

# THE HURRICANE

FEBRUARY 1970      NUMBER TWENTY-EIGHT  
A PUBLICATION OF II FIELD FORCE VIETNAM



*Pathfinder at Work*



# TET

## *A Time to Forgive Enemies*

THE YEAR OF THE DOG began February 6th with the celebration of Tet, the Lunar New Year. The holiday, which traditionally runs for seven days, is a complicated one. It incorporates the hoopla and pageantry of the Fourth of July with the brotherhood and cheer of Christmas, the nostalgia and optimism of New Year's Eve with the quiet joy and introspection of Easter.

Tet heralds the advent of the New Year and the beginning of Spring. It is also a birthday. Everyone, no matter when they were born, is a year older at Tet. Tet is also a chance to turn to nature, time, humanity and even commodities in a new and special way. It is a time for correcting one's faults and pardoning others for their offenses. Past mistakes are forgotten, and enemies become friends.

At the beginning of Tet it is believed that ancestors return to this world and share in the festivities with their families. Special foods are prepared for the ancestors and placed on the family altars. On the fourth day of Tet, the ancestors return to their heavenly abode, and people visit graves to serve as escorts for their departure.

If Tet is a time for spiritual rededication, it is also a period of fun and excitement. Thrift is temporarily forgotten, and large quantities of food, clothing, candles

and flowers are purchased for the holidays. Best wishes for the new year are offered by everyone. Lucky red envelopes containing money are given to the children, and gifts are presented to the adults. Homes are gaily decorated, and hospitality is extended to all visitors.

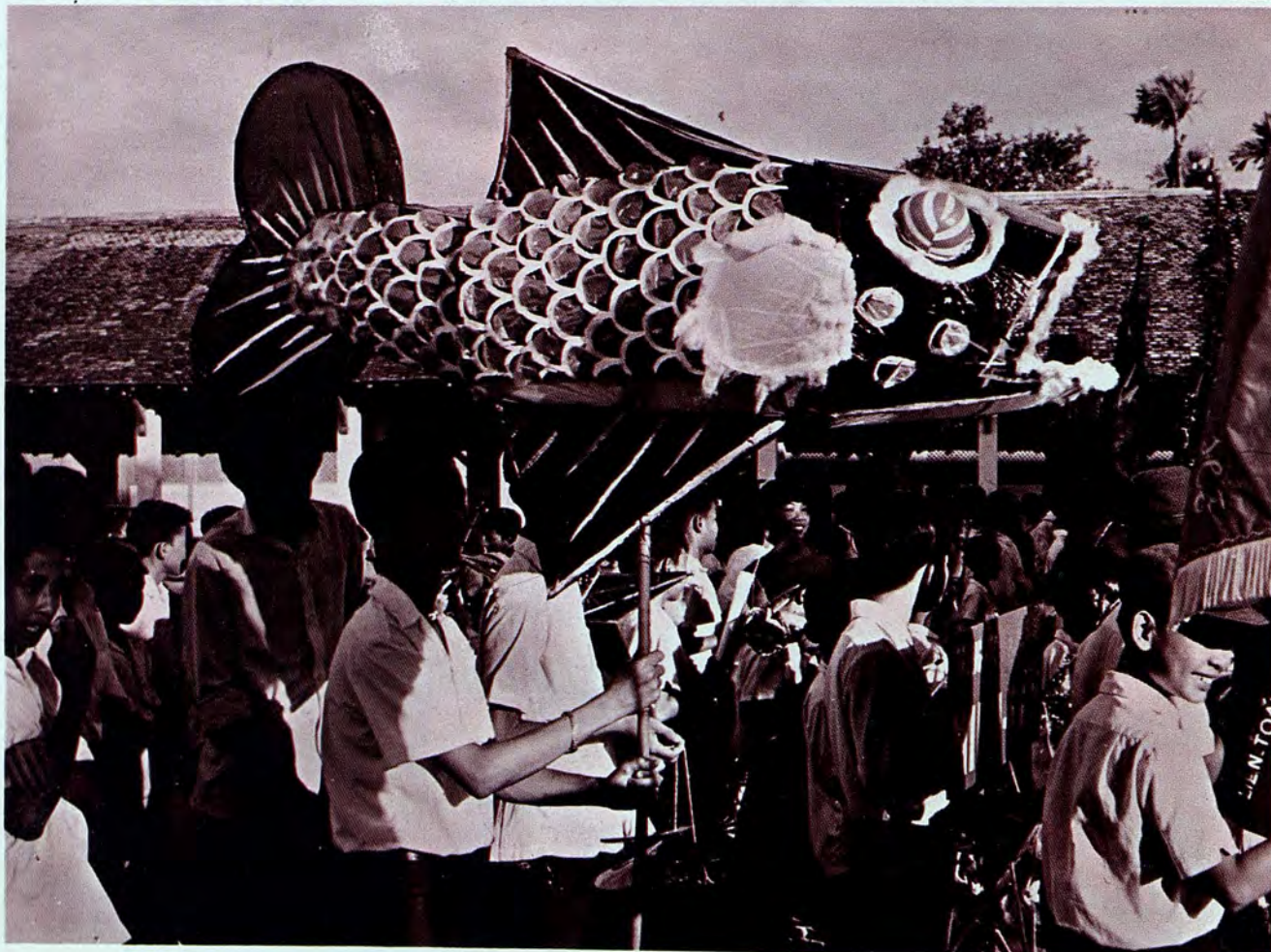
Tet is also a time for firecrackers. The Vietnamese say that firecrackers are the ambassadors of Spring; they announce a good beginning on the first day of the year. Although the motivation behind exploding firecrackers today is to produce as much noise and enjoyment as possible, the tradition of firecrackers at Tet is derived from legend.

Originally the Vietnamese exploded firecrackers to frighten away evil spirits. The noise and light of the firecrackers served to keep the evil spirits at a safe distance until the return of the benevolent spirits who were away, paying their respects to the Emperor of Jade in heaven.

In recent years the sounds of war have accompanied the popping of firecrackers at Tet, and a poignant irony looms over the holiday. But as we enter a new decade, it is hoped that the Year of the Dog will be a successful and peaceful year for the people of South Vietnam.

*Children carry the symbol of the fish, and the other months of the lunar year, during Tet celebrations*

SILEO





THE **HURRICANE**  
**FEBRUARY**  
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A PUBLICATION OF II FIELD FORCE VIETNAM

Fire Support Base—fortress of the boondocks and home for infantryman and artillery battery. SP 5 Andy Dyakon takes a look at life in these circular strongholds on page 5. In contrast to the roar of the guns at a fire base is the peaceful setting of the Saigon museum. The cultural treasures housed there are evidence that Vietnam is, indeed, the crossroads of Asian history. These art works are revealed in the photos of SP 4 Tim Fease.

The rubber industry, once kingpin of the Vietnamese economy, has faced hard times during the war. But the future looks more optimistic as SP 5 Don Sockol reports on page 10.

A combination of Australian, Vietnamese, and American soldiers, and cartoons, balloons and medicine make for an interesting night in the village of Hoa Hoi. Sp 4 Phil Schieber was along to record his impressions, and Sp 4 Sal Mancusi shot the rear cover picture the next morning. PFC Truman Skiffington took the cover photo—a Pathfinder bringing in a late-flying chopper.

Also in this issue, a look at the men who make up the Saigon press corps, the men who tell the world what's happening in Vietnam; a report on the progress of the ARVN artilleryman as part of the Dong Tien (Progress Together) program, and a view of the Mohawk, the Army's hottest plane and intelligence-gatherer extraordinaire.

The Editor.

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Newsweek

# THE SAIGON PRESS CORPS

By

Lieutenant Chuck Babcock

THEY'RE THE GUYS who tell the folks at home what's going on over here. Armed with notebook and camera, the Saigon Press Corps reports the war from Vietnam to the living rooms of America and the world.

More than 450 accredited correspondents from 18 countries blanket the countryside, looking for the story that will interest their editor and their reader. And in the process they take the same risks as the GI they write about. Over 80 have been wounded and 23 killed in the fighting.

Just what is the newsman looking for? "What it's all about!" said George MacArthur, former bureau chief for the Associated Press in Saigon. "We tell the world's readers who's winning and losing."

As Peter Arnett, the Pulitzer Prize-winning reporter for AP, put it: "I write for the Kansas City milkman and the Rio taxi driver." He relies, he said, on the experience he has gained from seven years in Vietnam. "By bouncing off people

in the field, talking to everyone, asking the right questions, I get a feel for what has changed."

One example of Arnett's "bouncing" was the story last fall of Alfa Company, which temporarily refused to fight. Written by Arnett and fellow AP man (and Pulitzer Prize winner) Horst Faas, the story was summarized on at least one nationwide TV newscast as a "mutiny."

"That certainly wasn't my intention," Arnett said. "We were writing about a dramatic incident that happens in war. The point was that the company did finally go back and fight."

Because it is a world-wide news-gathering service, the AP covers all details of the war quickly. The writers for a paper like *The New York Times*, on the other hand, have more time for in-depth articles on a story like Alfa Company.

B. Drummond Ayres, a *Times* writer, said, "We try to put things in perspective, not just 'Who shot John?' And since what's said here in Saigon doesn't always fit, we have to check it out ourselves."

Most stories are the writers' own ideas, he added, though the New York office will sometimes give suggestions, especially for the influential and widely-read "Weekly Review."

Television correspondents must deal with the tremendous impact of the added visual dimension. And that two-minute segment on the Walter Cronkite show may also cost \$5,000 to be satellited from Tokyo, said CBS' Bob Lorentzen.

Because of the immediacy of news-film, TV is especially conscious, it claims, of fairness in its reporting. "I don't really know the political philosophies of my reporters and don't want to," Lorentzen said, "as long as it isn't apparent in their stories."

Kenley Jones, an NBC reporter, recognized the impact of television in an off-hand manner: "You can say more on a radio piece because there is not as big an audience and

TIME





A CBS film team covers an ARVN troop movement: "Radio doesn't have the impact"

ZIPPER

it won't have that visual impact."

Television can bring the personal horror of war right to the dinner table. Pham Boi Hoan, for six years a cameraman for CBS, is one man who won't. He declared he would never film the death of an American soldier because "It's a terrible thing and I wouldn't want his family to have to see it."

Of course not all the coverage of the war is for U.S. consumption. Korea, Japan, England, France and

Australia head the list of interested observers.

Tsugio Kato has been in Vietnam for two years for *Asahi Shimbun*, Japan and the world's largest newspaper with daily sales of eight million. He is interested in reporting "the issue of war and peace," he said, and he attributed the substantial Japanese press representation in Vietnam "as much to fierce competition at home as to interest in the war. Our students are more concern-

ed with Okinawa," he smiled.

Murray Sayle of *The London Times* has traveled the battlefronts of the world, from the Middle East, to Czechoslovakia, Vietnam, and even to Bolivia to chase Che Guevara. Sayle sees Vietnam as a colonial war and tries "to bring the historical significance of this" into his stories.

In recent months, he has written in-depth pieces on the Green Berets, an anti-Communist priest near Tay Ninh, elections in the Mekong Delta, and the American involvement in Laos. He thinks his reporting is fair, he said, "when I can state each side's opinion to his satisfaction and still reach independent conclusions."

How good a job does the press corps do? One of their own, Arthur Dommen, of *The Los Angeles Times*, said, "The American press has done a good job of reporting pieces of the war—specifics. But the fact that there are people in the States who really believe that VC lurk behind trees in Saigon is proof that the press hasn't done a good enough job."

What's in it for the reporter? "Contrary to popular belief," Dommen said, "newsmen don't all make \$50,000 a year. Some like to see their names in print. Some like the satisfaction of getting an exclusive. Others like the excitement and travel and the opportunities to learn about the politics and intricacies of the country."

Whatever the motive, it's strong enough to gather a diversified group from all corners of the world, to share the danger and the experiences of the soldier, and to tell it to all who listen or watch.



The Baltimore Sun's John Woodruff questions Charles Whitehouse, III Corps deputy for CORDS

SILEO



# FSB



**Hot Chow,  
the 20-Foot Dash,  
Sandbags  
and "Killer Junior"**

*By Specialist 5 Andy Dyakon*

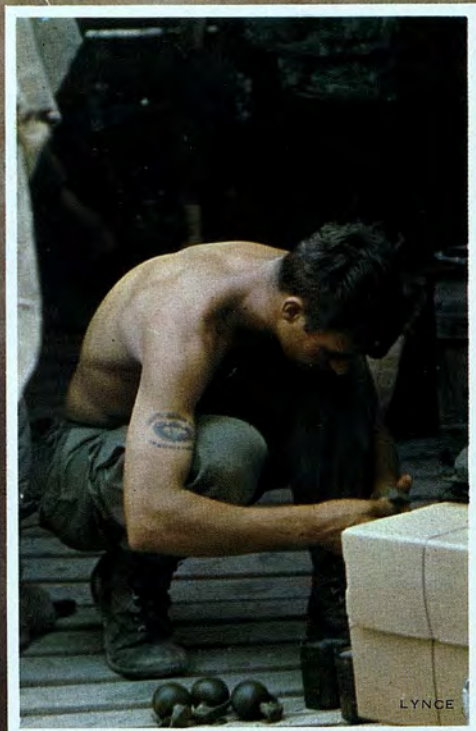
IT BECOMES an exercise in circles. The artillery map of III Corps on the wall of the TOC is a series of overlapping circles, the centers of which are fire support bases. The radius of the circle is the maximum range of the guns. The idea, of course, is to have the guns of one fire base cover another.

The individual fire base is another series of circles, a defensive perimeter surrounded by loops of barbed wire. And it is here, the home of the infantry battalion and the artillery battery, that one gets a good look at the way the Vietnam war is being fought.

Where is a fire support base (FSB) located? Wherever the enemy is—near a base area or along an infiltration route. And because of the versatility of the helicopter, a fire base can be built in a day.

Pathfinders are the first into a new sight, to control the air traffic. Then the engineers and the artillery tubes are brought in by Chinook. With their specialized teams of heavy equipment operators, carpenters and





demolition experts, the engineers begin work on the outer berm and the perimeter bunkers. By noon they are stringing barbed wire.

The initial building phase is completed by late afternoon, but Chinooks continue to bring in supplies. Before nightfall, nearly 100 sorties may be flown.

Those first few nights at a new fire base are the nervous ones for the infantry. The enemy would like to attack, if he can gather his forces, before the finishing touches are added to the defenses.

Life at a FSB soon settles into a routine. One company secures the camp while the others look for the enemy in the surrounding area. As one infantryman put it, "When we're out in the field, we can't wait to get back to the fire base. When we're there though it seems all we do is fill sandbags and build new bunkers."

"It's not really that much work in comparison to humping through the boonies with 60 pounds on your back, so though I shouldn't gripe, I will anyhow," he added. "The thing that is nice is getting those care packages from home and my girl. You get sick of Cs, and you even get tired of hot Army chow, so it's really great to gorge yourself on food from home for a change."

FSB Grant, in War Zone "C," 70 miles northwest of Saigon, sits in the shadow of Nui Ba Den, the mountain that dominates that flat countryside. It is here that Lieutenant Colonel Roderic Ordwal and his 1/12 Cavalry of the 1st Cavalry Division (Airmobile) are located.

Grant is one of the nicer fire bases in the 1st Brigade's area because it has been there more than a year and the defenses have really been refined. There are now five separate barbed wire perimeters, laced with flares and claymore mines.

Ground radar and starlight scopes are vital to the night defense of the base. And a large observation tower is manned 24 hours a day.

"Our job," said Sergeant James Cothorn, "is to spot the bad guy before he reaches the wire. And we use the M-14 from the tower because it is more accurate than the M-16 at long range."

One of the big reasons the grunt likes to get back to the fire base is hot food. There are two mess halls, one infantry and one artillery. More than one infantryman has been known to try to eat at the artillery mess because the food is supposed to be better. As one man said, smiling, "If we didn't complain about the food it just wouldn't seem like the Army."

Other morale boosters are mail call, cold coke and beer at night, and even an occasional USO show. The latter is one of the few opportunities the soldier at Grant would have to see a female, and, said one, "After five months here, they all look mighty good."

Movies, however, are taboo. By the time it's dark enough for movies it's also dark enough for light discipline. Sports activities are encouraged though.

Only space and imagination are limiting factors. The basketball goal in the arty section is a favorite. And though there is no swimming pool, the underground bunkers could well serve as one during the rainy season.

"Our most popular sport is track," said Sergeant Ronald Earnest, of Portland, Oregon. And the most

*The infantryman—tools of his trade*

*At times though, a chance to relax*

*Sunset at FSB Grant, and the lookouts wait for darkness*





ZIPPER

*Mortar crew—part of the concentrated firepower of the fire base.*

popular event is the 20-foot dash—to the bunker to escape incoming rounds. The base record is held by numerous soldiers at Grant. A boxing ring and weight-lifting facilities are also available, and for the less energetic there's always cards.

For those who may be slow in the 20-foot dash there is a first aid station under the direction of Captain David T. Sidney. "Each man knows he'll receive the best medical attention possible when he arrives here," he said. The aid station has facilities to handle eight bed-patients and a doctor is on hand at all times. "We

also have the lowest number of malaria cases of any line unit in the division," Captain Sidney added.

Frequent visitors to the aid station are the chaplains that make the rounds of the fire bases by helicopter. They hold services for the troops and Chaplain Nicholas Waytowich said, "We fit our services in with the schedule of the soldier. Since they have many duties to perform, we arrange our service so the majority of troops can attend."

Both the aid station and the chaplain are comforting to have around when a fire base meets its ultimate test—



the ground attack. Grant hasn't had one for a long time, but other nearby bases have.

It is during this experience that the men of a FSB forget all about whose mess hall serves the best food and are at last thankful they filled all those sandbags. For under attack, a fire base is a fortress like the frontier forts of the old West or the rockwalled castles of the Middle Ages. Her moat is claymore-laced concertina, her perimeter archers fire M-16s and machineguns.

The big difference, of course, is the tremendous firepower available to the defenders of the fire base. They can depend on the guns of other FSBs, whose overlapping circles of fire cover them.

Their own guns can supply a deadly variety of fires, from "killer junior" air bursts that cover the area just outside the wire, to "beehive" rounds that can be fired pointblank at attackers who may get close.

The extra added attraction is air power, both helicopter gunship and Air Force jet fighter. As Major General Ellis W. Richardson, former commanding general of the 25th Infantry Division, wrote recently in *Infantry* magazine about a ground attack on a "Tropic Lightning" fire base:

"Shortly after the ground attack commenced, two Cobra gunships were orbiting the fire base requesting instructions and an artillery check fire. By this time, the battalion commander was sufficiently abreast of the situation to make the decision to split his support fires.

All artillery fires were directed to concentrate to the north. The battalion commander then concentrated his aerial fires to the south. Throughout the night split supporting fires were used.

"The initial helicopter gunship team rolled in for repeated rocket and machinegun runs on the enemy attempting to approach the wire. When they had expended their ordnance, a forward air controller was standing by with Air Force fighter bombers on station ready to assume the aerial fire support mission.

"The fighters moved in . . . as the helicopters moved off station. . . . An Air Force AC-47 ("Spooky") aircraft with rapid firing Gatling guns and area illumination capability was also used in the aerial firepower effort."

The next day an infantry sweep found 104 enemy killed and eight wounded and a considerable number of weapons, documents and ammunition. American losses within the fire support base were one killed and 26 wounded.

Similar encounters at FSBs Crook, Frontier City, Diamond, Ike, Buttons, and others have also resulted in lopsided NVA defeats.

Thus, whether it's the daily routine of "stand down" and "fire missions" or the test of a ground attack, the fire support base is the center of the circle of attention in the fighting man's world.

*Out in the early morning fog to look for the enemy*

COX







## Rubber In Vietnam



## Will It Bounce Back?



*By Specialist 5 Don Sockol*

**B**EFORE THE TURN of the century, France was pouring money into its recently acquired Indochinese empire. Colonial governors of Cochin-China, the southern third of conquered Vietnam, desperately sought ways to make the investment pay off.

The planting of 400 rubber trees near Nha Trang in 1895 didn't cause a noticeable stir in the French financial world. But it might have. It was just about this time that the automobile was invented. Cars, millions of them, would soon roll on

rubber. And so would French colonial policy.

Between 1900 and 1925, the area devoted to growing rubber trees went from about 550 acres to more than 75,000. By 1943 it was up to 250,000 acres and in 1967 it was closer to 350,000 about 90 per cent of it in III Corps. Until independence in 1954 it was virtually all French-owned.

"The big planters were really the people governing the country," said one Frenchman connected with the industry today.

"The planters were the lords," said a Vietnamese who has owned his own small plantation since 1955. "Their estates were their kingdoms."

On their kingdoms the rubber barons built schools, hospitals and churches. An estate of 5,000 acres might be the nucleus of a community of 4,000 people, the workers and their families.

But the velvet glove that built schools and churches could also conceal an iron fist. During the depression years of 1930-35, the government, responsive to the needs

"Tapper" at Xuan Loc plantation







of the planters, forcibly removed people from their homes in the north and made them work on the rubber plantations in the south.

The planters still maintain the schools and churches. But their political power is gone. The planter's main concern now is pulling his plantation through the war.

Production is down from a peak of 78,000 tons in 1961 to below 30,000 tons. In 1960, Vietnam earned \$48 million by selling its rubber to other countries—notably France, Japan, the U.S. and Italy. This year sales are down to about \$10 million.

Only one-fifth of the country's rubber land is actually producing. Many of the trees haven't reached the age of seven yet, when they are

A few years ago 30,000 people worked the rubber. The military has taken many of them and the VC have scared off others so that now there are only about 10,000.

"We've only got 180 tappers," said the manager of Ong Que Plantation in rubber-rich Lang Khanh Province. At Ong Que, 2,200 acres are being worked. "If we had 400 workers, we could be tapping 5,000 acres," he said.

Big battles don't take place at Ong Que. But it is patrolled by the 2d Battalion, 3d Infantry, 199th Light Infantry Brigade. And there is some fighting. Last October, the VC province chief and the head tax collector were killed there.

The acres of rubber trees abound with pheasant, deer and wild pigs;

infantryman. "But if I had to fight, I'd rather fight in the jungle, where there's more cover."

The trees themselves have no cover either. Many of them have become war casualties.

A Vietnamese-born Frenchman, who is general manager for a company that owns eight large plantations, says that about 10 per cent of his trees have been blown away. His company hasn't made a profit since 1966.

Production of the Michelin Company, best-known to Americans because of its manufacture of a high-performance racing tire, has dropped from 11,000 tons in 1961 to only 700 tons. The company's main plantation at Dau Tieng, in Binh Duong Province, is under the watch of the 1st Brigade of the 1st Infantry Division. Of the 25,000 productive acres of land owned by Michelin, company officials say 2,700 have been destroyed and another 16,000 can't be worked because of fighting in the rubber or lack of labor.

Bui Khac Chien, vice-president of the Vietnamese Planters' Syndicate, sat in his Saigon office and shrugged, "I have nothing." He has had to cease work on his 650 acres of rubber trees because of the war.

It is the small Vietnamese planters, about 1,000 of them, who can least afford these losses. For years of colonial rule, Vietnamese sat on the bench and eagerly watched the rubber game, frustrated because their French managers wouldn't let them play.

After independence they hungrily gobbled up rubber land, some of it sold by the French and some given out as concessions by the GVN. Although the French still own more than half the country's rubber land, the Vietnamese now hold almost 100,000 acres, mostly in small estates under 1,200 acres. And although they're being hurt, they won't quit.

"The Vietnamese have a passion for rubber," said Chien. "A man who has 250 acres wants 500 or 1,000. He will make superhuman efforts to plant more trees. This is our country. We have trust in business and plan to aggressively go ahead."

To help, the U.S. has laid down ground rules to protect rubber.

For the trees already destroyed, though, planters want compensation. The GVN has agreed to pick up the bill, but most planters will probably have to wait for the war to end until it is paid. The businessmen, frankly, are unhappy about it, but all they can do is heave a sigh and admit, *c'est la guerre*, "That's war."



Monsieur Poliniere: research to increase production

FEASE

considered old enough for a "tapper" to cut a small strip of bark away so rubber's raw material, liquid latex, can drip into ceramic bowls attached to the tree. But this doesn't adequately account for the sharp drop in production.

There is a severe shortage of labor to make the cuts and collect the latex, so many mature trees are untapped.

the plantations all have the beauty of national parks. "The biggest danger in the rubber is that you can get careless," said one infantryman.

The trees are planted in even rows, several meters apart. Compared to the tangled jungles, a plantation patrol resembles a pleasant walk in the woods. "I'd rather live and walk in the rubber," said an American



Meanwhile, another battle is being waged—in the scientist's laboratory. The first round was fired during World War II when America was forced to develop a synthetic, since much rubber was cut off behind enemy lines.

After the war, the process was abandoned on a large scale because synthetic rubber was too expensive to produce, and its quality could not equal that of natural rubber.

But during the Korean Conflict, when rubber demands again rose sharply, the rubber interests overplayed their hand. At one point they charged 60 cents a pound for rubber, nearly three times its present price.

While rubber planters all over the world were smiling on their way to the bank, the U.S. pressed research, and a synthetic rubber was developed that could compete in cost and quality with natural rubber. Today, 60 per cent of the world's rubber goods are synthetic. Natural rubber has long since lost its monopoly.

Despite what seems to be a black picture for Vietnamese rubber, people here are optimistic. According to USAID economist Leroy Jones, "Investors are putting an awful lot of money into natural rubber in Malaysia, Indonesia and Africa.

"The basic point the rubber people make," he said, "and I agree with it, is that at the same price, natural rubber is competitive with synthetic rubber. And for certain uses, natural rubber will long be better than synthetics."

The main effort now is to scientifically increase the amount of rubber yielded by each tree. The greater the yield, the cheaper per pound.

"Synthetic starts with an expensive product—petroleum. We use the cheapest products there are—sun and soil," said Jean-Paul Poliniere, manager of the Technical Service Institute for Agro-Industries (VIKKYN), formerly the Rubber Research Institute, near Xuan Loc. The Institute acts as advisor to rubber planters in Vietnam on such problems as controlling disease, and its researchers, like their colleagues around the world, work to find ways to increase the production of the trees.

A normal yield on an acre of land is 2,500 pounds of rubber a year. Scientists in Brazil have already quadrupled this in the laboratory through work with chromosomes, and Malaysia has doubled its yield in the laboratory by selective breeding.

This progress hasn't been matched

in Vietnam, though it has, next to Cambodia, "the best-suited conditions for growing rubber in the world," according to Poliniere.

The reason is easy to pinpoint. While war-free Malaysia can afford to toss \$4.4 million a year into rubber research, Vietnam could raise only \$195,600 last year.

But once the war ends, said Poliniere, strides will be made. If the war ended suddenly, Vietnam would immediately be capable of selling \$35 million worth of rubber to other countries and could double that within five years. This figure would,

of course, continue to rise as science increased the yield of trees and more trees were planted.

The profits from rubber, currently 90 per cent of Vietnam's exports, will be vital to a country that now buys \$400 million in goods and services from other countries, but sells only \$12 million.

When the country begins to rebuild after the war, rubber will be a big factor in helping it bounce back. If rubber will never again be king, it should be, at least, a very distinguished citizen.

FEASE



*In these test tubes, the future of rubber*



# ARVN Artillery

By Specialist 5 Robert Haas

BU DOP DOESN'T look much different than other Special Forces camps, but there is a difference. It is here that two jungle artillery batteries work side by side—one Vietnamese and one American.

Their mission is to give support to the Third Mobile Strike (MIKE) Force and the Civilian Irregular Defense Groups (CIDG) who patrol the northwest sector of Phuoc Long Province, wedged against the

Cambodian border.

Unlike most artillery batteries, the "Jungle Battery" mixes both 105 mm and 155 mm howitzers. They use 105s to provide close fire support to the MIKE Force and 155s to penetrate triple canopy jungle and bunkers.

Both jungle batteries have been specially trained in jungle tactics and airmobile movements, for where the Third Mobile Strike Force goes,

the jungle batteries also set up aiming stakes.

The ARVN Jungle Battery is a recent addition to Bu Dop. This is their first move since the group of specially selected artillerymen completed the training to qualify them to man the jungle battery.

"The battery's initial move into the area went as planned. The problems that arose were quickly worked out. Our move took place during

the day and that night we were firing," said Captain Richard B. Monahan, U.S. advisor to the battery.

"Once we set up, coordination



Dong Tien: Phase II



between the Americans and ARVNs was excellent. We have been able to answer every mission with relative ease," Captain Monahan added. He feels that with both groups working as a team, "we can expect to see improvement all the time."

The Artillery Dong Tien (Progress Together) program has made possible developments such as Bu Dop. It is now placing a new emphasis on artillery training.

Like their American counterparts, the ARVN artilleryman is given extensive training in all aspects of artillery. At Vietnam's Fort Sill, the ARVN Artillery Training Center at Duc My, 190 miles north of Saigon, instruction is given to officers, NCOs and enlisted men in the techniques of artillery.

Lieutenant Colonel Robert L. Montague, senior artillery advisor for III Corps, said that, "because of their training programs, I feel the ARVN artillery is far more advanced than any other branch. In the 5th and 25th ARVN Divisions they have developed enough proficiency that we have been able to pull the American advisors out."

Artillerymen are selected through an aptitude testing program administered to both officers and enlisted men. Selection is based primarily on mechanical and mathematical ability and the ability to judge and recognize problems.

Courses consist of five or three month periods of instruction for officers and NCOs and a two month instruction period for enlisted men. The Dong Tien program has also instituted refresher courses in the different phases of artillery which are given to ARVN artillerymen periodically.

The ARVN artillery does not have a Metro (weather data affecting firing) capability. They get this information by monitoring U.S. Metro stations. As part of Dong Tien, ARVNs will be trained to compute this information by visual means and eventually with the complex equipment which the Americans use.

Training is not restricted to the new artilleryman, for as LTC Montague comments, "Practically all ARVN senior artillery officers have attended either the Associate or Advanced Course in Artillery at Fort Sill. Many of these officers have also attended the Command and General Staff College at Fort Leavenworth."

In the last year there has been a gain of 25 per cent in the number of ARVN artillerymen and even a larger jump in the number of battalions. By the end of 1970 it is expected that the numbers will have increased again by approximately the same percentages.

Through Artillery Dong Tien, a

school has been set up at Trang Sup Special Forces Camp to train CIDG artillerymen. The school recently graduated its first class, 56 men from Thien Ngon and Katum Special Forces Camps.

Two courses of instruction are given at the CIDG Artillery School. One course is the firing battery, where students learn fundamentals of firing and maintaining 105 mm howitzers. The second is in fire direction control. This course teaches students to compute the data necessary to correctly fire the guns.

Sergeant Curt A. Denison, an instructor in the firing battery, feels "the best method we've found to aid in learning is to actually show the student, not to lecture him. This makes it easier for the students to grasp what is being presented. He is actually brought into the demonstration, not baffled by the language barrier."

It is through this program that CIDG artillery units will be replacing ARVN artillery units who have been supporting CIDG ground troops.

A well-rounded training program, the institution of Artillery Dong Tien and increasing manpower is molding ARVN artillery into a force which is becoming capable of providing full artillery support for its own ground units.

*What it's all about: teaching CIDG troops fire direction*

REIMER







*Within these walls, the heritage of the past*

FEASE

# The National Museum of Vietnam

*Art from the Crossroads of Asia*

*By Lieutenant Chuck Babcock*

AMERICAN SOLDIERS, HUMP-ING through the outlands of Vietnam, have, at times, stumbled across the ruins of old temples hidden deep in the jungle—their only protectors scores of stone statues. These relics are often a thousand years old, remembrances of civilizations long dead.

A wide selection of this cultural heritage of Vietnam can be found in the Saigon National Museum, on the grounds of the city zoo. Stone sculpture, wooden statues, bronze images and ceramics represent Funan, Cham, Khmer, and Chinese art.

The Indochinese peninsula was an an-





## Treasures from the Past— Back to the Dragon, Ancient Symbol of Vietnam

FEASE



*Roman influence in 6th century ceramic glaze*

cient meeting place of commerce between India and China. Thus the art work found here is heavily influenced by these civilizations.

In the Mekong Delta, for example, Roman coins have been found in what was once the port city of Oc-eo, now 20

miles inland. Uncovered by French archaeologists 30 years ago, this ruin contained the treasures of the seafaring Funan culture, which flourished from the 1st to the 7th centuries.

Of special note there were found stone sculptures with definite Roman and

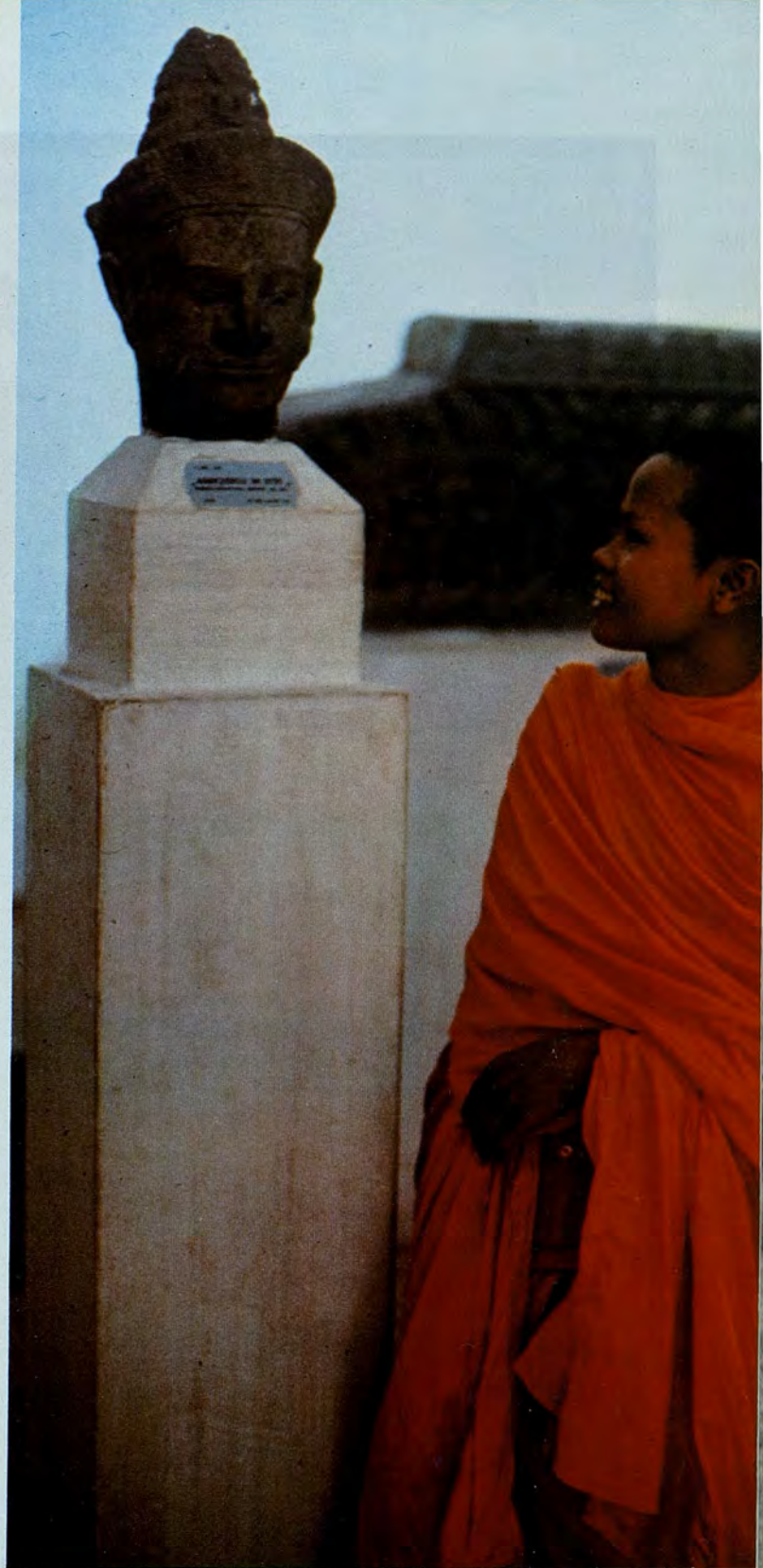




19th century Ching Dynasty porcelain—for the emperor at Hue



Chinese house god



Religions of the East meet: Buddhist monk and 11th century Khmer head of Hindu god Vishnu

Indian features and wooden statues that have remained preserved under water in the Plain of Reeds for the past 1,300 years.

When Chinese ambassadors first visited this Mekong region in the third century, they were impressed with the large fleet,

great walled cities and palaces of the Funan. Yet in a few hundred years, this Indian-based culture had disappeared.

The Funan influence was replaced by the growth of the Khmer (Cambodian) empire, which reached its high point around 1200 with the city of Angkor





Civilizations  
on a par  
with any  
the world  
has known

- 1 Khmer stone statues: influences from India
- 2 Wooden statues from 1000 years ago: preserved in the Plain of Reeds
- 3 An 11th century Cham temple guard
- 4 A classic 12th century Khmer statue from the ruins at Angkor Thom

FEASE







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*Stone frieze from ancient Angkor Thom*

Thom and its temple ground, Angkor Wat. Though they now lay in ruins, overgrown by jungle, these cultural tombs show evidence of exceptional architectural design and a fine, sensitive style of stone sculpture. The Indian influence was also dominant in this culture.

Back at the time of the Funan, a people called the Chams settled along the coast from Hue to Cam Ranh, and built many temples that are still visible. Their art work had a massive, peasant-like quality to it.

Into the midst of these competing, ever-

changing empires, moved a South China tribe, the Vietnamese. They were pushed south by the stronger Chinese and they, in turn, squeezed the Chams and the Khmers.

The result, at last, was an independent Vietnam that assimilated the cultures of

the peoples around her. Chinese porcelain makers would, for example, send special export tableware to the emperors at Hue.

In the Saigon museum, one can view this cultural heritage of Vietnam—the product of a nation at the crossroads of the great civilizations of China and India.



**They call me**

# PATHFINDER...

**By Specialist 4 Phil Schieber**

*They call me Pathfinder, inasmuch as I have never been known to miss one end of the trail when there was a friend who stood in need of me, at the other. James Fenimore Cooper's The Pathfinder.*

IN THE JUNGLES and paddies of Vietnam, Cooper's immortal Natty Bumpo would have had a rough time of it.

Bumpo the Pathfinder would probably be a good scout, an expert at following an elusive trail. But the confusing world of helicopters and tanks would probably make him long for the simpler days of the birchbark canoe and his muzzle loading rifle.

There are modern pathfinders in Vietnam, though, who work in the best tradition of Natty Bumpo, the original Pathfinder.

The 11th Pathfinder Platoon works with the 1st Cavalry Division (Airmobile) in Tay Ninh Province. The primary mission of the unit is providing navigational assistance and control of Army aircraft for ground commanders.

"We're out there to assist the aircraft and the maneuver units," said Captain William G. Mozingo, commander of the 11th Pathfinder Platoon. "Fifty-one per cent of our loyalty is to the aircraft, and 49 per cent is to the battalion commander."

"The pathfinder's presence frees the commanders of maneuver units from aircraft responsibility and enables them to concentrate on the tactics of his ground mission," Captain Mozingo continued.

"Our pathfinders have to go out there with initiative and the drive to do a good job. In the field nobody is going to hold their hands. They either hack it or they don't. And if they don't, we get rid of them."

All air traffic in and out of 1st Cav landing zones is under the responsibility and supervision of the pathfinders. They coordinate logistic sorties, medevacs, and airmobile operations.

In the field with the infantry companies, they advise company commanders on airmobile operation plans, taking into consideration the number of helicopters required, the location and size of the pickup and landing zones, and the proper aircraft formation for the mission.

The pathfinders are also responsible for the safety of the helicopters. If debris in a pickup zone results in a cut blade for the helicopter, it is the pathfinder's fault, and no one else's.

To pick up the necessary skills, pathfinders attend a five-week school at Fort Benning. The course of instruction includes map reading, artillery and radio procedures, and techniques involving the use of landing and drop zones for fixed-wing aircraft and helicopters. They are also trained in demolition and sling loading.

Talking about the pathfinders, Captain Franklin T. Amos, Jr., a helicopter pilot with the Flying Circus at Tay Ninh commented: "I would be at a loss without them, and I think that most of the pilots will agree with me."

Concurring with Amos is First Lieutenant Richard Storm, a pilot with the 228th Crimson Tide. "They are extremely necessary in night missions. I wouldn't want to go down there without them."

At night the pathfinders use portable landing lights, strobes, and batons to guide the helicopters in.

Recently at Quan Loi a pathfinder earned a Bronze Star for Valor as a result of his actions during a night medevac. Specialist 4 James Dickerson had set up a triangle of landing lights and was guiding the chopper in for the dustoff.

Holding the battery-powered baton lights in his hands, Dickerson was going through the normal gyrations and contortions of guiding the

medevac to the ground when the landing zone began receiving sniper fire.

"One moment I was there with a bunch of people," said Dickerson. "But when the shooting started I was suddenly there all by myself."

While AK-47 rounds were whizzing by him, Dickerson stood fast and continued to give hand signals with his baton lights. The chopper landed safely.

Besides providing the guiding light under adverse conditions, the pathfinders are alert to all possible accidents which may occur at a landing zone.

On one occasion, a CS tear gas bomb exploded accidentally in a

Huey as it was landing. The helicopter crunched to the ground, engulfed in CS. The pilot was overcome by the gas and was unable to move from the helicopter. He was pulled to safety by a pathfinder just as the helicopter burst into flames.

But events on the landing zones are usually less spectacular. Said Corporal Harold Bowman, a pathfinder at LZ Grant: "Things usually run pretty smoothly around

here. Not a lot happens that makes for good war stories. But who wants to tell war stories?"

Information about friendly artillery fire, weather conditions, and the status of landing zones are relayed to the passing pilots by the pathfinders. This enables the pilots to plot their courses safely from one landing zone to another without being surprised by a 105 round.

The pathfinders are all airborne

qualified and are trained to parachute into the field and set up landing zones. Under the original air assault concept developed for a conventional war, they could jump in advance of the main force and lead the way for the units that followed.

The Vietnam war has changed this role somewhat, but the importance of the pathfinders is still the same. They lead the way.





# HURRICANE BRIEFS

**He plays the piano and he has a gift of gab. "Don't shoot the piano player," he pleads. "He's doing the best he can."**

Who is he? "Just call me Charlie," he says. The other name doesn't mean anything. Actually, if you press him, Charlie will tell you. He's Charlie Bourne. He was born in San Francisco and raised in the Flatbush section of Brooklyn. He plunks out vintage jazz from 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. every Monday and Wednesday at the Saigon USO.

Charlie's an old-timer from vaudeville days. In about 1936 he went to the West Coast and played for the movies—Bing Crosby, Wallace Beery and Al Jolson. "Then I met Mary Martin," he says. "She wanted to sing. She came to me for musical arrangements and I made 'em so great it sold her style to Cole Porter and she became a Broadway star. When she was in 'South Pacific,' they did her life story on television. She said there were three men in her life—Cole Porter, Oscar Hammerstein . . . and Charlie."

Charlie's jazz heroes are James B. Johnson, Fats Waller, Earl "Father" Hines and Art Tatum. "I used to do some good things myself, but I wouldn't write for this age. There's no romance today. And you've got to play their language." Charlie mimics "their language" with a mournful expression: "Wang-a-ding-a-ding-a-ding."

But Charlie keeps plugging away. He's an institution at the USO, where he's been at it for five years. Thousands of soldiers have been given a little pleasure from his playing as they have passed through.



Gathering weather data

**Pilots curse it when it's bad and generals try to plan around it. But no matter how you look at it, the weather in Vietnam always plays a vital role in tactical operations.**

To make the weather work in its favor, the U.S. Air Force has personnel spread around the Republic predicting, compiling and analyzing. Such are the men of Detachment 32, 5th Weather Squadron, II Field Force Headquarters.

With three operating locations (OLs) and eight Combat Weather Teams (CWTs) scattered throughout III Corps, Detachment 32, the largest in Southeast Asia, is responsible for weather predictions and observations for the entire corps area.

Obviously, adverse weather conditions such as low ceilings, restricted visibility and heavy rains can prohibit close air support and intelligence-gathering flights. If bad enough, the weather can prevent or cancel airmobile operations and helicopter gunship missions. But, by providing the commander and his staff with accurate weather forecasts, operations can be planned for areas and times when the weather will be most favorable. And this is precisely what Detachment 32 does.

Detachment 32's eight CWTs are strategically located at major airfields in combat zones. Its two or three-man teams work in vans, control towers, quonset huts and bunkers. In short, they eat, sleep and work in combat field conditions.

Observers continuously report the weather or assist the forecasters. Reporting is done from a location close to the runway so that the observation is representative of that encountered by the aircraft taking off and landing at that airstrip. Assisting the forecaster includes plotting maps and charts, filing sequences of observations and forecasts and transmitting them over special teletype circuits to other weathermen.

But while ordinary forecasting is concerned with current weather, long range forecasts predict how the weather will change over an extended period of time. And it is here that the men of Detachment 32 put their reputation for accurate predictions on the line. For the lives of allied ground troops may depend on those predictions.

**Calling home is not limited to MARS or the Saigon USO. Three facilities at Long Binh are also available—and you call collect!**

Three to five minute commercial calls can be made anywhere in the U.S. including Alaska and Hawaii, Puerto Rico, Canada and Mexico. Approximate cost for a five minute person-to-person call is \$20. Except for priority handled emergency calls, it is "first-come-first-served."

Calls can be made from the Saigon USO every day from 0730-1600 and may be paid for in piasters. Long Binh locations are: 24th Evacuation Hospital- Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday between 0900-1100 and 1300-1500; 90th Replacement Battalion (Jet Set Club)- Wednesday and Saturday between 0900-1100 and 1300-1500, and 93d Evacuation Hospital (Red Cross Building)- Monday and Friday between 0900-1100 and 1300-1500.



**Le Van Liong is the chief of an unusual hamlet. Long Qui lies on the outskirts of Tay Ninh City and is the first "model sanitary hamlet" in III Corps.**

Long Qui is exceptionally clean. Even its dirt streets are swept. Most of its 385 houses have their own wells and water-sealed latrines. The people (some 2,500) boil their drinking water, get immunizations, cover and burn their garbage, neatly pile their firewood and keep their homes clean.

The hamlet is decorated with banners and posters, reminders for the people to brush their teeth, wash their hands, change clothes often and keep their homes clean. Even the children sing songs in school which remind them to do these things.

It all started in August. The Vietnamese health workers of Tay Ninh presented the idea of a sanitary hamlet to the people of Long Qui. They were receptive and set up a hamlet health committee.

Then time, and the hamlet fund, were spent on cleaning up the hamlet. Some cement to build the wells, and latrines, was given by the GVN, some by the U.S. The residents were immunized against polio, plague and cholera and health education classes were started.

The Long Qui projects are going well, and are the beginning of a concerted effort to have at least one model sanitary hamlet in each district in III Corps. "It's what I call the 'reverse domino' theory," explained Cumiskey. "If one model hamlet is successful it will lead to the establishment of another one, then another one. At least this is how it works, in theory," he smiled.

The program is expected to not only raise the health and sanitary standards of the hamlet involved but, as it has done in Long Qui, to foster a spirit of civic pride and self help.

"But there is more to it than just getting shots and boiling water," stressed Chuck Du Bose, another CORDS public health official. "They have to know why they should do these things. This is the next step, to make sure they all know why certain sanitary measures should be taken."

Long Qui has had many visitors in the last month. Most were impressed with the hamlet. And, though it is too early to safely predict any long range effect the program will have on the health of the people of III Corps, Long Qui, at least, is now a cleaner, healthier place in which to live.



*Neat houses, swept streets: a step forward*

**Recently, 26 Montagnard men, women and children walked out of the jungles of Phuoc Binh District, 80 miles northeast of Saigon to put themselves under GVN control.**

The next day, 90 more marched into Dak Son Village, led by a fully-armed (Chicom machinegun and SKSs) Viet Cong guerrilla squad. This was, in effect, the surrender of Bu Chau Hamlet, an unknown Viet Cong settlement, whose existence was hidden by the dense jungles of Phuoc Long Province.

Dieu A Le, the leader of the local guerrilla force, and his squad had had enough of the B52 strikes, numerous U.S. and ARVN operations and going without food for days. For months, the hamlet residents lived underground, coming out only at night to do a little farming. But when Communists from other villages and hamlets stole 90 per cent of Bu Chau's latest meager harvest, Le decided to Chieu Hoi.

After some debate, 26 volunteers from the hamlet walked five kilometers to Dak Son, a GVN village. Then, seeing that they were not tortured and killed, as the Viet Cong propaganda had said they would be, the others, waiting on the outskirts of town, also came in.

All of the Montagnards are now in temporary quarters in Song Be, the Phuoc Long Province capital. Already, plans for their future are being carried out. "Land, good land ready to plow, will be given them," said Joe Hidalgo, CORDS Chieu Hoi advisor for Phuoc Long. "Each family will be given cement, tin roofing and VN \$10,000 to begin another life. Plus, they will be provided with protection since the Communists would like to get to these people."

Right now, both Le and Dieu Boi, the Communist Committee Chairmen for Bu Chau, are giving information on other such hamlets. According to them, there are many other people, both Montagnard and Vietnamese, in the jungles ready to Chieu Hoi, but being prevented by armed Communists.

Twenty-four year old Dieu A Le, forced to join the Communists because of a threat to his family, was visibly happy with the treatment he was receiving. While he was a Viet Cong he knew little about the war. He still is not an expert, but 48 hours after he rallied, he said: "I think I have made the right decision. We all think it was the right decision."



# ICAP

*By Specialist 4 Phil Schieber*

**T**HE HAMLET OF HOA HOI is a sleepy little cluster of homes concealed among the pines and banana trees of Phuoc Tuy Province, 40 miles south-east of Saigon.

By day it seems that not much out of the ordinary happens in Hoa Hoi. The hamlet is an Asian pastoral scene, a microcosm of Vietnamese rural life. But the sleepy hamlet of Hoa Hoi has had its sleepless nights.

Indeed, military maps of Hoa Hoi and the surrounding area carry more pins and marks than a voodoo doll. Under the Hamlet Evaluation System, Hoa Hoi is rated as a C hamlet (the least secure GVN presence), and that, most officials concede, is an optimistic estimate.

"Hoa Hoi is the most VC of all the hamlets in the area," explained Lieutenant Colonel Peter Gration, commanding officer of the civil affairs program for the First Australian Task Force in Vietnam. "There is a high incidence of enemy activity within the district, and if there is any trouble, it usually starts near Hoa Hoi."

Colonel Gration and his men are fighting the other war, the one involving the hearts and minds of the people. It is a war fought in the shadows, where victories

are intangible, and defeats all too obvious.

Throughout Phuoc Tuy Province various public works projects have been initiated by the Task Force, American units, and the Vietnamese government. Schools, new marketplaces, roads, and dispensaries have been built by these Free World Forces.

In the hamlet of Hoa Hoi a new schoolhouse was constructed, and the roads were improved.

"The people in Hoa Hoi seemed surprised at the interest shown in them by the Task Force," Colonel Gration continued. "Of course, the important thing is that the people associate the projects with the government of South Vietnam. The Australians and the Americans are winning the support of the people, but we are not a permanent fixture in Vietnam. The Vietnamese government must have the support of the people."

In addition to public works, Integrated Civic Action Programs (ICAPs) are run in the villages and hamlets of the province. Australian, Vietnamese, and American troops provide a three-pronged approach to pacification.

Australian medical men, U.S. psychological operations teams, and Vietnamese intelligence experts visit a hamlet to provide the inhabitants with medical care, entertainment, and low-keyed propaganda. The ICAP arrives at a particular hamlet before sunset, presents its





program, and then spends the night in the hamlet.

"There is tremendous value in sleeping in the hamlet," explained Major Frank Cross, the psychological operations officer for the Task Force. "We stay in the village as a sign of faith. Our presence often serves as a deterrent to enemy forces who may retaliate against the people who attended the ICAP."

"And if the enemy does enter the village that night," he said, "we can react quickly. The overnight ICAP provides security for the villagers, both physically and psychologically."

"The hamlets that are singled out for ICAPs are the most contested in the area. Hoa Hoi is a case in point," said Major Cross. "Intelligence reports that Hoa Hoi is to be hit the night of the ICAP. Things don't look too chirpy up there at the moment," he continued. "A platoon of infantry is going to accompany the ICAP and spend the night in the hamlet."

"Thirty days and a wake-up," said a big blonde Digger with a big blonde moustache spiraling upward in magnificent handle bars. He was sitting in one of the three Land Rovers that were carrying the platoon of infantry to Hoa Hoi.

Usually only a squad of riflemen accompanies an

ICAP, but the ICAP at Hoa Hoi is not a normal situation. There has never been an ICAP in Hoa Hoi.

"I'm getting too short for this," the Australian soldier grimaced.

"There will be no hardcore propaganda in our films tonight," said Lieutenant Donald Andrus, commander of the American audio-visual team that works with the ICAP. "We don't want to antagonize the people. Hoa Hoi is up for grabs. It's a delicate situation."

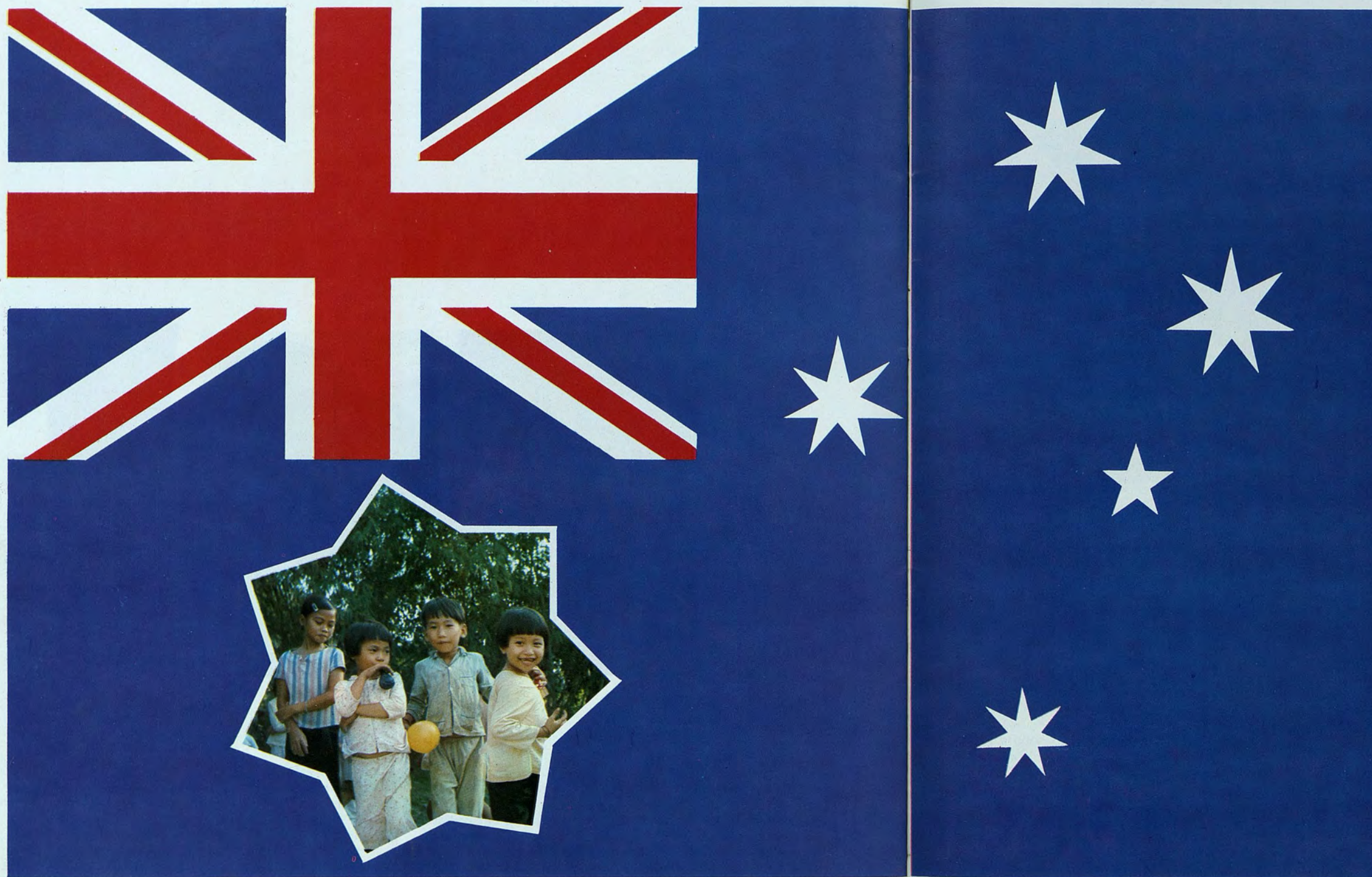
The audio-visual team is the show business part of the ICAP. The team shows movies which range in content from sheer entertainment to straight propaganda. The team consists of Andrus, an American interpreter, a projectionist, and an ARVN interpreter.

"If word gets out that the VC are coming into the village, the turnout for an ICAP is negligible. Sometimes no one shows up," said Andrus.

But there are other factors in the success or failure of an ICAP. When an ICAP was held in Long Dien village, a completely electrified community, the weather and technology teamed up against the ICAP.

"Long Dien was a flop because TV captured the crowds. Furthermore, it was raining, and the people didn't want to come out in the rain and watch our





movies when they could sit at home under their roofs and watch TV," Andrus said.

"You have to have good movies," Andrus continued. "The Vietnamese are tough critics." The movies are designed to present subtle propaganda messages, but they perform another function in that they draw crowds and keep people who are not sick away from the medical team. "If the medical team moved in there alone, everybody would flock in just to get a bandaid for a souvenir."

When the convoy pulled into Hoa Hoi, the people slowly began to drift toward the new school house in the center of town. The Vietnamese interpreter, Ser-

geant Nguyen Van Cu, announced over the portable loud speakers of the movie team that the curfew would be extended to ten o'clock that night, and that movies would be shown and medical treatment offered.

While Cu's voice resounded through the hamlet, the infantry platoon quietly took up positions in the vegetation that enmeshes Hoa Hoi in a patchwork of green.

Andrus and his team erected what they called a "giant economy size" screen, while the medical and intelligence sections moved into the school and set up.

While Andrus struggled with the screen amidst fifteen children who were bent on assisting him, the Australians created a diversion of sorts. With the local Vietnamese

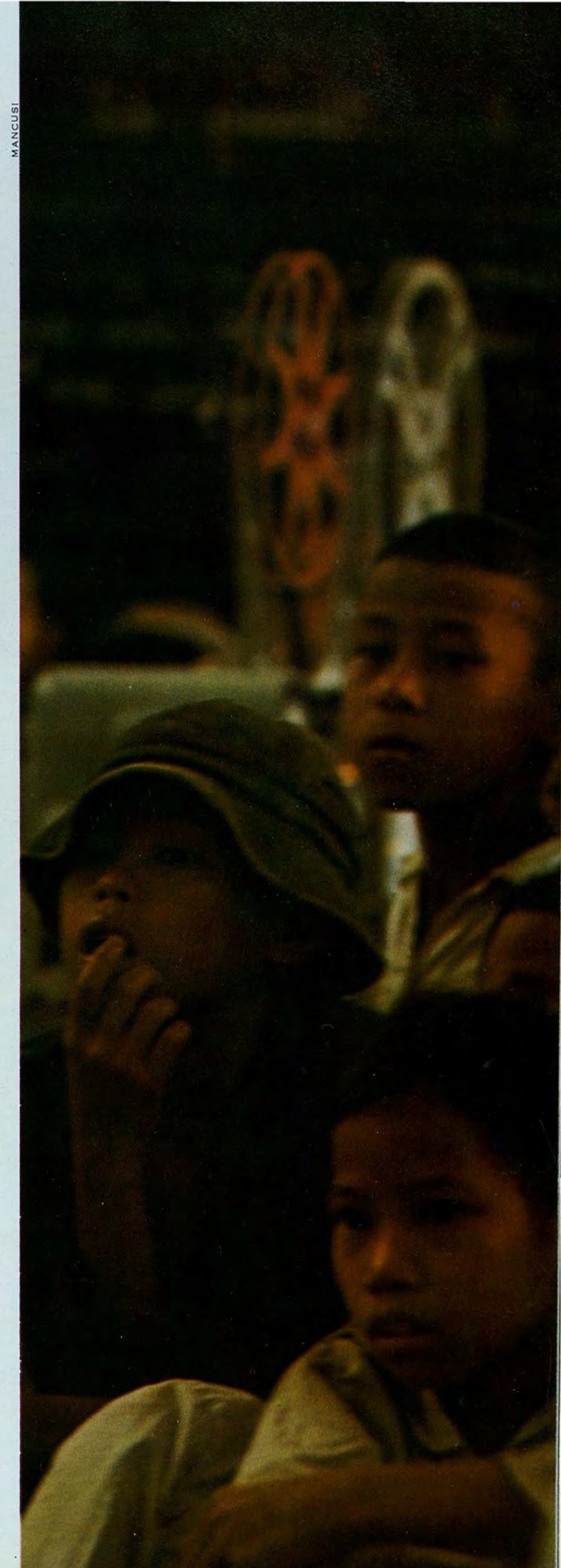
forces, they distributed bright yellow balloons, GVN flags, oranges, plastic balls, toothbrushes, and soap.

As the children scrambled for the prizes, the medical team unpacked its camping trailer. The sides of the trailer dropped down to reveal shelves lined with bottles, pills, bandages, gargles, antiseptics, and soaps.

After washing his hands in a stainless steel pan, Captain Ian Elder, the Australian medical team's surgeon, was ready to go to work.

While the adults who were ill lined up outside the schoolroom where Captain Elder worked, the first movie of the evening hit the screen with lots of noise and color.

MANCINI







HERMAN

*Time for a quick game of marbles and a look at a scratched knee*

The movie was about a Vietnamese hippy named Ricky Van Trung. Ricky the hippy is quite the singer. A pretty girl falls in love with Ricky's voice, *only* his voice.

She has never seen Ricky's face because his hair is too long. When she does see Ricky's face, she realizes she can't stand him, although she is still madly in love with his voice.

In the midst of such difficulties, Ricky is drafted. After basic training, Ricky returns home a clean-cut, handsome young man, whose looks are now as irresistible as his voice. The girl falls totally in love with Ricky.

As the image of Ricky and his girlfriend faded on the screen, Sgt. Cu used the public address system again to appeal to the young men of Hoa Hoi to join the Army. The young men in the crowd smirked knowingly, for they were all in uniforms of either the Regional Forces or ARVN.

With the ICAP well under way, the Australians were pleasantly surprised with the turnout. "The mere point that *anyone* comes is a measure of success in this hamlet," remarked Major David Harris, executive officer of the Australian civil affairs program.

As Major Harris inflated a yellow balloon for a very young Vietnamese boy, an old woman walked away from the dispensary set up in the trailer. In her hands she held two plastic cylinders filled with pills. Silent gratitude was in her eyes though her lips, reddened from years of chewing betel nuts, remained silent.

The woman shuffled off slowly, and in the eerie darkness beyond the naked light bulbs of the school, the soft glow from the flame of a kerosene lamp silhouetted her hunched figure. Movies were not of much interest to her, but medicine was.

On the screen, a serious movie was beginning. Entitled "The Milk Can," the picture involved a Vietnamese family being held hostage by the Viet Cong.

Relaxing with a cup of coffee near the dispensary, Major Harris observed: It's going very well.

And it was going well, 100-150 people were milling

about in the school yard, watching the movies, swatting balloons, or conversing with their neighbors as they stood in line to see the doctor. The possibility of enemy interference now seemed a remote threat.

"One thing is certain—there were at least 200 balloons given out, and somebody blew them up," said Major Harris with a wink.

While still another comedy blazed across the screen, Colonel Gration talked with the hamlet chief about a well that was to be dug in Hoa Hoi. The Australian engineers had sunk wells and erected windmills throughout the province, and Hoa Hoi would not be neglected in this respect.

By 9:30, as the last of the 40 people who sought medical attention were treated, and the last dumbbell capers of the comics on the screen ended, Sgt. Cu announced that the program was over.

The people dispersed quickly, and as suddenly as it had started, the ICAP was over. The movie screen was dismantled. The medical team battened down the hatches of the dispensary. By 10 o'clock, the gasoline engine on the generator was shut off, and the school yard was once more dark and quiet.

For the infantry the night would be a long one under the banana trees, whose leaves spiral instead of rustle with the wind. The moon, in its first quarter, was revealed only briefly as the clouds glided by beneath it.

It was a long night in Hoa Hoi, but it was a quiet night. No trip flares were tripped, no claymores detonated. There was no popcorn staccato played by small arms fire.

At daybreak, though, several distant shots disturbed the quiet.

"The crack of dawn," someone quipped.

The men packed up. Once loaded, the Land Rovers started slowly down the narrow dirt road winding out of the village.

The soldiers waved at the smiling children who had come out from their houses to say good-by. In their hands were yellow balloons.





# Village Government

*Vietnamese proverb: The law of the emperor bows to village custom.*

**A** GOOD WAY to understand Vietnamese village government is to sit down sometime and watch a village government make lunch.

The government of Phuoc Loi village, 15 miles southwest of Saigon in Long An Province, makes a meal that's very tasty.

Recently Nguyen Van Vang, chief of Hamlet Four, had the government over for lunch, in honor of an American visitor. After a few minutes of small talk, the government, about 15 men, filed out the back door of the hamlet chief's hut. Each of them immediately set to work on a single task, which together would add up to a meal.

*By Specialist 5 Don Sockol*

The tax commissioner sliced onions. The hamlet chief killed three ducks, and the deputy village chief for administration began plucking them. While the commissioner for agriculture started a fire, the village registrar sliced potatoes. The deputy village chief for security prepared dishes of seasonings and an unidentified man came running across an open field with a basket of

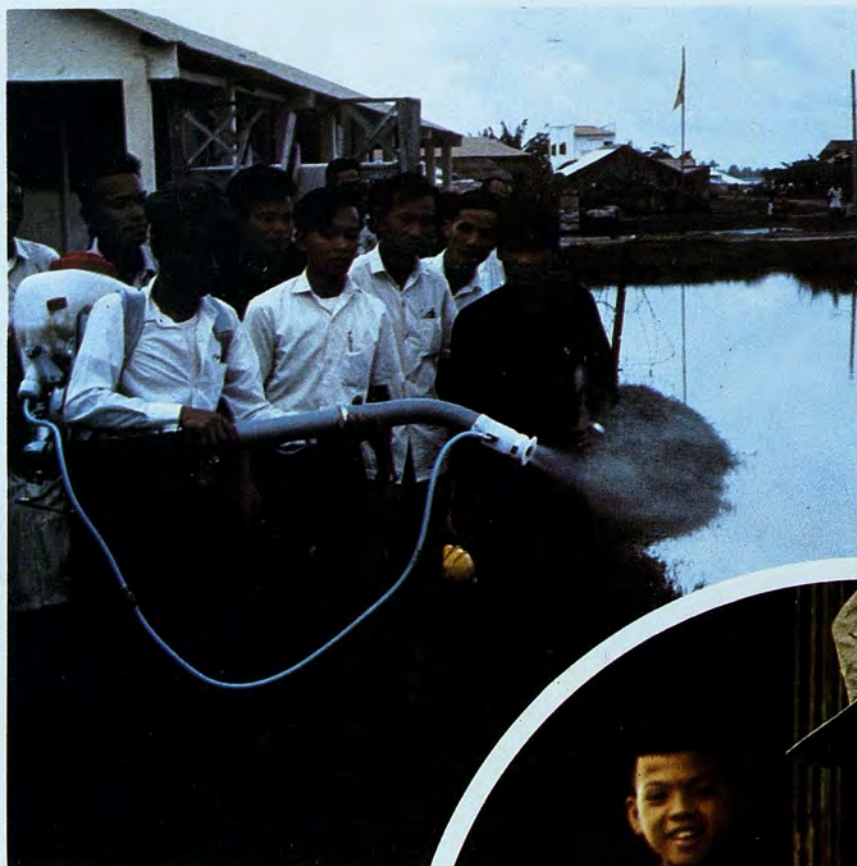
mushrooms. And the chairman of the People's Council, the number two man in the government, shelled peanuts.

The way these village officials prepared a meal and the way they run the village are similar in some important ways. First of all, the emphasis is on harmony, on working together.

Second, there is the knowledge that everyone is doing his best and that this is all that can be expected. If the duck is a little overdone, no one will jump on the cook for it. The same philosophy is evident in the government.

Third, there is a lack of serious dissent over goals. No one is going to argue about how the potatoes should be prepared for the meal. Likewise, if the people of a hamlet want a water pump, it's just about as good as theirs if the money is available. No one is going to





*A new insect sprayer for progress in agriculture*



*Chairman An checks marketplace produce*

stand up and say, 'Wait a minute! That money would be better spent on school-rooms.' The emphasis is on harmony rather than some abstract idea of what is "best."

The kind of government Phuoc Loi has is important to the war effort. Phuoc Loi straddles Highway 18, the main line of communication to the 5th Battalion, 60th Infantry. Highway 227, linking up with the 3rd Brigade of the 9th Infantry Division, runs right through the village.

Before Phuoc Loi was made secure by an accelerated pacification campaign that ended a year ago the village served as a resupply point and main infiltration route for the Viet Cong.

"Before pacification, the VC collected taxes here, used people for forced labor, forced men to fight for them, and used the village as a base to attack outlying areas," said Captain Victor R. Bird, former district senior advisor to Ben Luc, in which Phuoc Loi is situated.

"In fact about 30 per cent of the population had moved out of this area," he said.

An intensive effort drove enemy forces out of the village. And since a company of regional forces, a popular force platoon and a revolutionary development team have been stationed

there, there have been no enemy incidents in Phuoc Loi.

A military victory was won, but it could not be held without the continued support of the people. The reason the government of Phuoc Loi is important to the American soldier is that a good government can make the village one more secure spot in Vietnam.

The quality of the government is credited with helping to keep Phuoc Loi secure in a district around which an estimated three enemy battalions operate.

"Phuoc Loi has a good government," said Captain Bird. "This is shown by the participation of the people. It is

evidenced by the large number of associations formed—the farmers' association, the pig raisers' association; you name it, they've got it. And the associations have been active. They will meet and discuss a problem. Once a decision is made, like 'We need three water pumps,' they will approach the People's Council with the request."

How does this type of successful interplay with the government help in the war effort? According to Bird, it pays off in intelligence that stays one step ahead of the enemy.

"Most of the intelligence received is about a man coming into the area and trying to organize opposition to the gov-



ernment, or about a man trying to collect taxes for the enemy. We get these kind of reports about once a month."

The government of Phuoc Loi is an elected one, chosen by the people in 1967. Officials of the government live in the village. They are proud of the security of their village and repeatedly ask a visitor if he feels safe, smiling when he says yes.

The village government is made up of two bodies. The first is the People's Council which, in secure villages, is elected. It is the deliberative body of the village, where discussions on what to do take place. It is to the members of this council that the people of the village make their will known.

In Phuoc Loi, six council members were elected from a field of 12 candidates. These six, in turn, chose one among themselves to become chairman of the administrative council or, as he is more commonly known, the village chief.

The village chief is the executive of the village. He carries out the decisions of the People's Council and the directives handed down to the village from the district and the province. To help him carry out his duties, he has an appointed "cabinet."

The "cabinet," or Administrative Council, carries on the day-to-day operation of the village. Its members are commissioners for the government's business—agriculture, social welfare, tax collection, administration, and the rest.

The difference between Phuoc Loi's village chief and the chairman of its People's Council is interesting. Nguyen Phat An became chairman of the People's Council because he swung the highest number of votes in the election two years ago. Dang Van Quoi was chosen as village chief for a reason that reaches deeper into traditional Vietnamese culture. At 60 years of age, he was the oldest of the elected government officials and the likely choice for village chief. This cultural bias toward age is demonstrated even in the official 1966 government decree governing election of village officials, which directs that in the event of an electoral tie, "the eldest candidate is declared elected."

Chairman Nguyen Phat An might be described to some extent as a politician. It is easy to understand his ability to get votes. He is a warm considerate man. He is a leader of discussion. He is a wit, and is obviously the life of the political party in Phuoc Loi.

Village Chief Dang Van Quoi on the other hand, is a quiet man, a man of dignity. He is warm, but reserved. He is the only member of the government who does not qualify as "one of the guys." He is shy, but commands a solemn respect.

Chief Quoi was born in the house he lives in now, on the edge of the marketplace, in 1909. He was the only child of a merchant who bought and sold rice. While he also was a rice merchant before taking office, he has given up his business because, "If I bought and sold rice now, the people would think I was abusing my position."

Council  
Chairman  
An



Takes  
Time Out



For  
A  
Smoke







*Commissioner for agriculture speaks with farmer about his rice*

The chief does not feel that life in the village has changed a great deal since his youth, except there is more wealth now. "People all had thatch roofs before. Now many have tile, tin and brick.

"Before," he adds, "when a man wanted to be village chief, he had to have much land, had to be rich, and had to have friends to guarantee the French that he was not a nationalist or a Communist."

This is no longer so, said the chief, who is nevertheless considered a rich man who rents out 60 hectares of land to tenant farmers.

"This government is better than before, because the candidates are not rich," the chief said. "If a man has the ability to be a good official, the people will select him. Now village officials work much harder and have more responsibility."

One of the reasons they have more responsibility is the need to maintain security. Another is that they have a lot more money to work with.

As an elected government, Phuoc Loi received one million piasters for its budget in 1969. A non-elected government receives only 400,000 piasters. The GVN is willing to pay for democracy.

Most of the village's money for 1969 was slated for water pumps for irrigation, insect sprayers and an 80 kilowatt generator.

A curious attitude prevails regarding public projects. Most of the projects are proposed for the benefit of an individual hamlet. Before a project can be carried out, the people must be consulted. The heads of family groups are called together for their approval of a project. But while the money of the entire village is used for a project, only representatives of the hamlet for which the project is intended are consulted. It is as if the people must be consulted lest they receive something they do not want.

Village Chief Quoi's day begins at 5 a.m. with a breakfast of noodles, soup and coffee, prepared by his wife, whom he met through a go-between 52 years ago.

He arrives at the village office at 8 a. m. and begins his day's work. He signs papers and then prepares a report on the night's security situation to send to his district chief. Then, perhaps, he will see a man from another village who is seeking permission to live in Phuoc Loi. Following this, as he does each day, the chief meets with each member of his "cabinet" to find out their plans, and to instruct them in the day's activities.

Whenever anything of value changes hands in the village, the chief must be present as a witness. This involves such cases as when contracts are signed, when

the commissioner for agriculture is given rice seed to distribute to village farmers, or when the tax commissioner goes out to collect taxes. Most of the chief's work involves carrying out policies set down by the district and province chiefs over him. Since all this work keeps him busy through the day, he is one village official who is rarely in his office.

How the village chief and other officials do their job is important. If the people of the village believe in their government, they will support it against the enemy, and in supporting their village government, will also be supporting the government of the Republic of Vietnam.

The first requirement of a government is to be able to maintain security. American officials who have said that a given village was secure have been asked if they would sleep in that village. Americans have slept in Phuoc Loi. The village is secure enough to enable the government to merit the confidence of the people.

But if the village is the link between the people and the central government, what is the attitude of village officials toward the central government? The officials do have confidence in the central government and this cannot be underestimated in looking to the future of Vietnam.





# MOHAWK

A Scout in the Sky

*By Lieutenant Bill Watson*

AS THE TWO-SEAT, twin-engine Mohawk glides down the runway and becomes airborne, another important mission begins for its pilot and airborne sensor operator, and the U.S. intelligence gathering effort.

These men are members of the 73d Aviation Company (Surveillance Airplane) located at Vung Tau, which maintains 24 hour surveillance support for III Corps with its three airborne platoons: visual, infrared (Red Haze), and side-looking airborne radar (SLAR).

The 73d is under the command of

Major Robert B. Holt who describes the success of the Mohawk in one word: "dynamic." The company has a working force of approximately 500 men and uses three types of aircraft: the OV-1A with visual and photo capabilities, the OV-1B with visual, photo and SLAR capabilities; and the OV-1C with photo, and infrared capabilities.

With the recent additions of the Aerial Surveillance and Target Acquisition Platoons of the 1st Cav Division and 1st Infantry Division, the 73d is now the largest tactical Mohawk unit in the Army. In the





short space of one year, with the same Mohawk assets, but under the consolidated concept, the amount of area covered and the number of sorties flown per night have increased 100 per cent.

"The SLAR platoon flies the OV-1B and covers the entire III Corps a minimum of seven times a night," said Captain John Zepko, operations officer. "The mission takes a little under three hours."

The SLAR, which looks like a big cigar, can detect both fixed and moving objects during limited all-weather day and night operations. The aircraft flies above 5,000 feet and covers a span of 25 kilometers on each side of the aircraft.

The airborne sensor operator or technical operator (TO) watches a small screen directly in front of him; as he spots

movement the TO activates a system known as the "doppler" which immediately gives him six place coordinates.

The team reports the movement to a ground force, which in turn determines whether the movement is friendly or enemy. The process takes about five minutes.

"The Red Haze detects objects in a different manner," said Captain Zepko. "The device measures energy by wave lengths, detecting terrain hot spots such as campfires and base camps. On one occasion the Red Haze film showed a 'cold' spot, which was later found to be an enemy weapons cache."

The OV-1C Red Haze aircraft flies at an altitude of about 2,500 feet and scans a radius approximately 1,250 meters on





*Photo interpreters pour over  
the film relayed from  
a Mohawk mission*

FEASE

the ground. For a Red Haze pilot, one sortie usually means six missions, four primary and two alternates, chosen on the basis of the supported units' needs.

To assist with the gathering of filmed information the 73d operates four ground stations with equipment comparable to the Mohawk's. The ground station, or "Box," is large enough for one TO to sit comfortably. "If the filming equipment in the Mohawk malfunctions the "Box" will continue to receive and the mission can continue," said Captain Zepko.

Stations at Phuoc Vinh, Cu Chi, and Phu Loi receive both SLAR and Red Haze and the station at Tan An receives Red Haze. Each station operates simultaneously with each sortie.

To keep its Mohawks in condition to

fly 45 sorties a day the 73d operates an around the clock maintenance shop commanded by Major Alexander Paruti.

"The men," said Major Paruti, "do an excellent job keeping our planes in the air. The mission on the ground is as important as the one in the air."

Major Ronald A. McCreery, chief G-2 Air at II Field Force headquarters, said, "The 73d is the Army's aerial reconnaissance and surveillance arm in III Corps and, as such, performs a vital intelligence gathering mission."

All men of the 73d work around the clock. As the sign at 73d reads, "we have done so much, with so little, for so long, that now it's expected."



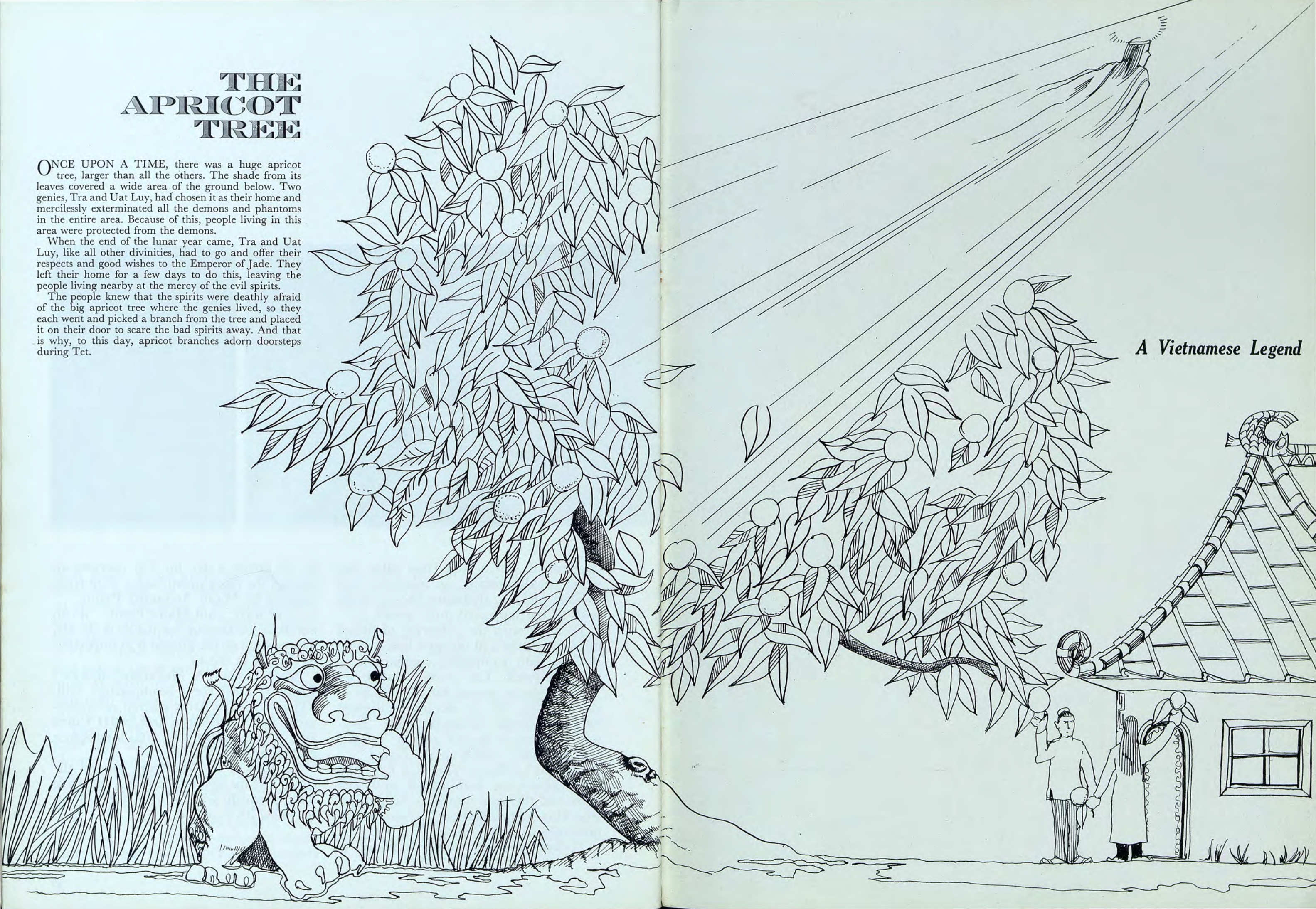
# THE APRICOT TREE

ONCE UPON A TIME, there was a huge apricot tree, larger than all the others. The shade from its leaves covered a wide area of the ground below. Two genies, Tra and Uat Luy, had chosen it as their home and mercilessly exterminated all the demons and phantoms in the entire area. Because of this, people living in this area were protected from the demons.

When the end of the lunar year came, Tra and Uat Luy, like all other divinities, had to go and offer their respects and good wishes to the Emperor of Jade. They left their home for a few days to do this, leaving the people living nearby at the mercy of the evil spirits.

The people knew that the spirits were deathly afraid of the big apricot tree where the genies lived, so they each went and picked a branch from the tree and placed it on their door to scare the bad spirits away. And that is why, to this day, apricot branches adorn doorsteps during Tet.

*A Vietnamese Legend*





*Aussies and Balloons*

