as there have been in Vietnam. To commemorate this, soldiers and civilians, who were in Vietnam two years ago and are on a current assignment, were asked at random to voice their observations on the changes that were most apparent to them. The special report starts on page two.

II Corps' cities are explored by 1Lt Tom Sileo (p 16), continuing coverage of Vietnamese population centers. Newly civilianized Jerry Cleveland (formerly Sp5) shot the rear cover of the cadets at the Vietnamese Military Academy at Dalat. (p 30) While Sp 5 Tim Fease, at palm fringed Nha Trang beach on one of his first assignments, snapped the cover.

No generation has experienced more in such rapid succession as today's 18 to 30 public of American society. Flaming with anti-war idealism, still they provide over 80 per cent of the fighting strength in Vietnam. Kirk Landers, a Sp5 with the 12 Avn Bn, explores the American youth's dichotomy in a short story entitled "A War in the Round" beginning on page 13.

The Editor

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THEN AND NOW

A SPECIAL REPORT AS THE HURRICANE BEGINS ITS THIRD YEAR OF PUBLICATION

WITH THIS ISSUE THE HURRICANE begins its third year of publication. In commemoration, staff writers took to the field looking for people that were here in November 1967, when the first issue of this magazine appeared and are either still here or have returned and are currently in Vietnam.

The writers asked one question. "Considering Vietnam as you saw it in November 1967, and as you see it today, what changes are most apparent to you?" The answers were as varied as the personalities interviewed. Below are eight of the responses. --ed.

Odom

Sergeant Herbert L. Odom of Brooklyn, New York, feels that "Project Vietnamization" is working. He should know. His first assignment from September 1965, until July 1966, was as a squad leader with the 1st Cavalry Division (Airmobile) near An Khe. He arrived here last May and is assigned currently as the security NCO for Advisory Team 48 at Ham Tan.

The biggest change I've seen is that the Vietnamese soldiers have taken a larger part in the defense of this country. When we first came over, the Vietnamese soldier's primary job was the security and defense of the towns and villages. The American soldiers carried the bulk of the fighting in the jungles and woods. In February of 1966, I recall, we were in Bon Son and we'd made a contact up there at night. There were two companies of Vietnamese soldiers about three clicks away. We were hit by a reinforced platoon of NVA. They were all around us and we needed help. The closest help from our own battalion was approximately ten clicks away. We tried to raise the Vietnamese troops to at least put in a blocking position so we could get out and they informed us their mission was to secure the village they were in and they couldn't leave. The next morning we went into the village and they were racked out. We'd taken about 15 wounded and two dead. But this tour it's different. I was with a company of RFs (regional force troops) on a sweeping operation out of Ham Tan. We'd just made our third check point. We discovered movement and sent out a flank element to check on it. They were fired upon and the battle was on. And let me tell you, the reaction of the RF company I was with at that time was equal to any American squad or platoon I've ever been with.

For the past two years Vietnam has occupied much of the time of politicians the world over—but none have felt the war's impact like the people of Vietnam and the soldiers who fought and died here

CLEVELAND

Robert M. Traister might as well be Vietnamese. He has been here mostly since 1962, when he was a first lieutenant regional force advisor in Kien Tuong Province. Today he is slightly higher on the ladder, deputy province senior advisor to Binh Tuy Province. He is slated to be province senior advisor, a colonel-equivalent position in December. This month Traister is on home leave.

Traister

Probably the biggest changes I've been able to see is in the roads and the traffic moving on them. There are an increasing number of roads. In 1966 almost every road in every province was risky. In 1967 when I was in Binh Long Province, you couldn't drive there. Traffic was very sporadic on Highway 13, the province's main road. Now much of Highway 13 is fairly secure. Highway 15 through Phuoc Tuy is not even hazardous. It appears that the government is getting out and patrolling the highways and doing a better job, and as a result, security has improved significantly over the last two or three years.

Arnett

Peter Arnett is a 34-year-old native of New Zealand who has covered every aspect of the Vietnam war for the Associated Press since 1962. He was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for international reporting in 1966.

The war has changed a lot. With the use of B-52s, U.S. forces are inflicting heavy punishment on the enemy. American units now have more freedom of movement and operate out of many more fire support bases than in the past.

A lot of the Viet Cong infrastructure has also been cleared out, in Binh Duong Province, 25 miles north of Saigon, for example. Why, three years ago, you couldn't drive up to Ben Cat. Now you can.

The quality of life of the people is another story. It depends on how you measure it. Just about everyone in Saigon has more money than they did a few years ago. But the war has made Saigon a dirty, lousy city to live in.

We've learned a lot of lessons the hard way in this war. If we ever get involved in another one like it, I hope they won't be forgotten.

Lieutenant Colonel Edwin J. Dorand of San Pedro, California, is on his third tour. His first one began in March 1965, and he has been here since except for two "short tours" in the States. Oscillating between jobs from intelligence and operations advisor to information officer, Colonel Dorand is currently the Chief of Collection Division, G-2 Section, II Field Force.

Dorand

I think, really—excluding the U.S. side of the picture—the most significant change—the sign you see of an

Kit Carson Scouts led many patrols to enemy caches and hideouts—but for him where is home?

CLEVELAND

improvement—is not just in the quality of the average Vietnamese' life, but even the improvement in his sense of national identification. In the large and medium sized towns you see a great deal of construction, both private and public. In medium size towns the people look more prosperous. There are more small entrepreneurs. What this reflects is that not only the government, but the people as well, are more aware of their investment in Vietnam as a country.

I think there has been a considerable physical improvement. The most obvious thing is the vast increase in transportation. I'm sure there are ten million more Lambrettas and Hondas than two years ago. And these are private, not government vehicles. The National Police and the Regional and Popular Forces that you see give every indication of being greatly improved. They look better. They act with greater confidence.

I think, everything considered, in the last two years there's been more than two years' progress.

Canacessi

Pat Canacessi has been in Vietnam since 1966, first as an Army lieutenant colonel at Tan Son Nhut and for the past year and a half since his retirement, as a civilian employee of Harent, Inc. in Saigon.

Take something as simple as the Saigon traffic. It's bad now, but if things were as bad now as they were three years ago, the increased number of vehicles today would mean chaos. These people are learning. It's not that they didn't obey traffic laws before, they just didn't know them. Before that Honda they just didn't drive. And the police are becoming more professional too.

I think this example is indicative of the whole situation in Vietnam. These people have been exposed to a whole variety of new experiences in a short period of time and they are really adapting extremely well.

Currently assigned to MACV Advisory Team 95 at Bien Hoa as a signal advisor, Sergeant First Class Charlie E. Robinson of Gould, Oklahoma, leaves Vietnam this month completing his second tour. He was a signal advisor in his first year, stationed at Duc Hoa in Hau Nghia Province with Advisory Team 99. His first hitch ended in October 1967. SFC Robinson views this year as an increase in "petty stuff."

Robinson

When I was here for my last tour, you did your job and that's all that was expected of you. Now there are too many rules and regulations thrown in. I never took a pass the whole time I was in country last time. If you wanted to have a few days off and go somewhere, you finished your job and asked your NCOIC if it was all right if you took some time off. If he said it was okay, you just took off. Now you've got all this petty stuff—spit shine boots, pressed fatigues. And every day the policy changes. It's just petty stuff. Things have changed 100 per cent. I don't know. Maybe I've changed.

Since 1967 U.S. military operations have routed VC and NVA units, giving the South Vietnamese time to regroup and recover

CLEVELAND

Chief Warrent Officer 4 Paul L. Shaw is currently the II Field Force assigned pilot for the U-21 (fixed wing) and a Huey instructor for the 25th Aviation Company, at II Field Force headquarters, Plantation. Chief Shaw is from Chicago and spent his first tour in Vietnam (January to December 1966) with the 25th Aviation Battalion of the 25th Infantry Division at Cu Chi. He was the operations officer for the 2d Brigade air section and spent most of his tour flying gun ships during combat assaults.

Shaw

The biggest change I noticed during my second tour was how much better the living is here and how differently some of the countryside looks. Around Cu Chi there's been so much Rome plowing that I couldn't even recognize the area from the air.

When we moved into Cu Chi in 1966, we had tents, dust and VC. In many places it's just like stateside now. We have a lot of conveniences that we didn't have a few years ago. Also, there are secure roads now where there was only jungle. This, to me, is a sign of the progress we've made, both militarily and in pacifying the country. Things are more secure now, especially in former VC strongholds like the Iron Triangle.

Another thing I've noticed is some complacency in some of the younger aircraft pilots. We never flew from 100 to 1,000 feet. This was, and still is, considered the "dead man's zone." But with lulls in the fighting, plus the fact that non-combat assault pilots don't get shot at very often, they tend to get a false sense of security.

We've certainly made progress here in the last three years. We're winning the war and now we're using smaller scale operations to do it. I remember the skies being full of choppers. It was nothing to see seven or eight aviation companies, maybe 70 or 80 choppers flying together. Where can you see this today?

Sergeant Jacob Garrett of Raleigh, North Carolina, is on his second tour of duty in Vietnam. During his first tour (Sept. '66-Sept. '67) he was a construction engineer working out of Saigon. Currently he is a team leader for a JUSPAO-PSYOPS team working in II Corps, mainly in Darlac Province.

Garrett

The biggest change I've noticed is in the attitude of the Vietnamese toward Americans. They trust us a little more now. They really attend MEDCAPS now whereas during my first tour they were skeptical of American doctors. No Vietnamese would let his child be Medevaced even if he were dying. Now they request Medevacs.

Today the villagers are anxious to see the films we show throughout the Corps. We've even had cases of known VC coming into the hamlet or village, unarmed, to watch the movies and hear what they say. I don't think that the Vietnamese really believed much of what Americans told them a few years ago.

More Americans today are friendly with Vietnamese. More Vietnamese are trying to learn English. And I don't men just the business people. Even older Vietnamese are more willing to watch and listen and learn from what they hear.

In the heat of the middle of nowhere, two Americans relax

DOOR GUNNER

The Flying Fighters

CLEVELAND

by Specialist 4 Ken Heinrichs and Specialist 5 Darrell Batchelder

NO ONE LIKES to kill, but . . ."

"You don't always know when you kill or how many you kill. You shoot at houses, wooded areas and you know they are there."

"When your ship is hit, you want to hit back."

"That's our job. Does anyone ask how many American lives we've saved?"

More than half of the gunners in the 116th Assault Helicopter Company have extended or transferred for the chance to be a door gunner. Ask them why and the responses you get vary. Yet most say they want to be where the action is.

"You feel like you're accomplishing something rather than just sitting at a desk," said Specialist 4 Tom Wallace from Wichita, Kan. And he should know. Six months ago he was punching keys on an IBM computer in Long Binh. "I '1049ed' out," he explained. "Now I can travel, see what the war is all about instead of just reading about it in the newspapers. You're out where the action is."

Fifteen miles northwest of Saigon, Cu Chi stands as an operations and fire support base for the 25th Infantry Division and the 3/4 Cavalry among others. The 116th, the Hornets, are part of the aerial artillery and troop carriers there. The 116th leads their 269th Combat Aviation Battalion, the Black Barons, in missions and enemy kills. In the last four years the company has registered 1,500 enemy kills, first in Phu Loi and for the last three years in Cu Chi.

Sometimes they get their share in return too. Over 300 rounds have hit Hornet helicopters in those same four years.

Specialist 4 Lee F. Gentry is a door gunner with the 116th whose ship has taken rounds on three occasions recently. This is his 18th month in Vietnam. His first 11 were with an artillery unit before he extended for his present slot.

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Door gunners of the 116th — "Charlie's favorite target"

"We are Charlie's favorite target. When we come in, all the fire directed at the 'grunts' (infantrymen) is on us. We've even got a bounty on our heads!"

What happens if you're shot down?

According to Specialist 4 Herman Serna from Buckeye, Arizona, "Set up a defensive position, pray, and when the chopper comes to pick up the crew, bring the radio and M60s with you. The hook will pick up the downed ship ASAP."

This is a far cry from pushing buttons on a computer.

The ships of the 116th are commonly called Huey gunships, spoken of officially as UH-1Cs and known by the gunners as "stingers." Armed with all the fire power of the Cobra helicopters, the stingers carry rockets, mini-guns, M60s and 40 mm grenade launchers. The slicks are troop carriers but the same basic helicopter.

Then flyers can stay aloft for as much as 12 hours a day and while the record is over 20 hours in a 24 hour period, the average is about seven a day. Due to the war, only 20 of the 116th's choppers are currently flying. Some were shot down and are now being worked on. Others were retrograded back to the States.

There is a good deal of rivalry between the flight platoons of the "wasps" and "yellowjackets" (slicks) and the stingers. But when they go out on a mission they are "hornets," working in one entomological formation.

With all their rated firepower, the stingers prep the area first before the slicks drop off their cargo of troops. Each ship should be able to deploy in about four seconds but in a war very little goes right all the time.

Specialist 4 Bill Fugman related one incident: "Sometimes things don't run so smoothly. Last week an anxious 'grunt' was in such a hurry he left his machine gun on the slick. As the chopper was pulling away the crew chief noticed

CLEVELAND

Crewmen clean weapons, check ammunition and load up for the next mission

CLEVELAND

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the weapon. Sure enough, running back was the worried 'grunt' waving his arm frantically. The pilot put down and the embarrassed guy retrieved his weapon."

On a big operation, nine slicks in two waves would be accompanied by three stingers and a command ship, but most missions are "eagle flights" where the chopper picks up the 'grunts' and ferries them a short distance, maybe across a river.

No matter what the misson is however, the door gunner's M60 is always ready to take part. Most of them have been lightened so they can be fired with one hand while guiding the ammunition into the breech with the other. Off come the bi-pods, the flash suppressor and the hand guard. In the command ships they are often hand-held for greater maneuverability. And every night they are stripped down, cleaned, oiled and lovingly put back together.

In the stingers, just as their M60 is not their only weapon, being strapped into a gunner's chair is not a door gunner's only job. With a crew chief keeping the ship running, pilot and co-pilot flying, the door gunner does the routine work, washing the bubble windows, scrubbing the deck, maintaining the weapons and assisting the crew chief in general repairs. When the ship lands to take on fuel, he is also the gas station attendant.

In tight landing situations the door gunner guides the pilot so the skids are over a flat area or lets him know of obstacles to the rear. Donning chicken plate over their Nomex (fire protective) clothing during most missions, the gunner sits on the right side of the ship with the crew chief manning the M60 on the left.

Captain Bob McNay from Santa Barbara, Calif., expressed the importance of his right-hand man. "Without the suppressive fire of the door gunners we would be in a lot of trouble in the landing zones."

And just as the others depend on the door gunner for support in fire zones, the dependence and respect goes both ways.

"We have some great pilots," said Specialist 4 Fugman. "A couple of weeks ago one of our ships had hydraulic failure and the pilot nursed it back to the base in a heavy monsoon downpour."

When it is not dropping troops into the jungle, the 116th often flies CMAC (Capital Military Assistance Command) missions. CMAC is responsible for protecting Saigon and these missions could mean working with any number of infantry units. But, the door gunners have noticed they are supporting more Vietnamese units lately.

The 116th area of operations is III Corps but these missions, along with duty on the command ships, are relatively routine. Most of the men prefer flying the hotter missions to the Boi Loi Woods, the Citadel or Rang Rang.

These are the most gratifying assignments. The door gunner realizes his ship has the capability to break up an ambush or help relieve a platoon of infantrymen who are pinned down by enemy small-arms fire.

While one might expect the men to leave their jobs at the pad at the end of the day, most do not. Their bull sessions at the club or in the hootch include the day's action and what tomorrow's mission might mean. In the evening the gunners also check the board to see what type and how much ammo will be needed for the next day's flights.

Day to day the routine is pretty much the same. But, according to the gunners, things have changed a little.

When the unit first came to Vietnam, they say, the pilots were more daring and would fly tight formations. Now they are more cautious. They think twice before landing in a hot zone, much to the gunner's dislike. The gunners like to be where the action is.

a war in the round

a short story

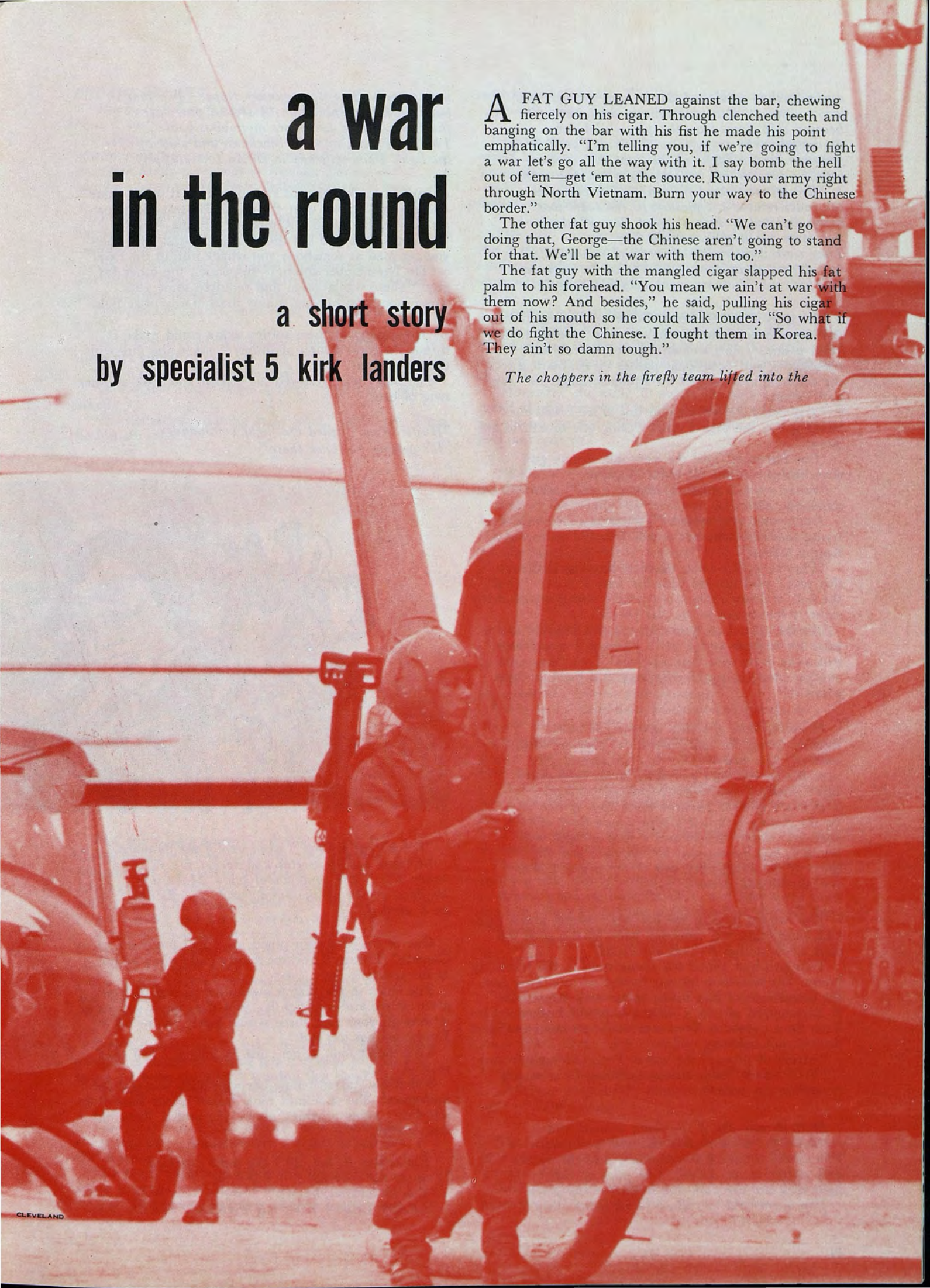
by specialist 5 kirk landers

A FAT GUY LEANED against the bar, chewing fiercely on his cigar. Through clenched teeth and banging on the bar with his fist he made his point emphatically. "I'm telling you, if we're going to fight a war let's go all the way with it. I say bomb the hell out of 'em—get 'em at the source. Run your army right through North Vietnam. Burn your way to the Chinese border."

The other fat guy shook his head. "We can't go doing that, George—the Chinese aren't going to stand for that. We'll be at war with them too."

The fat guy with the mangled cigar slapped his fat palm to his forehead. "You mean we ain't at war with them now? And besides," he said, pulling his cigar out of his mouth so he could talk louder, "So what if we do fight the Chinese. I fought them in Korea. They ain't so damn tough."

The choppers in the firefly team lifted into the



CLEVELAND

darkness that enveloped Di An and droned their way southwest. Reaching mission area, the light bearing ship flashed on the powerful beam illuminating the soggy terrain below. The Cobras fluttered on the flanks of the light ship, pecring into the dark drama beneath them for movement.

Their intensity was interrupted. A voice on the radio relayed the message...the team was being diverted to Fire Support Base Washington, five miles north of Tay Ninh City.
They were to investigate reports of movement outside the perimeter of the base. The light was snapped out. Vietnam went inky black again.

The guys at the fraternity house lounged in front of the television set, half-listening to the evening news. With a deep voice, well-enunciated vowels and consonants, and occasional pauses for dramatic affect, the commentator rapped his audience about the war in Vietnam.

"You better be listening to this, Tree," said the blond kid in the jock T-shirt. "Only one month to go, baby."

"I'm listening," said the very tall, skinny guy stretched out on the floor. He laughed.

"What are you thinking about, Tree?" asked somebody else.

Tree's smile evaporated. "To tell you the truth, I'm trying to decide whether or not I should go to the Kappa formal."

"They're giving away blankets for formal favors this year," said the kid with the jock T-shirt. "What the hell, it doesn't cost you anything and it would really come in handy out in the rice paddies."

"Yeah, but if I go to her formal, she'll expect me to take her to ours and I don't know if I could hack two more dates with that pig," said Tree. "Even for another year on my 2S deferment I'd have to think about it."

Hovering over the new assignment now, circling slowly in tight formation, they searched endlessly for movement. On their second pass over the barbed wire perimeter of the base camp, three shadowy figures darted out of the light. The beam of light pursued them, and zeroed in on the fleeing forms. A Cobra poised itself and spat two rockets. There was a flash of light and another, two harmonious booms, then just the glow of the firefly ship and three corpses where the flashes had been.

The two fat guys in the bar were talking about taxes and Democrats and reflecting back on the good old days when youngsters had some guts.

Two girls had joined the young studs in the fraternity house. The television set was turned off and Tree and the blond kid got in a bridge game with the chicks. A dark-haired girl in a Kappa sweatshirt asked Tree for a cigarette. Tree said he didn't have any, that he had quit smoking.

"Afraid of dying?" she asked Tree, kiddingly.

"Yeah," said Tree, without smiling, "I'm saving myself for my wife."

Methodically the firefly team crossed and recrossed the area outside the base perimeter. The steady drone of the choppers was cut by the dull clatter of an AK-47. The pilot of the light ship saw the flash and broke for the place.
The beam held two black forms in its grasp momentarily. The door gunner ripped off a long burst on his machine gun. A second pass over the spot revealed two more motionless bodies.
The team lifted into the blackness and shut off the light. They returned to Di An for resupply.

Back in the bar the fat guy spit out part of his cigar and roared, "Those were the days." He was silent for a moment, then said, "Remember playing shinny? You get a stick and bat the tin can around and when you get mad at somebody you whack him in the face."

"Do I remember shinny!" responded the other fat guy. "There was a game that required some guts. More blood lost playing shinny than in any prize fight in history."

"How many of these softies today could make it through a good session of shinny?" asked the guy with the soggy cigar.

The other only gestured his disgust and took another swig of beer.

"Hustle it up," called the flight commander "It's getting hot back there."

"What's happening?" asked one of the gunners.
"They're taking mortar and rocket fire in heavy doses," the commander said. "Make sure we have a max on the ammo load. Sounds like we'll need it."

One of the freshmen piped up, "You ought to go to Canada." Tree said he'd see it differently when he got in his position.

The chick in the Kappa sweatshirt turned to Tree after awhile and said lightly, "But they say if you make it through your first three weeks there, you're ok, so I guess it's not too bad."

Tree didn't look at her, just mumbled, "Tell that to Nick."

Somebody started telling her who Nick was and she apologized. She shouldn't have talked about something she didn't know anything about, she added. Tree bid four spades.

"I'm rolling in hot, 29," the radio crackled.
"You got me covered."
"You're covered, buddy."
"LEAD! LEAD, YOU'RE TAKING FIRE!

BREAK! BREAK!"
"Roemer! Roemer, gun 'em, baby! Get them! Pour it on."
Vietnam was lit up with flashing rockets and mortars, machine gun tracers and anti-aircraft fire. The firefly team was in trouble. They were caught in a cross fire from anti-aircraft weapons.

The two fat guys were talking about their street fighting days and what had happened to the old neighborhood since then.

And the chick in the Kappa sweatshirt was still working on Tree back at the fraternity house. "What are you going to do in the Army?" she asked.

Tree bid five spades, then said, "I guess I'll go to OCS."

"Isn't that sort of dangerous? I mean, don't lot's of them get killed?"

"I don't know—I guess so," said Tree.

"Is this war really worth getting killed for?" she asked.

"It's not worth running away from," said Tree. Then he bid six spades.

The two young warrant officers piloting the Cobra glided into the heavy machine gun and anti-aircraft fire behind the Huey. The machine gun nests were spraying the Huey with .51 caliber fire. The young warrants set up the Cobra rapidly and spewed rockets on the nests.
When all their rockets were expended, they dipped lower toward them to saturate the area with mini-gun fire.
Their gun systems jammed. They lifted out of the flak and tracers, up to 2,000 feet and attempted to rectify the malfunction.

Tree bid seven spades and the chick in the Kappa sweatshirt suddenly turned her attention to the card game. "I hope you didn't overbid this hand," she said.

"At least I didn't underbid it," said Tree.

The voice had started on the radio again and the young pilots found out the location of another NVA force.
The firefly team regrouped and descended again into the wall of explosions and whizzing tracers. The young warrants remained above to supervise the assault. Their gun systems jammed hopelessly, they could do no more for the team.

The fat guy took another long swig of his beer, wiped his chin, then exclaimed, "You're right George. Times have really changed. These kids are soft. They run off to college and get a little education and think they're too damn good to work with their backs."

Two new anti-aircraft positions opened up on the firefly team during their second pass at the enemy. Shattering explosions rocked the ships and illuminated the ground.

Tree had played the hand and made his slam and acknowledged all the compliments quietly. He watched the blond guy in the jock T-shirt shuffle the cards and listened to the chick in the Kappa sweatshirt rattle on about the war.

"Honestly," she said, "It seems like such a waste to spend all this time and money on a good education then have to go out and risk it all on something that doesn't even concern us."

"We're in trouble, 29," said the excited voice on the radio. "It's heavy, baby, heavy."
One of the young warrants was perspiring as he looked on in anguish. The other one was on the radio with Di An. When the radio clicked off the perspiring young warrant yelled to his buddy, "We gotta help them, Mike. "It's too hot."
Mike nodded.

Tree opened in no-trump then answered the chick in the Kappa sweatshirt. "No, of course I don't want to fight a war."

"But you're going anyway—even though it's so thankless and bloody and inhuman."

"War is, by definition, inhuman and bloody so nobody should expect to be thanked for waging it." Tree looked up at her and added, "Once you get past that, it's just a matter of where you want to live and how much it's worth to you to live there."

"But how can you go into combat and risk your life when nobody you know really cares about who wins?" she asked.

"I don't know," said Tree, not wanting to talk about it anymore. "It's a crazy war."

Outside the bar the fat guy pitched his tattered cigar in the gutter and exlaimed loudly, "Then they have to defend what we built for them and they don't have the guts. They go running around naked with all that crap about flowers and their stinking protests..."

"Yeah, yeah," said the other fat guy and concluded, "It's a crazy war."

"Coming down to help you, Lead," the young warrant barked into the radio.
The radio was silent for a moment then a voice yelled back, "Are your gun systems functioning?"
"Negative. Descending to draw fire off you."
"Without firepower?" retorted the voice on the radio. "That's crazy."

The fat guy watched his cigar butt float down the gutter and agreed with his weaving friend, "Yeah, it's a crazy war."

And the people in the fraternity house nodded in agreement with Tree. "Yeah, it's a crazy war."

PLEIKU
BAN ME THUOT
NHA TRANG
DALAT

The Cities of Vietnam Part II

by Lieutenant Tom Sileo

CLEVELAND

Cam Ly Falls near Dalat

CLEVELAND

Nha Trang's "Great White Buddha"

CLEVELAND

Pleiku Province headquarters

LONG AGO, MONTAGNARD villages and hamlets competed among themselves in games of skill. To the winner went the symbol of supremacy, the tail of the sacrificed water buffalo. One hamlet, legend says, was the perrennial winner and was thus named *Plei* (hamlet) *Ku* (of the tail).

Today, Pleiku is the northernmost city of any size and importance in II Corps. Previously a French city with the reputation of being excellent tiger hunting country, Pleiku had only 15,000 inhabitants until 1955.

Its current 85,000 population now depends largely on the huge U.S. military base camp located about four

miles outside the city for its livelihood. However, there is still some agriculture in the city as well as four operating saw mills.

The rapid population growth was caused by the American buildup in 1965 and Pleiku is a "new" city in many respects. Some 235 miles north of Saigon, the city is headquarters for the Vietnamese II Corps and for the province of Pleiku and its chief, the only Montagnard province chief in Vietnam.

Pleiku's outskirting hills are home for Montagnards of both the Bahnar and Jarai tribes whose homes are overshadowed by the ominous Ham Rong Mountain, the "Mouth of the Dragon."

Most of Pleiku's wet population (last year during the rainy season Pleiku had a high of 37 inches of rain in one month) are settled around or fairly near Routes 14 and 19 which run through the city. Anytime of the day Vietnamese and Montagnards can be seen selling, shopping or just walking through Pleiku's crowded, noisy and dirty downtown shopping area.

While 65 per cent of Pleiku Province's population is Montagnard, the traditional Montagnard capital of Vietnam is Ban Me Thuot, 85 miles to the south. This II Corps city, before the Geneva Accords, was home for only 250 Vietnamese who worked for the emperor Bao Dai. But when Ban Me Thuot was designated a Land Development Center thousands migrated there, not knowing but hearing of its good soil and cool climate.

Ban Me Thuot city is almost all Vietnamese. Its 35,000 inhabitants still work the rubber and coffee plantations though the war has shut many of them down. Atop the hills outside the city are hundreds of Montagnard hamlets and villages. The Rhade tribe, the largest and most prominent of Montagnard tribes, makes up most of the Montagnard population. How this tribe attained its superior position is interesting.

According to legend, a major catastrophe hit the earth a long time ago. All the people went underground, including the Montagnards. Finally, after a long time of living beneath the earth the Montagnards came to the surface, according to their strength and bravery. The Rhade, of course, came out first and have been considered the chief tribe ever since.

Throughout Ban Me Thuot, from its main circle near the Catholic bishop's cathedral, to the cart-and-tent-lined shopping district, Montagnard crossbows, bracelets, necklaces, and musical instruments are sold. Though this brings piasters into the Montagnard households, these people are foremost farmers.

The city's houses run the gamut from well-kept villas to Montagnard community long houses, and its streets from clean ones to those which look like the aftermath of a 122 mm rocket attack. But though Ban Me Thuot's adjacent hills are green and pleasant to look at, they cannot rival those of Dalat.

Nestled in the pine forested highlands of II Corps, at an altitude of about 5,000 feet, is Dalat, the garden city. Here, among rolling hills, mountain streams and man-made lakes, Dalat's residents live in a city of diverse attractions and interests.

About 60,000 sweater-wearing Vietnamese populate the city, with another 20,000 people (tribesmen mostly Montagnards and Kohos, a tribe of about 130,000 scattered throughout Vietnam) living in the nearby hills. A few hundred French nationals, mostly teachers, doctors and taxicab drivers, that still live here, and the French design of Dalat's villas are reminders of the city's French heritage.

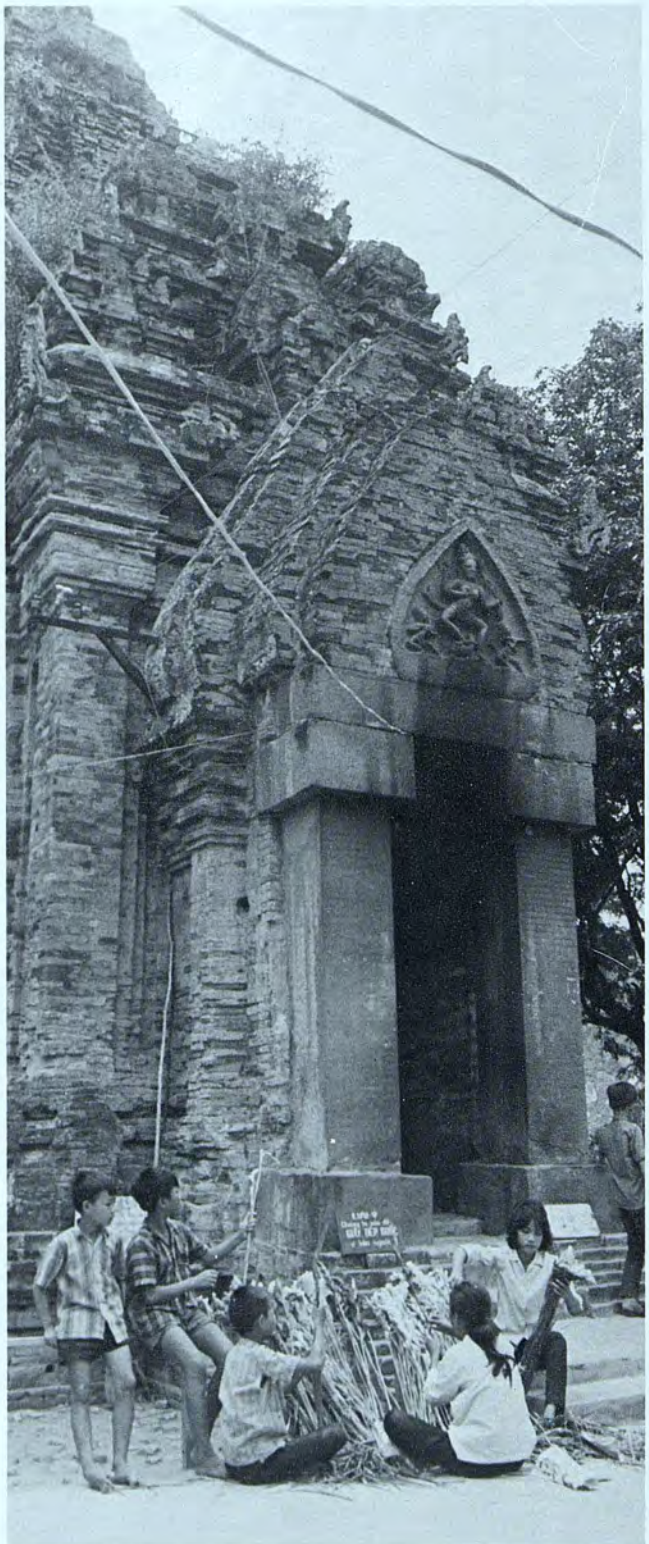
In 1897, Dr. Alexandre Yersin, a French medical

View of Nha Trang looking west to the Central Highlands

Vegetable fields near Dalat—Vietnam's "Honeymoon Haven"

CLEVELAND

200-year-old Cham temple at Nha Trang, used today as a Buddhist place of worship



research scientist on a combined business and pleasure trip came upon what is now Dalat. He chose it as the site for a hospital and for the growing of the quinquina tree, the source of quinine.

As news of the area's invigorating climate and beauty spread throughout the French colonials in Indochina, Dalat developed into an attractive recreational and health resort. Visitors stalked tigers, panthers, bears and boar in the forests surrounding the city and lived a life of leisure. And while this life has changed somewhat, none of Saigon's humidity, noise, congestion and frantic pace are found in Dalat.

The good soil and climate here foster the growing of vegetables and fruit. Tomatoes, cabbage, celery, lettuce, turnips and more exotic produce, like artichokes and bamboo shoots, grow on Dalat's many vegetable farms, Truck farming accounts for a few hundred tons of produce exported from Dalat throughout Vietnam each day. Of this, the U.S. military purchases about 15 tons daily.

Flowers add to Dalat's beauty. They bloom 12 months a year and are sold by sidewalk vendors and at the city's new three level modern marketplace. Native flowers and shrubs and over 1,500 varieties of orchids grow wild and in local flower gardens. In December, cherry trees blossom around the Lake of Sighs, a favorite spot of young couples.

The city is still a common honeymoon haven. Rustic hotels and cottages, reminiscent of Europe, and attractions like the Cam Ly Waterfalls and Grand Lake, in the center of the city, make Dalat an ideal honeymoon location.

Though the city is clean, well kept and devoid of the pressing poverty sections which abound in most Vietnamese cities, the scars of the 1968 Tet fighting show.

In February 1968, the Viet Cong attacked Dalat. For 10 days fighting raged in the city, for the first time in 24 years, until the Viet Cong withdrew. Now, barbed wire still surrounds some of the pretty villas. Sandbags embrace and needlessly fortify strong walls and fences throughout the city.

But beside its agricultural achievements and natural beauty, Dalat, where the per capita income is double the national average, is becoming one of Vietnam's foremost education and training centers. The mountain city has seven major schools including the Vietnamese National Military Academy, the National Police Field Force Training Center which rests on a 17 square mile lot, once the private hunting ground of Vietnam's last emperor, Bao Dai, and a nuclear research institute.

The University of Dalat, one of two private universities in Vietnam, and the Pontifical College of Vietnam, an outstanding Catholic seminary, both add prestige to Dalat's image.

The city of Dalat adds up to a delightful European-flavored city. The one problem with the city for allied servicemen is that it's "Off Limits" except for official business.

The villas are not as big nor as beautiful in Nha Trang. The grass isn't quite as green nor the views as serene. But this coastal city, some 50 miles east of Dalat has one of the finest beaches in Southeast Asia.

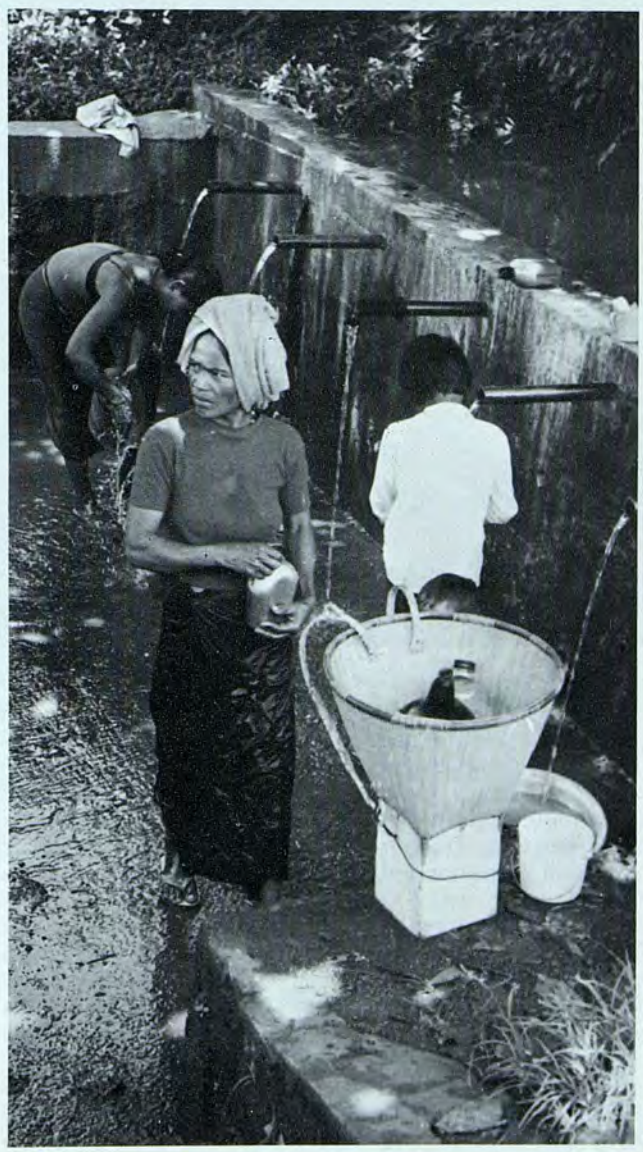
Nha Trang's curving beach is almost four miles long. On Sundays, girls stroll it, while amateur sailboat captains try their luck. Riding along the tree-lined Beach Road, the ocean and beach is to one side, attractive villas, residences of former French officials and commercial agents, to the other. It's not exactly the *Promenade des Anglais* in Nice, France, but it's impressive.

Headquarters for I Field Force Vietnam and for the Republic of Korea Field Force, Nha Trang houses almost 100,000 people. Its huge airbase takes up about one fourth of the city's land area and the city is more active than Dalat.

Some agriculture and commerce is carried on here but fishing is probably the most important occupation. A bustling fish market stands on stilts out over the waters of one of the South China Sea's many tributaries.

Nha Trang was once a main trading post in the Champa kingdom. It was small and little noticed by non-traders. In the late 19th century, however, the city was growing and with the Geneva Accords many refugees fled to Nha Trang, swelling its population.

Today Nha Trang is a pleasant city. Restaurants, bars and cafes offer Vietnamese, Chinese, Japanese, Korean, French and American food. A visitor can get everything from "pulgogi" a Korean style beef, to pineapple chop



Montagnard girl of Ban Me Thuot carrying earthen jars in the traditional shoulder basket

Ban Me Thuot women at the town watering plaza

The sandy scenic beaches of Nha Trang, where the trials of war zone life are put aside FEASE

suey. The local seafood is excellent and the city full of interesting and important sights.

Nha Trang's Oceanographic Institute collects and distributes information on new fishing techniques, tides and currents. It keeps fishermen informed on weather and fish migration and is the only institute of its kind in Vietnam.

The Vietnamese Naval Training Center and the Vietnamese Air Force Academy are also located in Nha Trang.

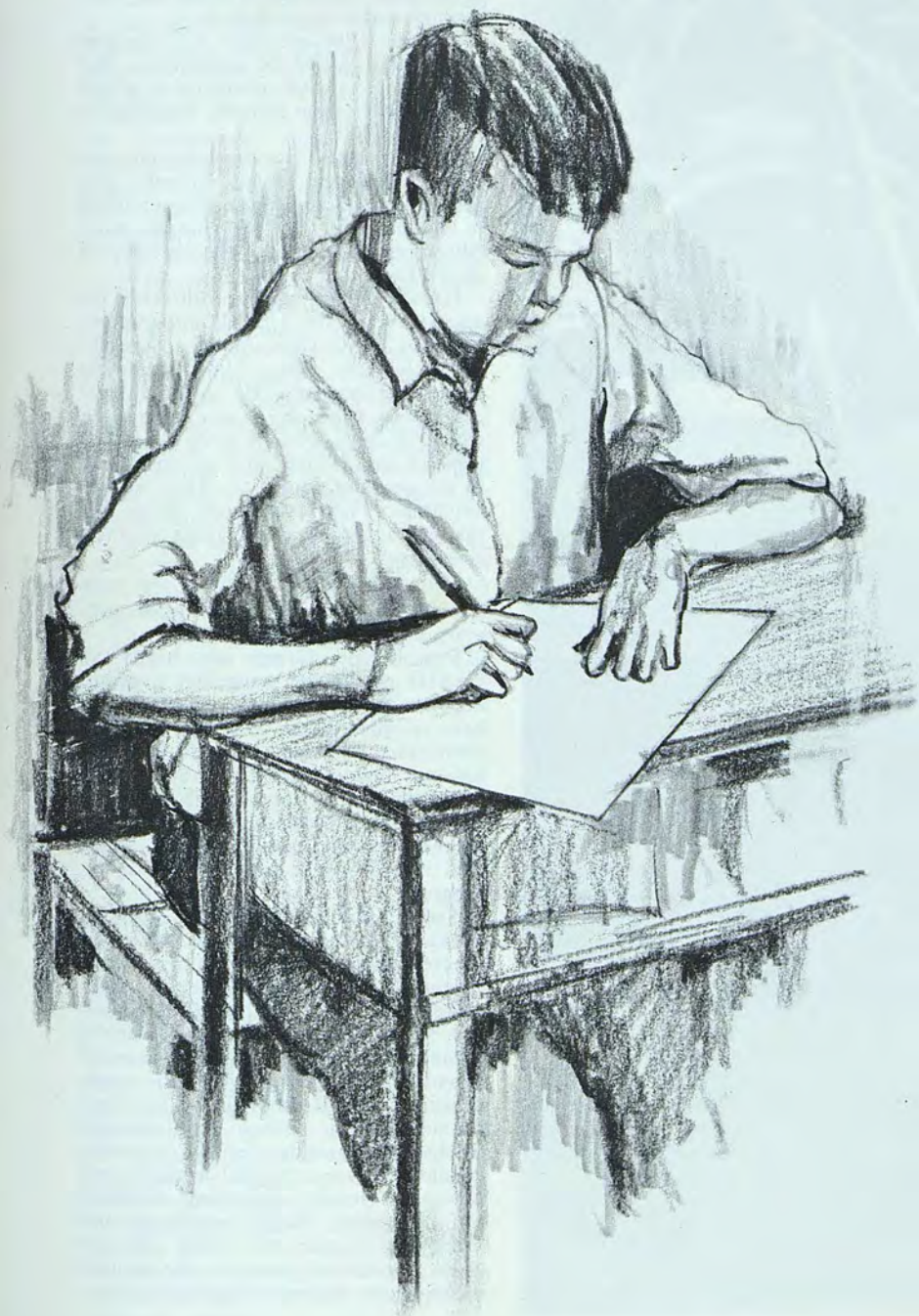
Aircraft pilots always know that they're over Nha Trang when they spot the huge white Buddha that sits atop one of the city's large hills. An interesting architectural achievement, it is rivalled only by the Pagoda of Ponagar, commonly called the Cham Temple. This "temple" was built by the Chams to honor a Champa woman who died on the island of Ponagar while waiting for her husband to return from sea. Today it has been taken over by the Buddhists who use it as a place of worship.

The best view of the city is that from atop the Nha Trang Hotel, the tallest building in the city (six stories high), containing the city's only elevator.

Nha Trang's beauty is common knowledge as is the fact that Ban Me Thuot is considered the Montagnard capital of Vietnam. But what surprises visitors to II Corps is the immense difference among its cities.

From the beach of Nha Trang to the Montagnard community long houses of Ban Me Thuot; from Dalat's placid Grand Lake to the noisy, crowded and dirty shopping strip of Pleiku, the differences hit newcomers like a cold rain on a steamy summer afternoon.

Vietnamese Elementary Education



Private First Class Raffy Chengrian

IT HAPPENED at Can Tho. A teacher at the An Phung school, directly across the river from Can Tho's waterfront, gave her students a problem: how to lift their community out of a swamp.

After checking the area and discussing the alternative solutions, the pupils decided that the solution was to build elevated paved roads and sidewalks.

News of the project spread through the community like a water buffalo stampede. Soon able-bodied men, women, and children volunteered. What had started out as a school project evolved into a community endeavor.

In a house to house drive, the students collected piasters. A delegation of students and parents persuaded the local USAID (U.S. Agency for International Development) mission to donate

Certain signs that school is in session

cement. One committee was formed to buy rock and sand, another to design the pattern of the roads and byways. Technical assistance was obtained from local government services.

And, *voila!* The community was raised above the swamp by the construction of paved roads and sidewalks.

And what's more, the students' studies did not suffer. School attendance was excellent. Students had their tests on schedule, and their marks were never higher.

This is just one example of elementary education at work in Vietnam.

Elementary education in Vietnam is on the upsurge as never before.

In 1954 there were 500,000 pupils attending elementary school. Today there are more than 2,000,000 enrolled, 80 per cent of the population in the six to eleven age group.

In the last four years, 700 classrooms were destroyed by the Viet Cong. Yet, in the last two years 14,000 were built through self-help programs.

Between 1960 and 1968, 427 teachers were either killed of kidnapped. But since 1967, 15,000 elementary school teachers have been trained, bringing the total to 35,000.

There are two reasons why elementary education is doing so well. The first is that parents want their children to be educated. They feel that the more education they have, the better off they'll be.

Harold Winer, assistant director for education for the USAID program in Vietnam is the chief American coordinator for the joint U.S.-Vietnamese education programs. He said, "I have never seen a people of any country in which I have worked over the years respond so willingly and so unselfishly to the needs of education. They will do anything. They will give their last piaster to get a school going in their community."

Winer also says that this is the most thrilling part of the educational program in this country.

Mrs. Eleanor Green, who heads the USAID elementary education program believes that the people are lucky to have a government that cares about elementary education. One fifth of the national budget in fact, is devoted to education. Furthermore, the Vietnamese government is constantly on the lookout to see that the money is well spent. And it is always trying to improve the program.

Truong Van Duc, Director of Elementary Education in Vietnam, stated the ten goals of his department: constructing a sufficient number of classrooms in rural areas to enroll the school-age population; preparing a sufficient number of teachers at the normal schools (teachers colleges) to teach, utilizing modern methods of teaching; training more village and hamlet teachers; organizing regular in-service training courses at capital, regional and provincial levels; organizing seminars for education chiefs, inspectors and principals to plan and unify effective work procedures; increasing the number of inspectors at district level to facilitate

the supervision of teachers in remote areas; training and helping teachers assist new appointees, mostly hamlet teachers, to upgrade their preparation; raising the living standard of teachers to help them in carrying out their work; providing a sufficient number of textbooks and instructional materials needed to increase effectiveness in teaching; establishing mobile science units to train teachers to carry out their simple scientific experiments and to prepare inexpensive teaching aids, so that classes will be more objective and attractive to children.

Methods of teaching have come a long way too.

Previously, the rote method was the standard way of teaching. The teacher would quote something from the textbook and then ask the class to repeat it. Sometimes he would show an object to the class, tell them what it was, and ask the class to repeat what he said.

This was very ineffective for it failed to stimulate and teach the children. Furthermore many teachers could not properly utilize textbooks and were ignorant in the use of teaching aids.

However, in 1963, when USAID and the Vietnamese began concentrating their efforts in this field things improved. Now a new method of elementary school teaching has evolved, the community school.

This school has shown itself to be quite effective—particularly in the hamlets.

In the community school, subjects such as sanitation, malaria and rodent eradiction, miracle rice, methods of increasing pork and poultry production, a get-out-the-vote campaign during local elections, a malaria control drive and immunization against endemic and social diseases are taught along with regular subjects.

The purpose of this school is to involve the students in the problems of their community. And it works in the following manner.

The teacher poses a problem, such as rat control in the rice paddies. The children investigate it and discuss various solutions. During the investigation they get their parents, relatives, and neighbors interested.

Soon, rat control becomes a community project, and the pupils become quite enthusiastic about school. Their studies usually improve and more of them stay in school.

One major problem in many communities though, is that there are not enough schools. As a result, some schools operate on four shifts daily. Each shift or class generally accommodates 60 students.

To circumvent this problem USAID and the Vietnamese Education Ministry encourage these communities to build their own schools through self help. If the people build the school they will cherish it more, and if need be, defend it against the Viet Cong.

Another major problem is teachers.

Normal procedure for the training of teachers is to train them at normal schools—the equivalent of American teacher colleges. But this training takes about six months.

So a crash three month program was started for the training of hamlet teachers.

In-service training has been started. What it amounts to is a three month refresher course.

Other major side effects of this are that the quality of teachers has improved, and that teachers now know how to use textbooks and teaching aids effectively.

Another problem concerning teachers is that many are afraid to go into the hamlets for fear of the Viet Cong. But better security by GVN and American units is slowly eliminating this problem.

Many Vietnamese teachers are still reluctant to teach the Montagnards because of prejudice. So Montagnards are now being trained as teachers but more are needed.

The biggest boost to the elementary school program are the textbooks the children use. They are printed on quality paper with large print. Sixteen million textbooks have been printed and distributed and according to Mrs. Green, "the children have learned to cherish them."

The people have become so zealous over this program that the Viet Cong have become frustrated in disrupting it.

"In the early days of the war, the VC made strenuous efforts to disrupt the educational programs. They would destroy schools, kill and intimidate the teachers," said Mrs. Green.

"But the Viet Cong activity against the schools and teachers has failed because the people don't like it.

"I know of nothing that has aroused the hatred of the people more than the destruction of a classroom or the killing of a teacher. The people will sometimes gloss over other disruptive activity, but not when it comes to education and the opportunities it offers for a better life for their children."

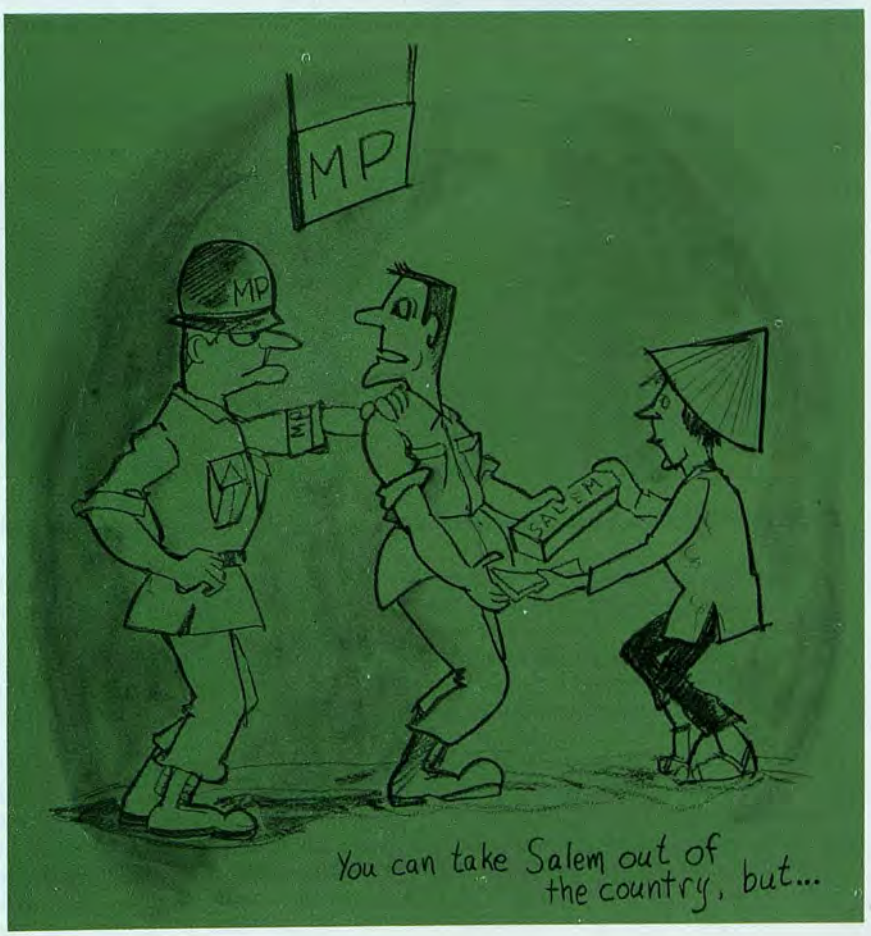
Winer points out, that, contrary to popular belief, the Viet Cong don't have an educational program of their own except for their purely political indoctrination program.

Winer stated, "We have yet to find any place where the VC have organized a fully operating school program."

Viet Cong textbooks are of poor quality mostly printed on mimeograph paper. And their textbooks are mostly propaganda. In fact, government textbooks have been stolen from the children and used by them.

Now a new phenomenon is developing in Vietnam—the PTA. The Vietnamese version is the SPA, Student Parent Association, and it can be as aggressive as any urban American PTA. Today, it is helping to solve many problems which arise. For example, there is no dropout rate as we know it. However such things as rice farming sometimes interfere with attendance.

The idea behind the elementary education program is to educate the young. But its major side effect is that it gives hope to a people of a country that has been at war since 1940—hope for the future and a self confidence to cope with problems that it has never had before.



HURRICANE BRIEFS

"Elephant"—This cry rang out one evening and nearly signalled disaster for a Long Range Patrol in Long Khanh Province, east of Saigon.

The patrol, from "D" Company, 151st LRPs, was observing its perimeter when Specialist 4 Loren Dixon noticed a large grey mass in the underbrush. Suddenly it moved and charged toward the men.

Dixon screamed "Elephant" as it charged directly at First Lieutenant Eric Ellis. "There she was," said Ellis, "coming right at me." As everyone scrambled, the elephant took a beat on Specialist 4 Ken Bucy.

"He's a football player," said Dixon. "I guess he thought he'd wait until it got real close and then side-step it like a halfback."

But "halfback" Bucy took only one side-step before being tackled by a flying elephant trunk.

"She had him coiled in her trunk and lifted him way up over her head." said Lieutenant Ellis. "Then she flung him to the ground and lifted her foot right above his head. We opened up with our M16s and a machine gun."

The elephant backed away and a baby elephant darted from the trees. Groping around, the mother finally ran off into the jungle after her.

"I think she was merely afraid that we would hurt her baby which must have strayed into our camp somehow," said Bucy. "When she saw that it was leaving safely, she did too."

The incident proved quite a memory for the shaken but unhurt Bucy.

"I keep seeing her big foot in my sleep," he recalls with a shudder.

A 12-year-old Vietnamese boy is alive today because a fast-thinking U.S. Army medic happened to be in the right place at the right time.

Specialist 4 Albert V. Rauth, son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert V. Rauth, Sr., of Hagerstown, Maryland, was on a mail run for his unit, Advisory Team 86 at Ben Luc District, about 16 miles southwest of Saigon.

Rauth reached the Ben Luc Bridge soon after a serious traffic accident took place there. He found a 12-year-old boy who, technically, had already "died." His heart had stopped beating.

The 21-year-old medic revived the boy's heartbeat by external stimulation and restored breathing by applying mouth-to-mouth resuscitation.

"This is a fantastic medic," said Captain Victor R. Bird, district senior advisor.

"In addition to this incident, we had a bombing some time ago in the marketplace. About 24 people were wounded. Specialist Rauth supervised medical treatment for the people, and as a direct result of his efforts, the lives of at least five people were saved."

During his tour in Vietnam, Specialist Rauth has already earned the Bronze Star for Valor and the Combat Medical Badge.

Sergeant Fenh demonstrating Sapper techniques—bad malaria pills and three to four days without a good meal

Sergeant Nguyen Van Fenh used to lead North Vietnamese troops in attacks on allied bases throughout Vietnam.

But that's all changed now. Recently he decided that he'd rather fight on the Government of Vietnam (GVN) side.

Fenh, a former sapper, took advantage of the "Chieu Hoi" program and came over to the GVN side. It was almost a matter of pure logic. After a demonstration he gave for the benefit of allied troops in Vietnam, Fenh made clear some of the reasons why many Viet Cong and NVA regulars are changing sides in the war.

Having slithered through triple strands of barbed wire as if it were child's play, much to the amazement of many American troops who were present at the demonstration, the 24-year-old Fenh talked about his decision to "Chieu Hoi."

To say the least, Sergent Fenh, as an NVA soldier, had a morale problem. When he was drafted from his home near Hanoi he was not given either an ETS or a DEROS back to North Vietnam. He was drafted for the duration of the war. He was getting paid the grand sum of 180 piasters (about $1.50) a month; hardly enough to keep the American soldier in cigarettes for a week. And, he had not been home for over two and a half years. The NVA have no leave policy.

Fenh said that his unit's supplies were very erratic. It was not unusual for them to go for three and four days without a good meal. He and his troops had no canteens and were given malaria pills which made them extremely sick. They threw these pills away and the result was that 100 per cent of his unit had malaria.

"Everybody loves a lover" and Specialist Four Thomas B. Runck and Second Lieutenant Nancy L. Wagoner, both 22, found it to hold true—especially if one is getting married in Vietnam.

With all the pomp and circumstance of a High Church Episcopalian ceremony, the two were married solemnly and efficiently by Army Chaplain (Major) Dallas C. Banks in the 25th Infantry Division Chapel at Cu Chi base camp recently.

The pert, freckle-faced nurse and the mechanic were required by Vietnamese law to first be married in a civil ceremony at the Cu Chi District headquarters. After they were married by the district chief, they signed the papers, embraced and then raced back to the camp—they were late already.

After the reception in the groom's EM club at the 1st Bn, 27th Artillery's service battery, they were whisked by jeep to the Cu Chi Airport. Awaiting them was a Huey gunship specially marked with soap—"Just Married."

It took a joint U.S. Army, State Dept., and Vietnamese civil service effort to get the wedding off the ground.

"For a while, it didn't look like we were going to have the ceremony which we had been planning for the last two months," said Runck.

Somehow his papers had been lost in transit.

Next Wednesday Runck began hand carrying his papers to the various higher headquarters for their approval. Calls to the right people at the right times expedited his mission until he reached his objective, final MACV approval.

Officials at Camp Alpha, the R&R processing center at Tan Son Nhut Air Base, have collected a remarkable assortment of odds and ends that failed to make it past the pre-flight customs check.

Actually, many of these articles were turned in by the soldiers themselves. In order to encourage voluntary disposal of contraband, Camp Alpha has placed a large, black "Amnesty Box" by the entrance to the customs room. Here you can part with prohibited items without fear of reprisal. If one is caught with them later, however, it can mean he'll be pulled off the flight, lose his R&R, and be subject to criminal prosecution.

"It's foolish, really," says Sergeant First Class Carl D. Barnard, chef processing NCO at Camp Alpha. "We know most of the tricks. A man is subject to a shakedown inspection at any time. It just isn't worth the risk to try to slip something by us."

Not everything is contraband. One bottle of liquor is allowed on board, providing it is handcarried and the seal is unbroken. Those flying to Hawaii can pick up a gallon of liquor, at PX prices, during the stopover in Guam. One carton of cigarettes is also allowed, except when going on R&R to Australia where you can't step off the plane with even one pack.

Part of the "Camp Alpha Collection"—wonders for Believe-It-or-Not

Midnight, a black mongrel dog, continues to lead the life of man's best friend at Bearcat, 20 miles east of Saigon, unaware of the controversy that is growing over her ownership on both sides of the Pacific.

The international dispute began with a request by ETSed former Army Specialist 5 Travis Golden that "his" dog be sent to his home in Paris, Texas. But the men of his former unit, the 257th Field Artillery Detachment (Radar), 8th Target Acquisition Battalion, II Field Force Artillery, claim Midnight as their unit mascot.

According to the Paris press, Golden said he first met Midnight in combat a year ago. He wrote his parents that during an enemy attack he heard a yelp warning him of an approaching Viet Cong. "After I disposed of the Viet Cong, I saw the little dog that had yelped and saved my life," said Golden.

A month later, the unit found that Midnight had a special talent. She could hear enemy rounds coming in before the men could, giving them an extra moment's warning.

Specialist 5 David Terrell said that before Golden left, he had no interest in taking the dog home with him. "The next thing we heard was a letter saying he wanted the dog. But we took a vote and decided to keep her as our mascot," he said.

Meanwhile in Paris, Golden and his parents have not been idle. According to press reports, House Majority Leader Carl Albert and Senators Fred Harris and Henry Bellmon of Oklahoma, Golden's former home state, have been alerted to the situation. Albert informed the Goldens that the Army prohibits the transporting of animals from Vietnam and suggested the use of commercial transportation.

The Goldens liked the idea and Pan American Airlines has been pre-paid to transport Midnight to Paris.

In Vietnam, informed of this, the detachment is seeking a compromise solution. A letter has been sent by Major Richard Miller, 8th Target Acquisition Battalion commander, offering the Goldens one of Midnight's five puppies.

The pups were born in August. Combat cautious Midnight delivered them in the unit's command bunker. The father, according to Terrell, who is not known as a gossip, "was some mutt from the 79th Artillery."

So, from Bearcat, a compromise offer has come. The next move is up to Paris.

VNMA

The Cadets of Dalat

by Lieutenant Tom Sileo

EIGHT HUNDRED cadets are marching down the mall to the cadence of *mot, hai, ba, bon.* Their shiny brass sparkles in the sun and their heads are held high. The band is playing. The scene, noon at the Vietnamese National Military Academy.

America has its West Point, Russia its Leningrad All-Arms Command School and Vietnam its Vietnamese National Military Academy (VNMA).

Situated on a multi-acre plot of rolling hills in Dalat, resort city of II Corps, the VNMA is developing Vietnam's present and future military leaders.

Its mission, in essence, is to instruct and train cadets mentally, morally and physically to become good men as well as good military leaders.

The Academy's crest of dragon, representing the legendary father of the Vietnamese race, and sword, representing the profession of arms, signifies the resolve of the VNMA graduates to reconstruct their country, to protect their land and to heighten the prestige of their nation.

Marching to dinner—the Academy will receive full accreditation this year

Originally founded by the French at Hue, in 1948, the Academy moved to Dalat in 1950 as an officer candidate school. After 1954, the Vietnamese assumed control of the school and renamed it the Vietnamese National Military Academy.

Since then, a drive has been underway to upgrade both the academic stature and the facilities of the Academy, and in 1959 a decree was signed establishing the Academy a university level institution, on a par with the Universities of Saigon, Hue and Dalat.

In 1966, Premier Ky signed a decree establishing the VNMA as a four year educational institution with graduates entitled to receive a Bachelor of Science. Applicants come from all parts of the Republic of Vietnam.

A VNMA applicant must be a male citizen of Vietnam between the ages of 18 and 22. He must be unmarried and a high school graduate to even be considered for acceptance.

All applicants are given a competitive academic exam, a thorough physical and a physical training test. Using these as

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a basis, roughly one of ten applicants is accepted.

Last year, for example, of over 2,500 applicants only 270 were accepted, swelling the current enrollment of the Academy over 860.

Most applicants, who upon graduation incur a six year military obligation, come from the Capital Military District (Saigon and its suburbs), attesting to the concentration of high schools in that area.

After graduation, based on academic and overall performance, the new second lieutenants are assigned, when possible, where they have requested. Of the 4,000 VNMA graduates thus far, many are working in III Corps, many in and around Saigon.

The four year curriculum, taught by the Academy's all ARVN military faculty of approximately 100, is diverse. It is geared to teach not only future military leaders about the military, but to produce an officer prepared to assist his country in its task of nation building.

Fifty per cent of the curriculum is devoted to engineering sciences. As Vietnam grows it will need more and more skilled technicians to map plans, survey and build roads and railroads, develop and maintain ports, construct and repair bridges and install rural and urban sanitation. By the very nature of the work, by the danger and difficulties involved, these tasks will, no doubt, frequently be performed by the military.

But besides military subjects and courses in math, physics, history, engineering, surveying, chemistry, English, law and philosophy, the curriculum provides courses to help solve some of Vietnam's unique problems.

There is, for example, a course in hamlet planning covering everything from where to put the village chief's house to where to drill the wells. And there's a course in sanitary engineering, aimed at improving sanitation in hamlets and villages.

Classes are held as seminars. Small groups of cadets discuss problems and classwork with their instructors and all cadets have their own textbooks, something which is rare in civilian Vietnamese universities.

The American advisory effort at the VNMA began in 1955 and today there are 12 U.S. military personnel comprising the VNMA advisory detachment.

Colonel Richard R. Wyrough, the senior advisor, heads the advisory detachment. "Our purpose is to help the Academy produce officers qualified to lead in both war and peace," explained Colonel Wyrough. "We suggest improvements or changes in all fields. You could say that we lend our experience to the school."

Current advisory efforts are geared toward improving the quality of entering cadets, obtaining a better qualified staff and faculty, developing a balanced curriculum and supporting the VNMA's physical expansion.

Colonel Wyrough noted that although reports and comments about VNMA graduates have been excellent, "The future of the Academy rests with how well it can keep pace with the changing situation and times. Updating texts, expanding facilities to meet needs, bettering the faculty; these are really what are important."

Lieutenant Colonel Arthur R. Stebbins, staff advisor to the VNMA, pointed out that the curriculum is patterned after the U.S. service academies, and that the honor system is used for all tests and exams. "But here," he added, "the cadets are exposed to more classroom hours than the cadets at West Point. Both get the same amount of athletics though." During athletics, a visitor to the VNMA can see cadets playing soccer, running track or practicing their favorite sport, taekwon do.

Colonel Stebbins is quick to praise his Vietnamese counterparts, the men who actually run the school. "They're all professionals and proud of their jobs. The thing they wish to see most is the academy moving forward," he said.

He also emphasizes to all visitors that the school is always trying to better itself. For example, there are plans to send VNMA graduates to the U.S. for advanced degrees and then return them to teach on the school's faculty.

The man who runs the school and who shoulders most of its burdens is its superintendent, Major General Lam Quang Thi. General Thi holds degrees from Saigon University and graduated from the Associate Command and Staff course at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

The black belt taekwon do expert is doing his utmost to better the Academy. His insistence on more stringent entrance requirements and a better-trained faculty are already having its effect. And he is particularly proud of the requirement that all cadets attend the ARVN Airborne School before graduating.

The physical surroundings of the new buildings at the school (the oldest was completed in 1961) and the forested hillsides lend themselves to long walks and to going to bed early. The dormitories are comfortable, the library and labs adequate and the grounds breathtaking. Morale builders and signs of nationalism are evident everywhere.

A large white monument bearing the VNMA crest is entitled "Monument for the Dead," and commemorates the graduates of the VNMA who have fallen defending their nation.

On the stands overlooking the parade field are written the names of two great Vietnamese historic heroes; Le Lai and Nguyen Trai, both of whom participated in the overthrow of the Minh Dynasty in the 13th century.

The various buildings bear signs reading: "For the Country," "For the People," and "Absolute Sacrifice." And the motto of the Academy is "To Master Oneself for Leadership."

Life at the Academy begins officially for the cadet at 7:30 a.m. after morning formation and breakfast, and ends after classes and study hours at night. Then, according to fourth year cadet Le Viet Dac, "We usually play cards, listen to the news, read, watch TV or go to the cadet club."

Morale and "esprit" are high among the cadets. They go through much the same indoctrination as West Pointers do, maturing from the "plebe" to the fourth year cadet. At the top of the rank ladder is the cadet regimental commander, commander of all eight cadet companies.

On a Sunday afternoon, visitors can see the cadets walking and talking with the girls from nearby Dalat University. Says advisor Major Tom Miller, "Social development is as important as anything else to these men. Let's face it. When the war is over, these men will have to get along with, work with and try to understand the civilians who will be running the government."

While the Academy is patterned in many ways on West Point, it is an entity in itself. It is the Vietnamese National Military Academy and produces proud, well-trained ARVN officers.

Le Viet Dac, who will graduate in December, is one of these men. "Discipline for me," he said, "was sometimes hard. But now I have learned self control. I also have a feeling of nationalism and pride in my country which I did not have four years ago."

Diei Van Xieu, his colleague, is self confident and an excellent military student. "I am sure that I can do my job as a platoon leader or anything else. Others have done well and so shall I," he said. Then as an after thought he added, "Nothing is too hard for the cadet to accomplish." He had stated the eighth "Guideline for Cadets," and shown the typical attitude and heady confidence evident in all VNMA cadets.

Another "guideline" worth remembering, since it will play an important role in Vietnam's future, through VNMA graduates, is, "Faith in his people and belief in his country motivate the cadet to develop himself for his future career as a leader."

Skull session between U.S. and Vietnamese soldiers—a new series of combined operations

BABCOCK

Dong Tien

Operation Progress Together

by Lieutenant Chuck Babcock

THE SEAL AROUND Thanh An was a classic. Located deep in a favorite enemy base region, the Trapezoid, 30 miles northwest of Saigon the village had long been a suspected haven for Viet Cong political cadre.

With coordination and teamwork, infantry companies moved into position, blocking off escape routes. Other units then entered the dusty streets and began rounding up the villagers. Of the 56 detainees, 28 were identified as hard-core members of the Viet Cong infrastructure.

Searching villages for Viet Cong is certainly nothing new to the war, but the Thanh An episode was significant for another reason. It involved both U.S. and ARVN (Army of the Republic of Vietnam) units in a series of combined operations known as Dong Tien (Progress Together).

Dong Tien was initiated throughout III Corps in July to improve the operations of ARVN combat units. It was hoped that by working together, the ARVN would pick up American tactical and support techniques. In return, the American could learn from the ARVN how to better search villages and find enemy caches.

The Thanh An seal was carried out by the 1st Battalion, 8th Infantry Regiment of the 5th ARVN Division and the 2d Battalion, 28th Infantry, of the U.S. 1st Infantry Division, working out of Fire Support Base (FSB) Mahone.

Elsewhere in III Corps, similar units are working together. For instance, the U.S. 199th Light Infantry Brigade is cooperating closely with regional and popular forces near Xuan Loc and its 2/3d Infantry is working with the 18th ARVN Division's 3/48th Regt. In the 25th U.S. Division's area of operations, its 2/14th Infantry is operating with the 2/49th ARVN.

At FSB Mahone, the 1/8th and 2/28th are each responsible for half of the perimeter defense. The tactical operations center (TOC) is also a joint ven-

ture, and like the Thanh An seal, so are many of the field operations.

This concept of teamwork extends above and below the battalion level. Cooperation starts on the brigade staff level, where joint briefings, complete with translators, are held regularly. And it continues down to small units—combined long range patrol teams, where the ARVN 8th Reconnaissance Company and I Company, 75th Rangers work together to reconnoiter and ambush deep in enemy territory.

The 1/8th has acquired a reputation as an aggressive unit and much of the credit is given to the battalion commander, recently-promoted Major Chau Minh Kien. (see following story) As one U.S. officer at Mahone said, "With the ARVN, the quality of a unit depends on the quality of the commander and this guy's a tiger." Major Kien holds more than 20 Vietnamese decorations for valor and was awarded the American Silver Star in August.

The major's aggressiveness applies to the pacification field as well as the battlefield. As part of Dong Tien, he has worked closely with Captain Lawrence Farrell, of Rockaway, New York, the S-5 of the 2/28, and the results include the new school near Mahone and the joint MEDCAP visits to surrounding villages.

Also of special note at Mahone is the work of "A" Battery, 51st ARVN Artillery. The unit so impressed American instructors with its ability for fire direction and maintenance and its capacity for absorbing airmobile tactics, that the battery of 105s was air-lifted to Mahone. Since then, it has fired all missions from the base, from interdicting fire to close support of units in contact, be they U.S. or ARVN.

Several miles east of Mahone, at FSB Gela, the ARVN 4/8th and U.S. 1/28th conduct similar Dong Tien operations. Their teamwork has solved at least one problem common to isolated fire bases—fresh water. The Vietnamese supplied the know-how and the manpower to dig a deep well and the Americans furnished the pump and generator to bring the water to the surface.

A different approach is taken to combined field operations at Gela. There, an ARVN platoon may go out attached to a U.S. company or vice versa, giving each the chance to observe the other's strong points. A rifle range and ambush course has been set up at the fire base to help the Vietnamese soldier keep his combat techniques sharp. The U.S. soldier learns from the ARVN too. As Captain John Havens, of Tipton, Indiana, a company commander with the 1/28th said, "I've been out on these mixed operations, and the ARVNs can go through an area my troops have already searched and come up with caches my men never even noticed."

With similar progress being made corps-wide, both U.S. and ARVN commanders are optimistic about the outcome of Dong Tien. Before its inception, there were an average of 22 combined, company-sized operations being run each day in III Corps. Now the daily average is over 60.

Major Chau Minh Kien—John Wayne of Vietnam

At press time, it was learned that Major Chau Minh Kien was killed on 13 September as he led a combined ARVN-US reaction force into battle. The story below is that of a courageous soldier. His death does nothing to diminish that fact.—Ed.

HE'S A VIETNAMESE John Wayne, even though, at five feet four, he may not look the part.

Major Chau Minh Kien has been wounded in war eight times, decorated for heroism 22 times by his country and thrice by the Americans. His most recent award was the Silver Star in August.

But mention this and he just smiles: "I have enough medals," he said. "I want peace and freedom for my country." And as the commander of the 1st Battalion, 8th Infantry Regiment of the 5th ARVN Division he is helping to achieve just that for his countrymen.

The aggressiveness of his battalion in battle is recognized far up the chain of command, by both Vietnamese and Americans. Major Kien explains it simply. "If we don't defeat the Communists completely, they will come back some day."

The 28-year-old native of Saigon is a 1965 graduate of Vietnam's "West Point," the Vietnamese National Military Academy at Dalat. He appreciates the efforts made by the Americans. "They work very hard and are a good example for my people. But they had to leave their homes and families to come here and help us. So I tell my men that it is our country and we must fight."

He also realizes the importance of American logistical help. "We need the helicopter," he said. "We need the Chinooks for resupply and the MEDEVACS and the gunships." For, as he explained, "My men have only one canteen apiece. We need resupplies of water for cooking rice; then we can stay out in the field for several days at a time like the Americans."

Major Kien's concern for his men goes beyond the matter of equipment. He takes an interest in their personal welfare. When a new man enters the battalion the major makes it a point to learn his name and hometown and something about his family. And he thinks the solution to his AWOL problem is to build houses for his men's families at nearby Ben Cat.

After dinner at the base camp, Kien often changes into a pair of brown corduroy Levis and mingles with his men, talking and joking over a cup of coffee. Recently on such an evening, he stopped to have his palm read by one of his soldiers. Naturally enough, the man made great predictions about the major's future, accompanied by the cheers and laughter of onlookers.

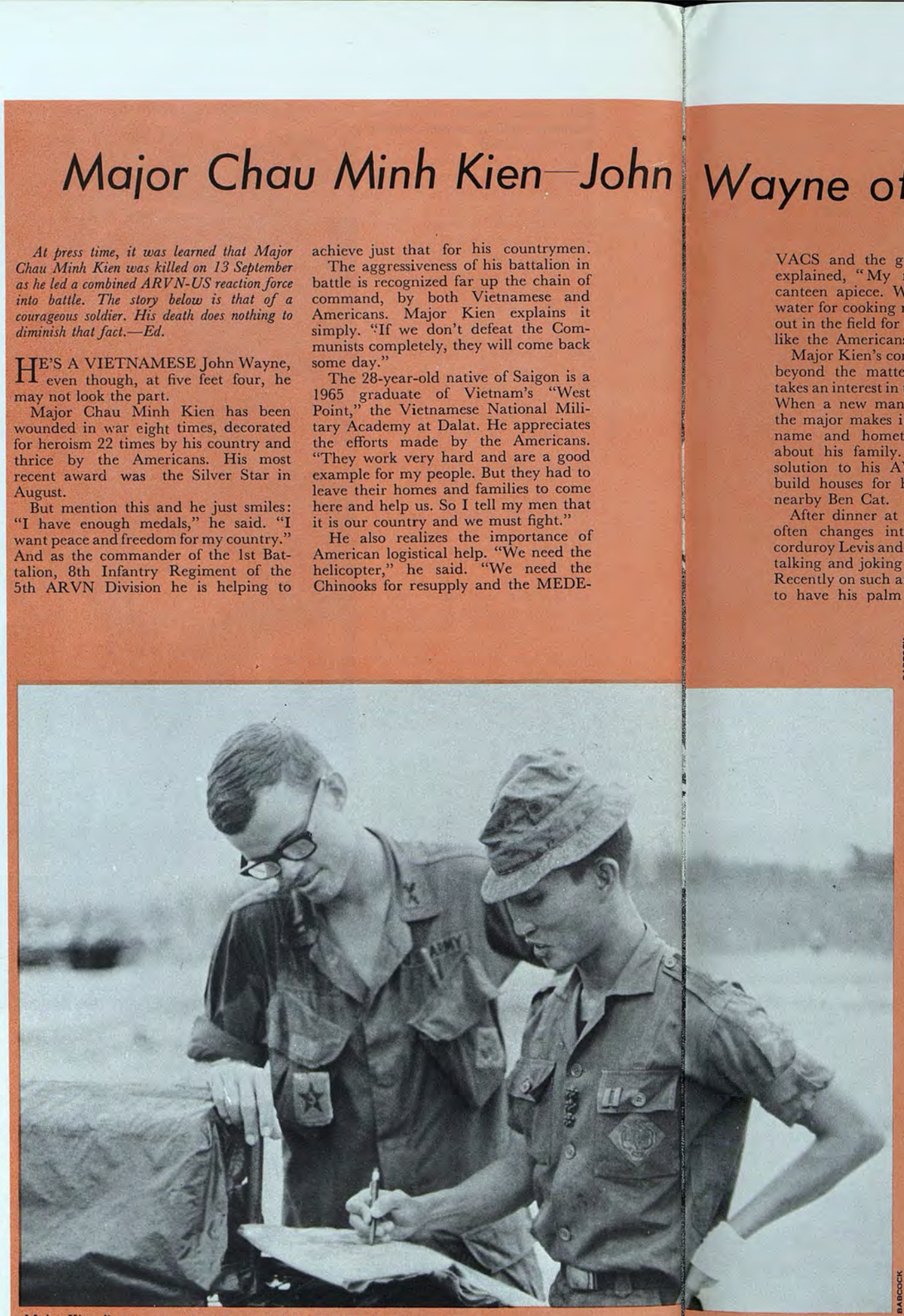
Major Kien's concern for people extends also to his countrymen in the hamlets surrounding his base camp deep in the Trapezoid, a favorite enemy hiding place, 30 miles north of Saigon. Working with the U.S. 1st Division's 2/28th Infantry, he built a school in a nearby hamlet and provided teachers from his ranks. And his battalion doctor goes with American MEDCAP teams on their journeys through the countryside.

As he sees it, "It is my duty to help win the villagers to the side of the government. If one of my soldiers stupidly steals something from a village, I punish him and ask the village chief how we can repay him."

Captain Stephan Raymond of Sacramento, California, the American advisor to the 1/8th, and therefore their constant companion, explains the major's zeal this way: "He just doesn't like what the Communists are doing to his country. We'll be walking through a village and he'll remark, 'This will be a happy village when peace comes. We must fight harder to make peace come sooner.'"

And in the future when peace does come? Major Kien says he will stay in the Army and build its strength because, "Communists like to fight all the time." Has politics ever entered his mind? "No," he grins. "I like to travel a straight road and politicians sometimes have to waiver."

It is the hope of peace and freedom that he sees at the end of his straight road. And it is the efforts of ARVN commanders like Major Chau Minh Kien that make that goal attainable.



Major Kien discusses upcoming operation with advisor, Cpt Stephan Raymond and to his men (right)—concern beyond matters of equipment.

BABCOCK

Indiana LRP

by Lieutenant Chuck Babcock

Dennis Wood, a 25-year-old baker from New Palestine, Indiana was on guard when he heard the unmistakable sound of men walking down the trail toward his Long Range Patrol (LRP) ambush position... He woke his patrol leader and reached for his Claymore detonator...

Above Vietnam before insertion

CLEVELAND

A sound in the jungle—the crack of bamboo growing?—or a twig snapping under an enemy foot?—Patrol Leader Mallory waits . . . and listens . . .

The sound of the enemy approaching was not unique to Sergeant Wood, a veteran of 35 long range patrols like this one near the Dong Nai River on the fringe of War Zone "D." What was unique was the LRP unit itself. "D" Company, 151st Infantry, of the Indiana National Guard (NG), is the only NG infantry unit to serve in Vietnam.

It was a very different, a very personal war that the men of "D" Company, most from Greenfield and Evansville, fought. Unlike most infantry outfits, they saw the enemy up close and when they had contact it was at ranges no more than 50 meters. The necessity for pin-point training and teamwork was obvious.

And Sgt. Wood and his buddies were trained. It had started when their battalion went airborne. Then, when 98 per cent of the company graduated from Jungle School in Panama, the call to active duty was expected. "D" Company was told they would become a LRP company (whatever that was) for II Field Force Vietnam. Ranger, Pathfinder, and other specialized skills were acquired by members of the unit during long weeks of training at Fort Benning. Then it was the jungles of III Corps and the lonely six man patrols—designed to find and exploit the enemy in his own territory.

Dave Mallory, a 24-year-old railroad IBM clerk from Indianapolis, had to make a snap judgment. As patrol leader, he was responsible for the lives of five other men. His eyes strained in the near darkness, trying to make out the number of enemy and how they were armed and equipped. Lessons from past experience flashed through his mind . . .

Don't initiate unless you know what you're getting into, the instructors had said. Look at the lead men. If they were smoking and joking, blow them away. If alert with weapons on the ready, let them pass. They're probably the point for a bigger unit close behind.

Staff Sergeant Mallory knew his position was a good one, some 25 meters off the trail, with trees and brush for cover. Of course the book said 30 meters protection just from the backblast of the Claymores. His 15 were set ten meters off the trail, camouflaged, but visible to the patrol. They were the mainstay of his attack and his defense. They were his moat, his concrete bunker, his barbed wire.

"Was communication good?" he wondered. A firefight meant an immediate call for the gunships and extraction. The vital link was "aloft," the light plane that crisscrossed the AO and relayed messages. He hadn't been in contact for two hours.

Max Anderson, the 23-year-old electrician from Muncie, Indiana, carefully fingered the trigger of his M60 machine gun. He thought of the 1,400 rounds of ammo the team had humped. It would be effort well spent.

The patrol had come armed to the teeth, even more so than usual because they knew the trail was used. Sergeant Anderson carried a LAW, the LRP's psychological answer to the RPG. Also, mainly for the mortar sound effect, another man carried a grenade launcher.

Of course everyone carried at least 25 magazines for their M-16, four fragmentation and four smoke grenades, and at least two Claymores. Max carried four, in addition to 600 rounds for the machine gun and the necessities of survival—ten quarts of water, food for four days, a compass and map, signal mirror and emergency radio. He was ready.

The non-NGs, Adrian Hollinger, 20, of Garden Grove, California, and Stewart Jennigan, 18, of Darby, Pa., fought sleep, as did the sixth and newest member of the team. So this is what it's like after all the waiting?

Climbing into the Slick three days before, they had felt like Marines stepping into a landing craft. The unknown lay ahead. The little tricks of the trade had been learned: pack your M16 magazines with the bullets facing away from you. "If you get hit, no sense getting it from your own bullets too," Max had grinned.

The sendoff had been accompanied by a curious combination of hand signals from onlookers: thumbs up, peace symbol "V" signs, and even a few clenched fist salutes. The Huey, an 'Annie Fannie' of the 117th Assault Helicopter Company was aptly escorted by the 'Playboys,' Cobra gunships of the 334th Armed Helicopter Company. They worked exclusively for the LRPs.

The aerobatics on the approach to the LZ were expected, but never quite gotten used to. Landing zones were few and far between in the thick jungle, so pilots tried to confuse any watching enemy by diving for one LZ and then swerving and dropping in suddenly on the real one.

The first order of business had been, of course, to get off the ship and off the LZ in a hurry—if one can hurry in five foot tall scythes of elephant grass and 18 inches of water with 75 pounds on his back. Empty tin cans with Chinese markings were found in the woodline. They could mean an LZ watcher who would be back later with friends.

Sounding like a small herd of water buffalo crashing through the jungle to their own over-sensitive ears, the LRPs humped the few hundred meters to the ambush site and set up. After that short burst of activity, the waiting started. With Claymores in place, one tried to get comfortable on the small patch of jungle floor that was to be home for awhile. It had rained immediately, to no one's surprise.

The time, oddly enough, passed quickly. During the day, great chunks of time could be swallowed by elaborately performing the most menial task. Oiling a weapon or choosing and preparing a

BABCOCK

Oiling a weapon or choosing and preparing a meal, cooked with smokeless C-4 could with practice take all morning

meal—spaghetti or chicken with rice?—could, with practice, take all morning.

And the quiet allowed the senses to notice so much: the sudden snap of bamboo growing pains; a darkness so black that the only visible light is the luminous glow of decaying leaves competing with a watch dial; the jet-like whines of mosquitoes and dive-bombing flies assaulting the ears, and with morning, a butterfly floating through the sunlight rekindling thoughts of picnics—thoughts that vanish when, like a yellow feather, it alights on the black machine gun.

Let them pass, Dave Mallory decided. There are at least ten, passing in disciplined file, with no talking and only one muffled cough. Too many for us. A radio report will be made though, so maybe they'll have a little artillery greeting farther down the trail.

*The sound of the enemy column faded, mingling with the rustlings of the coming dawn.**

Dave Mallory and his team were extracted without incident. "Once you're on the chopper, it's like it never happened," the patrol leader said. It was back to reality—a cold beer and a shower.

But it would happen again. After a day of rest came the next warning order and preparation for another mission. More of the same, long hours of tense waiting in the jungle, punctuated by question marks of doubt and fear.

And perhaps this time, as happens every fourth or fifth mission, they would face the enemy in combat at 30 meters.

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*That same week, another team, including Sergeants Anderson and Wood, was inserted along the same trail. Their first morning there, again in the predawn mist, 60 more enemy passed by, moving south toward Long Binh and Bien Hoa. II Field Force was getting its early warning.

THE BETEL NUT

A Vietnamese Legend

Long ago there were two brothers, Tan and Lang. Their parents died when they were very small and a friend of their father's took them in and adopted them. As a sign of affection for the brothers, the friend decided to give his very beautiful daughter in marriage to one of them. Since Tan was the elder brother he was married to the daughter.

Now Tan was very happy but Lang, who also loved the daughter, was very sad. One day, in despair, he ran to the sea, crying, his head hot with fever. He died and was turned into a rock.

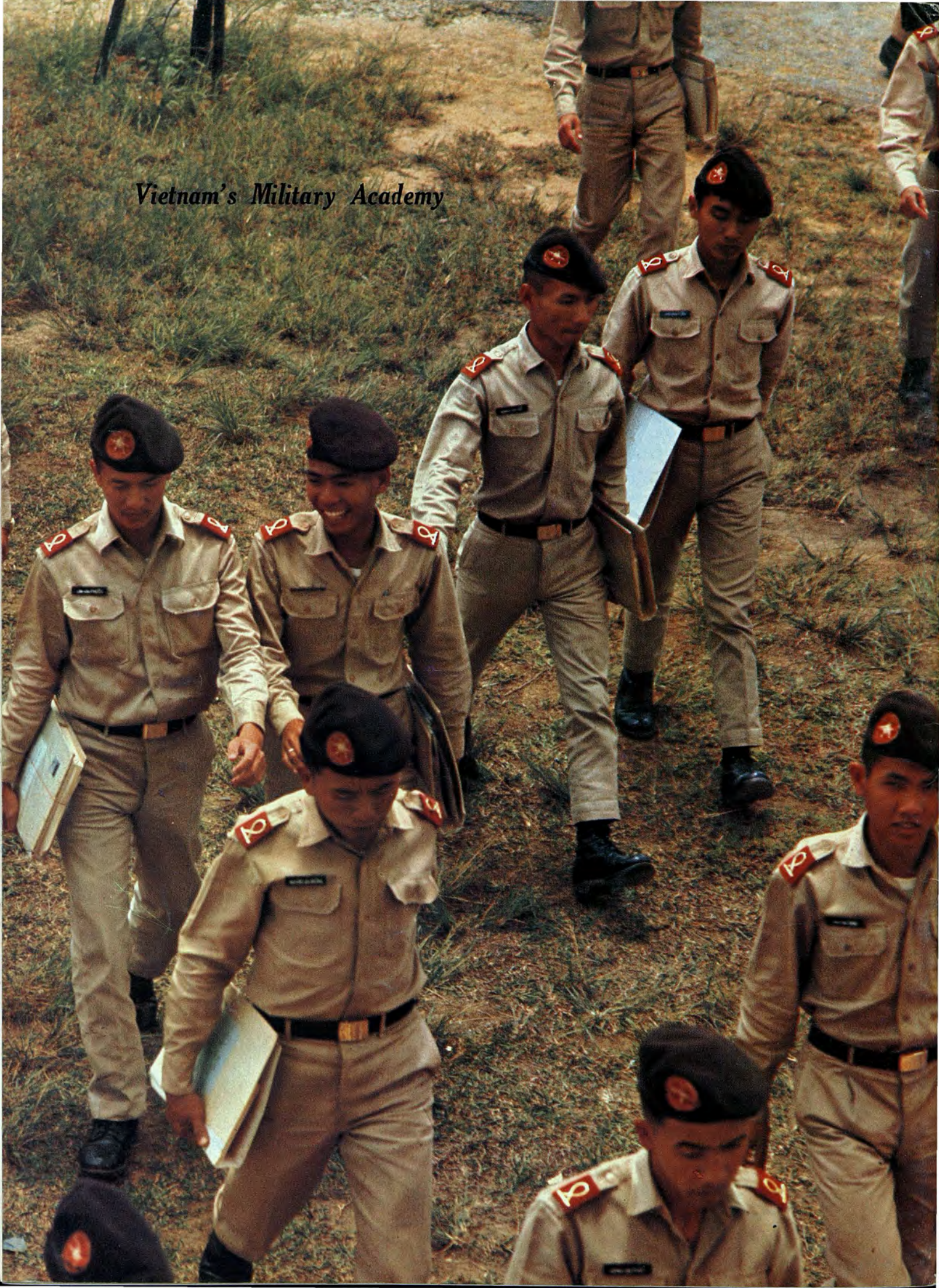
Tan discovered his brother missing and, full of regret and worry, came to that same spot. He wept and wept and was turned into an areca tree, with a straight stem and green palms.

The lovely maiden soon missed Tan and, as luck would have it, came also to the same place by the sea. Her tears of despair turned her into a betel plant, which twined around the areca tree.

Years later the king saw the spot and was puzzled by the rock, the tree and the plant. He was told the story and decided to mix the three and see the result. So the peasants wrapped a piece of the rock in a piece of betel leaf, cut a piece of areca and squeezed them all together. The result was a red liquid, "like blood."

When the king saw this he said, "This is the true symbol of conjugal and fraternal love. Let the tree and plant be grown everywhere in my kingdom, in commemoration of this beautiful but sad story."

And today this is why brothers and sisters, and especially newlyweds, chew betel nut, to "maintain mutual affection and love."



Vietnam's Military Academy